

1 March, 1947, Saturday

I went up to the theater to pick Yuriko up last night, and there was a capacity house again. The girls did not think that the premiere of "Errand into a Maze" was as sensational as "Cave of the Heart." They were all quite excited that "Cave" got such good reviews. Bob Johns said that he got all of the papers and a few of them raved about the piece. So on the way home, we got a copy of the Saturday "Herald Tribune" and sure enough this large paper had very nice things to say about "Cave." The critic called it a triumph and it paid tribute to Martha and the company for several columns. It praised Martha's ability to express inner emotion through the dance and it felt that she stood alone in this field. It also felt that even the most determined of the Grahamphobe should be convinced of her "choregraphic grandeur." (meaning the Times critic who is reputed to dislike her because he has personal interests in another young dancer who he wants to bring to the top--one of Martha's former students.) The Tribune called it triumphant theater and triumphant dance with "titantic proportions, at once terrifying and beautiful, majestic and incantational." "And Yuriko as the victim of the seduction and ~~innocence~~ the poison of the Sorceress is incredibly sweet and innocent, yielding in her femininity, girlish in the lightness and freedom of her actions." The critic concluded, "The audience was of good size and bestowed prolonged applause and bravos as the curtain fell. . ."

Yuriko said that the response was so good that the house has been sold out for the rest of the week and there is a possibility that the company may perform for matinees the latter part of next week if the theater can be obtained. She said that Martha would like

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to put on "Cave" some more because of the outstanding response. She felt very happy that Martha had selected her for the chief supporting role because it gave her such an opportunity for dancing and achieving recognition on her own. Yuriko does not have such a heavy schedule for tonight, but tomorrow she has to dance quite a bit because of the matinee and evening program.

We have been taking it easy most of the day. I did some shopping, and Yuriko is out doing some more and paying the monthly rent. We had to figure out the finances for the month "because we must start thinking one of these days about saving a little so that we will not be broke in our old age." Since marriage we have been keeping just about even despite the mustering out pay and Yuriko's recent increased salary. It seems that everytime we just about catch up, some new expense comes up. We don't expect to save more than a token amount during the next year while I am in school, but it worries me when I read all these predictions about a recession in the offing soon and the increasing prices of food, rent, and other items. I have my pre army war bonds and a small savings, but it has shrunk not only in amount but also in purchasing power. An economic analyst stated yesterday in PM that my \$1.00 was not only worth .63 cents of pre-war purchasing power--and due to go down still further in the present inflationary spiral. It certainly was wrong for Congress to place property rights before human rights when they lifted the OPA controls. Yuriko is optimistic about these things and she feels that as long as we balance our personal budget each month, we won't have to worry as she does not predict any big illnesses or other large expenses until

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I get out of school. "Then we can live on your salary and save all of mine for our old age. But, do you think that some day we could take a boat trip to South America? Promise?" I promised--on the condition that I ever earn enough to start saving a bit!!!

2 March, 1947, Sunday

Last night I did not go up to the theater for Yuriko because it was slushy after the fall of snow during the afternoon. I wanted to go get her but she was afraid that I would catch a cold if I went hatless. I refuse to wear a hat, and Yuriko doesn't object. But, it is not like California out here and I may have to make concessions! Everytime I merely cough, Yuriko cries out in alarm, "Charlie! you're not catching a cold!" It's a nice way to get sympathy, but I certainly am not trying deliberately to get ill. An attorney representative called today to collect \$10.00 for the optometrist who has glasses waiting for Yuriko. I was astounded that such a move would be made, and I didn't know if it was some kind of confidence racket so I told him that the bill would be paid next week by mail. Yuriko got very angry that the optometrist did not trust her--she was out of town anyway. But then she got to thinking that the reason for it was simple. When she went to get her eyes examined she was wearing her holey wool sweater, with my army jacket on top and the examiner probably felt that she was a poor thing and he didn't want to take any chances on losing his fees, the vulture!

Yuriko came home last night ladened down with a huge Italian Pizza and the sunday papers so we had a feast and later read the Sunday papers until after two. For another hour we just talked about

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how much in love we were and things in general. Yuriko said that the company definitely was going to give five additional programs next week because the demand for tickets had been so heavy. They will get paid for the whole week. Yuriko also showed me a couple of "fan" letters she got from other cities telling her how much they enjoyed her dancing and requesting autographed pictures. One was from a teen ager in Baltimore who wanted to know her age and whether Yuriko was her real name or not. In the extra engagement, two more performances of "Cave of the Heart" will be given.

Yuriko rushed off to the theater about 1:00 today after we had a leisurely breakfast as she had to be in a matinee. I will go up there shortly to meet her for dinner and then see the evening program. Most of the day I have been reclining in the warm comfort of bed pursuing the news data in the papers. The world is mixed up as ever; growing trends of imperialism in the administration with the proposal to take over British intrusion into Greek affairs in order to keep Russia out, violence in Palestine, starvation in Europe, civil war in China renewed, U.S. taking over sole custody of conquered Pacific Islands for "defense" purposes, labor restrictions passed, teachers striking and so forth. While I was reading about these things, the downstairs girl knocked and said that there must be a leak in our spare room because water was coming down into their apartment. Sure enough, water was pouring down the walls of the back room, getting everything soaked. I did what I could to stop the flood and it is temporarily under control as the snow has stopped melting for a while. It is a problem to live in one of these cold water flats as things are always threatening to fall apart--just when we were about ready to sit back

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and enjoy our place. I will have to find out about getting the leaky roof repaired next week. Our apartment is almost in as bad shape as the world in general although inside it looks nice and clean and in perfect condition but we didn't anticipate that the elements would cause such irritation. Yuriko's sewing materials got all wet. Such a pity.

3 March, 1947, Monday

A cold, crisp day but the sun is shining again after the combined rain, sleet, snow storm of yesterday. March certainly did come in like a lion. It was the first time that I witnessed lightning and thunder with a snowstorm. Californians think that the weather out here during the winter months is not fit for man or animals, but I still don't find it so terrible--and we are living in a cold water flat! When we have to cope with such things as leaking roof and garbage thrown out on the street (they must do that in Italy), then I think that we are paying too much rent. Before the critical housing shortage, the apartments down here rented for about \$18 a month but the inflation has blown rents sky high along with everything else. People always manage to find a way around OPA ceilings. For example, rice is about the last staple product to be under ceiling control, but even the A and P chain stores sell it for twenty one cents a pound now. Mr. Mitsuhashi told me last night that he bought a ton of rice at 15¢ a pound and he wanted to present us with 100 pounds "because I know you like rice and have a hard time getting it." The problem is getting it over--and once we have it in the apartment, a larger problem is to keep the mice from coming in

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for a rice feasting orgy! We have occasional mice residing with us. I suppose cockroaches will come to board when the weather gets warmer. Despite these things, life in a tenement is not so bad. I had to give up the idea of using the space outside of the fire escape for a cold storage box because too many curious cats came around to inspect our food. We still have the wedding gift money for the refrigidaire as our order has not been filled yet. We are almost resigned to using the three burner stove because of the uncertainty of our tenancy here. But we still feel that we have a nice happy home! At least it is clean and fairly comfortable. I haven't built all of the furniture I had planned upon because of the difficulty in getting lumber, but we seem to manage fairly well with what we have. Now I can start thinking of starting school since we are adequately settled for the present. As soon as Yuriko gets a bit of free time she will get some curtain material and then we can fully enjoy the homelike comforts of our first apartment. We feel that we fixed the whole place up fairly economically and it is a very desirable apartment now. A leaking roof, cold wind whistling through the window cracks, slanted floors--all these are only minor inconveniences.

For the first time, we ended the month with surplus money in this age of inflation. We hardly know whether it is wise to save these days or not because of the shrinking size of the dollar, but we concluded that as a newly wedded couple, we should have some sort of savings. We were talking about it last night and Yuriko said that we could always get by because if a recession occurred in the next year and she could not make enough in dancing, she would

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take a domestic job and support both of us while I went to school. I objected to a domestic job because I said that I would get her fired so she said that she could teach in college as Martha Hill of Bennington College could give her the recommendation to be assigned to the physical education faculty without a degree. Yuriko has an answer for everything and her optimism is natural because of her self-confidence in ability to get along. Since we have been married, I have learned that she is a very adjustable person, and she works hard to make married life exciting and happy. It comes easily for her because it is genuine and sincere. My appreciation for her is limitless because she has so many positive ingredients for happiness in marriage.

Last night I was telling her that I just couldn't spend her money to "save face" among her friends. I felt that it was just as easy to admit that one could not afford to live beyond one's scale of income just to "keep up with the Jones." Yuriko has understood this feeling on my part but she scolds me "when you insist upon saying that you spend my money; it is our money, silly." Nevertheless, it is true that the husbands of most of her girl friends are more secure economically than I am and they can afford to go to ritzy places, night clubbing, take taxi's every place and things like that--and it is difficult to refuse to go along when invited. Yuriko said that she did not feel inconvenienced by these things and she was perfectly happy under our present situation: "I just know you want me to reassure you so quit worrying about those dumb things," she says. I told her that I thought this problem bothered her because last year she did most of these things and consequently did not save much of her increased salary during the dance season on tour and in NYC. I didn't

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want to deprive her of these pleasures, and at the same time I felt that I could not do it with her money. Yuriko answered, "Why you don't have to worry about those things; you just don't know how much happier I am having you come after me after the performance and going to a modest place to eat instead of a fancy place. It was escape that I did it last year, like the other girls, and compared to married life that sort of thing is dull. It's much more pleasurable to plan things for our future--together." Yuriko not only says these things but she acts upon them and that was why I thought that I was depriving her of things and lowering her standard of living. As a result of my stubbornness on unnecessary spending sprees, Yuriko has managed to save \$200 of her salary this month, which is about half. Previously, she barely managed to break even. This will give us a reserve cushion to draw upon the rest of the year in case our combined incomes decreases. Before the war, a couple could live in style on a budget of \$200 to \$250 a month, but now it is practically a struggle. My GI benefits of \$80-\$90 month only covers food costs. But Yuriko is willing to adjust herself to the situation until I get out of school and start earning through a regular job. In almost six months of marriage this is the first time that we have been able to balance the monthly budget--and with quite a surplus too. We are getting more systematic about it now and we try to outline a rough budget at the first of the month. This system was finally ~~workable~~ arrived at after several months of trial and error and it is fairly workable now. We can't itemize down to the last cent since Life has a way of presenting the unexpected expenses to us. We don't think we are having a hard struggle either because both of us are aware of the fact that millions exist on a borderline

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poverty level and we are comfortably beyond that.

I braved the elements to have dinner with Yruiko last night and I got soaked by the rain so I wasn't in such a good mood. We met some of the company members at the Carnegie Hall restaurant so ate with them. During the course of the dinner, Natanya asked us if we ever had any big quarrels since marriage as I was teasing her that constant arguments with her boyfriend, Stuart, could mean that it was love and this sort of embarrassed her. Yuriko answered the question by saying that we haven't argued at all. Helen philosophically passed the comment that we would because it was natural and inevitable. However, we won't worry about that. Helen and Natanya seem to have the idea that it would get too monotonous to be too peaceful and happy in the marital relationship. Yuriko doesn't look upon marriage as the battle of the sexes and I agree. She said that she was advised once a wife should never completely give of her love, but be a bit reserved and keep the husband guessing occasionally as that was the best way to hold him. She asked me if she was abnormal because she couldn't help giving all of her love, the silly darling! It would be terrible if we had all of the bickering which Mariko and George go through, battle royals and personality struggles. Yuriko and I know that we are not perfect, but it certainly helps a lot because of our unspoken agreement before marriage that we would try not to be angry at the same time in case we had off moments and that has aided our smooth relationships immensely. It is an equal proposition so that the individual personalities are not submerged. It doesn't hurt my ego when on various occasions one of Yuriko's friends introduces me as "Yuriko's husband" because they don't know either her last name or

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mine. I met Jean Erdman's husband at the theater last night and he joshed me that it took him 10 years before he got used to it. He is an author.

I honestly believe that it is a greater strain for Yuriko to adjust to me than vice versa as events have proved that she did not have a strong conflict between marriage and career once she worked things out in her mind so that her personality adjustments have flowed smoothly along; whereas I know that I am not such a well rounded individual as her. My greatest asset seems to be that I try to be understanding--that's what people tell me. On other scores, I certainly was no bargain for Yuriko. We don't have to have fights for variety in marriage life because there are so many other things outside of this relationship which is in conflict, and I haven't solved them to the degree which Yuriko has. For example, she thinks the same way I do about the weaknesses of our social-economic structure, but I get disturbed inside more than she does. I don't think that I am a deep thinker on cosmic subjects, but emotional and intellectual urgency does overcome me at times--especially when I walk through the Bowery. Yuriko, on the other hand, feels that she has her finger in something positive which is idealistic to her (her dancing) so she believes she should function as best as she can in this capacity and "causes" do not weigh on her mind to the same extent that it does on mine. Maybe I am suffering from delayed adolescence when I think that the world can be changed but it is the sum total of my experiences and I can't easily change. Fortunately, Yuriko does not push me for economic support or stress prestige of job because when that happens I will divorce ideals from the practical reality of life. I don't believe that I have any special mission in

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life, but I do want to fit in where there is some meaning no matter how small a role it will be. From this point of view, I am less stable than Yuriko, and, therefore, did not enter marriage with an equal personality adjustment.

I'm glad that Yuriko did not heed her friend's advice to withhold some of her love because that only leads to jealousy. She is so adorable that it makes me feel romantic, and she doesn't laugh when I practically pretend that I am a Greek God and she is my nymph! She did laugh last night when I told her that I got jealous when I saw Eric pose with his hands just above her bosom and it looked like it was right on it from the back of the theater. I told her that I yelled, "Hey, you can't do that!" and that the Graham company would have to pay me fifty dollars if he squeezed my property. I hope she doesn't think of that on stage because she might giggle instead of looking tragic. I feel very proud of her up on the stage when she looks so beautiful, especially last night.

The theater was packed last night, SRO. Michiko had an orchestra seat with the same number as another person so she had to stand for the performance, paying three dollars for the privilege. There were all kinds of dancers in the audience as this was their night off: Sono Osato, ballerinas, modern dancers, faithful Graham followers, dancing students, friends and relatives of the company, dance lovers in general. The management made the announcement that Hurock had arranged for four more performances next week and this was applauded generously. As one dancer said in the lobby: "You can't laugh Martha Graham off whether the critics agree with her modern dancing or not." I've certainly been initiated into it in a hurry,

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truthfully I do learn to appreciate it more each time I see it--I never realized I had an aesthetic soul!! Previously I have kept my eyes glued on Yuriko, but now I look at some of the other company members too. My private opinion is that Yuriko is the best of the lot, outside of Martha, but I may be biased! However, others have hinted at this same thought and their eyes are not blinded by love; they judge from the basis of dance, technique. Yuriko certainly does get more comments than the others. Shirley said it was because she adds dramatic emotion to the superb dance technique; Yuriko laughs it off by saying that she gets a chance to really dance in her one big number. At first I thought that she got more fan mail than the other company members because she looks exotic and "oriental" but now I don't think this at all. Some dancers say it is because of her technical perfection and inner emotional feelings and they are in a better position to judge than I am.

All I know is that Yuriko was a sensation in "Cave of the Heart" and this piece got the loudest applause from the audience. And Yuriko got the greatest applause for her solo bow next to Martha Graham. She wore a short white skirt and she says that it was because this was the first time any member of the company got to show their legs. I'm glad that she is modest and not always trying to show the others aside in the group numbers like Pearl is reputed to practice. I heard a great many comments about Yuriko in the lobby, all of them favorable. These things do not turn her head though and she still acts sweet and human around people; she believes that she still has a long way to go in order to reach her goals and this

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step is gratifying to her.

Yuriko's father, Mr. Mitsuhashi, came and he was quite pleased with her dancing. He brought Mr. Usami along with him as he said that Mrs. M. could not take advantage of the ticket we sent. She will try to come next week with Mr. U. so Yuriko is going to get the tickets. All the time, I thought that the pressure of the hostel responsibilities prevented them from going out, but last night I found out different. The simple explanation is that "Choco, the dog, will cry if he is left alone so my parents can't go out and leave him alone as they feel so sorry for him so they have to take turns going out or else bring him along as Choco gets lonesome too much and his feelings are hurt." Mr. Usami said that he noticed that we did not have any rugs in our place so he bought a small one for us. Mr. M. is going to give us rice.

Michiko came backstage afterwards so we decided not to go with Paul and his group. We went to Mammy's to eat. Michiko was very complimentary in her remarks about Yuriko's dancing. She said that her friend Teiko Ito, a well known Eurasian dancer of East Indian dances, refused to come "because only a fool would come out in this storm and she panned Graham dancing." Michiko thought that it was professional jealousy and they had a half argument, resulting in Michiko coming alone. Michiko does Japanese style dancing and she recently gave a joint recital. She felt that she helped to introduce Japanese dancing to the public out here, but she didn't think she could do it for a living. She said that she had done a lot of benefit dancing for JACD and Japanese churches but it was getting too expensive for her so that she is going to refuse to do anymore unless

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she is paid. It made her angry because Chiye Mori of the Nisei Weekender wined and dined her up until the time she did the benefit dance, and then dropped her like a log when she had no more use for her. Michiko felt that the Nisei groups were taking advantage of her and that it was hurting her chances at success because she would lose objectivity if she only danced for Nisei groups. "Look at Mariko Mukai. Just because she is one of the first Nisei concert singers, the Japanese groups out here have sort of 'adopted' her and she is now convinced that she is terrific before she is ready for real professional public appearances. The Japanese groups sponsored her for a debut in Town Hall and one of my Caucasian friends who heard it thought that it was terrible for Mariko to be advanced before she was ready. I felt so embarrassed. These Japanese groups do that sort of thing because it is a feather in their caps and they get publicity."

We slept until about 10, and then took another hour preparing to get up. Yuriko ordered me to relax and read today, so I stayed in the warm bed while she was making breakfast. She cooks breakfast with running comments like, "Darling, it will be ready soon. Now keep covered up and don't get a cold. I'm putting the eggs on now. The toast smells good. Darling, I know you are hungry so I am making you extra toast. I love you...Okay, come and eat now, and put your bathrobe on!" After she rushed out to the theater for rehearsal, I went up to the bank to deposit the checks, and wandered over to 6th Ave. to browse through a bookshop. I ended up in the A and P to do the day's shopping. It was about 3 before I finally got back to the apartment. Bette sent a letter hinting that she would like to

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come out here for a vacation, but says that she could fly out to S.F. and visit Jack. Tom is now going to Wilson JC and if he can maintain a B average, he will get a half scholarship to the U. of Chicago. He scored exceptionally well in his achievement tests and was put in an advanced math group so "now he's regained his self confidence about a lot of things." Mom has a new job as she "was one of the last ones to be hired at the toy factory so they fired her first." Bette is dissatisfied with her present job and still looking for something better. She says she may enroll in Roosevelt College for night courses.

Yuriko just came home from rehearsal and she is cooking dinner now. She has to go back again this evening. She said that Martha Graham invited her to come in a cab and she did not have to pay any fare. "We talked about Isamu because she is having a feud with him now as he didn't like the way they lighted his sets up and he got mad and said that he wouldn't build any more sets for her. She wanted to know what to do about calming his ruffled feelings. I couldn't say that both of them were acting spoiled so I told her that Isamu needs to be praised because he is a lonely person. Then Martha said I was looking happily married and she noticed that Isamu acted a bit tense about it at first so I told her that he has thawed out and that he is friendly towards us now. I said that Isamu always expects women to call him up first because he is used to getting attention. Martha said that she had too much to worry about without worrying about his tempermental outburst, but they will make up. Then Martha said I danced well and there was a comment about me in PM today, don't forget to buy the paper darling. I didn't want to talk with

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her too much about how happy in marriage I am because she is a lonely gal too and maybe she might think that only frustrated dancers should get the good parts! Don't worry, she thinks you are fine for me. She just likes to tell me her troubles once in a while because I don't tell it to all the others. To the outside world, everything is going along smoothly for her. Now kiss me and I will go cook."

