

Artist Samizu Matsuki's life in New York City 1973 Diary entries

January 8 to November 5. 1973.

50 page pdf

The following diary was originally handwritten in Japanese by Samizu Matsuki in 1973 . It was translated into English partly by Samizu Matsuki between 1990 and 2010, and partly by Shinjo Hikari in 2021. Sentences highlighted blue are directly related to her career as an artist.

JANUARY (translated by Shinjo Hikari)

January 8, 1973 Samizu's room in Mrs Riker's house

Cloudy. Got up at 8:00am.

I am wondering whether I should mail a letter addressed to Craig. I am looking for an excuse to go out. It seems it is too cold outside to go to the library.

The way Mrs Riker talks gets on my nerves. She pretends to be in a good mood; therefore, suppressed emotions appear in her voice. Blame and **[Illegible]**. I am planning to write a letter to Craig's older sister (or younger sister). As well as the letter addressed to Japan that I didn't write.

After taking a nap for about two hours I am going shopping tonight. White envelope for each letter. A piece of loungewear. Sweater. Blouse. I spend my nights watching TV.

January 9, 1973

Sunny, the air is chilly and dry, refreshing I walked to the library between 10:00am and noon. I met two people. They both greeted me. I read two books:

A. A book about pottery.

B. a book about kibbutzes in Israel.

A. In order to fill the lack of technology the value of skill is emphasized.

B. Kibbutz book is outdated.

I am intending to go to the library frequently. 15 minutes by foot. I finished writing up the letter for Craig's older sister. Then I typed it out and sealed it.

Silence. Soft-water-touch. Got up at 6:00am. I woke up earlier than normal. I felt a sense of mission/responsibility. **Something must happen soon.** It may be my fate (an unpleasant word in Japanese).

January 12, 1973

Got up at 2:20. Fine weather. If I'm not taking a cold, certainly I'm sliding into depression.

January 21, 1973

On the 3rd my partner received a phone call from Craig Spiro. **I have to start something.** Sentimental and frustrated feelings.

I could not sleep at all last night. I was staying in my bed until close to 7:00am. The probability of predictions. The space between science and the unscientific. In today's society, the mental state of thinkers in science is very unstable.

I don't know what rules are used to structure the mood around me. Schubert. Maybe I should read some books. Maybe I should see Craig and talk to him. But the thorn in his heart? Kierkegaard: "As long as it stays, I am ironic—if it is pulled out I shall die." Kierkegaard helped to create the Showa era. Maybe it is better to write letters.

I have been feeling that I am lost, but I wonder if that is the only problem here. It is not worth drowning 10 minutes only to easily deceive people. **I want to happen upon a wonderful spirit. I want to see something incredible. I want to experience amazing feelings.** My atmosphere!

January 26, 1973

Craig called me, and I went out to see him this afternoon. He was wearing a dark blue jacket and had a scotch patterned scarf around his neck. He thought I was a genius so he tried hard to talk about science. I, on the other hand, tried to listen to peace of mind in my madness.

Something that lives inside Craig Spiro constantly urged me to shape myself into his dimensional homogeneity. But I didn't have the motivation to explain to him that it's not possible. So I pretended to be an innocent child, and just listened to his stories fading into the air.

I like it better when he is crazy about himself and being arrogant. I like it better when he tries hard to protect himself by staying in a fragile shell -

like glass. If he comes out of his shell and tries to talk to me, he will become a normal human being.

I like it better when he stands far away, with his innocent eyes open, but refusing to look at things in front of him. It is good to be talkative. Sunny. Relatively warm.

January 27, 1973

The Vietnam war was over. Dr. Kissinger dressed like a robot that was made by a poor professional. What is it like to live in such a generation where the image of a person who is blank-faced and numb looks 'attractive'?

People in the **consumer** oriented generation become passive and only wait, once they encounter a cruel dictatorship and its regulations.

This is a physiological condition seen in a group frozen and paralyzed. If a harsh and cruel villain, the worst ever in a generation, appeared, and he went against the crowds using such mechanical cruelty this is what you get.

Or else, the crowds become enthusiastic only because they find his **[Illegible]** existence attractive. This is similar to primitive magic. It makes sense not to be disturbed by or respond to emotions, for those who do not know what the machines are. It is proof of a lack of education if you prioritize human beings over those. (What magic!)

January 28, 1973 I went to New Jersey to help Ms. Onodera move. I went to her apartment and we had dinner at Izakaya (a bar). It only costs \$175 to dine in this free land. I deserve to **enjoy** whatever it has.

It rained and was chilly. The only washroom is also used for the kitchen. There is a shower in the closet. I wonder if this information might be useful later.

January 29, 1973

Mail came from Liza Gerber. The letter seems like their instincts tell them that I have fallen into a terrible mental state. I got up and thought: loving a stranger is a great achievement. That is interesting.

We had a snowstorm this morning. The sun came out this afternoon. I called Malena and scheduled to meet her on Wednesday evening. What a

role I've gotten myself into. The adopted cat is becoming more relaxed and now starting to look like a cat.

January 30, 1973

It was close to 5:00pm, I met Malena under the Empire State Building. We went to a bar (Izakaya) and talked. She was born in Israel. She came here seven years ago. 5 feet 3-4 inches. Beautiful. Sensitive. Pisces (born on March 5th)

FEBRUARY 1973

Translated by Samizu Matsuki from 2/1/73-4/3/73

February 1, 1973. Thursday.

Feel like I am at a cross road. Since having found that I could actually create alter ego-being who could pass as an attractive woman with a little trick of illusionistic manipulation, I have been walking around as two persons at once. Finally, or at last, this doubled life becomes the life with doubled width. **Feeling mysterious excitement when thinking about the possibility in which two identities, middle aged woman and an artist, can walk side by side with natural ease.**

Design or idea of the painting took shape. Scarcity of the substance itself gives one a certain degree of uncertainty. Whether or not this vacantness of significance will deserves the labor of execution.

But honestly speaking, I can hardly find some important thoughts or some ideas with substance or some spiritual state worth mentioning, etc...

Time like this is best fit for thinking about the past Maybe I should start writing.

February 2, 1973. Friday. Every sound, every significance and insignificance and all the existences are intrusion. If this kind of loneliness is the necessary condition, its better to immerse in complete isolation.

Constantly hoping to move into the basement. I become old, and contacts that make up daily chores became troublesome, and because of those it became tiresome to carry out decorum mainly based on self certified urge. I can no longer find any solace in this terribly boring state of sacrificial endurance. I would rather like to spend the rest of my life (*1) exactly how I want.

The act of painting is the only ceremonial act left for me now. Only ceremonial act which justify my existence itself. If not I may have no excuse for not sending \$30 per month to my family in Japan and getting free meals from this household.

And most of all, I'll lose all the pretext for why I'd like to walk around New York City in a hope to meet some splendid spirit.

(*1) I was waiting for 6 years of probationed-life to be over one way or another.

[Re **Mr and Mrs Brown Too bad! What surprised me was their extraordinary interest in my painting Still Life. Perhaps power of magic has, after all, despite all those advancements of civilization, never really changed.**

Mr. Brown is a small Caucasian who can not help himself creating transparent vicarious reality. Around himself because of rather conscious emphasis on romanticization of passion for the pre-modern arts.

His wife has chosen the most favored typecast for art-lovers, usually childish naivete, nonchalance, easy accessibility, etc. She was playing well. Their daughter looked most attractive because of her sharp sensitivity and playing the type which has not yet set in a mold. Dinner was barbecued chicken.

February 3, 1973 Saturday Visit the home of Mr. Brown. Saw three paintings that I sold to him: Opia!, Still Life and Barbara and the Fortuneteller. Regret that I did not have enough time to scrutinize again of Opia! Despite of their special consideration displaying Opia! right in front of my place in table, I did not quite look at it because of petty concern for others (perhaps did not want to give them narcissistic impression?).

Actually, nothing is more pleasing to me than looking at my own works.

February 4, 1973 Sunday Woke up around 11:00am. Telephone call from Craig. He was waiting. Craig Spiro worked for Mr. Nakayama setting up a pottery show in New York area. I went to visit his sister, who is two or three years older than he, this afternoon. She does not look like Craig. Her boyfriend looked interesting. Showed much enthusiasm for pottery. He owns a bookstore.

Craig is smart and pragmatic; hiding sharp sensitivity (therefore the most fragile) behind massive muscles with some degree of shyness. Once in a while quite he timidly opens a little bit of the door to his hiding place and smiles a somewhat troubled little smile.

All three are voracious readers of books, and nearly 2/3 of the content of their conversation was unfamiliar to me.

There was a book about Andrew Wyeth and as usual I was very much impressed by the charming quality of his work. They remind me of pleasant sounds of rivers and birds which, far from petty dimension where smooth-tongued smart critics prevail, continue nature's courteous utterances. Dominates with quiet persistence. Entertains our senses with pleasure.

I am of different nature, yet, if no one would give me condescending look, I surely would like to own a couple of his works. But unfortunately I am more or less with that crowd who try to evoke superior air around them by pretending they are “above” Wyeth. This is the time Wyeth was not yet accepted as one of the greatest artists representing the twentieth century.

Craig was wearing red-coloured shirt.

February 5, 1973. Slept whole day. Called Craig twice this afternoon but he was not at home. Seemed like when he wanted me to call him up whether I've got reason or not, he looked very open and even serious. About 7 o'clock evening called him again. This time he answered. Doesn't seem to have much to say, nor do I; we we talk about Malena a little and hung up as if after some business discussion.

Thinking about what he said when he was sitting beside me. He said that the reason he is not thinking about marrying me is because he is afraid that I would never say anything for seven years about it, even if I hate his guts.

Thinking about what he said, but could not shake off feeling of strangeness. I thought it was really strange that Craig was thinking about marrying me--I thought I was asking about a marriage between Kazuko and Craig.

Kazuko is an accountant who works with Craig at World Enterprises, Inc. I have no idea what kind of emotional inflection had caused this momentary expression to take place, but whatever it is, it gave me a good feeling.

Sometimes I have trouble understanding his words and behaviors! What hypocrisy! Seems like I am rather stubbornly refusing to accept something existing between Craig and I. Why?

February 6, 1973

10:00 am. I called Craig. He answered but I could not believe it's him because he had sounded so much like Craig's cousin Scotty. He is going to meet someone this afternoon and says Don't know what will happen , but the way he said it doesn't seem like him. Perhaps he was sleepy.

I went to the City. Looked around a Japanese pottery show at Asia House. Jomon pottery overflows with tremendous charm. Jomon is the oldest pottery (Old stone age) found in Japan. Known for its organic shape. I have long liked this pottery, even though mainly familiar with it by photographs.

