

## SAMIZU TRANSCRIPTIONS : 1977 DIARY 2

### **April 1977**

*Samizu on the 18 months she spent arriving at and living in rural North Carolina as a newlywed Japanese schoolteacher/ artist from Japan in 1963.*

I became aware that I was "Japanese" for the first time in my life in the United States in North Carolina's Appalachia.

At the time of my departure from Japan for North Carolina, there were many rumors about the ruthlessness of white American southern society toward other races, which originated from a historic Superiority Complex.

My parents were concerned about the American view of Japanese in this southern state. They seemed to have vaguely had this in mind: I might be in trouble, even lynched, if I went too carelessly to the American South.

### **19760120**

So I had to be sure of the international status of the "Japanese. However, what I discovered somewhat dismally after doing so was that I had almost no materials at hand to fulfill this need. I'd brought dozens of books, in fact, so many that the good people complained. However, the books I had selected for my departure from Japan with the intent of learning about the U.S. started with a history book and ended with American cooking methods!

**For from the time I was a student graduated until that point, I'd read mostly books related to the existentialism in vogue at the time. Those books were now of no use to me at all.**

I had only a few books on Japanese garden design and a first edition of Shuzo Kuki's "The Structure of Iki," which my father had treasured, along with an old book on aesthetics by Shogo Kanehara. These were among the few books on Japan that I could find.

In retrospect, I can only assume that my mind was racing as I was about to leave for the United States. (I confess that "coming to America" itself meant a kind of "escape" in my line of life at the time. Perhaps I didn't have to spread my wings that far, whether it was to the U.S. or France, or even to Shikoku or Kyushu. At any rate, **I wanted to escape from Tokyo. It was like a suicide mission.**

A blue haze, which could not be called smoke or anything else, covered the mountains. It was cold and still.

It was just the beginning of April. I was sitting up, gazing out the window Through this translucent blue, the cliffs that coal was perilously resting upon stood out in front of us like the mouths of giants, breathing silently. The place corresponding to their lower lips is drawn a faint line, reflecting the indistinct sky of the light source before sunrise.

-We're going up that way, aren't we? I said to Ray at my side.

-Oh.

The sound, which could be described as a whisper or a whimper, was in the tucked-in collar of his fisherman's sweater, pulled up to the base of his nose.

Ray's face, only the upper half of which was exposed, had a high, protruding nose, intensified by huge eyes that seemed to stare at something that haunted him, beneath thick, blond, bushy eyebrows.

-Hannibal's crossing the Alps. His was a dull voice, still seeping with the languor of sleep. Only another hour or two.

-Hannibal? I was just thinking of a hawk scavenging for food.

-Another hour or two? I thought it was gonna be another half day. Then we could've paddled last night... You just wasted at least 15 bucks.

-Oh, oh, oh, oh. Ray said slowly, and raised one hand in a gesture signifying the situation.

-and for good reason. he said.

-I don't suppose, Mr. Hannibal, that you were too cowed to cross the Alps in the middle of the night?

I was still in the mood to say something. I had barely scraped together a thousand dollars or so, and I was planning to live for at least a year in the foothills of a strange North Carolina state, while Ray went off to a US radar base in Turkey.

Fifteen dollars was one and a half percent of my total budget, or the percentage I was planning to put toward medicine.

If I contract some plague, or fall off a cliff and break my legs, the whole project would suffer a complete setback....

But I was silent. *Looking across the mountain landscape it seems to be an evacuated area, I thought It was much worse than I had imagined.*

*Like ruins from war, I thought, reminded of the wretched ruins of human houses that I had seen yesterday, as our car ran along the state highway down to the valley.*

*It was a bizarre wreckage, as if it had been drawn up by a corpse that had been thoughtlessly released.*

*A dark brown, grotesque mass clinging sloppily to the valley surface. Mixed lighter areas that have been completely dropped from the original purposes for human nests: tins, pillows, slabs, glass were gathered there, in the appearance of having simultaneously run out of all options,*

*As if they had been meaninglessly disfigured year after year because they ruthlessly refused to assimilate. But even that disfiguring phenomenon already has an unfathomable cold fatigue.*

-Are those things.... inhabited? I asked Ray, who was driving with one hand on the wheel,

-Maybe. He said. -Rural poor. Some buildings never die nicely

- I don't think its just that! I said. It must be the building materials. Look at Rome, also full of ruins. That's because they used natural materials like stone. It's so elegant..."