4 March, 1947, Tuesday

Midnight comment by Yuriko: "Gee, if all those other girls you used to know realized how much amatory passion you had they would have grabbed you. Gosh! Such a narrow escape I had!" That's the nice thing about her: no matter how she feels physically, she always tries to end the day by saying something nice just to elevate my ego. She eggs me on to wear an old army cap and walked slumped down like a moron when going down the street, and the aged Italians who view these antics from their doors must think that we are balmy. I feel all the time that she is attached to me with her entire thoughts, feelings, body. She confirms it when she says, "Its a strong and only love." We should be calmed down after almost six months of marriage but we still behave like a lovesick couple. I never know when to expect these onslaughts of sudden love which is like a river overflowing its banks in the spring, but ~~it~~ it's nice.

Yuriko was telling me about the love lives of dancers last night--under my interrogation--and she insists that she can tell who is a virgin and who isn't from the way they dance...a sort of feminine intuition. She also had some comments to make on the evil effects of dominating mothers who abhor the mention of sex to their adolescent

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daughters. I wondered if there was any correlation between being frustrated and being a dancer, but Yuriko thought that it was only coincidental and not any more frequent than in other fields in which women have a career: "It's an individual problem," she wisely concludes. The discussion developed from the comment made that Ethel went home crying from rehearsal. Yuriko said that part of the reason was because Ethel had difficulty in doing a certain toe number in the dance, but Yuriko thought that the greater reason was the strain of having mother come down for two days to pry into personal affairs. Yuriko did not know if Ethel had a showdown with her New England Puritan Mother yet about the issue of marriage to Paul, but believes that Ethel hasn't brought herself around to bringing the conflict out into the open yet. Paul wants to get married and take her to China to live.

We were talking so late last night that when the alarm went off at 8 this morning, I had a terrible time getting Yuriko out of bed. Every time I tried to push her out, she would cuddle up and be tender so I felt like a brute. I tried scolding her but she would look at me with astonished wide open guilty eyes and then snuggle up. So I am reconciled. But Yuriko always manages to get up at the last minute, dash around wildly, make breakfast, and flee out of the house in time to get to the studio before the others arrive. I told her that I was practicing greater discipline in order to prepare myself for the more regular school life.

Yuriko said at breakfast that Margorie had now gotten over the shock of the loss of her child. Friends have taken up a collection to send her off on a vacation, and Yuriko donated three dollars.

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Yuriko said that Majorie expected another baby this summer so she offered her a summer camp job paying \$300 for eight weeks of dance teaching, plus room and board--^{and} and bring the husband along." It is up in Connecticut. Yuriko said that she was not making any plans until the Europe trip was decided one way or another. She didn't think it would be much of a vacation without me along. I don't see how I can take a vacation this summer as I will be busy with classes... I want my MA to get over with in one gulp. At the same time, it would be nice if Yuriko had a chance to go out of the city and rest up a bit. But I would miss her too.

It has been announced that the Army will release all draftees by the end of June and that there will be no more draft after the end of this month. This announcement affects us since Mrs. Ohta's son is a draftee. He was scheduled to remain in the service for another year, but if he comes back this summer it will create a serious housing problem...unless he re-enlists in the Army or decides to finish college some other place. Yuriko optimistically says not to worry about it because "nobody would be mean enough to evict us after we put all this work into it; it was promised to us for two years and even Mrs. Ota could not go back on that." The trouble is that there is no written commitment to that effect. We will just have to cross that stream when the time comes, but I don't want any housing problems just when I am getting back into the stride of graduate work as it is too disrupting.

This morning I went on my daily constitutional and ended up by shopping. Yuriko came home for lunch, very weary, but she livened up after she got some food into her. She washed her hair before

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returning to the studio for more rehearsals and I wouldn't allow her to leave until her hair was dry as I didn't want her to catch a cold. It is very windy out today. I just got through cleaning up the dishes and I have been debating on whether to go see the Spanish film, "Man's Hope" or go browse around the bookstores on 2nd Ave. I may just stay home and read as I am in the middle of about four books now.

5 March, 1947, Wednesday

Yuriko rehearsed until late last night so I hardly saw her all evening except when she dashed home for dinner which I cooked. I am having a hard time being a "housewife" and trying to control the food budget because I don't know what kinds of meat to buy and I don't think Yuriko would appreciate a repeat order! I must learn the different cuts of meat. The women at the butcher shop are very fussy about what they want, but I get intimidated by the butcher and end up with something else besides what I had planned upon. They always try to sell me the highest price meats, but I know more about these things than before. I guess those women with large families have to shop carefully in order to feed their large families. Fortunately Yuriko never complains about what I cook and we have had pretty good variety. I follow the shopping hints of PM so that I will know what things are in season! Right now fresh vegetables are scarce and it is cheaper to buy the frozen packages, a new invention. It really is a career to keep up a household, and I won't complain if things get a bit unorganized after I go to school because it does take a lot of time to keep the apartment up and both of us will be busy with

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other pursuits. Tonight I am going to experiment and try to cook some Italian style veal outlets like they serve over at Rosso's, but I don't know if I can remember the formula. I think that I have done pretty well so far because Yuriko gained a few pounds even with all of her rigorous dancing. I try to follow the balanced diet scientifically from the advice of the radio culinary experts just like a housewife! I don't mind too much because Yuriko is usually pleasantly surprised when I cook something new. I've been so busy with cooking that I haven't read as much as I thought I would although I am well occupied with light reading when I have time off! It doesn't hurt me to do housework because I will appreciate it more later on when Yuriko takes over. She won't allow me to do the laundry because she says that I don't get it clean, but the real reason is that she wants something left around here to do. If Yuriko didn't appreciate all of these things, then I wouldn't be so willing to do it.

I think that after a few more months I will be able to qualify as a counsellor to new husbands and how to keep marital tensions at a minimum! Yuriko and I seem to work things out very well and we haven't had the conflicts that I know others have had. Perhaps Mariko-George adjustments are an extreme, but just from watching their fights I think that I learned to avoid a lot of pitfalls. I know that their biggest struggle was over control of the family purse. Our solution was to pool all of our money from the start, put all income into a checking account, figure out a flexible budget at the first of the month, take an equal allowance, buy extra things as needed. This avoids the potential conflict arising if a patriarchial custom of male dominance on all money matters is followed, or the

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other extreme of the wife handling everything with the husband only getting cigarette money. I think that if a couple had mutual trust there wouldn't be an disorganization in this respect.

Yuriko was worried at first that I might resent her having a career, but she no longer fears this. Her success in her field in no sense infers that I am an economic failure. I certainly would not hold to the "chivalrous" idea that a wife's place is in the home, aside from the fact that I couldn't support her now anyway. We couldn't afford such a "sentimental" investment into outmoded practices, and, further, I wouldn't think of attempting to stop her from giving expression to the things she wants to do. Yuriko doesn't feel "noble" about working to help support me and I don't feel sorry for myself because of my temporary functions as "housewife." I don't feel either that my domestic comforts are neglected. As long as we understand each other and cooperate, tension will not develop. I'm sure that Yuriko would give up certain luxurious habits she has established if we find that it cannot be financed from my earnings, and if her income is cut down drastically by some unforeseen event. Right now the prospect is that her income will increase this year as she is still steadily going up in her field. She has established a firm reputation as an instructor and last night she was telling me that the New School of Dance wanted her to come and teach the course of advanced dancing, Graham technique. She thinks that she will do it as it will pay \$5.00 an hour and she thought that she could teach about three hours a week in the evening and still keep up her private instruction and the Graham studio teaching. I've learned that few dancers ever get back the economic investment she put into her

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training so that professional pride is the main thing. Yuriko has not done badly at all in the few seasons she has been out here. Financially, she got little returns up to last year, but now she is more established than most of her dancer friends. Reaching the first six months of marriage without conflict is a milestone, but we both realize that there will be problems in the coming months and years. Having a similar philosophy of life and similar cultural backgrounds has helped greatly in our adjustment relationships.

I walked down to Canal street this afternoon as it was warmer out, and looked for a binder but I could not find one to my satisfaction. That district is a gigantic bargain basement. All of the goods are placed out in front of the stores with great abundance of surplus army goods. Some of the seedy looking individuals shopping around are rumored to be budding inventors looking for gadgets for latest contraptions. The high school boys go to look at the surplus contraceptive devices in the drug stores: city boys are more exposed to the facts of life than country boys! I was looking at furniture in a store window when an ancient, very dirty, old lady walked by drooling: "Chink, chink". Chinatown is nearby so I guess she must have harbored some kind of ill feeling towards Orientals. I didn't realize that she was directing her muttering at me until she got about 20 feet away, and then I had to laugh and feel sorry at her naive ignorance. The per capita of panhandlers in the Canal street district is exceedingly heavy. I walked way over to the East Side and it looked like some foreign ghetto, probably about the most poverty stricken area in NYC next to Harlem. I got a haircut on my way back.

6 March, 1947, Thursday

Yuriko's sniffles which have been threatening to become a deep chest cold finally got her down last night. She had little appetite when she came home, and she was exhausted. The rigorous schedule she has been following ever since starting out on tour has made her bodily resistance low, and I have become quite concerned about her getting ill. She has a slight chill last night and a sore throat. I did not think that she should go up and rehearse again in the evening, but Yuriko felt that she must in order not to let the company down. She said that there was nobody to take her place and the people who bought tickets to see a certain performance could not be disappointed. I answered that it was silly for performers to follow the "show must go on" fallacy and ruin their health as it was not that important. I couldn't argue Yuriko out of it as she said that if she didn't go to rehearsal, the other girls might think that she was taking advantage of her success and getting out of practice with a minor excuse. I walked up to the studio with her as she had to meet Duggy to take some costumes to the theater. When I told Duggy that Yuriko was not feeling well and shouldn't rehearse, Duggy thought that the wisest thing to do was to go home and get some rest as Martha said that she wanted the key cast members to save themselves. Yuriko was then satisfied that she would not be criticized so she came home and went right to bed after taking a hot bath. It takes two hours for the water tank to heat up because the water is so cold. I washed all of the dishes and rinsed out a few of Yuriko's costumes so that she would not do them herself. She said that she felt guilty and tried to do it but I threatened her with a spanking so she minded me. She didn't have enough resistance to argue back.

I guess she must have been in a miserable mood because she asked

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me what I would do if she died on me. I got alarmed right away despite the fact that I knew her cold was not serious, and I quickly turned the subject to a less gloomy topic. Gad, it would be horrible if such a thing did happen. It hasn't occurred to me that such things are possible because we have been going along so smoothly. I don't think that I would know what to do if I didn't have Yuriko. Life would certainly become melancholy, dull, unhappy. Such a thought frightens me. I worried all night about it and I didn't get much sleep because Yuriko was restless and she kept throwing the blankets off. It worries me when she gets ill.

This morning, Yuriko was feeling a bit better, no fever, but still a bit low. I made her stay in bed all morning and when I saw that her appetite was improved, I said that I would go call the studio and ask about rehearsals this afternoon. One of the students had been sent down to inquire about her and at that time I didn't think that Yuriko should perform tonight. I think that Yuriko acted brighter than she felt inside so that I would allow her to go out. I phoned Don and he said that the orchestra had been called for rehearsal but that it was up to Yuriko to decide whether to come as he didn't want her to be so ill that she could not go on tonight. He suggested that she just walk through her part, and "we will take good care of her." On that condition, I reluctantly agreed with Yuriko that she was well enough to go. I hope that she will not be ill all of next week. Yuriko assured me that she had a great capacity for recuperation because she was in good health, and she thought that she was just as tired as ill. Some of the other girls are threatening to come down with flu also. It was warm this afternoon so I

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didn't think that her cold would become complicated. She should be in for dinner in a while and I hope that her condition is better because I worry too much. I don't think that any performance is worth the risk of her health, but I realize that it is hard to convince her of that because she feels such a deep obligation. Her threatened illness brings sharply into focus the fact that we have little protection against prolonged ill health because our income is fixed upon the assumption that we will not require any medical care for the next year. We just don't have the money for health insurance and I know that it is risky but there isn't much we can do about it. I dropped my Army insurance as it does not provide for illness and I couldn't afford to keep the payments up as it would have meant that we would have to cut down upon our food budget. The American Medical Association does not think very much of the low income group when it opposes socialized health insurance so violently. That's why millions of the population are left unprotected. I wish the politicians had more of a sense of social responsibility instead of spending so much effort upon the protection of property interests, which represents only a minority of the total population.

I know that it is easy for the "have nots" to be biased, but still it is not wrong to want protection of all kinds for the greatest majority. A psychiatrist says that everyone harbors prejudices of some kind only we call them "convictions." That is why there is such a bundle of prejudices piling up in our society. I know that I have some "cherished myths" myself. It warps the reasoning power when it gets too strong. One can be prejudiced for a thing as well as against it. I am biased towards the working man, racial groups in

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the sense that I want more democracy for them. And I am prejudiced against the "South," segregation, AMA, fascist groups, dumb politicians, imperialism, laissez faire capitalism, advocates of white supremacy, practitioners of discrimination and so forth. I try to keep out stereotyped ideas that the ones I dis like have all the worst characteristics. But it is frustrating that social advancement comes so slow. I certainly do not want to narrow my world by alienating myself away from it, or give up without any further growth. At the same time I can't grow self reliant enough not to need any of my "convictions" as long as there are so many socio-economic weaknesses. I guess the best thing is to try and be intelligent about things and practice clear thought and judgment. And, I still think that the AMA is reactionary because of its past factual history and present conservative emphasis!

I went to the Social Security office again to sign for my eighth readjustment allowance for GI's. In a couple more weeks, this phase of my adjustment will be ended when I start graduate work again. I have some doubts about school too, but at least it is going in a forward direction. I don't think that I would like stranding in a status quo position too long; it's too dull and deadly. It was such a nice day that I took a stroll over to the West Side waterfront and watched some of the foreign ships come in. There is a tremendous amount of enjoyable things to be seen in this vast city; I never get bored with it. On the way back, I bought four pounds of Mexico tomatoes for 30 cents and felt that I got a good bargain. I will use them for the Italian style veal and spaghetti which we didn't have last night. Some movie company is shooting films with a Village

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background about two blocks away and I tried to stroll back and forth in front of the camera in order to get into the act but I guess they didn't appreciate my talents!

7 March, 1947, Friday

Yuriko still has her cold but she felt much better after her rest yesterday so that she was able to perform. She said that the dancing went over very well, but the house was not as enthusiastic as last week. However, she was pleased that she got good applause for her solo dance in the new piece. Some Broadway dance director came backstage to congratulate her afterwards--the one who did the choreography for "On the Town." Yuriko feels that she is almost ready for the next step but she does not know what direction it will be in. She still feels that she has a lot of hard work to do and that she is satisfied as long as she makes a little progress each season. The thing which she wants above all is to have the satisfaction of really dancing--although it does give her pleasure to be in the limelight too.

Yuriko was very hungry when we got home so that she ate again and felt much better. We are going out to eat with Paul, Ethel, Shirley on Saturday night between the matinee and evening performance. Paul has been treating us so much that I only agreed to go on the condition that he refrain from doing so again. It is a bit embarrassing. He makes a lot of money and so is able to go to real expensive places, and he can also put a lot of his expense on his charge account from his company. I couldn't hope to keep up with him. But since it is closing night for the company, we agreed that it would be okay in this instance. On my incidental allowance of \$20 a

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month I could only go out on one date a month if we went to all of the places which Paul frequents. Yuriko understands this situation and she is very considerate. She never complains about not going to night clubs as she dislikes them as much as I do. She said that after this week we would have a date just to stroll up around Times Square and "mingle with the people" and then go to a show.

We played some cards last night after Yuriko ate so I guess she is feeling vastly improved and I need not worry so much. She does need a good rest though. We may "rest" all day Sunday and just have a huge waffle breakfast when we feel like getting up; but we may go over to visit her folks Sunday evening. They have been asking us to come over for a visit since we have been over there for some weeks. We bought some more tickets for her mother and Mr. Usami so that they could see her perform closing night.

After eating a french toast breakfast with fried tomatoes and bacon, Yuriko rushed off to rehearse. I went shopping: our menu tonight will be shrimp foo young with bean sprouts, ^{romaine} ramane lettuce with antipasto (?), green peas, steamed rice and fresh banana. I feel funny going shopping yet when all the stores are filled with women! It was warm when I came back from shopping so I went out for a walk and tried to find a second hand garbage pail for our building. Somebody stole the one which was here. I don't know what the downstairs people do with their garbage. I wrap ours all up in paper and then when I go up to the theater to pick Yuriko up, I dump the garbage in somebody else's can. Some of the people around here don't even bother to do that. They just throw it out in the streets and expect the cats to get rid of it. The sanitation department comes

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around every once in a while and washes the street down. The young boys burn all of the wood and paper they can find out in the streets. The whole system is not very sanitary, particularly on windy days, but it seems to be a set custom down here. I am trying to get an empty oil drum for our use since the downstairs family do not seem to miss the garbage pail at all.

9 March, 1947, Sunday

Time passed quickly yesterday after Yuriko left for her matinee and evening performances so I had to rush up there in order to meet her at 5:30 for our dinner engagement with Ethel, Shirley, Paul and some of his friends. The nasty doorman at the theater seemed to be quite upset about something when I arrived so I decided not to create any conflict by going up to the dressing room. I quietly waited in the hallway. All of a sudden, the doorman started to act very belligerent and he seemed to be a perfect example of a paranoic personality. At first I was amused by his antics when he tried to get the colored elevator operator to confirm what a strict doorman he was in guarding the morals of the girls. Then he comes up to me and angrily starts to tell me about the two young men who had just walked out in anger: "What do they think this place is anyway? They think that they can go right up to the girls dressing room like it was a 'red light' public hotel. Those fellows tried to go up to Pearl Lang's room. I told them! What do they think that I am to allow them to go up and lock the doors. I'm here to protect girls from guys like that."

I didn't think that his insinuations were fair so I told him.

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Then he got sore and he said something about the Graham company girls being "too free with allowing fellows to go up." This got me peeved and I told him that they were just going backstage to congratulate them on the performance and that he should keep his mind out of the gutter. Then he blew up and he made a lot of silly unfounded accusations. I didn't know why he was making all this fuss except that the guy had some deep seated personality twist in his mind and wanted to show that he was an important defender of public morals even though only a doorman--like the impoverished white tenant farmer who has ridiculous attitudes ~~of~~ towards negroes and tries to assert "superiority" on the basis of race. Maybe the doorman was a frustrated former actor or something. Anyway I got tired of listening to him so I said, "Don't tell me your troubles." This set the fuse off and he tried to get "revenge" by ordering me to go outside. I didn't see the necessity of doing this because other people were standing around and this was a common practice so I refused. Apparently he felt that he could not enforce this edict so he made all sorts of threats that I wasn't to go up to the dressing rooms. I told him to shut up and that I had ~~no~~ no intention of going up to watch the girls undress. By this time I was getting sore and I almost felt like hitting the foul mouthed dope. The doorman then went back to his stool muttering and looking very mad.

I continued to stand there and wondered what was bothering the guy because the whole thing was so unexpected and there was no reason for it. Just then, Robert came down and said that Martha wanted to see me in the dressing room. I hesitated for a minute but went up because I felt that she was the "star" and the doorman

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couldn't say anything so without consulting him I walked up. The other doorman had always been more agreeable and he never made a fuss because it is a sort of custom for people to go backstage after a performance. As soon as I got into Martha's room, Don came up and said that the doorman was looking for me so keep out of sight because he thought I had sneaked up. Then Martha got very upset and she said to pay no attention because she had been having this trouble all week and her other friends had been insulted in the same way--but not so directly. She said that she was paying over \$1000 a day for the rental of the theater and the doorman had been instructed to allow me to pass before so he had no business in being nasty. She said that she usually left a substantial tip for the doorman at the end of engagements, but she was certainly not going to be so liberal with this particular one. She couldn't understand why the man was so difficult throughout this engagement and she said that she was going to speak to the management.