It was interesting also to see the mid-period production "Monoyama" pottery, also manifesting organic stylization. Monoyama is from a period of Japanese Renaissance and manifests a Zen influence..

The fact that the producer of Jomon pottery is Ainu is also interesting. Yayoi (another old pottery from the new stone age, usually paired with Jomon) was produced by Mongolians and has in its matrix a geometrical symmetry.

Worthwhile to give a thought. Seems like each stylistic expression is more or less influenced by a way of life. (Hunter-Gatherer vs Agricultural) rather than ethnicity.

There was an exhibition titled "Women chose women" .

Instead of going there, I wound up at Takashima-ya a Japanese department store. Bought birthday presents and hurried back to home. Tired.

February 7, 1973 Wednesday Stayed in bed until 3:00pm. Supposed to go to the City but felt it too much of an effort.

David Meth called. I had met him when he came to World Enterprise Co for an interview. (He was not hired.) Came back from Korea with orphans. There was an international project to help Korean orphans by bringing them to the US. David was then employed by the Peace Corps. He was planning to stay in the U.S. For 30 days.

David Meth (1) has talked about me to everybody. He was always amused by an incident in Japan in which we walked all around a department store(2) trying to find the exit, thanks to my bad sense of direction.

Too bad, this person he describes as full of vitality and wit is no longer me. I am now merely a stupid and lazy and pig-like individual.

Everybody asks: Are you painting? The answer usually is No.

Planned to meet him within this week. Every time I mention Craig, David's voice became spiritless.

Called up Craig. Scotty answered saying that Craig had been gone since yesterday and wouldn't be back tonight either, but would have him call me back.

10:00 pm. No call. Penn Station is going to get into strike, This means it may be impossible to introduce Craig to Malena. A package came from home in Japan. John Berry's post card arrives.

Notes:

(1) He was always amused by an incident in Japan in which we walked around all over the department store trying to find the exit, thanks to my bad sense of direction. Frozen rain.

(2) Takashima-ya Japanese department store

(3) Met David Meth when he came to interview at the World Enterprise Co. (Samizu was executive secretary there) He was not hired.

(4) David Meth was then employed by the Peace Corps. There was an international project to help Korean orphans be brought to the U.S.

February 8, 1973 Thursday Cloudy, then rain. Since Penn Station was on strike, I had to go via Long Island Railroad to Woodside, then took subway. Got out at 6th Avenue, then took the Number 5 bus and got off at 72nd Street, then I walked approximately 5 blocks and reached Kazuko's apartment at 305 76th Street.

Apartment #2 in basement was her place. She was taking a nap. We gossiped until evening and called Craig. He was interested in meeting us but its not sure whether he would come out or not. Went in the rain to a nearby supermarket to get things for dinner. Nothing from Craig.

After dinner around 9 pm, visited a Japanese man called Sakurauchi who lives in the room across from Kazuko's.

Drinking beer and Chablis; talked until after 3:00am. Straight and polite Japanese gentleman who seems to enjoy a little tasting of forbidden fruits. Invited us to go see Niagara Falls next holiday. Smart and good conversationalist but bottom line is always romantic escapade. Disappointing. What a man like him needs is an angelic prostitute.

Thinking constantly about Craig.

February 9, 1973. Friday. Slept at Kazuko's place until 2:00pm. Had hard time sleeping last night. Legs bothered me. Talked nearly an hour still in bed, then had light lunch.

Kazuko seems to think there is some secret touch in Sakurachi's interest toward her. When she found a piece of a note from him under the door, she picked it up and put the date.

on it and with delicate care put it in a private box.

I felt envious about her freedom. Its rather strange that most of men within my association are of strong possessive nature.

The strike at Penn Station ended tonight. Came back home during rush hour. Huge lobster was on the table. Today is Donny's birthday. He said that he liked my present, then drank too much and went to bed. He is a nice looking guy, but an absolute bore.

It bothers me yet when he assumes bit a too serious attitude, like tonight.

10:00pm I call David, but he wasn't at home. Very pleasant female voice. Seems to have heard my name (Sami) often. Felt rather lonely thinking about Craig.

February 10, 1973. Saturday. Posted letters to Lisa Jarvis, John Berry and Sheila and Nat. Shallow sleep until 5pm. I was thinking about Craig. Yet its not very far from truth, if I am pushing myself quite consciously toward such direction.

11Am: David Meth called about going to NYC. Planned to meet him Monday at 2:00pm. Called Kazuko at 6 pm and conveyed the plan.

Thought about calling Craig, but exchanging aimless conversation with him where there are listening ears around evoked somewhat unpleasant feeling. Anyway he won't be home quietly (on the west end!) **Perhaps its better by all means to forget about him and really get into painting.**

Very cold day. Donny is still sleeping because of hangover; his stomach is bothering him. Sometimes he looks like a pig. Lump of fat covered by hair of carnal intuition? Very boring.

February 11, 1973. Sunday. Stayed up until 5:00am (still very dark) Spent most of the time sitting in front of desk and looking at illustrations of a book called Brain and thought about my own. Enjoyed a literal head trip. After talking a little with Donny I went to bed.

It was after 5pm when I got out of the bed. My heart beat was mere 45 per minute,(took it in the bed). If I die, I would donate my heart for transplant.

In the news: at around New Jersey-side of Staten Island yesterday, an oil tanker exploded. Forty two died. Because of bad weather, transportation (back to the States) for American hostage (several hundreds) from North Vietnam was postponed.

Read one of Simone de Beauvoir's books. Jean-Paul Sartre's girlfriend. She is a famous French feminist. Can't find space for empathy. Just got held by extraordinary curiosity over my own youthfulness. I'm sure I look young. Pursuits of magic power. What else can beat this passionate pursuit of youthfulness!

I've got to start painting.

Must write letter to Mr. Nakayama.

What in hell's sake is Craig doing? 4:00am. Cold.

February 12, 1973 Monday. Arrived at Izakaya, a Japanese restaurant, at 3:10 pm. David Meth showed up around 4:00 pm. We sit at sushi bar and talk to waiter called Maki. David has started to wear a mustache. Looked vital in a jumper with yellow plaid over brown ground.

Kazuko came in around 4:45 wearing rather dull looking Kasuri-patterned kimono, which is often chosen by managers for the workers. Kasuri is a type of weaving of blue cloth, signifying the working class.

She talked with us for 4 or 5 minutes about visa issues. From there we, David and I, went to Outlook a dress shop, and saw Janet (Harold's girl friend.) and then with Janet together we went to the basement - their living space. **Thought it was a good idea to paint all the wall and ceiling white. Can save electricity.**

Harold's coloured pencil works seem like screaming or shrieking voice of an epileptic. Lack of skill in rendition is rather obvious. If I knew then that Harold was an extraordinarily beautiful young man,

perhaps I could have seen through type of self-declaration with strong intent of self-delusion on the surface of his self portrait. Van Gogh's self portrait (the last one) was on the wall. A book titled Mechanism of Depression was in the book case. A Beautiful Cat, five months old, was there.

Afterward we went to Max's Kansas City, a popular restaurant in the Village. Upstairs was a dance hall. Got a flank steak. A huge salad bowl contained a mountain of lettuce. (Max's KC was known for this big iceberg lettuce ball.)

They said this place is the gathering spot of artists. A groups of rich-looking businessmen was there, staring at me. There also was a black man with a turban.

February 13, 1973 Tuesday. Met David Meth at Outlook on Madison Avenue. I think he turns into a jester when there are more than three people around. Janet, who is of Italian heritage, was wearing thick makeup today. She is a big Andy Warhol-type girl. Her lips sometimes looked like two earthworms.

Then we three headed to Outlook dress shop, where Harold was working. Harold was very much of an Adonis! **It is rather difficult to imagine such a beautiful boy (19 years old) has been pursuing monstrous imageries of mainly female figures. Wonder whether he is merely going after a fashionable way of today, or has intuitively found the way to make himself even more attractive through grotesque and depressive imageries.** Maybe it is rather natural consequence for extraordinary beauty to seek a way out for the soul to shriek.

In a good context with ugliness (in the case of David) which seems to be crushed down by the enormous weight of heart, head and soul, and all it can do is to laugh like an idiot, and spewing up very Romantic poems, one after another.

Went to visit David's mother, She treated us with pizza-pie.

Called Malene. Entire family took me back to home.

February 14, 1973 Wednesday. Craig has left for Colorado already. When I called, Scotty answered. Sounding as though he was having a hard time explaining it to me. Me: See you sometimes, then, Scotty: Hope so.

Thought about the possibility of confessing my real feeling toward Craig to someone. Thinking about calling Malene.

Slept until 4:00 pm. Couldn't sleep well. Woke up 2~3 hours later and turned around in bed for next 2~3 hours. And slept 1~2 hours and turned around for another 1~2 hours.

Since I have had spent quite busy time for the last couple days, a certain degree of laziness should be justifiable. Smoked some marijuana and took sleeping pills on top of it. I must sleep well tonight.

Made up the basement for painting.

I call Kazuko. She says she hasn't talked to the boss at Izakaya yet. Wonder what makes her so hesitant 'perhaps she wants to be pretty for everybody (a Japanese expression for not making any trouble).

February 15, 1973 Thursday.

Decided: Not to paint anything that I don't like. If this brings drought, then I might as well starve to death.

The basement is cold. Painted the underpainting of Celebrator.

The self portrait as a great centerpiece.

Sleeping schedule again went out of whack

Guggenheim Museum is featuring Ferdinand Hodler.

Is the moon out?

February 16, 1973. Friday.

10 minutes before 6:00 a.m. Strangely agitated (nervous).

Temperature went down below zero.

Iced snow. (Snowed ice?)

Design infrastructure for Celebrator took shape.

Must use biggest canvas available just in order to avoid parallel comparison with Rockwell. Present circumstance is actually in the same dimension (as Rockwell) as far as my own reality is concerned, therefore the adaptation of method reflective of this everyday condition is nothing but proper .

Proper is a strange expression. As though I'm expecting an audience.

Sometimes I think that it may be so much easier if I just turn into an insane person. I feel this kind of pulling power for insanity in the night when snow keeps falling. Snow seems like fish.

I really have to spend all my might for painting. Just keep painting. That's all.

The shapes jump around in front of my eyes. As if they are little eagles.

Oh Craig, please be well!

February 17, 1973 Saturday. A cold day. Went out to 'steak pub' for dinner. Sirloin steak and lobster, cost \$7.00 per person.

Lettuce was '1/4 size. Blue cheese sauce was delicious. The woman sitting behind me was constantly criticizing a man she is with. As far as she is concerned, In lobster without stuffing in its belly is fit for her taste, which is in high class category.