Then she told me that Yuriko was not feeling well because of the cold and she thought that it would be better for her to rest until the evening performance and not go out into the cold. She suggested that I bring Yuriko a steak from the Ziegfeld Cafe next door like she was having. So when Ethel came down, I told her that we would not be going to the China Clipper for dinner. Ethel said that she would order for me anyway while I went to get the steak for Yuriko. I told Martha that I would probably have difficulty with the doorman when I went down so she told Ethel to tell Don to tell the doorman that I was to come in at any time on her permission. Ethel very innocently went downstairs and she she couldn't find Don

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she told the doorman directly. She almost fell over when he lashed out that wasn't to cross the door again, "nor any other fellows." Ethel recovered from this unexpected reception with great anger and she said that Martha had more to say about that. Then the doorman said that Don, Martha and anyone of the company was not giving him his orders and he didn't care what they thought but nobody was going up. The man made a very childish scene. Natanya and a couple of the other girls came down and they got sore. I thought that a free for all would start! I decided to keep quiet because I was pretty sore and I felt that it wouldn't help matters if I came forth with an outburst. Then the doorman said that I couldn't bring any food into the theater (although Martha had her steaks brought in) and "why don't you get a doctor." Finally he saw that he was going too far so he backed down and said that "if your wife is sick then I guess it will be all right this time, but let me tell you that I am not taking orders from Miss Graham." Ethel was fuming by this time but I told her that I could handle the situation so she went on to the restaurant.

The Ziegfeld Cafe is a very ritzy place, and they asked for a \$3.00 deposit on the dishes. While waiting for the steak, I decided that I was cooled off and that perhaps I should change my tactics and elevate the doorman's ego as that seemed to be the thing which was bothering him the most. So when I went back into the theater, I said, "I hope there's no hard feelings over what happened." The doorman's face immediately calmed and he bent over backwards to be conciliatory. He said that he had not meant anything personally against me but that he was just doing his job and he didn't like the

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fresh fellows coming in. He repeated most of what he said before and I just said that he did have a tough job sitting on the stool all evening without agreeing with the rest. I guess he felt that his ego was properly redeemed because he said that I could go up anytime and he was sorry that I "took things the wrong way."!! And he was very nice the rest of the evening! What a strange guy--he had such a persecutionist complex!

I was worried about Yuriko's condition, but she said that she had been rubbed down by the masseur and she felt that she would be able to perform after eating and a nap. So I went down to the China Clipper, but I didn't have much of an appetite for the nice dinner which Paul ordered. He gets very fancy dishes which the public cannot get because he knows all the headwaiters in the large Chinese eateries. It is a matter of pride with him because this gives him an opportunity to be a genial host--and the food is tremendous. I met his friends, Norm and Evie and Mr. Wells. Shirley lost her way on the subway so she came in after we finished the first course. It took us about two hours for dinner because of the many courses and the conversation which was going on.

Shirley had a book, "The Wanderer," for Yuriko. She had invited Paul and I to dinner at her apartment but we decided to eat out instead because Paul had other friends so I didn't know about these last minute changes in plans which went on between Yuriko and Ethel until after I got to the theater! Shirley is working in a Community Settlement house right now and she takes dancing lessons. She is one of the Bennington College dancing majors. Evie also is a dancer and a Bennington product, as well as Ethel and Duggy. Evie

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is pregnant right now, I think. She has been married to Norm for about a year or so. Norm is some kind of a business associate of Paul's in the import-export line. He is building a seven room house in Forest Hills right now. Mr. Wells is an Englishman, the most interesting person in the group. He had many anecdotes to tell in his clipped British accent. He just came back from India with a bunch of rugs, and he is setting up a branch office in NYC now. He spent several years in Japan, knew the language slightly, and was quite anxious to meet Yuriko.

A large part of the dinner conversation was about dancing and high finances. The three successful young businessmen--Paul, Norm, and Mr. Wells--discussed in great detail matters of foreign trade and how to make the most profits and pay the minimum taxes. They seemed to have the system fixed down pat. Paul told Mr. Wells how to put all his living expenses on a tax deductible basis, and Mr. Wells told how the English companies avoid taxes by putting the "Head office" in some small town in India and by practicing the single/^{entry}system in bookkeeping. The English seem to be more internationally inclined judging from Mr. Wells as he has been in many parts of the world and he spoke of them as ordinary experiences, whereas the American businessmen are more limited. However, Mr. Wells did reflect a lot of Tory attitudes and this was the opportunity for Shirley and I to get into the conversation because we wanted to know something about the Labor Gov't in England and how it affected the businessman. Mr. Wells gave us a typically conservative viewpoint but he was not bitter towards Government. He said that he planned to settle down in the U.S. and be a "part of your country and nobody better call me a foreigner after three years." The high cost of

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living in NYC bewilders him and he wondered how the poorer families got by on \$50. a week. He almost fell over when we told him that many get by on half of that and that poverty is a great byproduct of our private enterprise system. I guess Mr. Wells wouldn't get much "social consciousness" from Paul and Norm, who are strong advocates of political conservatism and Republicanly inclined. Mr. Wells was impressed with the "Americanism" of our diverse group (culturally). And it is to his credit that he recognizes that this is what makes an American as he frequently made comments about "your country" and "you Americans." When he spoke of Japan, he didn't assume that I was a citizen of Japan or Paul of China.

We explained a lot of American idioms and slang expressions to Mr. Wells as he was eager to learn. Americans, as a rule, do not understand his terms like "underground" "lift" "metres" "pounds and sterling." I guess one of the reasons why the English were able to become successful imperialists for a while was because they tried to understand other cultures, and yet remain English--often too smug and superior though. He was quite taken with Shirley's sophistication as this was the first time he got to know "a typical American girl who impresses me as being so capable and individualistic." He had never seen modern dancing so Paul arranged to get a ticket for him. Afterwards, he said that his first impression was: "My how naughty! The poor girls are getting their feet all dirty." But, he keenly appreciated the dancing and he certainly got a lot more symbolic meaning from it than I did from my initial contact with this form of abstract art! In fact, Ethel and Yuriko were quite impressed with his analysis of the meaning of each dance.

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The last dance performance went off well, and Yuriko got thunderous applause for her solo. The audience was very receptive and there were many bows taken by the cast. Only sophisticated New Yorkers and dance students appreciate this art sufficiently to give the Graham company a run of two weeks--there is something to the statement that this city is the center of U.S. culture. The future plans of the company are still vague, but there is still a definite possibility of going to Europe if transportation facilities can be arranged. They will go to Boston for a week in May according to the latest word. A great many people went backstage after this last performance so that Yuriko and Ethel were a bit delayed. Yuriko had more than a dozen well wishers come up to congratulate her and her mother was so proud. The cast was quite relieved that their vigorous schedule was at an end.

Mrs. Mitsuhashi and Mr. Usumi sat in the row ahead of me, while Paul, Shirley, and Mr. Wells sat in another section. I sat with Tessie Berkman whom I ran into there. Rhoda was also there. She said that she phoned Don and got a free ticket after telling him that she couldn't afford a ticket and she wanted to see Yuriko in the new number. It made her cry. But I thought it was unkind of Rhoda to say belittling things about other Graham dances as if they were beneath her dignity and standards after she got in free. She said Lamarr couldn't stand the company dances so he didn't come. He is entitled to his opinions although he tends to be a severe critic about everything. I just didn't allow any of Rhoda's remarks to get under my skin or get defensive since she is only jealous that she couldn't get into the company herself, and I pity her more than anything. She still does part time sewing and lives with Lamarr--she really admires Graham

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dancing but is afraid to admit it now because Lamarr pans everything in sight and she is like putty in his hands.

Tessie said that she had been a Graham fan for years and that she had seen several performances this season. She was very surprised to run into me out of uniform as I haven't seen her but once since leaving Mason General Hospital where she was the Red Cross social work supervisor. She gave me all the latest news of old friends, and said that she knew of my marriage to Yuriko because "Cary McWilliams told Emily (in Boston) who wrote to Gary in California who wrote and told Edie in New York who wrote and told Eleanor in Salt Lake City who wrote and told Harry Salutsky in New York who told me." Tessie is now on the New York School of Social Work faculty and she supervises case work of students sent to the Medical Center. It would be nice if I were placed under her supervision because then I would be sure of passing!! Tessie said that contrary to my impression, there was a tremendous demand for male case workers because there were so few of them and she thought that a man could equal her salary in a year. She said that the union had finally organized the private agency case workers and the minimum wage was now \$200 a month. The public agency workers are not organized yet so the pay scale is lower. However, Tessie felt that there were many opportunities in the Vets Admin and a male veteran had the top preference in the field. She said that I would get plenty of the "freudian" approach in case work, but not to let it bother me too much. She confirmed my impression that the NY School was very snobbish and believed that it was the only school which could turn out decent case workers. She added that the Mason psychiatric case work was recognized because there were so many NY school trained people up there, but other army work and private

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employment did not rate much.

After we left the theater the whole group of us went to the Lum Fong restaurant for a snack and a drink--Paul, Ethel, Shirley, Mr. Wells, Mrs. Mitsuhaski, Mr. Usami, Yuriko and I. Mr. Wells was delighted to practice his slight knowledge of Japanese with Yuriko and Mrs. M. and he told about all the beauties of Japan, which pleased Mrs. M. exceedingly. The drinks had put her in a good mood anyway. Shirley thought it was very amusing when I told her that it was advantageous at times not to be able to communicate with in-laws as it avoided conflict. We remained in the restaurant until about 2:00 a.m. and had some nice refreshments. Yuriko felt relaxed and better but her cough still bothered her. Mrs. M. invited us over for dinner because Yuriko told her that I was tired of cooking. We took a cab home, and Mr. Wells escorted Shirley after being charmed by her Bennington sophistication. We went to bed after 3 a.m. last night.

10 March 1947, Monday.

Yesterday was a leisurely day for us; we didn't get up for breakfast until 4:30 in the afternoon. Neither of us wanted to make the first move. Yuriko would say, "Are you hungry?" and I would say yes and then she would say, "Then there are two of us." Finally the stomachs started to protest so we compromised and got up together and had a delicious breakfast of french toast, bacon, eggs, steak, coffee and fruit juice. Yuriko felt better so we decided to go over to the hostel for dinner. It was good for her to relax and read the Sunday papers in bed like I usually do. We didn't get out of the house until after five.

Mrs. A, the hostel chef, and Mrs. M had prepared a tasty dinner of chicken and shrimps with the usual trimmings and we sat at the table for several hours drinking the sherry wine and talking. The wine got Mr. M. dizzy so he retired for a while. Most of the conversation was in Japanese. However, Mrs. A's daughter, Joanie, also ate with us. I had seen the girl before but never spoken to her because she acted exclusive. At dinner, she always spoke English to her mother and argued over little things so I began to think that this was one of the mixed personality type of Nisei girl. It was confirmed when Joanie suddenly made a remark that it was silly to eat Japanese pickles and rice. Nobody was forcing her to eat it, and I didn't have any myself. But, it seemed that she was deliberately trying to draw attention upon herself and it reminded me that I held similar attitudes when I first conflicted with the Japanese community way of living. Gradually a conversation developed and it was the first time I had spoken extensively while at the hostel. Yuriko later said that her mother and Mrs. O were very impressed with what I was saying and Yuriko spent most of her time interpreting our conversation. Yoshie, the kibe boy, also listened attentively and I said a lot of things for his benefit because the conversation had originally

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started because Joanie was nasty in a "nice way" to him in a most obvious manner, and the kibeï boy just smiled and didn't try to defend himself.

Joanie followed her remarks about Japanese foods with generalizations about Nisei as a whole. She immediately struck me as a sort of extreme person like Mine, and in some ways like myself. It became clearer when she said that she grew up in Kansas and she resented bitterly the fact that she had been rejected by Nisei society when she went to Los Angeles before the war. She is very tall, and that may have something to do with her personality ... very aloof and a bit nasty at times. She is also sensitive, she writes poetry, started out to be a doctor but now is a textile designer or something like that. The point which she tried to get over was that she was "different" from other Nisei, and her mother was worried because Joanie isolated herself from everybody and tried to solve her problems in that way. Joanie must be over 25. The girl never talked to any of the other hostel residents. In a flood of words, all of her keen resentments came out and she bitterly castigated the Nisei for being so spineless and "without backbone" for creating self segregation. She felt that anyone who did not become integrated was weak; yet all of her contacts seem to be around hostel life in some way as far as I could see. I agreed with her in theory and point of view, but I didn't agree that the segregation was just like before the war. She made the point that the kibeï were disloyal and she didn't like it at all when I said that Tule Lake was no basis for segregation and patriotism couldn't be determined by the criteria of using English effectively. This weakened her concept that she was different from other Nisei by the fact that she grew up in Kansas so she became very defensive and said a lot of things which was not in accord with other intelligent things she said later. I thought that it was unfortunate that such an intelligent girl should try to close herself up in a shell.

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Yuriko unwittingly hit the nail on the head when she remarked, "Marriage solves so many problems for Nisei girls." Joanie became much more objective as the conversation progressed, and she finally agreed that nobody could be forced to integrate no matter how much some of us wanted and believed in it, and she said that as far as she was concerned she was going to go about it on an individual basis--to which I heartily agreed. However, she still is convinced that she is "different". Jimmy Sakoda would call her a "marginal personality" in terms of his social psychology--on the extreme rebel end. It is a phase that a lot of intelligent and sensitive Nisei go through--many of whom never resolve the problem and make unsocial adjustments. I believe that it is Nisei like her who are making significant strides in terms of minority adjustments to the American culture and it takes time to work out a pattern of approach which is never entirely clear. On the other hand, there is very little of the Japanese culture which she can reject because she hasn't experienced it. She finally remarked that she realized she was forced into many conflict situations because of the hostel situation and the predominance of Kibei and "backward" Nisei living there so that she was more pessimistic about the future of the group than I would agree to. It was surprising to find a person like her living at the hostel because the social situation there certainly is not acceptable to her personality makeup, and intensifies antagonisms. She has unconsciously made the Kibei her scapegoat and Nisei to a lesser degree. The conversation was revealing to me because there were so many points of similarity in the developments of my attitudes as I thought back. I think that the crux of the matter is that one can afford to be more tolerant of the trends if not trapped in it. Since I have very little contact with the "Nisei problem" these days, it doesn't disturb me so greatly and I don't get so exasperated when I pick up and read the Nisei papers which Tally Yusa sends me from Chicago. But I do know that if I lived in Chicago and saw the segregated

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Japanese community trends closing in on me, it would be most disturbing emotionally. I think there should be more Nisei like Joanie even though she is an unhappy and frustrated girl because complacency never solves anything and there are so few Nisei comparatively who have a wider vision of social consciousness--as well as in the population as a whole. Nobody wants to be a martyr to a "cause"; it doesn't necessarily have to turn out that way.

Prior to the time I went into the Army, I was discouraged too at the trends of "segregation" but now I can view it more impersonally and "blame" the Nisei less than the social situation of our society which forces such things--in other words, the emphasis on disapproval has shifted. I believe in integration as strongly as ever, but am more reconciled to the fact that a rapid acculturation to average American life is only for the limited progressive group of Nisei; the rest will come along slowly--many will never adjust but always live in a shell of frustration. I maintain my interest in this problem as I think that it is significant in terms of minority problems in the U. S. and there isn't any necessity of "running away" from it as that is not completely satisfactory either.

I suspect that Mrs. M. and Mrs. A. were under the impression that I was defending the thesis that "once a Japanese, always a Japanese", but I didn't bother to enlighten them. Racial sensitivity is almost inescapable for the Issei who is denied citizenship rights anyway. Yet, their degree of accommodation to America is much greater than a large segment of the Issei population. Mrs. A. spent many years in Kansas too but she is not "significantly" different from other Issei. Neither Issei, Kibei, nor Nisei are distinct groups in patterns of thinking because there is an overlap among them and each group in itself differs in degree. Inability to understand the other groups breeds intolerance and prejudices; yet biologically, the three categories have a

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common ancestry. I think that my work with the Study was the main thing which cleared up my thinking on this point, and the process was long. I'm still inclined to be impatient, but I curb my emotional feeling better and the Issei and Kibei don't get me down like in camp. I think Joanie still has some carryover of camp psychology in her present attitudes. She certainly does give Yoshio a bad time because he is a Kibei.

Yoshio can't be defined by a generalization that he is a Kibei as he is an individual too. He was in the Army and he now goes to night school to finish his high school requirements and improve his English. Mr. M. is even willing to help him through college because the boy has the gumption to try and improve himself and not be contented with just standing still like other Kibei boys in the hostel. Yoshio is learning the cleaning trade and he gets \$10 a week for that, plus room and board at the hostel. He is the assistant at the hostel so he gets \$35 a month for that. On top of that he draws his G.I. allowances. Mr. M. said that he had offered other Kibei and Nisei boys the opportunity of learning the cleaning trade because all of them have unskilled jobs and only earn about \$22 a week, but "they feel too proud" or else are only looking for a good time and satisfied to merely get by without any definite plans for the future. Yoshio hasn't decided whether he wants to go to Japan for his livelihood; I think it will depend upon his satisfactory adjustments here and he has made a good start.

Mr. M. was very discouraged about the future of the evacuees, particularly those in his hostel. He seems to get the residue of those who are in a period of great uncertainty without any special talents. Many of them come in through the Seabrooks Farms so that actually they have been under a "camp psychology" for five years now. He said that it was a problem advising young Nisei girls from Seabrooks. They have a shortage of men there so these girls come to NYC and many of them "go wild". Their attitude is to have a good time, and he said that several had taken up extra legal living with "wild" Nisei boys.

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He felt responsible for these girls because the parents come to him. Lately, one mother had to take her daughter back to Seabrooks with her because of this problem. It is shocking to the Issei yet to think that Nisei girls would forget all of their parental training and adopt loose habits of "common American girls." Mr. M. said that the Issei who came out made more rapid adjustments to the situation because they did not want to waste time in a rut and they took any job which would help them get established, whereas the Nisei were "fussy" and yet did nothing to improve themselves--"spent their time complaining about their hardships." Mr. M did not think that it was a wise idea for them to go back to the Coast as he believes there are more economic opportunities in the East. He said that the church may close the hostel after next October, but he has been asked to prepare a statement giving reasons why it may be needed beyond that time. Mr. M. said that ordinarily there would be no need of a hostel, but the Seabrooks situation makes it necessary for continued operation. They come to NYC with housing or other leads and the situation of these new arrivals is similar to those who resettled from camp, plus the big fact that they are not the most adventurous of the evacuees and mostly have a farming background.

Mr. M. believed that there was a need for "pioneers" to pave the way because he rightly concludes that the resettlers into this area have not become permanently established. He said that this was one of the reasons why he started the cleaners to show that it could be done successfully. It is true that he has ulterior motives too--he wouldn't turn down a change to make an honest penny--but his basic idea is sound. He said that this was the reason why he wanted to eventually buy a farm and home on Long Island. He said that there was unlimited opportunities in gardening over there and he thought it would be better if the experienced Issei and Nisei migrated in that direction instead of going back to California to reenter competition there where it was almost a closed market now as the evacuees were squeezed out during their stay

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in camp. He said that this was the reason why he has put in an order for a station wagon. Mrs. M. is more conservatively inclined and thinks that it is all "big dreams" and she scoffs at the idea--which irritates him to the point where he tells her, "That's all right, you just stay home and take care of Choco and I will do things; I have it all right in here" (tapping his head). Both of them were trying to get us to confirm their point of view. Yuriko was a bit fearful that her father would get "stuck" like in L.A. where they took a big loss on their hothouse and gardening business because of the war. She thought that a depression might come along at an inopportune time and wipe him out, and further she didn't want him to take too much responsibility for advising others to follow him in case of failure. I tended to agree with Mr. M. as far as more economic opportunities out here, but I tried to remain neutral so left my reasons unsaid. However, it is true that Mr. M. has positive plans and he goes progressively forward instead of remaining in a rut. He has the initiative to gamble from a fairly sound basis. He says that he is going to buy property on Long Island next year. I think that there might be an opportunity for truck farmers to get started out here since many evacuees have had a great deal of experience and there is a large market here. Mr. M. realizes he won't always be at the hostel and he is looking around for something^{more}/permanent.