And in San Francisco, you can get \$200 per 1 course can be served. So (out of curiosity) I looked back (to see her) and found a middle aged woman looking more or less like a phantom of a rooster, not much of attractiveness, wearing cheap sweater with open chest and showing dried up banana-like breasts.

Woman would have seemed to fit in if she was selling cheap jewels or baby diapers in a cheap dime store. Yet with utmost seriousness she kept yelling about cooking methods for high class cuisine. Its a pity she had to act this way in rather cheap restaurant which reminded me of a public bath house in Japan.

Throat is swollen and painful. So is belly. After having taken a couple pills for the cold, I went to bed (2:00 am). Seems like I woke up 5~6pm. Why did the restaurant prefer to use red colour?

February 20, 1973 Slept through two days. Because of this, I found myself with clear wakefulness. I had been feeling sleepy much of the time because of lack of sleep. Feel like I am coming down with a cold, though. Feel pain in left eye. Went to Japanese restaurant called Mikawa at Oyster bay, and had sukiyaki and tempura. Talk to a waitress about Kazuko getting a job there. This waitress talks too much. Other one, who speaks with a Kyoto accent, Sumi, is more pleasant.

Come back around 10:30 pm called Kazuko.

Read a book It is a collection of surrealistic philosophy. A French group's introductory essay on Ernst Max's book Natural History was entertaining. Giacometti is an honest man. Andre Beton (Breton?) is difficult. Dali's

vocabularies are just too high blown for me to follow (needed dictionary too often to enjoy the writing). So put it aside for later day. Just too much trouble to think. I've got many points arguable within the Italian Chirico's letters.

Its convenient to have big vocabulary..

Feel nausea. Ten minutes until two a.m.

February 21, 1973 Kazuko's 20 year old friend from her Tokyo period, Minoru, came to visit. They are working together at the coffee shop Vista . Says he came from Japan three days ago.

Asked what is the most impressive thing here? The answer was the skyscrapers and hearing English all the time. Staying with famous person named Donald Rich who is working for the Museum of Modern Arts.

Kazuko went back early because of the job, but Minoru stayed here, at the Riker home, overnight.

When to nearby disco for dancing. I was not feeling great because of lingering cold, so only danced twice with each of them, Donny and Minoru. Minoru is studying a dance step called Go-Go quite seriously, very much Japanese-like. Afterward went to an Italian restaurant near to the dance and had pizza. Big shepherd dog was there.

Minoru was complaining about the ugliness of American girls.

Andy Delaney send me a notice from the Allied Artists of America and a note saying: Fee was paid. And one more “ I [Andy] can see the suffering you went through because of sanity on your part.) According to the notice they'd chosen me as a candidate for one of the judges.

February 22, 1973 From the early morning on, Mrs. Riker kept coming to my door wanting me to get up because Mr. Hamakita (Minoru's last name) had been up. Thought it was interesting to find out Mrs Riker (a fashionable sophisticated society woman really did not know how to treat a twenty year old child.

Pink cheeked vulnerable beauty of a boy (a commonly used Japanese cliché' expression for fragility of youth) seems to evoke some sexual fear-like reaction in this upper-middle class suburban country club-going lady. The design for broad day light sexuality (too bright to stare. So I didn't have much choice other than to get up around ten a.m.

After the boy left, I took a nap for four hours.

Malene called. Will meet her tomorrow.

February 23, 1973 Friday. At two pm. I met Malene at the corner of the Empire state building. There was a young man looking like a Jewish commuter with her, but as soon as introduction was over he disappeared. Had a cup of tea while Malene was eating sandwich. Then took the subway to the Village and went to a small dress shop. Malene had to get documentation for green card for her friend, a couple pieces of small paper. There was her friend from her Israel period. Twenty seven years old. Typical Israeli like appearance. Looking like a a muscular Mona Lisa without a trace of smile. Every finger in her left hand will filled up with rings. Incessantly talking in Hebrew.

Afterward went to Cut Look to see Harold, but he was off. Went to a French restaurant la Crepe and had a crepe (sweet chestnut and banana) Malene talked a little about John, but she seemed desperate. Even seems like resentful of my being there, so quit the conversation shortly after, and went to John's friends Pan and Dick's apartment.

An oil painting of reclining woman in Mannerist style was on the wall. Zen in carved Chinese character) was there, too. Pan is a healthy and pretty woman.

Came home around 630 pm. Tired.

February 24, 1973. Saturday

Spent the whole day in bed. Did not a single thing. Thinking a little bit about my family in Japan, and about Craig.

Was he thinking about never meeting me again? If so, what will it be? Is he perhaps thinking that in some remote future when he became a successful writer, would he write about how he met me and how everything seemed to have gone astray and ended up in an unfortunate way? **Or will I ever paint his pin (he wrote me a poem about a pin piercing my shoulder) and that strange desert in his face?** (An expression as arid and vacant as a desert.) This perhaps is one of those memories that seem to last up to the end of my life.

Perhaps same as that one memory that I stole petals of tulips from the teacher's desk.

Feel like having become an orphan. Because no one in my family any longer remembers me nor worries about me. Once in a while my mother seems to have confused about type of person I actually am and without hesitation and with a lot of sweet remembrance wrote about flowers in her garden. May be snowing.

February 23, 1973 Sunday Got out of bed around five pm. Just sat there in front of the television till 2:00 a.m. **After Dony had gone to sleep, went to basement and did some charcoal sketching. Continued till six a.m.** There wasn't pain except for coldness in my leg.

Must enlarge chairs in [Celebrator's] background. Put more light on ceiling and added more stuff such as tube, water pipe, electric wires, etc, in the ceiling part. Settled down to mundane-magic effect of painting in the painting. May be some one might buy this. If so I'll go to Colorado to have fun, but I may have to pay for Donny's education fee. Named it Donny

Cigarette makes me sick. Felt much better after a shower. Thinking about my family (especially mother) too much. Must write a letter.

MOMA (Museum of Modern Art) is featuring Edvard Munch.

February 24, 1973 Got a letter from my family in Japan. A second son was born to my oldest younger brother Arata. Named Otaru (meaning 'completed', or 'coming'). Feel like I can understand what is come to my brother. (I was thinking about his Communist party affiliation)

Also got a letter from John Berry, who was in Japan working as art director for Mr Nakayama. According to his letter, he might come back for Malene. He gets too emotional when is talking about me. E.C.C. (English Conversation Circle, a branch of the World Enterprise company) may have to close down.

Painted in basement from 12 pm to about six a.m. My painting is a satire. Don't care very much about the French caricature painter Domier, but to be a humorist is not too bad. There are many ways to laugh.

Never has anything been more in vain than trying to explain my paintings. After all I have to express every thought I associate with every brush stroke at every particular moment. In other words its absolutely impossible to give, at the time of completion, words to all those infinite streams of thought.

I'm putting meaning (significance to every little speck on the floor of the painting's back lower foreground. Without this sense of giving significance, I don't think I can paint anything at all.

Came up with another title for the work: Introduction to the Great Centerpiece.

February 27, 1973

Letter from Craig arrives. Wrote a long reply. Copied Joan Arp's introduction to Ernst's Natural History and sent it to him. Thinking almost all day about my letter to Craig.

Craig writes that the air in Colorado is cool and dry. Top of mountains are covered with snow. Getting along well with Lizon, but as he had decided when left for Colorado will eventually separate from her. Craig is looking for job Met many big wheels. Maybe get job as a counselor or guardian at the Court of Justice. Wants to know about Cat, Kazuko and Malene, and how I'm getting along with the Riker family.

The letter is short and dry.

Promised to paint a picture of flower May have to go to Colorado since the picture is going to be as big as a whole wall.

February 28, 1973. Wednesday Stayed in bed whole day. Went to bed around three pm. A couple telephone calls. From Kazuko: her boyfriend is finally coming from Japan.

Sakuraichi: lonely. Please come over. He is a bit maniacal. Minoru: Since Mr. Rich is out he wanted to talk to me. Invited me to a party next Thursday.

Could not sleep. Got up around 11 pm and saw Donny sleeping on couch. Sometimes he remind me of my first husband Ray. After a couple hours back to bed. Did not feel very good because of menstruation. Took Excedrin and went to sleep.

MARCH 1973 *Translated by Samizu Matsuki*

March 4, 1973. Sunday. Supposed to go somewhere, but did not go anywhere. Maybe because of lack of sleep, don't feel very well. Nausea

and dizziness. Planned to go to Fire Island, but air is too cold and I'm feeling sick....

Put the leash on the cat and took a walk. What is it like to have a cat-like curiosity? Look around, smell around and touch around at everything in the universe with endless concentration, and keep repeating over and over and when it gets tired, curls up and sleeps. Never think, never reflect and never imagine. Cat's inner images must be awfully complex and colourful. And takes care of all those imageries by sleeping through. What a machine of precision a cat can be!

March 15, 1973 Thursday. Kazuko and Ashizawa visit.

Mrs Riker again became nervous, hysterically talking about people of no one's interest. Perhaps hoping that continuous talking might create a little bit more interesting situation for objects.

Fire was on pale blue coloured candles. **Blue flower was decorating the table and table utensils are delicately shining**, yet what a vacant feeling to see deep and sharp torrent running through among humans. **If you draw a white line from top of their head and bring all together at some point in space and imagine that they might somewhat cross each other, then you'll see strange design in while no line crossing one another.**

Thick fog-night. Went to Nassau a large casual sea food restaurant, then went out to see the ocean in the night, then went into "Peach Pub" and "Living rooms" (Pubs for young people) Seems like everybody was bored. A crippled young blond woman was singing.

March 16, 1973. Friday. Birthday. 37 years old. Be not surprised! Malena called. I was out.

March 17, 1973. Saturday. Mr. Minoru Hamakita came to visit. Donny cooked Shish-ka-bab. After eating and talking, went to disco around 11:00pm Because I felt physically good, enjoyed the whole trip. The place was filled up. Some people climbed all the way to the ceiling. Two or three girls with 1930's makeup and loud decorations (usually described as the 'Andy Warhol style') were pretending to be singing while dancing around. Not very good performance, but young people standing shoulder to shoulder and watching them with utter fascination.

To me it is hard to understand their enthusiasm. Perhaps, since performers on the stage were merely mimicking whatever it was supposed to be, the

audience might be acting out of mimicry of perfect audience. Most of them began to dance as soon as the band started to play. By all means people in the band are the ones worthwhile to "watch".

But unfortunately the band's worth is only for dancing. An interesting phenomenon. They "watch" at things that should be "watched", and "dance" with things that should be "danced" with.