Mr. M. sold his cleaners for \$2000 so he made one hundred percent profit --he did put a lot of work into it during the six months he had it. Now he has capital to get another place. He said that the reason he sold it was that it was not in a good district and he wants to locate further downtown. It is a Puerto Rican neighborhood and economically poor. He said that he had to hold clothes for weeks at a time and this meant a loss. He was fearful of getting robbed or having the shop window broken. And finally, it gave another evacuee a chance to own his own business and he could go "pioneer" in another district.

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He's not so dumb if he can do it at a profit!

Apparently Mr. Usami was not pleased with the business prospects out here as he is starting leisurely westward again next week and plans to be gone one year this time. He said that there were nice homes to be bought cheaply in Maryland and suggested that we invest in a "summer home" there. We can't find a permanent place yet without worrying about a summer home!! Mr. U. gave us a small Belgium rug for a present. Mrs. M. gave us some rice and shrimps. Mr. M. gave us his portrait, and he wanted to buy me a leather case for school but Mrs. M. frowned upon his generosity and I didn't want to become obligated to too great an extent.

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I bought a leather binder this morning and told Yuriko she could give it to me for a present. I got up early to go to the USES to tell the interviewer that I would be starting school at the end of this month and on the way back I went window shopping. Yuriko was not feeling well and she has been abed all day. I have been taking care of her and worrying that she might get ill. She has one of those lingering colds and the cough is upsetting her stomach. She needs a rest, too, after the past few weeks of dancing. She has been sleeping most of the afternoon. Yuriko is a much better bed patient than I because she is less demanding of attention and she doesn't complain too much. We were going to clean house today but that can wait. I hope that I don't have to get a doctor for her. She doesn't have a fever but her resistance is pretty low right now. We shouldn't have gone out at all yesterday.

11 March 1947, Tuesday.

Yuriko still has a sore throat and a chest pain so I insisted that she stay in bed for another day. She wanted to get up and go teach her class at the Graham studio, but I phoned Don and said that she was still indisposed. Yuriko thinks that I will get angry with her if she does not go out and work hard and earn money for our support, as if I am a Fagan! It does worry me quite a bit when she gets ill because I don't want her to be in any pain. I told her that if she was going to get sick every time she danced, then she should give it up as her health was more important. Yuriko became alarmed, I think, that I meant I disapproved of her career so that was one of the reasons why she wanted to go to work today to show that she was completely well! She does need rest though. Another reason why she wanted to get up was when I mentioned that maybe I should find a job and earn a steady income because her income was so uncertain, and Yuriko got alarmed and said that we had talked it over many times and that I couldn't change plans at this point. I get this feeling every time I see how the cost of living is soaring, and the peak is not yet in sight. Killing off the OPA was one of the most shameful things which the politicians ever did to the public.

I went shopping at the Co-op today and while waiting at the meat counter, the women got impatient because a colored woman was taking so much time. This colored lady ordered a lot of things and she naturally was concerned about the price. I see it all the time. But on this occasion the fact that the lady was colored seemed to disturb some of the other ladies. One lady in front of me said to her friend, "Who does she think she is, that darky?" (inferring that the Negro woman should feel honored to be "allowed" to shop in the same store with white women). I felt like kicking that lady in the pants for saying such a stupid thing. One thing that I do notice is that all of the grocery shoppers are alarmed at the rising cost of food and they are pretty careful in selection.

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The lifting of the price ceilings hits these people the hardest because of their fixed incomes. Five dollars hardly fills up a shopping bag these days. We save 10 to 20 percent by going to the Co-op as the prices in the small stores in our district suddenly shot up so we figure that we can have company for dinner with the savings. We haven't invited friends over for a social visit yet because (1) we preferred to be alone and (2) we didn't have the time. Now that Yuriko will not be so busy, we have a breathing spell to entertain friends until I start in school. The inclination is not overwhelming; we just want to dispel rumors that we are a-social! We are perfectly contented to be by ourselves yet and there just isn't any dull hour. Yuriko is reading "The Wanderer" by Fournier this afternoon and pursuing the latest news in PM while I have been puttering around. Yuriko gets lonesome if I go more than 10 feet away from her, asks anxiously, "What are you doing, darling?" It is very nice to have leisure time with her after the hectic past few weeks. Yuriko wears her glasses now for reading and she is satisfied that it does not lessen my love for her because I tell her that it does not detract from her good looks! She insists upon getting up and cooking delicious meals for me just because I told her that I was tired of cooking and wanted a vacation! I saw a henpecked husband with his wife at the coop today and I was glad that Yuriko was not that way because of a smoother disposition!! In three more days we will be celebrating our six months of marriage and we haven't had a quarrel or disagreeable words yet. Love marriage is certainly very nice!!

12 March 1947, Wednesday.

It has been a nice spring day so that Yuriko felt fine this morning and decided to go teach her dance class at the studio this afternoon. Her chest cold has disappeared and she said upon awakening, "I feel so well today; I think I'll clean the house." But, we puttered around so long that we didn't finish and it will have to be done another day. Yuriko finished the bedroom while I went up on the roof and tried to repair the leaks by pouring plaster into the cracks. The cat family in our bathroom ventilation look very healthy now, but I think that we will have to tell the owners to remove them because it smells the place up and it is most unsanitary. It will probably start a feud but it has to be done.

I walked up to Washington Square with Yuriko before going shopping. There were hundreds of people in the park enjoying the warm sun. In a few more weeks all of the trees will start getting green and then it will be beautiful. The soda and hot dog man was doing a brisk business in his outdoor stand with the umbrella over it. The temperature was in the low forties, but that is a heat wave compared to what we have had during the winter. Everything seems to come to life with the spring in the east.

For months Yuriko has been trying to put on weight as she has been below 93 pounds ever since coming east. This morning she got on our scales and was surprised to find that she had gained five pounds since marriage and now weighs 98. Instead of being happy, she is dismayed because she thinks she is getting fat! She thinks the extra pounds are on her "fanny" so no doubt she will try to reduce now. Women certainly are funny! I guess marriage has agreed with me as I went up a couple of pounds so I made Yuriko laugh by starting to take some exercise this morning! I concluded that it was no use when the floor began to shake when I jumped up and down. I'm not too alarmed though because I weigh 18 pounds less than I did when I went into the army. Yuriko uses so

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much energy that she has to have a lot of food calories so she eats a tremendous amount--as much as I do. We seem to be having regular feasts.

We decided to start inviting friends for dinner this week so that I sent notes to Kenny and Warren and their respective wives to come this Saturday if they could. We have a long list of friends that we want to get around to eventually: Clara, Duggy, Bob, Helen, Saye, Paul and Ethel, Tessie, Shirley and so forth. Yuriko plans to take the expense for entertainment out of our miscellaneous fund so that we do not have to cut on our food budget during the week. I was going to save a bit from the food fund but I went and bought a club steak for tonight, spending about twice the usual amount on meat alone. We prefer to spend our money on good food rather than going to night clubs as it is much more satisfying. Yuriko promises to get drapes for our apartment now that she has time to go scouting for material down on Delancy street on the east side. We have to make a decision about getting the refrigidaire soon as the warm weather is not far off. The price has increased about 10% since the time we first thought of getting one, but they are not easily available yet.

The 1946 Republican slogan of "Had Enough?" is the thing which makes us hesitate about buying many household goods. That political slogan has boomeranged because instead of downward prices on everything, the cost of living has gone steadily upwards since last November. The Republican Congress seems to be very stupid in trying to stabilize the economy and there is a growing trend to stifle all progressivism as the solution. The latest thing is to rob us of political freedom by blaming the Communists for all the ills of the country and trying to solve this with Gestapo like repressive measures in government. Bills are up to ban public workers from striking, and restrictive labor measures are still being pushed. All the time, the economy

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of the country is getting into greater and greater inflation. Yet voters are fooled into putting officials into office who are not working in behalf of the people. I've had enough and I told Yuriko that we should go on a buyers strike and not buy anything we could possibly get along without—even if we don't have much money to purchase articles beyond the bare necessities of an adequate standard of living. It is ironical that our reward for winning the war for democratic freedoms has resulted in strong reaction and a growing suppression of those ideals for which American lives were sacrificed in wartime. I don't think that we have to become a fascist nation in order to preserve democracy. If we really perfected the democratic ideals then we wouldn't have to fear that it might be overthrown by the communist ideology. I think that it is so stupid to try and solve things by outlawing Communism through suppressive laws because that infers that perhaps it might be a better system than democracy and raises doubts about basic democratic premises, and the end result will only be fascism.

13 March 1947, Thursday.

Last night I had a horrible dream. Earlier in the evening I had listened to Truman's reasons for intervention in Greece with the American imperialistic weapon of dollars. It was on my mind when I fell asleep. I dreamt that there was a crises in this country because Russia did not like the idea of the US underwriting every unstable in the world just to prevent them from going Communist, and the war shadows grew. Then I dreamt that all of the Fascist nations got together and used the U.S. as a spearhead to force a showdown. The United Nations dissolved, and a huge monument dedicated to Democracy was built on the spot. It was to be an atomic bomb shelter and only veterans of World War II and their families were eligible to hide in it. The world then went completely totalitarian and preparations for the atomic war began. Then Truman ordered everyone in the country to be prepared to die for this dream of "saving the world from Communism" by supporting Fascistic governments like Greece and Spain, Argentina and China, Turkey and England. Everybody was fitted with atomic protection army suits and the draft started once more. I felt Yuriko fading away, and I didn't feel like fighting for such a horrible dream. Suddenly the atom bombs started falling—320 of them, I dreamt—and all of the big cities in the world were destroyed. The earth cracked in two parts right through NYC and I saw myself falling on one side and Yuriko was going away on the other.

I awoke and Yuriko was looking intently at me. It was 3:30 and the lights were all on. She had been reading and she said that she started to look at me and "I fell in love with you so I was kissing you when you woke up." I got up and drank a large glass of fruit juice because I was so relieved that it was all a dream. Today, I felt discouraged to find that politicians could really make another war inevitable

13 March 1947, Thursday.

despite the fact that the last one is only 19 months in the past. I don't expect another war immediately but events certainly are leading to one despite the will of the people. We seem to be jockeying for position and getting as many nations on "our side" in preparation for this war instead of having faith in the UN to avoid it. I'm not an isolationist but I certainly cannot see any good coming out of the present Truman policy. He is following Churchill's policy of reaction instead of FDR's broad program of world cooperation with Russia. This morning I told Yuriko that I was not going to save my Army suit to show to "Junior when he arrives" because I'm "again" any type of militarism and I will not support pseudo-patriotism. The only reason why I can figure out our great fear of Communism is that our politicians are fearful that the masses might really think it a better system. Reactionary methods will not stave it off; it plays right into its hand. Why in the hell cannot positive things be done to improve democracy so that it does not have to worry about other ideologies because it guarantees the most freedoms for the private citizen? I hope that Truman's policy is not going to be the pattern of things to come, but it does look discouraging. Everybody seems to have forgotten about the poor UN as a possible solution for international conflicts.

Yuriko cleaned house today and I went to the Soc Sec office to sign for another check. We may go to the movies this evening as we have not had a social evening together in such a long time. Yuriko just has to demonstrate today and not teach. We were smooching together most of the day, so relaxing and pleasant!

14 March 1947, Friday.

Yuriko and I spent an evening at home last night; we had planned to go to the movies but it was raining so we were not enthusiastic about going out and getting drenched just to see a second rate film. We did listen to the Academy awards program and were sceptical that all of the best pictures of the year were made in this country since we had seen some during the past year which were foreign made that had been recognized as outstanding by film critics in the East. Hollywood is so concerned with itself that it has no perspective. There are occasional outstanding pictures made there which we try to see, but we haven't made a habit of movie going as so many films are dull and a waste of time--at steep prices too!

We were up until past 3:00 a.m. last night; the special occasion was the anniversary of our first six months of happy marriage starting from last 14 September. Yuriko felt romantic about it and it was a good thing that I remembered! We celebrated by eating toasted cheese sandwiches about 1:00 a.m.! Most of the evening, Yuriko was busy making a costume, and hinting that she would need a larger allowance this month in order to buy material. So we "borrowed" from next months budget for these extra expenses. Yuriko wants to make me a fancy two tone sport jacket, and since she is an excellant seamstress I feel honored! We plan to go shopping for material down on Delancy street Sunday instead of going to Town Hall to listen to Mariko Mukai's singing recital.

Yuriko said that she was going to commission a composer to write some music for her fall dance recital and that it would cost \$10 a minute for the piece. Mentally I began to calculate how much we would have to set aside each month for this necessary part of Yuriko's career, and she must have knew I was thinking about that because she laughingly said that she

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would be careful with the gas and light in order to cut down the cost! She said that she planned to teach some extra lessons also because she has some new private students. I don't want her to exert herself too much because I think that she can manage on her increased income. My only worry is that I do not become a financial burden upon her. I remarked that I was a bit worried because I have been taking things easy since army discharge and haven't contributed a thing to society, but Yuriko thought that as soon as I go into a steady routine of going to school this wouldn't bother me.

Most of last evening I read a book and listened to a radio forum on the Greek problem, and the progress of democratization in Japan by the occupation troops. I had to turn the radio on loud so that Yuriko could listen to it from the bathtub where she was reclining for a while. The thing which confuses Yuriko is why there has been a sudden acceleration in the Communist scare and I couldn't make it clear to her. She thought that it must be due to fear, and that about hits the nail on the head. While I was reading, she did her sewing and every once in a while I would peek when she took her bathrobe off to fit herself. Then she would do a burlesque dance. She certainly does have a nice figure though!

We had planned to arise early this morning to do some housecleaning but we slept too late so we just relaxed and considered ourselves lucky to be able to enjoy this luxury. Yuriko works hard so that it doesn't bother her conscience, but I don't want to get into a habit of sleeping until noon. Yuriko said that she would see that I studied every night and get up on time in the morning. She thought that she could finally get around to making clothes for herself and completing the knitting of the socks for me. Yuriko is very orderly about everything she does—except getting

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the dentist appointment which she has allowed to drift along because she doesn't like to get her molars drilled. If I get after her, she says I don't love her anymore so what can I do? We haven't had any jockeying around to determine who is the most important person in the household since marriage so the only conclusion I can draw is that our personalities are very well complimented to one another. The only time I noticed any slight traces of that was when I first met her dancer friends and when we visited her parents the first few times. But no issue was raised about that so that Yuriko has naturally achieved great personality security and never felt her individuality threatened—a situation she was fearful about prior to marriage. I hope that this happy adjustment continues indefinitely.

I was wondering about our smooth interrelationships last night, and I concluded that it was mostly due to mutual willingness to arrive at adjustments without conflict. One factor which we have escaped is the interference of in-laws and relatives, thank gosh! Educationally, there is a gap, but not intellectually since Yuriko is a very intelligent person and she has had a considerable self growth without formal education due to her travels and dancing contacts. She was on the UCLA campus for three years in the dance group and she also spent one summer at Bennington College. I learn a lot from her and I tell her. She does the same with me. She just doesn't waste any mental effort and energy in worry about phantasied rivals in our lives because of the great degree of security. She has keen insight into people from her dancing teaching and contacts. Occasionally, she gets a thought that I might be "ashamed" of her lack of "formal" education but I quickly dispel it. I believe that Yuriko has a great capacity for learning because she is able to integrate new experiences with her personality with ease due to exceptional stability. I suppose the key to the whole thing is her emotional maturity.

14 March 1947, Friday.

Every once in a while Yuriko mentions how she eventually wants to have a child, but I usually get vague when this subject is brought up. It indicates that I am more afraid of the future than she is. I evade a serious discussion by laughing it off with a statement that its no use to bring up a child who will only be destroyed by an atom bomb anyway. The basis of my fear is not because I want to avoid any responsibilities but primarily economic insecurity. I just haven't got started in anything yet and it will take a couple of years for me to concentrate on this more settled phase of married life. Yuriko lightly dismisses all of these things and says we will manage. We always conclude that we will think seriously about it after we have our first two years alone. Yuriko says she wants a child to have my mouth because it is shaped well, "but we will allow our offspring to decide his or her own career."

15 March 1947, Saturday.

All of our plans for getting up early to do the shopping and housecleaning necessary for our dinner party this evening did not materialize because we were up quite late last night. About 2:00 a.m. while we were playing a quick game of gin rummy before going to asleep, Yuriko got most impish and she wouldn't keep her end of the bargain. The object of the game was to determine who was to go out to the kitchen and get some fruit juice. I won the game so Yuriko interpreted that the winner should have the privilege of getting out of bed to go to the kitchen, but I got stubborn because it was a hard won game and I didn't feel like sacrificing this victory. So Yuriko tried to push me out of bed with her strong legs and we had quite a tussle. That's why we were so tired this morning and couldn't get up when the alarm went off. Yuriko finally did go get the fruit juice, but she "punished" me by sitting in the living room for four minutes so "you will appreciate having me around." She was in a sort of contrary mood so I suddenly "developed" a start of a cold and then Yuriko became so solicitous and she mothered me exceedingly and forgot her impish ways. It wasn't good strategy however because I may really get ill sometime and maybe she won't feel like taking such good care of me! She even made me take a pill, and took my temperature!! Such a darling!

We got up around 11:00 finally and ate a hasty breakfast before going shopping. Everybody goes shopping in the afternoon around here so that there were considerable crowds in each store we entered down on 6th Ave. After going to several stores we finally started home with our purchases. We spent \$6.00 for the dinner, and \$4.00 more for beer. Yuriko decided that hereafter we would cut out the drinks if we expected to have company every weekend as it was too expensive for our budget. We sat in the park and rested before coming home as the bags were heavy. Yuriko bought the March 17th Life Magazine as there was a spread in it about

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Martha Graham. Last year's pictures were used so that Yuriko was not in any of the four pages of dance scenes of the company. Duggy's sister wrote the article. It called Martha the "priestess of intellectual ballet" and her dances were described as preoccupied with psychological subjects. It was good publicity despite the freudian implications made about modern dancing. There is no denying that Martha Graham is the outstanding modern dancer and every book on the ^{history of the} dance includes her biographical career. Yuriko said that if she could ever accomplish as much for the modern dance art, her career would be a tremendous success. The introductory statement in the Life Magazine article about Martha Graham said:

Twenty years ago a most determined looking young woman with only \$11.25 in her purse rented a theater and attacked Broadway with an unfamiliar idea: that the dance was not merely a form of entertainment but a highbrow art capable of expressing the deep psychological subtleties of the human mind. Today Martha Graham's psychological ballet packs Broadway houses, keeps highly critical dance audiences in a state of furious absorption. By unanimous opinion of New York's leading ballet critics Martha Graham is the foremost figure in the world of U. . dancing. Last month, following a short tour of several eastern states, she opened a two-week engagement at New York's Ziegfeld Theater. Martha Graham's dancing is to the field of ballet what James Joyce's prose and Salvador Dali's surrealist canvases are to the fields of writing and painting. Her ballets do not tell explicit stories. Their subject matter lies in a subconscious world of poetic impulses, impressions and symbols. To their audience they look like lucid and beautifully costumed dreams. Some of them are eerily tragic; others so comic and satirical that they keep her audiences in gales of laughter. Many of them,

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studied assiduously by choreographers and ballet dancers, have profoundly influenced popular forms of ballet including the dancing in many musical comedies....

After our return from shopping, Yuriko and I cleaned the whole house from top to bottom, slanted floors and all. We even waxed the floors. Having company is the excuse for general housecleaning which never gets done so thoroughly ordinarily. By the time we were finished, we were exhausted. Shirley dropped in for a short visit around 5 so we invited her to come this evening, but she said that she had an engagement with Mr. Wells, the Englishman, and his friend from India. She said that they would no doubt entertain her with stories of how to exploit the natives. It is part of English business policy to use Indians to exploit the rest of the country. Shirley suggested that we all have a big party over in her apartment sometime. She is an attractive, intelligent girl interested in dancing as a career. She also worked as an artist's model to earn her living besides teaching dancing at a community settlement house and taking lessons at Graham studio. She thought that Yuriko should do artist's modelling sometime because she said that she could be quite successful at it. Shirley's father is a machinery manufacturer out in Michigan and her family practically disowned her when she decided to pursue a dancing career, but they are reconciled now. No wonder she doesn't have any particular economic worries despite the fact that she considers herself a struggling young dancer now. Mr. Wells considers her a Sophisticated American young girl, New York style!

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Our party last night was highly satisfactory and we considered it a success since they didn't go home until 2:30 a.m. They seemed to enjoy the food which was consumed to the last particle and the beer and wine during the rest of the evening. Yuriko was very calm about the whole thing and we didn't make any particular fuss over the guests—just wanted them to be comfortable and enjoy themselves. I didn't help much with the cooking, but Yuriko turned out a very tasty meal of casserole chicken and so forth. However, I made the gravy, and the lettuce. My salad was not as successful as the rest of the meal but nobody complained. I cut up two whole pieces of garlic in it and Yuriko mentioned afterwards that she couldn't understand how the garlic taste would be so strong from just rubbing the bowl. I confessed my crime and we had a good laugh. Our guests think that we eat tremendous quantities of food but that is because Yuriko exercises so much.

Warren and Betty arrived about 7:00 and they brought a friend, Ted, with them. This friend grew up with Warren in Monrovia and he was the best caucasian friend that Warren had prior to the war. Ted was very apologetic about "breaking in uninvited" but we had plenty of food for all. He is on his way to Bayonne to re-enlist in the Navy as a Lieutenant. He spoke in such a soft voice that it was hard to understand what he was saying. Kenny and Kimi did not come until about 9 because of a previous dinner engagement so we had a noodle snack about midnight.

I was very distressed to learn that I would have to send for a certified copy of our marriage certificate in order to get the subsistence allowance for couples. It was the first time heard of that. It may become a very complicated business since I do not know the name of the town in New Jersey where our marriage is recorded. Warren said that he had difficulty with his application because of the same thing and he lost

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out several months of payments. He is going to Columbia now, still waiting to get into the school of journalism. He said that he is almost finished with a Political Science course and he may get his degree in that. Warren is specializing in Oriental studies "but I don't like to tell my friends that I am still studying Japanese language." He said that many of the fellows in intelligence are going in for Oriental studies. His plans for the future are still vague, but Betty thinks that they may go to Hawaii eventually.

Betty and Warren are still looking for another apartment because they are dissatisfied with the small place they have now. Everyone admired our apartment and thought that it was furnished in extremely good taste with many original ideas. Betty said that she was changing her job soon as the union promises to get her an \$8.00 weekly increase in pay. She is a seamstress. She seems to be a very able person, but she certainly does try to dominate Warren. She asked if I told Yuriko everything about my past and I answered naturally since we had nothing to hide between us. Betty was a bit surprised about this and she said that Warren was most secretive about his past affairs and always fearful that I would give him away. I still tease him about his former loves, and this is embarrassing to him. I told Yuriko that I did this in order to build him up since Betty seems so determined to wear the pants in their household. Warren is putting up a noble struggle, but Betty holds the pursestrings. I think that is why Warren has kept^{up} his part time job with Time Mag--he also wants to keep up journalistic connections. I don't know why we should feel sorry for Warren because he seems to be happily adjusted in married life (four months), but Betty seems to be too much of the dominating "Mariko type." I don't think I would like that very much if I were in his shoes! But, every man to his own tastes. They no doubt have thoughts about us to which we wouldn't agree! On the whole, they are a nice couple and Yuriko and I now feel that our impression of Betty was a bit biased previously.

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I think that the chief reason for this was that Betty gives too much the impression of being a calculating person and too dominant in personality. There is no doubt that she is capable but her attitude of being "exceptional" is a bit too pronounced; whereas Warren who is much superior intellectually is extremely modest about himself so that a comparison is unavoidable. It is true that Betty has calmed down considerable--we suspect under Warren's tolerant handling of the situation--so that she was a much more likeable person this time. As soon as Betty recognizes the fact that a product of Hawaii is not automatically superior to a mainland individual, she will achieve a better perspective of herself.

Kenny and Kimi are much more suitable in temperament--quiet, similar intellectual level, agreement in political thinking, interested in the same things. They have been married for about 3 years now. Kimi is a very likeable person now that we have gotten to know her better and penetrated her shyness. Yuriko pointed out later that she also is a stronger person than Kenny but she keeps this knowledge submerged. She is working for the Americans for Democratic Action group, and we had quite a discussion upon whether unity would be achieved by keeping the Communists out. Warren and I maintained that it seemed to be harmful for the whole progressive movement to set a lower limit upon liberalism. Kenny was put on the spot since he didn't want to oppose his wife so he just said, "It will be interesting to see what happens." My main point was that the "red herring" movement was primarily based upon fear and that faith in democracy must be at a low ebb if there was such a fear of communist control. Kimi felt that the progressive movement was clarified by openly breaking with communists and fellow travelers. In my thinking, that was the road to reaction since the type of unity which she advocated was just as repressive as anything which the Fascists practiced. Warren pointed out how the Church tried to create unity by expelling the heretics, and the Church declined as it became more and more reactionary.

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Kimi did not think that there was any parallel since one was religious and the other political. I still thought that it involved a basic democratic concept: freedom of speech and merely outlawing or expelling a dissenting group would not strengthen democracy and liberalism in the long run, and probably create greater disunity than originally existed. I based my thinking upon the fact that everyone had the right to free speech even if we did not agree with what was being said, and this included the extreme right as well as left. Warren believed that it was healthy to have differing ideas in any organization. Kimi agreed that this was agreed for everything except the ADA! She said it was dangerous to give communist political freedom because they didn't believe in it so that they should not be allowed to gain control. She felt that this was what caused Labor to get into such general ill repute.

I suppose that this issue will be the political hot potato for many years to come. The only alternative I can see to avoid it is to strengthen democracy so much that there need be no fear of a communist threat of taking over, but that is hoping for too much. It isn't realistic. All of us were agreed that Truman was steering the Democratic party away from the FDR principles in foreign affairs. Warren even thought that Truman was deliberately courting death by going on so many plane trips because of the knowledge that he was mismanaging the governmental administration and it was the only way out of the mess. He said that it was common knowledge that the General responsible for the Okinawa campaign mismanaged strategy so he deliberately endangered himself on the front lines and was killed.

Ted said that he didn't believe in any organizations because they were all out for themselves and that was the reason why he was going back into the service. He said that he had no use for the American Legion and he believed that the AVC was just as selfish in grabbing things for the veterans. He was a good example of a veteran becoming quickly disillusioned and he could see no

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hope for improvement. The rest of us were not that pessimistic. Despite the war and its consequences, the rest of us felt that we had gone steadily ahead and there were possibilities that democracy might be increasingly strengthened. Kimi works on it actively, the others through various processes. Kenny went so far as to say that he felt perfectly assimilated because he had few contacts with other Nisei and he was interested in AVC and other groups where he felt that he could function better than belonging to Nisei groups. He is no longer active in JACD, and does not approve of its present stress upon Japan.

I didn't believe that the problem was solved for Kenny completely because even if he were personally integrated into the general American life, the implications of growing trends of segregation among the rest of the Nisei had certain implications for him--whether he recognized it or not. Warren said that as a result of his military service in Japan, some feeling of racial identity with Japan was intensified--more so than before the war. However, we were generally agreed that individual movement towards assimilation was the most desirable path at the present time because it offered the most hope for the solution of the color problem. My disagreement with Kenny was that this was a harder path to take than drifting back into the old social patterns altho the rewards were greater for the individual. I don't quite know how the group here has worked out their approach but it is certainly more positive than what Mitch advocated recently, and approached with a greater sense of personal security than the JACD method. I think that there are a greater number of Nisei with this sense of personal security than is generally recognized among Nisei groups, but they are harder to find. I think that Warren will have the hardest problem of finding his economic adjustments outside of his "racial" group because he is the most sensitive, and he is keeping the door open to Hawaii. This is a significant problem not only for the individual Nisei, but for all members of minority groups who seek integration into the general American life. In my thinking, I believe that it is the most healthy path to

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follow despite any difficulties.

Most of the evening was passed ⁱⁿ fairly light conversation which goes on in any social group. As Warren says, "It hardly seems possible that five years ago we were huddled together in miserable camps not knowing where we stood or what we were, but that is such ancient history now--like reading about the Civil War." What he inferred was that the past was a closed chapter and that there were too many things about the future which concerned him now to reflect back upon "what might have been." I was trying to get fuller statements on the group's feelings about integration because of curiosity but they were not very interested. It could mean that the problem is solved and only academic as far as they are concerned, or that it is still a dilemma and they wish to avoid discussion upon it. I suspect that the latter was true since five years is relatively a short time and social forces have lagged behind the individual personal adjustments so that some phase of the solution to complete integration will be continually popping up for the rest of their lives. And, perhaps that is the way it should be since life is a steadily advancing process and nobody exists in a vacuum. Maybe it will end up in a more compromising viewpoint for all of us under the rationalization of greater maturity or loss of youthful ideals; I hope not. An American in my mind is still a more inclusive creation than an Anglo Saxon protestant. There are enough examples of this in the U. S., thank gosh, to confirm my belief that the widening scope of the integration process need not be artificially stopped by any "color" barrier.

Yuriko worked so hard last night; she did all of the dishes by herself and she was such a gracious hostess. I am glad that she has the ability to relax and not get all nerviously upset just because we have guests. She acts natural, converses easily and interestingly, and makes me proud of her! However, I don't think that we are going to have the time to entertain people

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every weekend after I start school. Personally, I still don't feel any need for social companionship outside of Yuriko, but Yuriko thinks we should fulfill some obligations while we have the time.

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Yuriko and I spent a pleasant time together yesterday, relaxing in bed until midafternoon. We finally decided that we should get outdoors and enjoy the strong sunshine so we ate a hasty brunch about 3 p.m. and started out on a long walk. We sauntered all the way to the Wall Street district near the battery and it was a change from the usual bustle of NY life to see such quiet streets. We walked back up along the Bowery and Chinatown, and then went over to the east side. We decided to go down to Delancy Street to look around for material for my sport jacket which Yuriko plans to make.

As we entered the garment district and the Jewish ghettos, it suddenly dawned upon me why there were so many people out shopping. Saturday is the day of rest for the Jewish religion, and people down there work on Sundays. All of the stores were open, and it was just like a weekday downtown section--except that the stores were older, streets dirtier, people not so well dressed. Delancy Street was wonderful; we prowled around for a long time. All along the narrow street, people have their goods displayed on counters and everybody is bargaining for a cheap price. There is no system to these displays as fruit stands, clothings displays, fish markets, sweet potato stand, wholesale fabrics, hardware and other dry goods and so forth are all mixed up in a confusing and colorful jumble. Delightful food smells come from the many Jewish delicatessens; we bought smoked salmon and some pickled herring for our dinner.

Most of our time was spent in going in and out of wholesale fabric shops to look at the various material. Yuriko kept her experienced eyes open for bargains in remnants, but I was utterly lost since there were no prices on the cloth and I couldn't tell the difference in quality. Yuriko would rub her fingers over the material and say knowingly, "This same material costs \$7.50 a yard uptown." We got into some sort of cellar and finally Yuriko found some wool material pleasing to her for my two tone jacket. I told her to make the decision as I had no knowledge of proper color combinations. She got some plaid material for \$3.00 a yard--a previous salesman wanted \$4.50 but Yuriko stood firm

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on the lower quotation, and got it. She also got some lining material--the whole cost of material came to only \$12.00 and I am sure that I will get a \$30.00 jacket out of it. It's not every husband who has an experience seamstress to do these things! Yuriko said that if the jacket came out to her satisfaction she was going to make me gabardine pants and shirts because I would save so much and get a better fit. She also plans to make some more clothes for herself. The salesman at the store complimented her when he found that Yuriko made all of her own clothes. Duggy was amazed at the low cost of the excellent material which Yuriko selected when she saw it later in the evening. It made me feel so nice that Yuriko wanted to make things for me. I know that she won't be like Mariko and take 12 months to make a jacket because she is very efficient once she starts a project. She even knit me a pair of socks during all the rush of her tour and Broadway performances. It will be a pleasure to don custom-made civilian clothes created by superior workmanship!! Yuriko has good taste in clothes and a great knowledge of materials so I trust her implicitly. She made all of Martha Graham's things during the first year she was out here and she also worked in a fancy dress shop as a seamstress for a short time.

It was a very pleasant afternoon for us and we came home highly satisfied around seven. By the time Yuriko had whipped up a delicate and tasty dinner and we had consumed it with great appetite. We were just having dessert when Duggy dropped in for a visit. She had been over to see Mr. Ohta, and she came over to look at our place. Her compliments were pleasing so I brought out wine for her! She said that she lived in a 6th floor walkup apartment with two other girls in the Village and they had never gotten around to fixing the place up. She said that she thought Allan Ohta might re-enlist in the Army after June because "he is a serious minded young man and he feels that his future might be in the Orient." For the sake of keeping our apartment, we hope that

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he will decide to remain in the Orient and teach democracy to the Japanese.

Duggy comes from a brilliant family, and her parents expected her to go into the academic field. Her father is the Prof. Douglas who teaches at the U. of Chicago, her mother teaches at Sarah Lawrence College, a brother is finishing his Ph.d at Harvard, and another brother is at Princeton. Her sister works for Life Magazine. Duggy doesn't talk much about herself. She said that after she finished Bennington College, she took some graduate courses ^{didn't} in NYU but/like it so turned to dancing. She got in the Graham company this season; she also teaches one day a week at Queens College as a dance instructor and gets \$20. (actually for three hours of teaching). Duggy said that her sister was very unhappy about the Martha Graham article in Life Mag because it was edited too much and she was told to ridicule modern dancing as that was the best way to achieve reader interest. She thought that Martha's brother-in-law, who is one of the main editors of Life, should have been more firm in his stand about the article, and not make modern dancing so psychologically mysterious. Duggy hasn't accepted Bob John's (our predecessor in this apartment) proposal of marriage yet because she feels that she is not ready yet. She would like to get into a Broadway show in order to support herself better as dancers do not make a living from their art very well. She, like Shirley, is a very forward person so she has disagreements with Martha Graham every once in a while so finds her tenure in the company rather insecure.

Duggy and Yuriko were discussing plans for the party to be given for Marjorie next Sunday, and they decided to hold a meeting here Tuesday evening to talk about it further--and also to do some sewing. Duggy does not know if Marjorie would get beneficial results from a vacation with a collection taken up among the dancers of the company at this point because she is having difficulty with her husband, Woody Guthrie, right now. He is the folk ballad singer who used to have a radio program, and who makes recordings now. He seeks other women or drink when he is unhappy and that is the stage he is in now

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so he doesn't come home nights, and Majorie, in her pregnant condition, stays home all alone nights in the same apartment where her child was burned to death. Duggy said that Majorie has supported the family because Woody had to turn most of his earnings over to his former wife and children. Everyone feels so sorry for her. Duggy says her husband is an irresponsible and immature person, and Yuriko adds that he is a baby even though 40 years old, or older. Poor girl! Duggy and Yuriko also got into a discussion about Ethel. They think that she will marry Paul soon. Duggy said that she thought Ethel would go into a Broadway show next season "because she can get placed anytime because of her looks and her talent." Ethel also got a Hollywood offer once but decided to remain with the Graham company. Duggy said that Ethel needed more security than the concert field offered and she believed that marriage to Paul might be a good influence upon her. Paul's partner Norm is thinking of backing a Broadway show and Ethel would be sure to get in then. Ethel's parents do not approve of the Martha Graham type of dancing ("Things emotional") but would prefer her to do "pretty dancing" or the Broadway musicals. They also do not approve of intermarriage. Ethel might go into a musical show for the economic security, Yuriko says. This brought up a discussion of the insecurity of being in the Graham company since they could not advance too much because of the Star nature of the company. Yuriko does not believe she can advance much more but she feels that she can learn more technique, and "there is considerable prestige and publicity in being with Martha." She thinks she may remain for another year, but would like to also go into a musical for the "sake of experience." She said that if she did not go to Europe, she may try out this summer if any shows were on. She thinks she has a few contacts among producers and choreographers, and that could fit into a specialty number because "I hope that I am a little better trained than just a chorus girl." However, her plans are still most fluid. She is not so keen about doing a ballet season with Ruth Pages company in Chicago now. Yuriko thinks it might be interesting if she could become a

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choreographer for Broadway musicals "later on when I get more experience."

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I didn't do much today; spent a lot of time getting my school papers in order and writing for a certified marriage certificate. It is a blow that at the last minute something has come up to confuse my application for subsistence allowances and I am afraid that I will lose out on a month's grant. Yuriko washed some clothes, and then went to teach at four. She went shopping afterwards and bought a jacket pattern, and some scissors. She doesn't want to go to the movies this evening as she plans to cut the pattern. Right now she is cooking and every once in a while she comes over to put her lipstick on my face. I think she is trying to place some sort of a design on it. We will eat in a few more minutes, and I am very hungry.

18 March 1947, Tuesday.

Easy relaxing day. It has been cold and brisk outside, a retreat from the nice spring weather we had a few days ago. I took my time reading the rest of the Sunday papers, today's PM, and about 2:30 I went with Yuriko over to Shirley's apartment and studio on 14th Street. It's on the top floor of a business building--they call it the Loft--and a walkup, but Shirley finds it a most convenient place to live in. Three girls share the apartment so they only pay \$20.00 a month each for rent. They have gas heat, telephone and other conveniences. It's a nice large place. There is a large studio used as a living room, and Shirley invited Yuriko to come over and rehearse her dances there instead of renting a private studio. Shirley has strung some bright lights on the ceiling, and she models for struggling young artists--ten of them come at a time and they pay \$1 each and Shirley poses for them. I bet they don't keep their mind on their art all the time!

Yuriko went over there to give Shirley a free dance lesson. I think that Shirley has a very high respect for Yuriko's technique but she can't afford private lessons from her or doesn't have the time. Or else the reason was that Yuriko went over there to help Shirley choreograph a dance. I was in the other room so I don't know what it was all about. Shirley said something about being happy that she was going to be used in Yuriko's group dance for the recital in the Fall.

I read Paul Satre's play "No Exit" while I was there. It was about two women and a man in hell who couldn't have each other in love and the moral was that hell is other people. He is the French philosopher who preaches the doctrine of Existentialism, whatever that is. By the time I finished the play, Yuriko and Shirley were through so I concluded that women were not necessarily hell. While reading, Shirley's roommate came in and it startled her to see a strange person in the boudoir. She introduced herself, looked around for an ashtray, asked me where she could buy a small filecase, dashed out again.

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She looked like one of those frightened intellectual "types" to me! Shirley goes in for very high brow reading I discovered while looking through her bookshelf--things like Joyce, Fitzgerald, poets, Franz, philosophers, modern and classic writers, and a heavy selection of Freud and his followers.

After we left, I walked with them part of the way to the studio and then went to shop. I just got back in time to see a mice scampering into our bedroom and I have been unsuccessfully trying to corner it. I thought I got rid of all the mice around here but there evidently must still be hidden holes about the apartment which they come through.