March 18, 1973. Sunday. Minoru stayed until 9:00 am. Such fragile thing as boyish romanticism. He says he's in love with me. Is Mr. Rich trying to walk through the life of "Death in Venice"? (A story by Thomas Mann about a love affair between an elderly man and a young boy.)

March 19, 1973 Monday . Miss Fujita's letter arrives. Found address of Mr Imae and Mr Kikawa. Wrote them down in the postcard to Craig and mailed. Went to post office with cat on leash. The post card's illustration was Max Ernst's "Idol".

March 20, 1973 Tuesday. **Finished draft of the painting Celebrator by charcoal.**

March 21, 1973 Wednesday Its not pleasant to write down the situation charged with emotional context Because of a little verbal fighting, Donny jumped right onto something resembling an ultimatum.

After all, the life with Donny has just become important to me. To tell the truth, the **very person like Donny is the ideal partner for an artist.**
Talked to around 5:00a.m.

Going out became a very depressing act. Just shut the door completely and stay in the basement, doing some innocuous thing like drinking tea, exchange harmless conversation with Donny and cut off all the connection with outside is what I want. Perhaps I'm looking at mountains in afar and closing the door against something.

March 23, 1973. Friday. **A letter from Lisa Garber arrived. There seems a fantastic misunderstanding about my mentioning the comparability of painting and womanhood.**

Actually my intention from expression like "womanhood" meant my own particular need to explain to myself the significance of Craig's existence, and since Craig's being represents vitreous quality to me.

I want to display a lot of glass objects in the painting (Celebrator) that I'm painting. Hence, I have used word "womanhood" to connote

all those feelings. But my impression is that she mistook these for women's liberation movement. Wonder how she would respond if I told her that I've got not a single interest in such movement. In fact I even feel revulsion toward those activities.

Saw a Kurosawa movie called "Yojin-go" (Means "bodyguard." Nakayama's "pose" meaning became clear. A state of suspended animation) Simpler than what I thought.

Took a sketch of Donny (main character of "Celebrator") and retouched underpaint. Fumbling around until 7:00 am wondering this and that. It is "a beautiful morning".

March 24, 1973 Saturday Depressed. 3:50 am. Depressed. Melancholy and ennui. Saw movie called "Attack and Defeat" on T.V.

The sentimentality no longer matters. Realistic or not is outside of category. Especially where it is artistic or not is out of question. Its a depiction of battle between Italian and Russian armies during the Second World War. Direct attack against humanity. Fellini suddenly is insignificant.

Get up at 6:00 pm. Caught up by the thought that Mrs Riker is not treating my cat right. Poor cat. Keeps hanging around me, looking scared of something. I must become rich and at least be able to provide a happy environment for cat, if nothing else. **Feeling rather serious hostility from Mrs. Riker. I don't like her. Must get out of here as soon as possible.**

Don't feel like painting.

That foolish woman! She even has to put her words about my painting. Acting out, catching on my acting idiot. I don't like her.

March 25, 1973. Sunday Go to city. Took the train at 1:05pm, got to Kazuko's apartment at 2:20 pm. Ashizawa was sitting on bed and playing strange looking Tarot cards. After having put together Kazuko's papers and talked to the apartment manager, went to immigration office in downtown, taking the subway. Sun was out, but air was depressive and heavy. Came home around 5:00pm. Nausea and depression. Took medicine for stomach.

At 7:30 pm, I went with Donny to a sea food restaurant and had "Cold Fishermen's Plate" Lobster tail was in the center of plate surrounded by salad-like preparation made of shrimp, crab, tuna, etc...Delicious. \$6.

From there went to movie house in Lynbrook and saw "Get Away"
Uninteresting. the best part was the "getaway" part. Different from ordinary movies of this type. When went back, I saw a pair a earrings from Donny was placed on my handbag. Touched deeply.

Malena called. John Berry, her ex-boyfriend, is supposed to come back around June.

March 26, 1973. Monday. Slept until 6:00pm. because of sleeping pills slept more than 12 hours. Outrageous. Watched "Oscar" ceremony on T.V. Liza Minelli and Marlon Brando won. Brando refused to accept the award on the pretext of Hollywood prejudice against American Indians. (Pressure by his new mistress?)

Wrote a postcard to the parents of Rick (Fumi's first husband) telling them that Minoru would drop by with ball pen sketch of their portrait.

Have to finish oil painting within this year.

Shoulder hurts. Minoru called. Leaving for California today. a four day train trip. Told him to visit Madoka, my younger brother, in Tokyo.

6:00 am. Birds are crying incessantly.

Concerning the relationship between anathema and vitality - Isn't Fine Art after all the result of anathema-evolution? That's the reason for vitality to occupy inviolable position in the Fine Arts. this is the qualitative difference from decorative art. Mutually exclusive.

March 27, 1973 Tuesday Got up at 3:30 pm. Washed hair. Put make up on. 6:00pm I went to city to attend the Allied Artists of America meeting. Asked the way to the Salmagundi Club Building in which the meeting was held, to a policeman. He not only showed me the wrong way, but also asked me for a date!

Salmagundi Club was located at 5th Avenue and 9th Street. Old but not so graceful looking inside. **there were, as I expected, water colour paintings looking like they were suffering from chronic "Indian summer disease"** displayed on the wall without much of consideration.

Among them a painting of a boat was outstanding with its dynamic composition. It was a prizewinning one. Seems like my "eye" for artistic judgment hasn't changed Folding chairs were lining the wooden floor and we were supposed to sit there.

The president was on the podium struggling with the microphone, and all the committee members were sitting undisturbed. Their average ages seemed to be 50-60. New members looked middle of twenties to thirty. Everybody had to take a look at me. General atmosphere was those of conservative tradition which generally assumes hostile behavior against heretics.

Previous president Mr Riljarger was a large man with sanguine countenance, nervous type, spoke in small voice. When I went to introduce myself, he seemed run out of words. Mr. Rolf Fabri was chosen for the new president. And I became a 'judge in waiting'. Since last year they began to open doors to newcomers, so they said. Three young men with long hair were newly accepted I was the lone female.

Refreshment was coffee and sandwiches. Talk to new member young Chinese. Acquainted with middle aged Jewish man. One of the new members send me back home with his car.

March 28, 1973 Wednesday It is supposed to be an honorable thing to be a member of the Allied Artists of America. It left me with some impression to see a couple*1 seemingly in the middle of their 40s, trying hard to hide excitement of being accepted as new members. they have a gallery on Long Island in Maine, featuring paintings of children and other "sentimental" works.

The business called Art. Reminds me of that young Chinese/Taiwanese artist's commercial spirit. everything reminds me of the atmosphere of Albany Arts Center*2 in Oregon. When one trouble has gone another one will come. (*3) I'm going to be an anathematizer(??)

A letter from John Berry. With Mr. Kato (*4) doing sales of gambling machine which pops out English word and illustration of trump card for children. He writes an unexpectedly long letter.

There is supposed to be a disease called "writing mania". How about "painting mania"? More than half of the Allied Artists members may belong to this category.

Systematic thinking makes you a philosopher, intuitive thinking a poet, and no thinking a craftsman. When all those come together, you become an artist. (A great revelation!)

March 29, 1973 Thursday. Took whole night (why does the Japanese letter for "night" resemble the letter for "death"?) to write a letter to Mr.

Nakayama. mainly about my present circumstances and pottery exhibition.*5

*1 Husband of the newly accepted member, who took me back to home in their car the previous night.

*2 Created by mature artist (mainly housewives)

*3 Commercial aspect of artists activities

*4 Director (I was his assistant) of ECC

*5 A project I proposed to Mr. Nakayama instead of running commune houses.

My shoulder hurts.

John Berry called me a "scavenger", because of all the junk packed in my painting 'Triumphal Return'. (He didn't know that they are all there in Mr. and Mrs. Delaney's basement.)

Actually the greatest reason for me to be in New York is because of this scavenging spirit.

March 30, 1973 Friday. Several elderly women are playing bridge yelling loudly downstairs. Perhaps they are adjusting their mental mechanisms by yelling like this. Toy house and toy trees inside of water barrel --inside the birds alone alive and moving around. In this decor those decorative display objects are aged and turn ugly. (really, what else is left for them other than appearance!)

Yet, the psyche clings to appearances sadly. this is the psyche yelling teaching the graying space. Last night I saw in kitchen a small pamphlet titled "How to make snacks for bridge party or committee meeting". Mrs. Riker is faithfully playing the part of suburban matron, with special silver and plate taken out. And over the last days she is taking meticulous care of each well decorated room. How often this kind of gatherings take place?

For this occasion she sacrifices her sons, her space, her time, her money and finally her husband and herself. Is it vanity? -- the price is too high. Sad life....

APRIL 1973 (*Samizu translation April 1-3. Hikari April 4 - July 31*)

April 1, 1973 "Today is Rachmaninoff's birthday" says the New York Times Herald. Schoenberg, composer. said that Rachmaninoff's compositions are popular among populace yet they are original.

Rachmaninoff is a genius piano player and his aristocratic pose is imaginary but this good old memory must be closed. (As far as I'm concerned.) To possess such an outstanding memory power yet to be able to maintain great deal of "originality" is a miraculous accomplishment. It is nothing but proving his genius to scoop up the most delicious part of Romanticism and cook up Shabu-Shabu (a common Japanese food)

Sometimes I feel that originality is no more than impossibility of memory and its irrational interplay, the ability which transcended everything in a supernatural moment and makes forward progression has no intrinsic connection with originality, and it will have its birth only when one's ability experiences through self evident self maturity, and reaches the boiling point, and almost inevitably jump out of liquid substance called time-spirit.

That's why hottest talent (ability) belongs to Michelangelo and Beethoven and Da Vinci became originator.

April 2, 1973. A letter from Craig arrives. Pale and thin. Seems like looking through onion paper. Seemingly he likes Estes Park. Says bought the prints of Milo and Gogh and put them up on wall. Seems like he liked to decorate walls. **Must paint big (huge) painting of flowers. As time passes by, so something also slides away. Just like one by one petals of roses falling down.**

A memory along holding breath quietly in the middle of remaining petals. but it also became gradually opaque. Everything became shallow and thin.

Can hear the voices downstairs. It freezes me.

Maybe visit Craig's room. Forehead filled with irritation and anger. Melancholy brow. The temple that strangely reminds me of an angel's. Beautiful hands and hair. Sensitive and disturbed animal like eyes. Soundless energy-taking sharp features. I'll be sitting in it and keep sitting forgetting time. That outrageous emotional license, inexplicable sweetness and sudden arrival of dark silence.

Then suddenly Mrs. Riker came up saying "Hi!"

April 3, 1973 Tuesday Painted in the basement from 1 pm to 5 pm. Ah! Everything is so cold! Black cat curled up on dirty blue rug. Its already been two hours but the cat does not even move.