Yuriko got a nice letter from her former dance teacher in Los Angeles. She says in part: "I can't tell you how happy I am that you are married and I hope, dear, that when you know it is the right time, there will be an offspring or two. You see, Yuriko, everything in your life will benefit by your marriage--your dancing is sure to improve--it will be enriched by your acceptance of your own emotional maturity. There comes a time when we each realize the need for complete expression of that emotional maturity--it is much more than a physical thing, this need I speak of. Certain types of physical gratification can be had without marriage as all men and a good many women know--but that has nothing to do with this other thing I'm talking about. And Yuriko, there is such an emptiness when this need isn't filled--there doesn't have to be a barrenness and I have proved that, but the emptiness is inevitable. So I am glad more than I can tell you, Yuriko, that your emotional growth is taking all the normal and beautiful steps to fulfillment--your life must never be one-sided..." Her name is Dorothy Lyndall, and Yuriko said that the woman has never been married and has had a tragic life. She plans to send us a wedding gift. Yuriko took lessons from her when she first came back from Japan in 1938, and she was the one who advised her to come East for further advancement.

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Last night one of the kittens from the alcove on the roof somehow or other fell down into our stairway and made terrific noises. I went out and got it while the mother cat glared at me furiously through the glass skylight. I told Yuriko that I was going to put water in the garbage pail and drown the kitten because I didn't want them around! But I felt sorry for the poor mother cat running around in circles so I climbed up to the roof and the little kitten started to play around as soon as I placed it down. The mother cat hauled it back to the alcove by the neck and we decided not to protest about evicting them from their home, but I bet we regret it this spring when all of those female cats start romancing.

Yuriko's friends did not come over last night so she began to cut the pattern for my sport jacket and she didn't stop until about one. It will be a very snappy outfit. Yuriko said that she may even have enough material left over to make herself a short jacket with the same color combination so we really did get a bargain on that material. Yuriko is working on that jacket now as she doesn't have to teach until later this afternoon. I have been typing up affidavit forms and writing letters about certified marriage certificates since getting up. It takes a lot of time. There are only a few more days left before I go register for graduate classes.

Yuriko has forced me to take it easy this "last week of freedom" as she insists that I have to study every evening after I go to the NY School. Now that the time has almost arrived for registration, I feel better about the whole thing and I am glad that I am finally getting started on something. I haven't done a thing since getting out of the army and it has been a nice vacation and honeymoon, but now the next stage in my activities is about to start. I can't say that I am enthusiastically excited about it; just relieved that I am about to commence a program with direction to it. It will be strange to become a full time student once more after a lapse of five years almost to a day. I will be starting in mid-term at Columbia so that the adjustments

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may be a bit strenuous.

For the past five years a great deal of my time was devoted to family resettlement and things of that sort so that I just couldn't think of finishing up my MA work. The army has provided for this nicely as I certainly could never have saved enough money to go full time without the GI benefits. For the first time since evacuation, I am able to push my own plans and I feel very fortunate that I have a stabilizing influence of a wife to ease adjustment problems. I always did have the thought in the back of my mind that I would eventually come to NYC for economic opportunities and it is finally being realized. It won't solve all problems because I feel that I will always be seeking for that elusive something to justify my existence. I may eventually arrive at some kind of an answer outside of the economic realm. I am happy that Yuriko is understanding and she encourages me instead of trying to get ambitious for me and demanding economic security. I think that a wife has to be of very stable personality and optimistic in outlook in order to be like this. I know I should be thinking more in terms of economic security but I'm just not practical or realistic about this matter, I guess. Yet I do want it for Yuriko's sake.

Later:

Just got back from walking Yuriko up to the studio. I continued on down 14th Street and just sauntered along with the crowds. At the telephone company I inquired about the possibility of getting a phone for Yuriko, but I was told that despite the application placed last November on a veterans priority there was not a chance to get it before fall. A new telephone exchange is being built and there are no phones until then. I went next door to find out about the gas refrigerator and was told that if we placed an order now it could be filled in about six weeks. This morning Yuriko and I were discussing the purchase of one and we decided to look around a bit now that new ones are coming

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on the market since we may be able to find a good second hand buy. Yuriko wants to get one immediately but I felt that if we waited a while longer the price would come down as soon as there was a buyer's market. We will see how warm it gets first. I guess we might as well invest in a new one since the money was given to us for a wedding present.

I walked all the way down to 2nd Avenue and continued down it to 3rd. Street. I had been in that district once before when I first came to NYC but not in the daytime. It was a most interesting hike and maybe Yuriko and I may plan on a hike about the city on Easter instead of going out of town. It was a Jewish area and all of the Jewish theaters are located there--a commercial area rather than a garment district like on Delancey. It looked like a foreign ghetto with all of those Jewish signs. I spotted a Roumanian restaurant down there which we may try out sometime. There is so much to see in NYC that new residents get discouraged and they soon get confined into the groove of their personal lives and lose interest. The subways are very convenient but one misses the city above it when going from spot to spot. One of the things I have enjoyed since coming out of the army is exploring afoot in various parts of this immense city.

20 March 1947, Thursday.

Last night Yuriko diligently went to work on the jacket and she didn't stop until almost 12:00. She is such an industrious girl and when she concentrates upon something she prosecutes it with such careful attention to all details. This persevering characteristic is necessary for her to pursue her dancing career, I guess. Anyway the jacket is almost completed. When I told her that Mariko took about a year to make George's, she said that she had a great deal more experience than most amateur Nisei seamstresses. I found out that she had worked in an alteration shop before the war and the owner wanted her to give up her dancing career and send her to a professional school because she had such skill. Yuriko also worked in a shop out here a couple of years ago. She does things with great skill and the jacket is a perfect fit. I certainly am lucky to get such professional fitting. She hopes to complete it in another evening.

It was a comfortable way to spend the evening home. Yuriko must like domesticity because I hinted around that I would take her to a show but she didn't feel like stirring out of the house. We haven't been to a movie together for some time now. Yuriko has invited Paul and Ethel over for Saturday dinner, and she may also ask Duggy and Bob Jonns. There is some kind of a party being planned for Marjorie that evening so Yuriko figured that we could afford to have the four people to dinner since they wouldn't be here all evening drinking. We also feel that we have unexpectedly saved some money as the gas and electric bill for the past two months was cut over 60% from the period that Rhoda was with us. We have just made it a habit not to heat up tanks of water and not use it.

We listened to some radio programs last night, and I read for several hours. I have four books I wanted to complete before school starts but I will only get through one of them. It was a choice of reading Fournier's "Wanderer", Tolstoy's

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"War and Peace", Dostolevski's "Idiot" or Dos Passo's "USA." All of them ran into hundreds of pages but I selected the last as it is three volumes in one and I was interested in reading about the particular kind of nationalism which Dos Passos preached. It was so interesting that I wanted to read all night but Yuriko made me turn the lights out around 1:30 by hinting that I got more pleasure in bed out of a book than her. Yuriko read PM from end to beginning (Japanese method) and she has taken a very active interest in world news these days. She has been following a series of articles by Stone on the British handling of the Jewish refugees. "Barnaby" has gotten to be one of her favorite comics in PM. When we first got married, Yuriko never read more than the headlines of PM. Her comment on Congressional proposals to outlaw the Communist party, "My gosh, if they keep this up, pretty soon all people from Russia will be considered as dangerous and they will be ashamed of their background, and pretty soon they will want to deport all of them, and then they will be in the same fix we were at evacuation time--guilty of nothing but coming from a foreign country or having their parents come from there. My gosh, how silly!"

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As soon as Yuriko left to give some private dance lessons this morning, I started in on the accumulation of washing and I had the laundry completed by the time she came home for lunch. I only had the heavy things to wash since she did all of the small pieces the other day. Yuriko gave me my last fitting on the sport jacket and she says that it will be finished tonight. She certainly is a fast worker! Then she will start making herself a similiar jacket from the rest of the material and it will be ready before Easter. Very inexpensive to have a wife like this--and well dressed too! Our jackets shall be the envy of our friends!

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I went to the USES to sign for my last check. I think that I will apply for one more, and then school. It comes at just the right time since the government is changing the system on the GI benefits. Hereafter, each applicant for the readjustment allowance has to spend 20 hours a week actively looking for work and a list of employers contacted during that week has to be presented before any more checks will be given. This is the VA answer to the widespread criticism by civilians and others that the boys who gave their all in defense of the country must not be pampered and made a lot of idle bums. The ex-GI's down at the office today were very angry about this suspicion that they did not want to work and they felt that the gov't should not be so suspicious of them. Most of them feel that they are entitled to draw the weekly benefits for a whole year anyway since the job offers pay such poor wages and they were saying that it wasn't too much to ask for all they went through for three and four years. I agree with them. I don't think that the benefits are making them parasites on society. If we can spend millions upon arming Greece and Turkey, then we can afford to spend a similar amount on the Gi's who fought to protect the property rights and standard of living in this country. Many citizens got fat on this war with a minimum of risk to their personal lives, but they are still greedy for more and they feel that further expenditures on the veterans is a threat to their vested interests. We wouldn't have wars if the profits were taken out of it from the special groups.

After walking Yuriko up to the studio for her afternoon class, I went looking for a frigidaire. I found one small second hand one for \$110 and it looks like the prices are coming down so it may be wise to select carefully and not rush into buying any old piece of junk. We have already exceeded our anticipated budget for this month by 10%, largely due to continued inflation rather than mismanagement of our personal finances. People used to wax nostalgic about the good old prewar days, but in a few more months they will long for the

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wonderful days of OPA control if prices continue to spiral upwards. Free enterprise just doesn't work without some curbs--as far as the mass of consumers are concerned.

21 March 1947, Friday.

I got a letter from Mrs. Wilson of U. C. this morning saying that Dorothy was quite improved from her recent attack of pneumonia and that WI was much better. She said that Jimmy Sakoda got a Social Science Research Fellowship to study at Harvard next term--\$2500; and that Frank Miyamoto is just about to become a father as he is settled down at the U. of Washington. Dick N. is about the only one left on the study now and he will remain until next year in order to arrange for the disposal of the study data in the U. C. Library. The second volume, and final one, will come out some time during the latter part of this year. A lot of things have certainly happened during the past five years. All of the study personnel seems to have advanced themselves quite well. Tom S. is studying for his Ph.D. at the U. of Chicago; Morton is just about ready to get another promotion there; Rosalie is working on her Ph.D. (the last I heard); lost tract of Bob Spencer; Frank is teaching at U. W; Earl Y. is publishing a Nisei paper in Chicago; Iogo is working for some encyclopedia company in Chicago and so forth. Dorothy has done a great deal to help these individual careers and contact with the Study really helped a lot of individuals out.

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Duggy and her roommate, "Jo" Skinner, came over last night to sew on some costumes while Yuriko supervised them. They didn't learn how to sew at Bennington College. Both of these girls are interested in Modern Dancing. Duggy cleared me up on her parental careers. Her parents were divorced some years ago and it is her stepmother who was the progressive representative in Congress from Chicago during the war. Duggy's mother teaches at some college out here. Her father quit politics to pursue his academic career. Both Duggy and Jo are very progressive minded girls, greatly interested in what is going on in the country. Jo said that these days she almost hates to listen to the news over thr radio because it is so disagreeable. They live

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with another girl in a four room apartment here in the village and they only pay \$35 a month rent. Both of them think that our place has been so much improved since Bob Johns moved out. They think that the drapes hung across one wall is very "artistic." We sat around and talked for about an hour before they left--mostly about the future of modern dancing and company politics. They didn't finish their sewing so they may come over again this evening. Yuriko was so busy helping them that she didn't complete my jacket but it is only one hour's more work.

We were lazy again this morning and I haven't done a thing except read for several hours. My side has been bothering me and I don't know if it is a result of the exercises I did one morning or a stomach disorder. It is warm and sunny again so that we may go out for a walk before Yuriko goes to teach this afternoon. I have to shop on the way back. I'm trying hard to get all of my papers in order before school starts on Monday, but I am sure that there will be some last minute unforeseen emergency. Last night we had a discussion about finances and decided that we would continue to take out about \$100 a month from the savings until my subsistence allowance starts. Yuriko is just completing the months of her greatest earning power so we won't be able to save after this. She says I try to egg her on to get upset about finances in order to protect my own ego, but she just laughs pleasantly and doesn't bite. We fell in love all over again afterwards and that's why we were so lazy today.

23 March 1947, Sunday.

Yuriko got a telegram from the Selznick office yesterday to ask her if she wanted to take another dramatic actress in her private class for dance training. It speaks well for her reputation with this office. This makes the third private student of this type which she has and the remuneration is much better than for other types of teaching. Yuriko could spend her whole time in private teaching, but she wishes to maintain her contacts with the Graham studio because it helps her own advancement. She hasn't said whether she is also going to take a class in the New Dance School, but I don't think she will have the time since the company is planning to go up to Boston in May to present the new work at Harvard. Yuriko went up to teach one of her movie actress students, Ann Lindsay, yesterday afternoon and I went up with her in order to pick her up for the shopping afterwards. I looked around 14th Street and finally got myself a new wrist watch band.

Most of yesterday I was in a sort of gloomy mood and it was a good thing that Yuriko is not the explosive type as she could have gotten irritated. I don't know what was on my mind except the thoughts about going to school and wondering if that was the best thing for me. I am committed now, but I just wondered anyway. It's largely economic, I know, and Yuriko is more than willing to share the larger part of the burden of support...but I couldn't help thinking about it. When I get like this, Yuriko just laughs at me and says she will not fall into any trap so I can feel sorry for myself. She is so cheerful that I quickly get out of the mood. After I picked her up at the studio yesterday, we walked over to 6th Ave. and did all of the food purchasing for the evening party.

By the time we got the apartment cleaned up and Yuriko started the cooking, it was already 6:30. Fortunately, Yuriko was able to get things done efficiently and the pressure cooker saved a lot of time. Dinner was ready by the time Bob Johns and Duggy arrived and it was served when Paul and Ethel made their

23 March 1947, Sunday.

appearance. Yuriko had everything fixed up nicely and it was a most successful affair. We sat around and talked about a number of things after dinner. Bob is going to an art school on his GI Bill. The girls helped Yuriko do the immense pile of dishes afterwards so that by the time we were ready to leave for the other party everything around here was clean and orderly.

The Graham company party was held over in Don's apartment and there were around 30 people present during the course of the evening. The girls remarked that these days there were an equal number of men present and not all girls like before. It was an informal evening there and we had plenty of drinks and refreshments. The idea of the party was to present Majorie with a collection of money which the company had taken up so that she could go take a small vacation in order to get over the shock of her daughter's death. Majorie gave a most touching talk of thanks and she said that she hoped that all of the other children she planned to have would come and see them dance, and she told how much the association with Graham had meant to her. Her husband, Woody, added that it was appreciated just as much as the gift some lady gave--some money to buy a tree in Palestine and named after Cathy in her memory.

I was sitting with Majorie most of the evening until she left and I found her to be a lively and charming girl. All of the stories I have heard about her difficult husband seem to be true although he was considerate of her there. Woody had just flown back from a performance in Montreal that afternoon and he was dressed like a hillbilly with a large safety pin holding up a patch in his pants. As soon as he came in he tried to be the center of attention and he put on a most adolescent exhibition in order to become noticeable. He went over to the refreshment table, drew up a chair and ate crackers very elaborately as if it were a full course dinner. When nobody paid any attention to him, he returned to the sofa. He didn't impress me very much, a sort of conceited baby. But Majorie must love him greatly as Yuriko says that she supports the family since Woody has to turn over most of his income to his former wife.

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Marjorie is pregnant again and she gave an amusing description of the development of a baby's coordination in the prenatal period.

It seems that others in the company thrive on excessive attention, due to their association in the theatrical world. Louis Horst got a lot of solicitous attention because of his recent illness and he lost a lot of weight. And, there was a touch of formality as long as Martha Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Reed were there. The party loosened up when they left about one. However, it was an enjoyable evening and I didn't feel out of place even though most of the conversation was about the dance and theatrical world. Yuriko and I were quietly getting refills after refills on the drinks as most of them did not drink much. Bob got feeling very good by the time he left too. Paul does not drink. One of the male dancers baked cookies. Merce Cunningham was there and he told about his associations with some wealthy girls from India. He also said that he had been asked to audition for the male role in "Spector of the Rose" (the movie). Right now he is doing choreography for the Ballet Society. This is the kind of party Mariko would have thrived upon--very artistic group, sophisticated, intelligent, contacts with the theatrical world. A ballad singer by the name of Jimmy Reed sang sentimental and revolutionary Irish songs, and Woody felt a bit ill at ease, it seems. He complimented the singing by telling Jimmy that he had a good guitar! There were a lot of sly innuendos in some of his comments although he tried to be big hearted. Jimmy Reed has some sort of a morning radio program, and his sister is pretty well known. His mother is Martha's publicity agent and she was there too.

When all but around eight people left the party, the atmosphere got very informal and serious drinking was gotten down to. None of the girls--Pearl, Nancy, Duggy, Ethel, Helen etc.--said much while Martha was there. I don't know why they should be a bit strained in the presence of their employer! We walked Nancy home about three, and I was feeling high by this time. It's a good thing

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that I didn't act silly at the party or else Yuriko might have beaten me up when we got home! She very humorously guided me home, and I guess I was a bit unsteady. All day today, we have just been relaxing at home, sleeping most of the time. Yuriko teased me about being a "drunken husband" and she said that she had to push me up the stairs and that I practically passed out on her last night. She didn't nag me at all, thank gosh! She said that she was going to read up about the care of alcoholic husbands in case I ever gave a repeat performance. I'll probably not hear the end of this for some time. She said, "I was so impressed to discover that my husband was a drunkard" and the way she described how I came home was very amusing. I remember all of it, but I was pretty high. The last drink I had at the party was a very potent one, I think. But it was a different sort of evening for us and I wasn't bored!

Right now Yuriko is busily sewing the finishing touches on my jacket. We plan to retire at a very early hour so that I can get plenty of sleep and be at school on time to register. It will no doubt be a rather hectic day for me. The "vacation" interlude is now over and I have to get down to serious things at last. I don't feel thrilled, excited, or even curious about being a student once more but it will be a change. Yuriko says that she is going to see that I study every evening so that I will not lose interest. I think that my interest will be aroused once I get back into the swing of things. It's actually been a five year's interlude from classes. I think that I may have to take four quarters of work in order to finish up since I am starting in the middle of the full term and I don't want to burden myself down with too many courses right off.

24 March 1947, Monday.

"For the sake of your future," says Yuriko as she pushed me out of bed this morning at the ungodly hour of 7:30 in order to register for school. We haven't gotten up that early in a long time. It was raining when I left the house at 8:30 and I was the first one in line for registration. The whole process took about six hours and I just got home. I was sent to see my faculty advisor about my program and we had a very interesting talk. Miss Hulbutt is interested in cultural social work and she said that she had been looking forward to meeting with me since I had some experience in this field. She has been trying to work up a set of concepts for this special field which includes a bit of psychiatry, anthropology, sociology, and social work. She thought that it was very important to recognize the force of the social environment upon the shaping of the personality of a member of a cultural group rather than ascribe it to race. It was the sort of thing I was vaguely worried about during my stay in the army when reviewing the case histories of Negro inmates.

After reviewing my previous record, I was registered for four academic courses and a field work assignment. I won't know the field work assignment until later this week although it will be in a private agency. She thought that I had enough psychiatric training while in the army so that I should get more general case work. It is a shame the way so many of my former credits were lopped off. I have to do a year's work in residence and I discovered that I had taken most of the required courses already. However, Miss Hulbutt said that I had to take classes in social research and social group work. My other two courses are "culture and the personality" and psychopathology. She thought that I could eventually take courses from Benedict and others and get credit from the department. What my course amounts to actually is a semi-repetition of previous courses and from now on the rest will be fill-ins and electives in order to fulfill my MA residence requirements. I'm unhappy about that, but trying to convince myself that it is good for me to take formal courses. There

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is only one course this time which excites me even faintly and that is the "culture and personality."

Every faculty member I talked to told me how lucky I was to get into the school so I should feel happy that I was one of the select. They are starting to give Ph.D. degrees there from next fall and I might become interested if I like the school. It all depends upon how things turn out. Right now I am training to be a cross between a psychiatric social worker and cultural research worker. I think that it won't be long before I adjust to the role of student-husband. Yuriko is quite proud of me! I think she may make me study too much.

I didn't meet many of the student body today as only new students were registering. Quite a few were veterans. The best feeling I had during the time there was when I went to the registrar's office and had my payments stamped "VA benefits," while the nonveterans shelled out their hard earned dollars. We will be able to get two books per course under the GI plan, but I will have to use up some of my future educational credits because the tuition is so high that \$500 hardly covers tuition for a year. I don't know if I will go during September; I may not have to.

After completing my registration, I went over to the VA office and waited some more hours to apply for my subsistence allowance. I saved myself a lot of time by having all of the required papers so I got out of there by 3:30. Now all I have to do is to wait for several months before the first check of \$90 comes in as the VA is way behind in the payments. I don't think that I will have any time to do any part-time work this quarter because school takes so much time. Three days of field work in an agency, classwork, and preparation of class papers, plus reference reading will just about take care of my week. Any spare time I have left will be devoted to Yuriko! She got a lot of work done by getting up early and she said that it was a good habit. She just left for the studio. She did a great deal of ironing and cleaned the apartment up a bit. Before leaving

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she made sure that I had no homework to do before turning the newspaper back to me: "You can take it easy for one more day." I have to go down and stop my readjustment allowances at the USES this week, and then I will be a full fledged student.

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Mariko wrote us a letter today to tell us that Alice was expecting her second child any day now, and Bette went to Detroit to look after Rickey. She took a leave of absence from her job, and Mark drove down after her. Mom got a new job doing hand sewing and enjoys it; Toshi is working now also since Albert is in school. Emiko recently went to her graduation ball and "looked ravishing" and Tom is at JC. He works for the Treasury Department checking war bonds from 8 to 12 at night, and makes \$1.03 an hour--pretty good for him. Mariko talks of taking a trip west this summer if they can get a car to drive out as Mark says that he may be able to find a car in Detroit for them to deliver to the Coast. They want to go visit Geo's parents in Seattle and Jack and Dolores in SF as well as old friends. I'm glad we live far apart as we get along better that way!

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While waiting around for registration, I met Stan, a vet, and during the conversation with him, I agreed that social work could be interesting, that Truman was going down a dangerous road in the proposed investigation of government "disloyals," and that Japan was not a real democracy yet as Mac Arthur claims in the press. Stan was stationed in Japan, and he thinks that Japan will get a "soft peace" because of the US desire to build up a buffer in the Pacific against Russia. He thought that Mac Arthur was anxious to turn Japan back to the UN because an economic crash was coming soon and he didn't want to get blamed. Stan, however, did not believe that the army brand of democracy was good for the country either. He was disturbed about the growing reaction in government, said

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that many social workers belonged to a CIO union and he expected it to be smeared by the Right soon. It will be interesting to learn what the official interpretation of the meaning of "loyalty" will be when applied to federal employees; the term befuddled them during the registration business in the relocation camps. It should be a nice witch hunt by the dangerous reactionaries. Stan also thinks everyone should go on a buyer's strike in order to force prices down--he is married also and looking for a refrigidaire, but plans to wait until the price comes down.

25 March 1947, Tuesday.

I don't know whether it was the warm spring night or the nervous excitement about starting school classes once more, but I didn't sleep well last night. I can't recall having any thoughts run through my mind. Yuriko was so nice to me, gentle and loveable. I think that things will work out fine and she will not resent having to do most of the shopping and the cooking now. She has a willingness about her anyway and she never complains or feels imposed upon. If all women were as adjustable, there would be fewer divorces. Yuriko has a sense of personal security about her so that she does not think anything in her married life is a threat to her, something I have tried hard not to interfere with. My fears about her are usually groundless anyway, small as my doubts about some reaction may be on her part. I think that as long as she knows that I do not intend to take her for granted, she doesn't feel her ego threatened. Yuriko said that Betty, Wang's wife, dropped in yesterday afternoon while house hunting and she wanted to know if I were moody. When Yuriko said that I wasn't because I had a sense of humor, Betty told her that Warren got into terrific moods and she didn't know what to do at these times. She also told Yuriko that she wanted Warren to quit his part-time job, but that he had to turn the next several checks from it over to her since she is between jobs now. Ouch! I think that this is the very reason why Wang feels ill at ease about being "supported" by her as she doesn't let him forget about it. Yuriko always gives all of her money to me and at the end of the month we plan a budget with our total income, irrespective of how much we individually put into the whole. That seems to be a more practical way of approach--keeping track of the individual contributions leads to friction and resentment in too many cases, especially when the wife has the greater earning power. Yuriko always says, "What's the difference; it's ours together." More and more my appreciation of her grows. She thinks the same of me. Last night she was saying that when people tell her that they think I am a "nice person" she involuntarily bursts out, "oh, I think

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so too!" and she wanted to know if that sounded too much like bragging! We are just that way about each other, I guess!

I was very sleepy when I got up for breakfast. Yuriko had to practically shove me out so that I would not be late. I sat for four hours straight in lecture and discussion classes. The "culture" course promises to be very interesting. I got into a discussion this morning about whether it was necessary for a member of a racial group to do case work among his group "as they understand the culture better and a better sense of kinship is established," e.g. the argument of Jewish welfare agencies to treat its own racial group only. I didn't agree at all as I felt that the implications for total segregation was dangerous. Some of the Jewish students thought different. The instructor said that the approach of cultural understanding in case work concepts was the core of the study. I think that I will like this course the best since it is broader in scope than straight social work and more interesting to me than studying about a limited approach to this field. There were about 40 in the class, a mature group and about one-third male students. It didn't have the appearance of a bunch of "misfits" like I have seen in some of my other classes at U. C. and Chicago. The students come from all over the world. The NYSSW has the largest enrollment of any school of social work, about 1000, and many of them have had a great deal of experience. However, I don't think that the content of the courses will be any different or more difficult than what is given in other schools, despite the large numbers of "name" instructors here. I seemed to have approached the "feudian" approach so far and I understand that this is primarily emphasized in the case work courses. The second course I went into today was given by Klein, who has written books. He has a very dry sense of humor, speaks in a low voice, made me very sleepy and I wasn't so convinced that social research is so all important in our lives--a surprise to me afterwards as I have previously had a high opinion of research.

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I met Kenny afterwards and dragged him home with me for lunch even though he wanted to study. He is too serious and he practically hibernates in the library. Kenny has some papers and books which he will loan me as he has taken the same courses before. He guided me around the school; it is a 15 floor building. It is connected to the Russel Sage Foundation building next door by a tunnel and we took a look at the library there. That was the first place which impressed me as the choice of books was wide and there are many sociological books and magazines there which I want to look at in the coming days, although most of them will not be "required reading." I haven't had a chance to meet other students yet; the place is so impersonal and there doesn't seem to be any central meeting places. It's more like a business building than a campus. I'm certainly glad that I am married!

When I got back to the apartment with Kenny, we ran into Dick Ellison who dropped in for a visit. He said that he was between jobs now so that he thought he would pay a call. His wife, Betty, is ill. Dick has been writing and promoting a pulp detective story magazine but it folded due to the shortage of paper so he is looking for another job. He may take to the sea again. During our conversation I discovered that he was a very progressive minded individual, quite acute in his insight and sharp in his observations. Dick feels that the time is ripe for a 3rd party movement in politics, he might be called a "fellow traveler." He thinks that the "progressive" movement is so widespread over the world now that it cannot be suppressed by the Right "because the masses are not that dumb." He counts England out as passe with its future influence limited to the small nations of Europe, and that the big test between Left and Right will be fought out here in the U. S. eventually even though the Right seems to be running out of hand right now. Dick has been around during his life as a merchant marine seaman so that he has a keen appreciation of other people. He said that one of his friends belonged to a mixed singing group on the radio and

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a lot of pressure was being exerted to break them up because they were colored and white. He seems to have taken an active part in many progressive movements here in the city. As for the ADA, Dick thinks it does not represent any large segment of the people and he believes it will go out of existence soon as the "social democrats are way behind the trends of progress." Kenny did not have anything to say about that even though Kimi works for the ADA. After Dick and Kenny left, I took a nap and I just woke up. Yuriko will be home soon and I should be cooking as she will be tired from teaching. We plan to go visiting a friend of hers this evening. Tomorrow I resolve to do some reading at school, at least a minimum amount, and get off to a good start at the renewal of my student career!

26 March 1947, Wednesday.

We got a sudden rash of social activity yesterday. Yuriko came home about six and brought Sasha and two pork chops home with her. She told me later that he was lonesome and said that he was going out to dinner alone so she brought him along. All of the butcher shops were closed except the pork shop down the block. I thought at first that the chops were for us and Sasha would eat the lamb chops--I didn't know if he were orthodox Jewish or not--but he ate the chops with relish. Afterwards Yuriko said that she didn't even think about it, but she did not think that Sasha observed any religious taboos on food since "he ate ham sandwiches on tour." He ate a tremendous amount and this made us feel good because we like to see people have healthy appetites. Dancers consume an enormous ^{amount} of food, more than ordinary people like me who are not so active!

During dinner Sasha said that his girl friend, Andorra, went home to Buffalo for two months to work for her mother and he did not know if they were getting married or not. Very frankly he told us that he lived with her as man and wife last summer while on theatrical engagements in the "Borscht circuit" in New England. Sasha is a tall, well built, young man; I was impressed by his keen intelligence in the arts despite his somewhat dogmatic attitudes. He has been rather pampered by his mother, a bit spoiled, very self confident, inclined to get into a state of anxiety about his future status in the Graham company. In general, he is likeable and his frankness is an asset to him. Sasha spent several years in the anti-artillery unit and saw action in the ETO--said that he was very fortunate as his outfit was in the combat zone a great deal but they did not have many fatalities. After VE day he was in the Occupation and he said that the German population was very anti-semitic and they believed that a squat Indian ^{boy} with a hook nose was a Jew because he fitted into the stereotype. Sasha said he used to deliberately tell them he was Jewish and they were amazed because he was a blond Aryan type. Rather sensitive about his ancestry, Sasha has attempted to resolve it through being unashamed and somewhat belligerent instead of "escaping" from it. He said

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that he was only half Jewish, but he never bothered to explain that. He appeared in Jewish theatrical stock companies as a specialty dancer last fall. Right now he is drawing the 52-20 compensation as he is between engagements with the Graham company but he plans to dance with other groups.

Yuriko told me afterwards that Sasha was an "illegal" child so that his mother encouraged him to bring girls home and live out of wedlock. Sasha told us that he wanted to set up an apartment with Andorra but she was hesitant about it. He tells Yuriko a lot about his personal life because she is so sympathetic and understanding. I guess all men like to be "mothered" to a certain extent, but it becomes dangerous when they try to get dependent upon another. It's nice to talk things over with Yuriko because she isn't conceited and she has a natural feeling for people. Both of us talk things over with each other and that is no indication of weakness, but mutual trust. If we were secretative and not honest about our private thoughts, it would be an indication that something was lacking in the marriage relationship.

After our satisfying and enjoyable dinner, we went over to visit Nina Kaiserman and her new husband, Michael Stuart. Both Sasha and Yuriko knew her because she used to appear with the Graham company occasionally but was never a regular member because she tended to be a bit neurotic. Her personal life had been rather unhappy up to now; she had attempted to lead a Bohemian life, "lived with a colored musician for a while" and she was divorced from her first husband. While we were there, her first husband came to get his books and there was a great deal of resentment about this from husband #2. Nina was never successful in dancing so that she is very ambitious for her husband and one of the reasons why the group was invited over was to "criticize" his new painting. The other reason was to look at their new renovated home.

Their apartment was a most spacious and beautiful place--"we could rent it out for \$200 a month"--and a great deal of the work had been done by her husband.

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Our place is just not in the same league as theirs. Michael is a rather successful artist and he recently signed large contracts to do stage sets for Broadway productions so that they have a fairly large income. They acted the part of the "new rich" too. The most amazing thing in their apartment was this huge Napoleon bed and the curtain around it almost touched the ceiling; they have to use a foot stool to get into it. It may have been an "artistic" touch, but my impression was that it was a symbol of their former frustrations and they were trying hard to impress people with their new status in the "class" society. It rubbed me the wrong way though and I was a bit disgusted at this rather vulgar touch. Duggy said afterwards that when she saw a fancy place like that, it made her feel like she wouldn't mind being of the bourgeois class despite her personal convictions. Yuriko said that she felt more comfortable in our simpler place and she was not envious. Although Nina and her husband were hospitable, I just didn't care for the phoney atmosphere and for what they represented. Her husband tries to pass himself off as a liberal, one of the sophisticated intelligensia, but it seemed a bit forced and put on. It was like they were trying to say that they were for the masses, but they were actually superior to them, a very patronizing and nauseating attitude.

I don't know anything about art, but I just didn't get any feeling from his drawings. They were nice was about all I could say although Ethel seemed to be impressed and Yuriko thought she saw "movement" in them. Sasha didn't think they were good, so Nina and Michael tried to convince him that he was wrong. They really didn't want criticism--just praise, any kind. One would have to be a hypocrite to circulate around in certain artistic circles, I'm afraid. Michael was a very learned artist; he had many books on art, James Joyce, Jewish matters, classics, recordings of all sorts, and so forth. And Nina tried hard to hint that he was a genius. If conceit goes hand in hand with genius, then I could believe her; but I reserve personal judgment. As a layman, I just don't know how to

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evaluate his stature as a great artist. The visit left a bad taste in my mouth, but I don't think that it was envy.

I did enjoy talking with one of their friends who lives in the same building-- he is a refugee scholar, I believe, with a profound knowledge of geo-politics, mathematics, languages, and amateur wrestling. He used to teach in Europe he said and also in one of the Universities out here--Clark--but now he is working for his Ph.D. in languages at NYU. He thought that English would be the international language eventually, but he is working on a new method of teaching languages which does it in terms of close identity with that specific culture and the political situation of the country. The only thing wrong is that it might become sidetracked with a mission of propaganda. The man is active in the Free Palestine movement, but he didn't take up a collection as Michael said he would. Somehow or other I get the impression that these sophisticated intelligensia have no conception of people as people, but it is just a phoney pose put on for personal prestige--they don't seem to have any roots among the peoples they like to champion; similar to Plato's class of "superior" rulers of society. It doesn't have the grass roots touch of democracy about it so I am suspicious. Maybe if I didn't see all of their fancy antiques and material wealth I would have been more convinced of their sincerity. Despite their intellectual ideals, many of the things they said sounded as if they had contempt for the people. Because the whole setup was so artificial, it inwardly disturbed me.

Ethel, Paul, Duggy, Sasha, and a few others were also there and a lot of the discussion was on "Graham technique" and talk about the new dance to be presented at Harvard in May. I have an opinion that the more insecure dancers are, the greater the prospect is that they are personally jealous of other dancers. Nina had the most amount of negative criticisms to make, and Yuriko the least--the others were in-between. Ethel was particularly happy as she whispered to us that she and Paul were getting married in July. She is used to economic security

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and Paul will give her that. She is such a likeable, and very pretty girl, but she doesn't have the intellectual maturity or social consciousness which Duggy has. Ethel was on the side of the property interests during the recent subway debates and her conception of the Dance tends to be in the direction that it is a pure form without being influenced by the life about her to any great extent. And, strangely enough, she was the most impressed with Michael's paintings and his apartment. One's social philosophy does determine one's criteria of values to a great extent.

I realized later that a part of my disturbance was due to wondering what Yuriko's reactions were. We had a long talk until 3:30 a.m. after we got comfortably in bed about these matters. I told her that it bothered me when we visited her "successful" friends because eventually she might feel that I was not marching ahead like other husbands in achieving "prestige". Yuriko said that it was ridiculous for me to have such a thought since she knew what I was aiming for in life at the time we were married and that my avocation did not promise material economic success to any great extent, but that such a goal "even in a tenement apartment" caused no resentment and never would. It eased my mind a great deal to hear her say that and she was justified in saying that I didn't trust her if I had doubts about these things. She said that love was not measured by the number of times flowers were brought home to the wife, but by something deeper between two people. I guess I had been feeling sorry for myself because I couldn't see how I could give her economic security like other husbands in her circle of friends, but at the same time I didn't think I could be happy just trying to make money. To my relief (and anticipated response) Yuriko merely confirmed that she never thought of these things and that our happiness would not be interrupted by such superficial measuring rods. I felt so happy then, being married to such an exceptional girl. I figure that in the next few years it will be very difficult to give more than lip service to liberal

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views and it would be almost impossible without her approval. Social work isn't a popular profession, but I think that it gives more opportunity to social action than some of the other more academic pursuits. I have done a lot of thinking about this during the past month and it is the only conclusion I am able to reach.

We didn't get up until about noon today. We got a notice that our order for a gas refrigidaire could be filled now so decided that we would get it-- since we heard that Allan Ohta might stay on in Japan in a civilian job and we had a bit more security in keeping this apartment. We found out that the real rent on this place is only \$30 a month so Mrs. Ohta still makes \$15 a month from us for the rental of a few sticks of furniture which we do not really want. Yuriko cautions that we had better have another apartment in hand before causing any issue to come to a head and she is right. It wouldn't quite do to stand on principle and end up on the street with our belongings. It's pure extortion, we think. The reason why we finally decided to get the refrigidaire is that Yuriko is going to get two weeks extra pay, about \$150, for the tour and the original money for it was given to us by her parents.

Yuriko is wonderful about everything these days. She is busy too, but she goes out of her way to go shopping and she gets up and makes breakfast, tells me to stay at school and study and she will come home and cook, and many little things like that which I appreciate so much. It was hard to leave her for school today, but I had to go up and see my field work supervisor. Miss Scott said that they had one opening for psychiatric social worker at the VA hospital in Newark with psychoneurotic patients from the army; but after talking it over with my faculty advisor they decided that I had too much experience for that placement "and you probably know more than the new supervisor we have placed there." This got me alarmed so I said that I really did not have that much experience-- I guess my letters of application were too convincing!! Miss Scott said that in

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my case an exception was going to be made and they would try to put me out on an individual placement with some agency as I didn't need the amount of supervision as the less experienced students. I don't know if this will be beneficial to me or not! The final decision hasn't been made but she said that she would try to get me into the CSS. Kenny later told me that this was one of the best family agencies in town and a desired place for placement. I really don't have that much experience and I am afraid I convinced them of my capabilities too well!! On the other hand it would be pleasant to have an individual placement as it offers an opportunity to use greater initiative. Kenny says that the school must think highly of me to consider an individual placement as that is not done very often, but I don't know. I had an individual placement when I was in U.C. and it was nothing spectacular. It's probably because they can't fit me in any other place.

27 March 1947, Thursday.

I went down to the USES today and terminated my readjustment compensation. The interviewer allowed me to sign another stub so that I will get one more \$20 check; after which I must be patient and wait for the \$90 monthly subsistence grant. It has been a very easy day for me so far. I went to class late this afternoon and for two hours heard a rather boring lecture on social group work. The instructor does not seem to be very adept in creating an enthusiastic response. It apparently is not a very popular course as there are only seven students in the class; somebody forgot to warn me against it. After the class I went to see the field work supervisor and she said that she had been phoning around to many agencies, and that while there were some willing to take me on an individual placement there wasn't adequate supervision. She wanted to know if I wanted to go into the public welfare department and I thought that it would be just as good as any and that I really didn't have too strong a preference since I had to do it to fulfill requirements anyway. So she said that I could get into one of the district offices uptown, but I'm not supposed to know this until I am officially notified. I'm glad that I did get a placement since there will be many who won't get into any kind of an agency this quarter. From what I gather, I will be able to finish up my MA work by next January; at first I thought that it would take me until next March. I have to go to another class this evening and that will complete the first round. It hasn't been strenuous so far, but we are starting to get a lot of reading assignments now. Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" has been the most interesting.