Motionlessly feeling my feeling with his back. As though he knows that if he turns around and looks at me straight, the calmness may crumble down and understanding become impossible. He sits there

turning his back toward me, holding breath, trying to grasp situation.
Toward its shining black back my feelings run seeking for focal point.
That's why my canvas is vacant, and my brush moves around
aimlessly as if scratching the back of turtle. What an alienated,
worthless act!

Thinking about using wiring on ceiling as motif.

Maybe I should go to Colorado.

April 4, 1973 Wednesday *Translated by Shinjo Hikari*

I sleep almost all day. Just too sleepy. After dinner, I just watch TV and do not do anything else.

I got a phone call from Kazuko. She told me that there was a notification from the immigration center. She wants me to go there on Friday with her.

I got a phone call from the patrol officer whom I asked direction for at Pen (Pennsylvania) station. When I told him that I could not go (with him) tomorrow, he said it is okay if you cannot with sad voice. I am not judging patrol officers, but I am just afraid to spend time with a boring person holding a gun.

I am writing a letter to Craig. When reaching the middle of the letter, I did not have energy to continue anymore, so I stopped writing, sealed it, and went to post to send it as is. 2pm. **Then, I draw at basement until almost 5pm.**

Sun is constantly coming in and out.

I am obsessed with something that feels like emptiness. I am thinking of going somewhere else, like inside of a mountain in Colorado, and laze around alone. The fact that I am staying in someone's home is draining my mental strength.

April 6, 1973. Morning, on the train at 9:05, heading to the city. We visited the lawyer specialized on immigration, near the immigration center. I go there with Kazuko and Ashizawa. I am sure these fishy old lawyers get a lot of money on the back of clueless and illiterate immigrants. It seems that I was about to get caught by their vicious plan about Kazuko's matter. Or maybe I already did.

They are comparable to fat wild rats, attacking viciously in their targets' blind spot or being weakened. A rat that ferociously hits its prey, right from its nest, in a corner of this ruthless building within a collapsing city.

I felt at this moment that I had to be a black cat. I indescribably feel empty and everything appears stupid to me. We had a quick lunch at CBS's basement, and I return home immediately after. On the way back, I buy poppy flower at Pennsylvania station. I plan to give it to Donny's grandmother. I feel grateful for the blue dragonfly brooch she offered me last night.

This day is a very windy one. My legs are hurting, I walked around South village Street in the quest for a photography store.

April 7, 1973 Today, I had a scientific thought but unfortunately, I cannot recall what it was about. I should write it down once the idea comes to my mind. It shall come back again later.

Sun was shining bright; it was such a beautiful day. The black cat spent almost his entire day outside. Mr. Riker fixed his grass cutter and was busy mowing the grass. Mrs. Riker went out in town, 2 times, to buy groceries. Donny and I stayed in our room all day long.

At night, we just kept watching TV. I watched *Seven Samurai*, of Akira Kurosawa that was being broadcasted on channel 13. Toshiro Mifune was irresistible. It seems like the American Film Industry cannot help themselves but saying that this is coming from America's influence everywhere.

The boastful talk after the movie made me mad. I wonder what kind of face they would make if I told them that American culture is influenced by Italy because they use forks and knives. This may be related to the rise of a conservatism movement. How ridiculous. I guess the reason why I stay in the US is because I can get angry like this time.

April 8, 1973 Picasso is dead. Apparently due to a lung disease. 91 years old. Seems like there was Thomas Benton's birthday celebration on that same day, or something like that.

From the words of Motherwell: "The King has died. And a king shall not appear again." What a meaningful memorial. (It would be nice this could be a historical reminder for the entire humanity). The King has died, with his clothes only remaining. The clothes that nobody can ever see. At the very beginning of his existence, Picasso was naked. What a pity.

According to Benton, The Picasso movement was decadent. To me, Picasso is a mundane magician. He is the most popular man in history, from this contemporary era. At the look of Guernica at MOMA, I was horrified how sweetly shapes were put together.

Along with War and Peace , even a savage Nazi, taking pleasure into slaughtering his enemies, would be nauseous at the view of the sweetness of his evil soul. **How tremendously tolerant a painter must be when given the status of King ! Fortunately, what comes on the top of my head is rich people . Just throw Picasso to the pigs. Conspiracy.**

April 9, 1973. Sunny. We are heading to the city with Donny. We went to a car show at the Coliseum (there were a Rolls-Royce pair named half a million dollars, consisting in a “he” model and a “she” model. (What a ridiculous design, what a creepy decadence), Bought groceries at a supermarket called Asia Food Store (on Broadway 98 St.), and had dinner at an izakaya (bar/restaurant).

There was a jeweler called Mr. Wada, I met at Mr. Rich 's apartment. I talk visa matter with Kazuko. The night is cold and windy. Headed home after 10pm. Bought two books in a bookstore at Pennsylvania station: “**V**” and **About Knowing Intelligence** . V is difficult to go through as it contains many neologisms.

April 10, 1973. I call Chodos (Kazuko 's lawyer). around 3pm. I feel he lured me into getting what he wants. Taking the advantage of language inconvenience . What a brat rat.

I draw a painting. From 1pm to 5pm, and from 9pm to 11pm. A 6-hour total. I draft the background. I received **a notification from Artists USA.**

April 11, 1973. Sunny, windy and cold. I woke up at 11AM. **I make time for painting, from 1pm to 5 pm, from 9pm to 11pm, total 6 hours. I finished drawing the draft of the chair of the picture within the paint. It took time to get back on track. I spent 4 hours to solely draft one chair. The remaining two chairs were a 1-hour job each. Cannot complain if it gets faster ! (laugh). As if one was doing carpentry! (laugh).** My health condition is excellent, except for my tight shoulders. Eyes are doing great too. The night is quiet. It's 1:20. I feel time flies so quickly.

April 12, 1973 **Painting from 2pm to 6pm. From 8 pm to 11pm. Total 7 hours. I struggle devoting my full concentration. I have no idea why. I am afraid spending such a long-time in a closed room. I feel like falling in a bottomless mud puddle. I am afraid to transform as a salamander if I remain in such a never-ending fall to the bottom.**

April 13, 1973. Painting, from 2pm to 6pm. From 9pm to 11pm total 6 hours.

I got a phone call from Kazuko and I call Mr. Brown about visas. According to him, I must transfer money from a Japanese Bank to a Chinese one. Mr. Chodos is absent again. Fucking rat.

I got a phone call from Bill, Lisa 's boyfriend. We decide to meet at Izakaya (bar/restaurant) on next Saturday. According to his own description, he is 174cm (he said he was small), blond, with a beard. He said he would wear a brown suit and have it wrapped.

He asked how I looked like, so I told him that I look like a Saturnian, with a big head. He seems to be an interesting person by the way he talks. I talk and laugh with him as if I were crazy in my head.

Maybe because his voice reminds me of Craig's. I am thinking that there might be someone understanding what I am talking about, somewhere in a mountain far, far away. Weird feeling. I must write to Mr. Brown. I feel guilty of how I treated him the last time we spoke.

April 14 1973 Sunny. I wake up at 1pm. I slept like fool because I took sleeping pills (NAITORU), since I had many nightmares and could not rest well the day before.

Cleaning up (her room). 5pm. I am listening to soprano on the radio.

I already watched with Ray when I was in Charence, or somewhere, a long time ago. I just remember the weird the designer of the airplane model in the movie, this horrible image cannot get away from my head.

I recall the days where I was hoping, from the bottom of my heart, to be obsessed and insanely persistent with something during my whole life just like him. What a tranquility, what an enthusiasm, how lonely.

This world is in vain. How sad these insane days are spent in front of a TV. What about flying to the edge of the world? Towards the possibility that it may exist. Towards a rare and void world.

April 15, 1973. Stayed in bed up to 3pm. It is absurd to get up, go out into the world and face other humans.

All I feel staying in this house is unbearable pain. Even my voice sounds hollow, and I need to pull out a big effort to produce a sound out of my throat.

In what kind of hell am I falling into? I seriously consider about whether to take the plunge and fly right away to Colorado.

Do Humans really have to spend their lives by only making noises and raising their voices all day long? Unnaturally trying to make themselves pleasant to everybody, exaggerating their greetings, sounding like incessant strident wood cutting?

It seems that only hard-of-hearing and careless grandmas are reliable. At least such grandma does not have any reason to make herself pleasant to others. She does not need to take a risk of appearing unnatural. Nasty place.

I watch the movie *The Seventh Seal* of Bergman at night. A somewhat decadent commentary of the nature of death. I grab some sleeping pills.

April 16, 1973. A reply letter came from Mr. Nakayama. Reply is such a strange choice of words. The fact is, I did not receive any reply but simply a poetic recollection of someone. It is almost impossible to understand. Trying to interpret it is chaotic. It is without saying that one of the proofs of how extraordinary he is, is that he keeps his animal perseverance intact at the dawn of his life

April 17, 1973. I call Chodos, as per Kazuko 's request. Mr Chodos is absent due to the Passover holiday. I am unsure if things will go well.

April 18, 1973. I feel refreshed after having thrown a tantrum at Mr. Chodo 's secretary. I had the urge to scream at someone.

Kazuko is rushing to get married with Ashizawa. I don 't know why. She is such a spoiled princess and a hazy sentimental girl.

I paint for about 5 hours.

Flowers are blooming in the garden. Narcissus. Hyacinths.

I am thinking that the persons I respect the most now must be Dick Cavett. I keep sitting in front of TV like a crazy person until 5:00 am. There was a

movie called San Francisco . I am thinking to go to Opera. However, it seems that nothing worth in this world can manage to make me depart from this place and go out.

April 19, 1973. I laze in my bed until 3pm. I have a headache, I lack sleep, I could not sleep well last night. I fell down the stairs. I got a big bump on my arm. My hips and right arm got hurt.

I sit in the basement and stare at a picture. Emotionless.

I draw around the ceiling little by little for about 30 minutes. It annoys me that Donny is constantly dozing. I might have mutated into a TV addict since I came living here.

I have been waiting for a letter from Craig these days. Gosh, what a way to spend days. Days and nights are identical, no difference from the current moment and the next one, simply time passing by.

My right arm is numb. It is fine though if it is not paralysis. If anything happens to it; I am ready to commit suicide. Think calmly, it is horrifying. It can't be helped. If I could not be able to draw anymore one day, I would just spend rest of my life watching TV. Slightly sick.
Sunny. Warm

April 21, 1973. I met Bill, Lisa 's boyfriend, in front of a tavern (izakaya). We had lunch at Grand Cafe and killed the afternoon seeing modern art.

Around 5pm we entered to an izakaya (bar/restaurant) and had dinner. He is a weird, nervous little man.

He received an excellent education, and that is the biggest strength he holds. He plans to become a psychosis expert. He treated me as one of his patients. He said he broke up for good with Lisa.

He invited me to go to his place next weekend. I accepted because I had no good reason to decline the offer. I am planning to go there with Kazuko. He also invited me to a party on the 18th of May. I wonder if I should invite Malena.

Sunny, warm

In the modern art, Picasso captured my attention.

April 23, 1973. It is hot like a summer day. Temperatures are above 70 degrees Fahrenheit. I bring my cat to the veterinary. It was as humid and hot in the car as it would be in the middle of a summer day.

Mrs. Riker went to Arizona on a holiday .

April 24, 1973. Sunny then cloudy. I go out on the roof from the window and see Donny blowing bubbles. The blue of the sky is beautiful. **I finished drafting the ceiling (inside of the painting).**

A letter came from David Meth. About FCC. It was written that cherry blossom is beautiful, or something like that. I wonder what is Craig doing. I received a postcard from the Moses family in Los Angeles. They told me that Minoru was staying at there.

A white flower with accentuated patterns is blooming in the neighbor 's garden. I have heard that my neighbor is a widower taking care of 7 children. Mrs. Riker 's lawn is lush, my neighbor 's one is brownish and miserable. What a boring view. Even a large oak tree is unattractive.

Countless birds are living in tall pine trees. Once June comes, when the chicks are growing up, they fly away towards North. Are they planning to take the direction of Colorado mountains?

April 25, 1973. I am not myself. For seven hours straight, I try hard to produce something on the canvas, but the result is disastrous. The light of the beam is too low so the mark of a strong brush shines, and the mark of a weak brush cannot produce any effect.

I am not feeling good. It feels like all the nerves of my body are screaming. Like an army of insects ramping all around my flesh. It feels strange.

I contact both Artist/USA and the immigration center. The former is for publishing the book in 1974, and the latter to change my name on my ID card.

It is rainy. 2:00am My cat has returned home after receiving a surgery. He is meowing because he does not like to stool in the different toilet as usual. His testicles were removed, neutered. It is a pity. But surprisingly, he looks fine. He seems to be happy to be back home.

I received an invitation from Lynn Kotler Gallery to exhibit at the three people exhibition . I am planning to accept. There is a small memo, and it is written in red about my painting of N.Y.A.S in 1970. Price:185 dollars.

April 26, 1973. A letter came from Lisa Garber. She lives in Kibbutz, Israel. I go to my desk to write her back, then got suddenly caught by melancholy.

My lexical abilities vanish suddenly, raped from their beingness, like a sneaky cold poisonous gas stunning my entire soul in an indescribable void. Substance is nowhere to be found. Everything is being reflected on the wall like a crying shadow, in a waving movement.

Something like a chant plays on the radio. It might be an opera. It is painful beyond any words to touch another soul that exists in the outer world.

I wish I too could be a shadow, reflecting only on canvas. My black cat is similar to a shadow. Shadow makes a shape, becoming an elegant shadow, moving like life is, a black cat is born.

April 27, 1973. Rain, gloomy weather. Rain turns the air into a wet dark green and moistens the house endlessly. There was even thunder during the night. It is cold.

Around 2pm, I received a phone call from Bill. We settled that we shall meet on next Saturday. I linger in my bed until 10:00pm

My cat lost his appetite and was bleeding, so I brought him to the veterinary. According to the doctor, it's a tomato or something. He received an injection of penicillin and will spend the night out there.

I watch TV but it is overwhelmingly boring. I take sleeping pills. Better be sleeping.

April 28, 1973. My cat came back from the veterinary. He's alright. He needs to receive medicine twice a day. I spend all day in front of the TV.

I am thinking to paint something around a TV Viewer theme.

I tried the test available in the book Intelligence checking . The result was awful, I got so disappointed about myself that I went to bed. Can intelligence abandon someone that much?

My brain may have a tumor. 20 years ago, I was scoring amongst the best results at girl's school, 2 years ago, I was scoring above the 95% of the total population and am now barely above average. The method of questioning based on a smart cell condition, so maybe my hotbed life was starting to show its consequences on my capabilities.

If their method of measuring intelligence is based upon survival chances of the fittest being the most important factor, then intimidating and cunning humans will be the ones that hold intelligence. What the heck?

April 29, 1973. 6 pm, I got a phone call from Craig. From Colorado. Due to the hectic background noise (they were starting cooking dinner in my

kitchen. BBQ steak) **I could not keep calm. We talked about weather (Colorado is still sunny in general, but today was cloudy), about Mr. Nakayama, about painting,** about the fact that I may visit Colorado someday, about the letter, (I'm waiting for a letter, reply, what kind of letter ?

Answer: any type of letter will do, reply, that is why I am talking over the phone now '€|), the things that I thought I could get, but in the end not.

Ultimately, the phone is just sound , it is infinitely empty and cannot be a physical evidence of any kind. The very existence of Craig becomes virtual, completely transparent.

I paint around 3 hours in the basement. I am not in the mood to continue, so I just stop. 6:00 am. Birds are singing. The cat is sitting near the window and is chatting with them. Sunny. I watch Wild Strawberries of Bergman.

April 30, 1973. I received an invitation for a solo art exhibition of Joe Hin Low (he is Chinese). His artwork is typical. I think I will go there with Kazuko on Thursday. If I can manage to get up in the morning.

I painted 7 hours or so. I feel great. I might be in a better condition when lacking sleep. The basement remains cold.

MAY 1973 *Translated by Shinjo Hikari*

May 3, 1973 I received a letter from Fumi. She is telling me that she wants to break up with Rick and come to the U.S. I replied that she should come here promptly; and post the letter. **Sending some slides to Artists/USA.**

May 4, 1974 My cat 's condition worsened, again, and I brought him to the veterinary. Rainy. He will be staying at there, as he needs to receive a surgery.

May 5, 1973 I paid a visit to Bill in Princeton, New Jersey. Sunny. Princeton Junction Station looks like a house (plaza) from the old times, planted in the middle of a peaceful, wide, and green area. There is a pond surrounded by trees near the station.

I was reading the newspaper close to the pond until Bill arrived. In response to Watergate, there is some kind of festival at Princeton University, using a few spaces of the school since it was closed .

Outdoor events were held, two rock bands, drawings, pictures, crafting, and so on. Young people appearance, nonchalantly laying in the grass, seems to be unchanged, as if the notion of time vaporized and burnt into the air for the past few years. Long hair, jeans, Mexican cape guitar, barefoot, candid poses, posture inspiring the unwillingness to resign.

Bill's room, shared with 2 others, was located on the outskirts of town, standing in the midst of dogwoods ' white flowers landscape. There is a piano. The fireplace is lit, there was cheese and wine. Dinner was at a bar/restaurant with a dance hall, called Iron Horse. Teriyaki Chicken. Bloody Mary. I ride the train of 11:50pm and arrive home past 2:00am.

May 6, 1973 I spend most of my day in bed. I doze off the entire day.

Woke up at 6pm. I paint until 8 o'clock in the morning.

May 17, 1973. This week, I woke up early and spent my whole days painting. I do not feel well today (dizzy), and sleep until 11:00am.

I sit in front of my painting in the basement, staring at it for more than 3 hours. Doing nothing ? Did I not smoke a lot ?

I was thinking about the letter from Lisa (that arrived yesterday). In short, it deals with how a woman is supposed to carry the weight of the unusual condition of being a woman.

If men were as obsessed with the nature of their existence as women are with theirs, civilization would be half advanced from where we are right now. Or at least I am convinced that industrial revolution would have happened way later in time.

If the sexual orientation towards women was such a crucial element in the core of existence, most of our objects would be unnecessary, and would be easily abandoned deep in the forest.

Being a woman and being a painter is not incompatible, but one side needs to shut its conscious to let the other operates. In other words, a woman who paints and a painter. In the latter case, it is vital to abolish any sexual targeting from men.

May 19, 1973 We visit Bill and Jack in New Jersey with Kazuko and Ashizawa. I prepared a Sukiyaki. Kazuko was dead drunk and became the highlight of Bill 's show. We danced a little at the disco. Slept over and went back home the next day. Beautiful weather. Dogwoods flowers are not gone yet.

May 26, 1973 I received a phone call from Malena in the afternoon and went to her apartment (Queens, London Apartment) around 9pm. Malena shortened her hair (it is trendy) and wears rabbit fur short coat, a perfect city girl. I start to have regrets for asking her for a modeling job. I stay at her place until Monday. The gloomy weather persists during the weekend, I laze in the room. Time flies at a terrifying speed!

JUNE 1973 *Translated by Shinjo Hikari*

June 16, 1973

I have been drinking and smoking marijuana these past 2 to 3 days. Many kinds of thoughts in my head come and go and I keep sleeping like a fool. Bill (Donny 's friend) has been staying here since Thursday but will leave tomorrow morning.

I just had the best dinner, boiled soft-shell crab. Heading to a reservoir for a midnight bath, swimming there is one of the biggest adventures I have ever experienced. It's hot. Sometimes temperatures are above 95 Fahrenheit degrees.

I ride a swing. Bill is trying to catch a rabbit. '

June 17, 1973 I got a phone call from Rick's father about Fumi. I finished a letter for Lisa. Writing a short letter for Moses.

Roses are blooming profusely . Temperatures are relatively cool.

I am overwhelmed by guilt, for not doing anything for so long. I tried writing to Craig, but I stopped it as I felt like the core of it was just empty. Instead, I decided to write a bunch of jokes to David.

I might ask John Berry about Fumi. I am thinking to stay awake all day tomorrow, in order to re-adjust to normal day and nighttime. If not, I will be too uncalibrated from Riker's family time, and that worries me.

June 30 1973 These days, Bill, a friend of Donny, is staying in. It's night, Malena came.

JULY 1973 *Translated by Shinjo Hikari*

July 1, 1973 I spend some time at the beach with Bill, his friend, Donny and Malena. We're sharing a Cabana borrowed by Bill's parents. Clear day. Because it is a private beach, it was not crowded. I sit in a chair the entire day, in front of the Cabana, under the sun. Bill 's sister came with a baby and 2 friends.

I entered the water a couple of times but did not swim. Men's eyes are staring at Malena 's gorgeous body. At night, we went to an Italian restaurant. We had pasta. We kept talking until late with Bill, Donny and Malena. The kimono of Malena was suiting her a lot.

July 2, 1973. I went out to buy a bikini in the morning.

I did not go to the beach, I stayed at the garden and spent time talking with Malena. A little bit bored.

July 3, 1973 Bill and Malena left.