We got a letter from Rev. Goldie; he is the chaplain who married us. He said that he was soon leaving for missionary work in China, Japan and the Philippines. He wrote to tell me that our marriage was recorded in Middletown Township, Keansburg, New Jersey and in the State Department of Vital Statistics in Trenton.

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It has been very cold during the past few days and not like spring at all. Terrific gales have been blowing for the past 48 hours, but it calmed down this afternoon. I walked part of the way home and saw the first signs of spring in the small park. Yuriko has been gone all day as she had two classes to teach and she was busy going to the bank and putting in the order for the refrigerator. I think that I shall do some light reading until she comes home for dinner. I don't want to get too much of the academic atmosphere around here all at once as it might shock Yuriko! Last night she was busy cutting out the pattern for her jacket and it took her most of the evening. She wouldn't even allow me to read the papers until after I got started on my school reading assignment. I can see now that I won't be able to lounge around all evening doing as I please anymore, woe is me! She will be a good spur to encourage me to knuckle down to the academic life. It hasn't been bad at all thus far and, in a way, enjoyable.

28 March 1947, Friday.

The course in psychopathology which I went to last night promises to be very technical and it may require a lot of reading on my part before I catch on--I didn't have the prerequisite courses for it. There are about 100 students in it so it must be a popular course. We have to read books on psychiatry for it. On my way home I got some ice cream and Yuriko greeted me as if I had been gone for a long time. I sneaked up the stairway and rattled the door, but she did not get scared. She had been sewing all evening and she made a smart Ike jacket, says that it will be completed by Easter so that we can both wear ours to go to Bronx Park or hiking. Yuriko has been feeding me delicious meals this week and we found that we would have a slight surplus so I asked her out on a date for Saturday night to eat in Chinatown. Yuriko asks me all sorts of questions about school. When I repeated some of the psychoanalytical theories I had heard in class it sounded a bit silly--I took it out of context. Very gravely, I told Yuriko that the reason why her left index finger continues to be swollen was that it was symbolical of an unconscious wish (desire) to be single and that's why she wouldn't put on her wedding ring. Then I said that I got the word straight from world famous psychiatrists, second-hand. Yuriko laughed and as she smothered me with love and kisses, she said, "Well, I don't wish to argue with science, but my simple emotions tell me they are wrong so you don't have to study these psychiatrists for the rest of the evening." Frankly, I allowed myself to daydream about her during the interesting lecture last evening! It takes a bit of time to get back into full concentration on school work.

Yuriko had to start rehearsals for the Harvard engagement this morning so I went shopping. I went up to the school after lunchtime, and most of the afternoon I browsed around the books there. I didn't read much of the technical material assigned, but spent my time reading literature on racial problems and democracy--I wonder if that is any real indication of my primary interests?

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I got into a conversation with a mature ex-vet and he asked me if I would like to share an apartment with him, but I told him that I was already settled. Harris said that he was stationed in Germany during the war, but he didn't think that the occupation was going to be very successful in spreading the democratic ideology. We got into a discussion on that and I felt that the main weakness of the system was that there was too much oration and not enough action. Harris said that while in Germany, he got interested in why the Weimar Republic failed and his main conclusion was that the German society disintegrated because there was not any unity among the people and this opened the way for Hitler. He said that something similar was happening in the U.S. because most people did not get a sense of security in our society or a feeling of belonging to it. He felt that when the faith in the existing order disappeared, that was the point where they would turn to a new ideology. I asked him if he thought that the present witch hunt against communists was an admission of failure of the concepts of democracy and a fear that it was doomed. Harris thought so and he said that the equilibrium of our society had been upset by depressions and wars, and a denial of real democracy to large masses of the population for many years. He said that the main reason for the failure of European democracy was due to a lack of meeting this challenge positively and the same thing was happening here "because too many of us have a feeling of foreboding that the established forms of democracy we possess and the liberalism we protest is disintegrating and we are frightened." I agreed that seeds of fascism were well rooted but I felt that a dynamic approach to this problem could revive real democracy which integrated all groups. Harris said he read once that "he who protests too much is trying to conceal something" and that was wrong with the flag waving democrats, and that was why we were doomed to failure in indoctrination of Japan and Germany with our system. Right now I fail to see any indication of a strong movement for positive action of applying real democracy, but I don't think that society

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has grown so complex that it has outgrown the system entirely. Both of us were rather pessimistic about the immediate future tho. The trouble with school is that we will soon get so involved in the ivory tower that there won't be much opportunity to have these stimulating talks with other students; instead, the conversation will be about when class papers are due, type of case work, and so forth. I can see right now that I am going to have to regiment my thinking into the scope of social work more and more if I hope to get through, and minimize my interests in other current subjects. They do say that a firm discipline of the mind is essential too, so that is one consolation.

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I just got home a short time ago and I have to cook now for Yuriko as she will be tired from her busy day. She bought the refrigerator and it will arrive next Thursday.

29 March 1947, Saturday.

Afternoon:

We got up at 9:00 this morning and after breakfast we went to work and cleaned the whole house up. Yuriko swept and dusted while I did the laundry. We decided not to have any guests over this weekend as we plan to go out to Chinatown for dinner unless her rehearsal schedule suddenly is called for the evening. In a few minutes I will settle down to reading all afternoon--one of the books on mentally deficient in America which is "required" for a course. I have to read all of the papers first. Last night we went to the movies to see the Russian film "Stone Flower" and the French "Carnival in Flanders." It was the first time I took Yuriko to the show since Philadelphia back in early February. Yuriko wore her glasses to a show for the first time and she was surprised to see how clearly everything appeared. She has one of those modern glasses which makes women look attractive as well as performs a functional need.

We picked up the April "Mademoiselle" magazine and in the article "The Nisei Discover a Larger America" there was a brief writeup about Yuriko as well as a picture. Most of the article was a familiar repetition of what happened to the Nisei during the war, but I suppose new to the readers of this "slick" magazine. It has mostly ads about the latest fashions and only a girl in the upper brackets could afford any of the exclusive styles it has to offer. The article gave a general picture of the resettlement of the Nisei, very optimistic in nature, and it featured the success of five Nisei girls who had made good in NYC: Mine Okubo, Yuriko, Kikuko Cusick, Mary Date, Amy Fukuba. Kikuko Cusick is a costume jewelry stylist, Mary Date is an interior decorator, Amy Fukuba is a successful accessory illustrator, Mine an artist, and Yuriko a dancer. About Yuriko, it said:

"Another Nisei who has come a long way from California via relocation camp is Yuriko, a star member of the Martha Graham dance group. Hers is something of a Cinderella story. For a year and a half she was in camp at Gila in the Arizona Desert. Cleared by the authorities three years ago and eager to make

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up lost time, she made straight for New York. For several months she supported herself as a seamstress and worked on her dancing at night. Then Martha Graham met her. She liked Yuriko and her dancing so well that she gave her a scholarship. Yuriko studied for a few months until she was asked much to her amazement to join the company. She appeared before New York audiences for the first time in American Document. Shortly after her debut she danced her first major role as the daughter of the king in Cave of the Heart and won rave reviews from the dance critics. Yuriko not only dances now, but she also teaches about five hours daily."

Yuriko thought that it was amazing upon reflection how so many of the Nisei with talent had progressed in their careers during the past five years. She concluded that this was really living democracy, and much better than talking about it as a desired goal. She thought that the article would help the goal of acceptance of Nisei upon individual merit, and that they were really not so strange to the American scene anymore. She pointed out that a member of the national championship team from Utah, Was Misaka, had received a lot of publicity last week and she was sure that his achievement would help to create greater tolerance in Utah. She said that she was never conscious of being "different" anymore, and that if a great many more Nisei could become integrated into the American scene there would be no more necessity of clinging to the past and wishing that they were not discriminated against. I felt that despite the fact that many Nisei who circulated in a limited pattern condemned the so-called "losing oneself in American society" method, this after all directly contributed to the widening goals of the group progress since it opened up new avenues economically, politically and socially. Yuriko used to be bothered a bit about the criticism that she "thought she was too good for the group now that she is established" but now she realizes that in any minority group there is a tendency to keep the group together for self protection and without the realization that

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they are only harming their own future progress. This is very evident in the postwar developments in La, Chicago, Denver and other large centers of Nisei population. As long as segregation--not always of their own choosing--exists, there are going to be problems which the group will try to solve by other segregated activities and it becomes a vicious circle which never improves but becomes more and more acute. The difficulty is that many of these would-be Nisei saviors lack a clear picture of the fundamental evils of segregation, and frequently "outside forces" are made the scapegoat when the pressure is not as severe as assumed. But a continuation of the group segregation inevitably will create stereotyped pictures of the Nisei and it becomes that much more difficult to achieve all around integration--especially in personality and in the economic field.

I think that the mistake of the JACL is that it demands close racial identification among all Nisei primarily as a self protective measure against political legislation. There is a need for constant vigilance on this level, but many of the leaders do not realize that attempts to pull back those Nisei who have successfully dispersed and accommodated themselves to a new situation since the outbreak of the war is defeating the very things they hope to accomplish, i.e., functional democracy. Personal ambitions of the "leaders" needs the support of more and more organized Nisei groups so they heatedly condemn directly or indirectly those who have adjusted themselves through individual action. The mistake of this logic is that they assume that all Nisei are on the same level intellectually, emotionally and in social outlook. They need organized Nisei around to support their own egos, and there is only a lip service to their vague liberal program of action. They don't feel appreciated--witness recent articles in PC glorifying the unselfish work of the leaders like Masaoka. Sometimes they don't realize that the very fact that they try to create a conspicuous minority gives rise to discriminatory legislation. They forget that there are more important groups in

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America who are fighting for civil rights and that the Nisei could be encouraged to join them during the process of their total integration instead of limiting themselves to just the JACL. A statement by John Kitasako in the PC is a good example of the pitiful arguments given for continuance of segregated Nisei groups (indirectly implying that this group adhesion is necessary in all phases of their lives: "The Nisei should be aware of the great battle the JACL is waging to secure fundamental rights for Nisei and Issei, and they should be willing to join the organization voluntarily without benefit of sales talk. Mike is embarrassed when he has to tell Congressmen that there are only 6,000 members instead of 40,000. It is a most peculiar and at the same time regrettable situation that it should have to solicit membership from those it is seeking to help. Any Nisei who demands the JACL to tell him why he should support the JACL should have cause to be ashamed of himself." This is a very adolescent type of leadership if arguments like that have to be used. There just doesn't seem to be any conception of the more fundamental issues, or the realization that the "inactive" Nisei may actually be contributing more to America through living naturally than just talking about their peculiar problems in JACL clubs. I oppose the JACL ideologically just as much as I oppose racial segregation altho both perform a necessary function, I suppose, for those who cannot find security on a wider level. The JACL now seems to be going all out to force every Nisei into membership with such arguments like: "Now that they're well established, these Nisei are not willing to take part in the unfinished fight for decency and justice for other Nisei. This is a pitiful commentary on the selfish brand of citizens bred by movements in recent years to promote brotherhood and democracy." Too bad that the JACL cannot realize that it is not the only avenue of expression and to direct such unfair adolescent criticism towards nonmembers will not help it any. Ye gads, they imply that one has no morals or believes in democracy if they don't join up!! I think that there is a

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place for the nonmembers in our society, and the JAAC certainly should be able to perform the more mature aspects of its program without being all inclusive purely on a racial basis.

30 March 1947, Sunday.

Yuriko came home about 7:00 p.m. last night from rehearsal and by the time we got ready to go out for dinner it was eight. We had to have a drink of beer first and discuss the days events as we sat propped up in bed. Yuriko said that the new dance was based on another Greek tragedy and that the girls all had pretty good parts in the chorus. It was a fairly warm evening so we walked down to Chinatown to a small basement restaurant where we had gone to eat once before prior to marriage. We had a most comfortable dinner down there, delicious Chinese peas with beef and other tasty items. It was romantic to eat Chinese style, soup out of the same bowl. A lot of the tourists there kept stealing glances at Yuriko as she was so attractively dressed. She wore her loose skirt so that she could eat a lot and I ate so much that my shoulder pained. Chinatown was fairly crowded with tourists and it was so unlike the hasty atmosphere of most of the city. We were so full after our dinner that we walked around a bit in order to settle the food and we strolled all the way home. The rest of the evening we spent leisurely reading the Sunday papers and listening to the radio. We just didn't feel like visiting anyone because we are still in the stage where we prefer each other's company more. Yuriko is always telling her friends that we are having some sort of anniversary so they immediately ask what the occasion is "this week." I guess we are just very happy together; the company members seem to know everything I do because they are always asking Yuriko and she doesn't hesitate to tell! She says that Martha Graham thinks we are such a nice couple and "she always asks how you are."

Yuriko had to go rehearse at 10 a.m. this morning so we got up much earlier than usual. We just had coffee and a piece of toast as we were still full from last night. I planned to study, but I got interested in a book about native cultures and neglected the assigned work. I feel that it is all a part of my education so 'm not losing out on anything by following some of

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my extra-curriculum interests in reading material. My attitude about class work is entirely different from what I had before the war--I think it is more mature and I will get just as much out of it also.

When Yuriko came back about 1:30 p.m., we figured out the budget for the next month and figured that we could make it on around \$200-210. Yuriko said that the company pianist asked her to do some sewing at \$1 an hour so she agreed to do it evenings at home "since you will be busy with homework anyway." She is going to hire Helen MacGeehee to assist her. In figuring back over our past expenditures, we were amazed to learn that we had spent about \$1650 in the four months since I came out of the army, or an average of \$410 a month. This included our trip to Chicago, Yuriko's tour expenses, and necessary household expenditures. Despite this expense, we still came out ahead--the surplus will be saved for her fall concert. Two factors influenced this large income: (1) it was a period during which Yuriko earns the most in dancing for any quarter of a year and (2) I had received a considerable sum in mustering out pay, transportation expenses, back pay and so forth from the army--plus \$20 weekly readjustment allowances. Most of it was spent for getting settled down. On the surface, it looks like we are getting into the more comfortable levels of income brackets, but for the remainder of the year we will actually budget on around \$200 monthly--and we may have to draw on our relatively small reserve before the year is out. However, we both felt that we were both doing very well considering the fact that I am now in school and Yuriko is doing the things she wants to do. And a happy marital relationship on top of all this is really getting us off to a most satisfying start. Yuriko said that we might be able to save some money after I start working and then we could start trying to get a home. We can't afford to have a family for some time yet, but I thought that if we ever did have an offspring it would be a remarkable child since it would have all of the combined good traits, mostly from Yuriko! If science could figure out a way to combine all of

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the best hereditary gene characteristics into an offspring, it would be a cinch!

We got to feeling so happy that we thought it would be a shame to remain indoors. Yuriko wanted me to study but I told her that I could do it in the evening and tomorrow since field work has not started yet so we decided to walk down to the East Side and buy some more material for her skirt. It was a perfect day for walking and we enjoyed ourselves immensely as we walked along and I stole a kiss on Yuriko's cheek every once in a while. Orchard Street was jammed with people and there were hundreds of carts loaded with all sorts of goods lined up along the narrow street. We had such an interesting time walking around. While Yuriko was looking for a tie for me, some man snapped her picture. Yuriko recognized the woman with him so we stopped to talk for a while. The woman was from India and she had a peculiar mark which looked like it was branded on her forehead--Yuriko later said that it was some sort of mark for caste on the upper levels. The woman's husband is a photographer and we discovered that he had an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art next month.

We were walking along in that Jewish area for over an hour and Yuriko had great curiosity about Jewish foods so she got adventurous and bought some knishes. She is a sucker for any kind of food, and I enjoy it so much because she gets such an exciting experience out of it. I'm glad that she likes to walk around interesting sections of the city just to explore. Yuriko spotted a cart loaded down with women's pants. It was surrounded by fighting women, but Yuriko is so agile that she wormed her way right to the front and then called me. I was mortified when she exhibited pink pants, waving them around in the air and saying, "I've got to get pants and these are such bargains!" The barker was yelling out, "Hollywood pants--Betty Grable wears dem," and Yuriko was having so much fun engaging in wisecracks with him. She finally bought six pairs for \$2.00 and said that they would have cost \$.90 each uptown. She said these were factory rejects because of slight imperfections, "but who is going to look at

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my pants but you!" Yuriko knows her quality of materials so she spots good buys.

The way to shop down in that district is not to be too anxious because the price is quoted according to how anxious you look about wanting things. It's all like a game as there is such a festive exciting air down there and remarkable things can be bought--from ground pepper to fancy wool material. We went to the wool remnant shop and Yuriko illustrated for me how to buy material and she gave an even better performance than last week. She would go around matching materials without letting the salesman know she was hunting for a matching cloth so he would not quote a high price. A fat neurotic sort of boy waited on us and he was under such pressure that Yuriko got the same material as last time for \$1 cheaper. She also got a reduction in some gabardine material from \$5 to \$4 a yard because it had a small dirt spot on it and she said that she would make me a \$15 shirt out of it; it was beautiful material. We felt very happy about our purchases because Yuriko said that my sports jacket and her jacket and skirt would only come to a total of about \$15 and "it would have cost us at least \$50 if we had bought these things." It pays to have a talented seamstress in the family! For a student, I shall be very well dressed indeed!

We walked home again, exploring stores here and there, and right now Yuriko is taking a nap. I'm supposed to wake her up in five more minutes and then she will cook suki-yaki for us tonight--she no doubt will have some Chinese and Jewish foods mixed in. We like to be adventurous in eating habits because it is an exciting pursuit, especially when Yuriko cooks. I guess I got an all round talented girl all right--she even irons shirts professionally for me--but maybe I had better not praise her too much as she might want to retire! She must be a perfect wife because we haven't had an argument yet in almost seven months of married life!!

31 March 1947, Monday.

Very unexciting day; I've been reading a textbook on psychiatry all afternoon here at home. I didn't go to school as I do not have a field work assignment starting until next week. Yuriko got up in midmorning and she went to the studio, and I won't be seeing her until evening. I feel a bit bored right now as I took too big a dose of that textbook--some of it was interesting although slanted towards the psycho-analytical interpretation. What I need to do now is to go out for a walk and clear my head!

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Later:

We have had a leisurely evening at home. I have been reading the papers and a book and making out bills for the month, while Yuriko has been finishing her skirt and jacket and listening to some radio plays. I plan to take a little time out later on in order to listen to Henry Wallace's speech from Madison Square Garden discussing U.S. vs. U.N. The internationalism which was hailed so widely about a year ago seems to be taking a back seat. The papers say that the government is going to conduct some sort of "loyalty" test among civil service employees to weed out the subversive forces. If it cannot create any better form than the one given the evacuees in camp, it will be a great joke. The very idea of attempting to stifle liberal thinking is stupid anyway. I doubt if any attempt to quarantine subversive elements by force will be successful because force never solves anything. It would be a lot more practical to do something about a faulty economic system which is the real cause of widespread discontent during times of depression, and the economists say that a depression is coming sooner or later. Our present psychological belief that another war is inevitable is so stupid too. War is such an outmoded cultural practice of settling disputes, and it is conceivable that a better method can be found to arrive at peace. At midnight the draft act expires and I hope that we will never have another conscription. I don't believe that the best way to

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preserve peace is to have the largest army in the world. It was so disgusting to read about the diplomatic official who came back from Europe and hysterically advocated that we should take all of our atom bombs and drop them on Russia right now. This kind of thinking is very dangerous. There is entirely too much exaggerated fear going on about Russia right now. Most of the newspapers seem to delight in waving the red herring because they probably feel that it will increase circulation and there are plenty of native fascists who support such an insane program--even in Congress. It is almost unbelievable that the reactionary forces in this country would deliberately create a war psychosis in order to suppress all liberals. I hope that this trend does not go too far; it can't. I am going to join the AVC chapter at Columbia because this is one of the few veterans groups which has taken an active role in trying to get the things which were fought for during the war.