July 6, 1973 I spend time with Donny at the beach. Clear day. The beach was crowded. I did not enter the water even once and kept reading the weekly news. I tanned well.

July 7, 1973 ' I received a message from Noriko Fujita. Attached, was a copy of the weekly magazine's article about Mr. Nakayama. '

July 11, 1973. Bill came. I got a phone call from Malena; she invited me to go to New Jersey. I told her that she should come to my place instead, because I have a meeting with Kazuko and Ashizawa on this weekend. We talked about John and Al for about 20 minutes. Donny hesitates to receive Malena at home because Bill and Malena are not getting along. I am making a call around 11pm, tell her (or him) to ride the LIRR, directly from her (or his) workplace.

After eating, once Donny and Bill left, **I draw a little. I feel emotionally slumped.**

July 12, 1973 I played badminton with Donny and Bill. Clear day. It 's a little windy and it makes the shuttlecock not fly the way I want to. **After Bill's barber session, I draw in the basement.**

At night, I write a letter to Craig. Mainly about Mr. Nakayama. It seems like Bill 's friend is visiting Donny. I received a postcard mentioning Craig 's moving. '

July 13, 1973 A little after 6pm, cops came. Around 7:00 pm, Malena arrived. I called Kazuko and told her that she will have to stop coming here. I do not know why, but she answered, I understand that , that 's weird.

According to the weather forecast, the weekend will be rainy. My mood cannot be sunny. I woke up in the afternoon. Bill already left for somewhere. I told Donny to stop Bill from coming, because I will receive Malena, Kazuko, and Ashizawa at home. '

July 14, 1973 I received a letter from Craig. A short one, it looks like he has nothing specific to tell me. He is planning to stop working at construction site and try to enroll at the Mobilization for Youth Corps. He told me that he is enjoying camp, tennis, bridge and so on.

Sunny. I kill the afternoon talking with Malena on the grass. Donny came back home. Donny's stuff [a marijuana charge?] is being written about in the local Nassau's newspaper. I receive a phone call from Bill, one hour before Donny comes back. I told Bill about the situation and ask him where he is standing at in this story. He told me that he will go to the police, when the right moment comes, and will take the entire responsibility. It's great if he does. I sent a letter to Craig. ' '

July 15, 1973 I woke up at 10 AM. It seems like Malena and Donny are still sleeping, home is dead silent.

I draw for about 3 hours in the basement. Around 2 pm, Malena came down here. I kept talking with her until maybe 6 pm at the basement. I am listening to a 25-year-old girl inside, getting all of her worries out of her sickly anxious mind, operating as a counselor. Sometimes rainy, it is cold and cloudy. I focus on recollecting Donny and Bill 's phone conversations.

I talk with Malena until late night. She appears to have become addicted to Hermann Hesse's Steppenwolf. I recommend her Simone de Beauvoir's La Force de l'Age and Memoires d'une jeune fille range . I promise Malena that I will call her tomorrow.

July 16, 1973 ' I woke up at 1pm. My whole body is in pain, as I slept on the hard floor. I just lie down on a chair literally motionlessly, and stare at a green tree picture, listen to piano and concertos of Tchaikovsky for about 2 hours.

It sounds like Donny's lawyer did not contact him yet. Malena left in the early morning. Sunny.

July 17, 1973 I sent a letter (about resident registration document) to the Immigration Bureau. It has been around 3 months since I handed in a paper to them, it was for changing my name. Donny went to his lawyer 's cabinet. I slept deeply until almost noon. I must have been very tired. Clear day.

July 18, 1973 I received a phone call from Kazuko. She got a notification to come to the Immigration Bureau about her VISA on August the 14th. I advise her to meet with Mr. Chodos.

Sunny. It seems the Watergate case is changing its direction concerning Butterfield. Nixon refused to communicate his recordings to the Senator of the Special Commission, because it is classified as confidential. According to a remotely controlled type of stress detector, John Dean's credibility was distorted. Mrs. Mitchell seems to lie a lot. (according to News Week.)

I draw from 11:00pm to 4:00am. I made picture in the painting by Polaroid photograph. Might be better if there was nothing in background.

July 19, 1973 I got a phone call from Malena in the afternoon. She told me to try to contact John Berry. She told me that the English translation of La Force de l'Age was not yet available.

I woke up at 2 pm. I could not sleep well last night.

I draw from 3 pm to 6 pm.

Sunny. Hot. The irrigating machine waters the grass.

I call John Berry 's home (St. Louis) at 9pm. He was absent.

+++++

July 20, 1973. Friday Translated by Samizu 7/20/73 -10/15/73

1:00 pm. Gotten up by the call from John Berry. He's enjoying seeing old friends Still employed by Mr IMAI, the president of English Conversation Circle, World Enterprises, Inc. Designing cards. Planning to open One-Man-Show at Ginza, the most "posh" area in Tokyo.

Hasn't gone to see Mr Gunn yet.

Planning to go to Japan on the 3rd of September. Doesn't want Malene to know about it. Quiet low voice. Told him that Malene was reading "Steppenwolf".

Kazuko called around 4:00pm. Planned to meet at Penn Station Tuesday next week at 1pm. Going to see Mr. Chandos. **Painted total 7 hours.** Cloudy. Thunder at night. 5:00am still raining.

Called Malene at office at 2:00pm. Seems like she is using name sounds like "Sheferd Absent".

July 21, 1973 Saturday

Rain. Got up 3:00pm. Malene called. Talked about John, books, living in the country, etc. **Painted until 6:00 am.**

It's a sinful act to kill a shark to harvest 6 rare shellfishes. The animal named "man".

Pleasant feeling caused by sound itself. And colour itself also. An independent value of the elements where it is isolated from its matrix, such as one note from Beethoven or one stroke of colour in Michelangelo, or the effect of abstract composition itself.

Rather foolish example of displacement. What is important is hidden implication of humanity and/or philosophy. Differentiation from literary connotation is the main task.

July 22, 1973

Spent all day watching TV. Summarization of "Watergate" was in N.Y. Times.

July 23 1973 Monday

Got up 11 a.m. Letter from Fumi: Be at JFK August 5 on 4:45 pm. Rick's parents are going to give her \$1,000. 6 packages will be arriving at the end of this month. It's a good sign that her attitude is composed.

Fine weather. Cool. Feeling not so great. Depression and agitation. Thinking of renting a house and live with Malena and Fumi. Independence! Took 4 hours to put false eyelashes on. Miserable result .

Painted 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mainly glazing.

24 July 24, 1973

Got up at 9:00 pm. Took train at 12:55 a.m. to Manhattan p.m. 2:15 p.m. arrived Pen Station. Kazuko and Ashizawa were waiting. Took taxi. We went straight to Mr. Chando's Office. Later went to the office of Immigration, to submit papers about registration.

Gave Kazuko and Ashizawa articles about Mr. Nakayama.

Had light lunch at coffee shop in the Village. Ashizawa went to work Little past 5 p.m. Had dinner with Kazuko at Izakaya, a Japanese restaurant.

Stayed there til 11pm. Met Mr Matsuzono, he was a research scientist from Toyo University

Fine weather. Running stomach.

City was filled up with humans and hearts. There gathered humans resembling rice bags at Izakaya.

Just could not feel any interest in humans.

Kazuko had sun tan and seemed a little heavier and is looking for a job.

A Japanese girl with no grace, who had been a model, was displaying stupidities. Only two straw-made goldfishes alone were swinging joyfully.

Taxi driver on the way back said he was a friend of Donny.

July 25 1973 Wednesday

A letter from Immigration Office. It will take six months for procedure to completion.

Got up 10 a.m. **Painted afternoon**

Fine weather. Menstruation. Feeling ill, but not too bad.

Night was cool and pleasant. Must write to John Berry. Too much trouble.

Wrote letter to John Berry. Enclosed a map.

Took sleeping pills yet could not sleep till 5 a.m.

July 26th 1973 Thursday.

Got up at 3 p.m. turn out into fine weather around dusk.

4 p.m. called Malena. Brought out situation to be a roommate for Kazuko but she didn't seem to be interested. Instead we talked about renting a house.

Posted a letter to John Berry

After dinner printed paint until 5 a.m.

Watched Senator Barker on Jack Paar show. An instructive man. President Nixon's refusal to submit tapes and papers seems to be causing conflict among three branches. Maybe proper interpretation or even Reformation is necessary. Naked conflict between morality and law.

Hope it won't turn out to be drinking poison for the sake of respect for the law.

Cool.

July 27th Friday. At little past 1 p.m. there was a telephone call from person calling himself Spillane (sounds like) Nasal voice with Eastern accent, speaking cautiously. While talking to him thinking perhaps he is **an artist I have met at Allied Artists of America** began to suspect his intentions and said I would call back tomorrow.

Then the man's attitude suddenly changed and said he wanted to talk about sex. After all it was a kind of obscene call. Yet the sound of his voice is so familiar that I could not help to imagine this and that. Maybe Bill trying to pull nasty joke, or person connected to Mr. Nakayama. Or Craig.

Consider? Spiro turned into Spillane and joke was played. Seems like he had planned to meet me on August 12. What for?

Bad Feeling. A detective? Interesting.

Painted for two hours. Fine weather. Couldn't sleep last night. Perhaps an obscene call expert who knows a woman will open up by the expression like "You are beautiful."

July 28 1973 Saturday.

A letter from Teruko have arrived. Kofu precinct is managing without Mr. Nakayama's help.

All the foreign employees except Michelle left Japan.

Allied Artists sent me bill.

Got up 2:00 pm Fine weather. **Painted.** Headache.

July 31, 1973 Tues.

Around 1:00am, Fumi Called. Rick's parents suddenly changed minds and sent a telegram to the embassy to cancel the guarantee of arrival from abroad. A sneaky act. I asked for Dony's lawyer's opinion

They refrain Fumi from coming abroad, so that they can earn "time" for the divorce. I sent an express letter to Fumi.

Drawing.

AUGUST 1973

August 1, 1973, Wed.

Made telephone call to home (in Japan) at 6:30am. Father Answered. Fumi called 7:00am. Transaction with embassy resulted in being granted if Fumi can produce certificate of divorce. Situation settled.

A letter from Lisa. Bill wrote a long letter to her. She let Craig know my address.

Painted for 10 hours.

August 2, 1973. Thur.

Craig's letter (express) arrived, asking me to be a guarantor as a supervisor at English Conversation Circle necessary to secure job at youth

center called "The Connection". Strangely masochistic letter .

Thought about strange call . For some unknown reason he wrote at the end of his letter that "the car" is going to make emergency stop and go along with turn signal. Seems like upset because of my not visiting Colorado **since I have to concentrate on coming exhibition.**

He registered at the Connection, my name as guarantor. Had traveled Green River from Utah to Colorado.

Painted until 3am.

August 3, 1973 Fri.

Malena called. Said John Berry was here in the States. Got up at 6pm.

After the dinner, talk to Malena for a while. John seems in good condition – planning to visit here tomorrow. If the weather is good, will hang around beach. Dinner was hot dog. Scarcity of beef. (about 90%) of beef merchants are closed up. It is about to cause panic. The price of food has been going up quickly. Strange phenomenon caused by "4th phase" of Nixon affair.

General Hague came on 60 Minutes (tv) haltingly protesting Nixon.

Mr Inuoye introduced his background, since he had been called "Little Jap" by the attorney of Mr. Haldeman. Sam Ervin is one of committee members.

August 4, 1973 Saturday

Painted from 1:00am to 8:00am. At 8:30am an express letter from Fumi arrived. Will come to the U.S. Around Aug 12. Perhaps drop by Los Angeles. Embassy requested references.

Fine weather. Played with cat in morning. Thinking about Craig's letter. Perhaps he might regard me as suffering from dementia or split personality.

Around 3:00pm Malena and John came. Instead of going to beach, because of late hour, we sat around on porch and engaged in conversation. John seemed to have lost some weight and did not look very

good. Malena seemed confused.

Talked a little bit about E.C.C. (English Conversation Circle) and Mr. Nakayama.

Fine weather. Did not sleep at all.

August 5, 1973, Sun.

Spent at the beach with Malena and John. Fine weather. Rather big waves. Got up 9pm.

August 6, 1973. Mon.

Fine weather Sleepy feeling all day. **Paint a little.**

Got up at 1:00 pm.

August 7, 1973 Tue.

Fine weather, Got up 1:00 pm. Depressed.

Received Alien registration card.

Package from Fumi to Dony's parents arrived.

A beautiful vase.

SEPTEMBER 1973

September 2, 1973 Sunday

Fumi arrived (from Japan). Vital and healthy.

Saying jokes and laughed a lot. Airport was crowded.

NO FURTHER ENTRIES UNTIL 9/30/73

September 30, 1973. Sunday.

Fumi moved to Manhattan. Got job at [TERe] (name of Japanese company).

Fine weather.

After the moving, we, Fumi, Malena and Dony, went to Village. Looked around dress shops. Hanging around Washington Square. Two not-so-good groups playing guitar. There was a half naked man dancing a strange dance.

Impressive was a black clad pantomime, seemingly describing a lonely man in a box. Had dinner at Korean restaurant.

OCTOBER 1973

October 2, 1973 Tuesday

Fumi got job at Mitsubishi.

October 3, 1973. Wednesday

Finished painting “Celebrator”

Don't have any particular feeling other than what one may feel after hard labour. No pulse. Perhaps the vitality itself runs out of me in defeat.

Feeling entrapped. The trap called “everyday consciousness” coldly surrounds me, without smell, without substance, transparent and immobilized. In it, I sit still, like a little squirrel.

October 5, 1973. Friday

Mr. Kikawa called. He's in the U.S. He's administrator of English Conversation Circle.

October 6, 1973. Saturday

Wrote letters to Craig and David. New Year's for Jewish faith.

Met Mr Kikawa, Kazuko and Fumi at the front entrance of MOMA (Museum of Modern Arts). After spending some time at N.B.C. coffee shop, went to Izakaya for dinner. Ate Natto (fermented soybeans).

Kikawa became international police. Said Mr. Nakayama seemed to be in Frankfurt, Germany.

Stayed overnight at Fumi's place. **The war began among Egypt, Syria and Israel.**

October 7, Sunday

Fine weather.

Met Marjorie and her friend In front of Colosseum around 1:00pm.

All went to see Outdoor Arts show in Brooklyn.

Drew portraits of Maria's father and Fumi.

Around evening, met Malena, her brother and his girlfriend at Korean restaurant and had dinner.

After sending Fumi to her apartment, went back home. Befriended young photographer in the train. His name was Bob.

Malena gave me some info concerning Israel war.

October 11, 1973. Thur.

Brought painting (Celebrator) to the Allied Artists of America exhibition. After Dony went back home, looked around Guggenheim and Metropolitan and met Fumi in front of Mitsubishi office.

After the dinner went back home. Fine weather.

October 14, 1973

Met Malena in front of Empire State building. And went to the one man show by Israeli painter Benjamin Levy. Not very impressive. Met garrulous man named David.

October 15, 1973. Monday

Wrote letter to Craig.

18 October 1973

Next painting concept is now finalized. It will be a lobster. "Destruction" will

be the theme.

19 October 1973

Fumi, coming straight to Rockville from the company.

20 October 1973 (BEAR MT.)

Going to BEAR Mountain with Donny and Fumi. Sunny. Autumn Leaves. _
(Hikari's note: the famous Japanese "Kouyou" word used for Autumn Leaves).

21 October 1973

Going to the beach. Sunny.

22 October 1973

Spending time shopping with Fumi. She goes back to her place.

23 October 1973

Nixon agrees to provide the tape to Judge Sirica. Going out to buy a lobster.

24 October 1973

I go out with Fumi, Maria and Donny to attend the opening reception of Allied Artists. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were coming. I meet a man who spoke briefly during the Benjamin Levy exhibition. He says he is a writer.

Ten people were killed in a fog-induced traffic accident at the New Jersey Turnpike.

The National Gallery looked great due to the refurbishment around the front entrance. There were fewer religious people compared to 3 years ago, and that was better in such way.

The "Sketchy Clique" are just focusing on money, being more and more insane. The only thing they are thinking of is to make their "own pit" looking beautiful. I keep losing my interest.

Seemingly, people were attracted by my paintings. Though, this time, it is saddening to say that I could not feel much attachment to this

work I have made. I have a headache. Laughed too much and now my throat is dry. Maria was impressed with her own self.

25 October 1973

The war in Israel is being settled through the dispatching of UN forces (under the condition that the most prominent countries do not intervene). In Congress, impeachment is still sparse.

I have a headache. **Sent the application form for Salmagundi Club.**

Woke up around 3pm. Now it's 5am, quiet. It is getting a little cold. Getting up to write a letter to Mr. Brown, but don't feel like it in the end, and write a diary for 2 months instead. **I'm "handling" the lobster.**

26 October 1973

Donny's parents went to holidays.

27 October 1973

Fumi paid a visit this afternoon. We have a short walk in a park nearby. Autumn Leaves. Sunny.

28 October 1973

Cloudy. Rainy. Fumi returns to her home. Donny's parents came back home.

29 October 1973

I laid in my bed until 5pm. I feel depressed. I think I have a headache. Thinking about the letter I have to write to Mr. Brown, I feel he will be a little reluctant to it. A knowledgeable gentleman, vulgar spirit. The bottom of my neck hurts. I will write a letter to Craig. The war in Israel seems to have calmed down. Rainy. Cold.

30 October 1973

I write a letter to David and Allied Artists. Rainy. Gloomy. Woke up at 2 pm.

31 October 1973 Halloween. Sunny.

Why should "violence" be considered as an inhumane thing? "Violence" is also a core property of human beings. Violence is raw power, that does not require any introduction; an authentic uncivilized shape. Endless

possibilities for it to manifest.

Antisocial violence is the form of violence remaining after being cut out from violence as a whole, emanating from social power violence.

This is why the “Art Power” needs to include social violence as well. “Art power” is actually an innocent and panoramic view of the energy coming from violence, prior to being judged by anyone.

November 1973

2 November 1973 1973

Sunny. This afternoon, we stop by the city to pick up Fumi and Donny, we then go to the lakeside in New York Upper State. We are going to Stanbrook, a ranch-style leisure vacation place in the middle of the mountains. The Autumn leaves leftover is gorgeous. We arrive around 5pm. It took about 3 hours by car from the city.

Lakes, trees, forest, changing in shape, horsebacks and ranches in the frontview of the facility, the location is ideal. Everything one would qualify as “necessary” for a successful ranch vacation was lined up. We played ping-pong for a moment and went to dinner. It’s roasted chicken.

Donny starts to be in a bad mood because we had to be sitting with children (3 kids out of the total 4). All of us getting chicks on the table are feeling confused, taking care of our own feelings. Around 12 o’clock during the night, we go swim in the indoor pool and go to bed. It’s cold, and wind rise in the middle of the night.

3 November 1973

Sunny. A little windy.

Woke up around 10 o’clock. We are going out for a horseback riding lesson that starts from 11:30. The horse’s face is adorable. Horses are quiet, seeming to be abandoned, a little bit confused but with a good-looking eye. The first horse was a royal one, (a dull milk-colored horse), I was able to ride it with not much difficulty. A “good wife” must be that kind of woman. The horse is cute.

Roast Beef for lunch. The light of the sun shines bright. After eating, we are heading to the lake to take some pictures until our “riding session” starts again. The lake was having a light wood color, which amazed me, but because of the colors of the wharf, the boats put on shore (yellow and blue), benches are surrounding the lake, the greatness of the lake view and the scaredness of winter, replaced by a dead, poor place background.

In the afternoon, the first horse returned to the stud without permission, the second horse was a huge and fat one, showing signs of resignation and insult all over his back and simply walked slowly with an attitude of annoyance. We play volleyball, and after dinner (Pork Chops), I saw Fumi and Donny swimming, then went to the hall around 11 o'clock,

Bloody Mary and a little bit of dancing. We went to bed at 3am.

November 1973

Sunny. It is windy. I woke up at 11 am. After lunch (steak), we went for horseback riding, starting at 2 o'clock, but we were late and could not make it in time, so we kept standing in the wind for about an hour.

Last night, a man who was sitting at the same table with us during dinner was wearing a white high neck sweater, white horse-riding pants, dark brown riding boots with a red whip and even had a white hat. His face transpired stiffness and grunts as he knew he was the only one putting on such a show in this place, but he tried to complete well his own show with bravery because he already started it by himself.

His wife, a cheeky Jewish woman, with a high aristocratic pride and a distinctively shaped nose, is speaking with an arrogant twang. Both horses and women seem to embody their partner's hobbies (or passions). It makes sense why he was insisting on coming here solely for horseback riding last night. This was necessary for him to add to his prologue. Because “this place” is cheap, “vulgar” and for normal people.

My horse is an old one, cannot do anything about his life and simply walks tormented. Poor horse. After 4 o'clock, we said goodbye to everyone and left the place. We have dinner at a Korean restaurant, bring Fumi back to her place, and then back home.

5 November 1973

Cloudy. Woke up at 2pm. Purposeless feeling. I need to finish this "vacation" soon.

KNOWN END OF DIARY