*But my thoughts on elegant stonework were overshadowed by the realization that in an hour or two we would be at the place where I would live for the next 18 months!*

The number of poor people in the countryside seemed to be increasing as we approached our destination. A chill ran down my spine . A serious illness in a place like this could be fatal. *As soon as life flinches, the object must fade into obscurity, just like the mansion.*

*In the end, it will become a horrible, meaningless, ugly scab of an object, an unimaginable deadly ugliness. I was so horrified that I shuddered aloud.*

-It's cold! I quickly said. In fact, even though it was April, it was cold before the dawn.

-Let's get in the car. It'll warm up in no time, Ray said. He looked as if he didn't care about my concerns at all!

-When the curtain finally rises, it's a little scary. I'm in a car that's making its way through the mountains I said, half to myself, just to see how Ray would react. I guess it's some kind of stage fright.

Ray glanced sideways at me. There was something that seemed to be a smile at the corner of his eye, but there was no indication that he was going to react in a way that would give me a clue.

-What's the total population? I asked

-Fourteen and a half in total, I think.

-Fourteen or five? No way...

-I'm talking about The Mountain. He smiled. My dad's house, my uncle's house, my aunt's house, and...

I interrupted -Wait. I've already heard that. I've heard about the mountain where your relatives live. I'm talking about that town [Valdese] that's at the foot of your Mountain". I said. -. How big is it? I'm guessing movie theater, library and hospital.... civilization.

-But you plan to escape from those things, Ray said. -don't you?

-That's right. But...I looked at the precipice that almost overhung the roof of our car.

*There is nothing more visceral than a silent scream. The screaming itself feels distant and isolated while ripping my insides apart. There is no one who embraces our existence.*

-Don't worry. Ray said. - The people of the mountain are alive and well. Unless the Japanese need some kind of special device to keep them alive....?

**At the time of my departure from Japan, however there were many rumors about the ruthlessness of white society toward other races, originating from a Superiority Complex.**

**My parents were most concerned about this. In fact, they seemed to have worried, even if they would not say so, that I might be in trouble, even lynched, if I went carelessly to the "South".**

-There was such a thing, but I've long since outgrown it. I don't have the luxury of walking around with a crumbling cliff hanging over my head. Or maybe it's a sinking ship tossing its cargo onto the shore.

-It's not that difficult. He said.

-I'm having a pretty hard time keeping up with my own standards. I admitted

Ray was silent for a while, though he seemed to be concentrating his nerves on the steep curve of the mountain road, which now went downhill.

-Do you really have to paint? he finally said.

-That's a rhetorical question. I whispered. But it's certainly true. I mused. I don't know how many times I've asked this question myself....

- It's like Hamlet sloppily asking others if he can live or not, I said. -You think its a clean and simple choice? to draw or not to draw?, To be or not to be? There is too much room for choice in this world.

-So, Ray said, you've adopted the Affordable Discharge Method? After you've thrown away as much as you can, the remaining...It doesn't matter what you have done.

-That's right. I answered. I don't think I'm doing it with the clarity and awareness that it deserves.

**1977\_07**

- For the most part, you're acting out of necessity, Ray said. Hmm. I'm trying to keep this journey of yours in mind...

-What do you mean?

-That is to say, he answered,, you wanted to come here because you wanted to ask the question of whether or not to paint, by putting yourself in the greatest possible predicament, within the limits of what is feasible in a civilized society and, objectively speaking, within some respectable limits.

-I hope you're right. I said. -But I hadn't thought of it in my own mind until you mentioned it. To be frank, as I listened to your North Carolina story, I was just strangely given over to curiosity. Thank you for that. It put me in the right frame of mind to get out.

It's like being bored out of your mind in a dark room and hearing something crawling outside the door. Even if you think it might be a small mouse, you feel like getting up and opening the door.

Once you open the door, I said, no matter what the sound itself is, there is a whole new world waiting for you. Even if that world is just "outside the room", change is change.

-Were you in that state of mind when you left Japan? he asked.

-Sort of, I said. That's about it

.  
When I was on the verge of escaping from Japan, one of the people who gave me the opportunity in the first place said to me with a straight face, "You have to go there. In other words, it's important to go there. It's not about "getting out of here", it's about "getting TO there". He was an American, just like you. His name was Dave. (David Meth)

## **1977\_08**

Ray was a North Carolina native. An earnest good man, and every time I saw his face I was reminded of Nietzsche's words, "To be good is a vice." Not because of that, but because we had a tendency to dismiss his advice as a bunch of hogwash. At best, I listened to them as if I were memorizing an English proverb.

-We're not getting out of here, we're going there... or are we? Ray repeated Dave's words in an oddly quiet tone.

It's been a few weeks since I wrote to Dave, who is still living in Japan, that I was going to try an experimental life in North Carolina for about a year or so. His reply will probably go to Ray's parents in the mountains.

The reason for my leaving Japan originally came from my acquaintance with Dave. At that time - almost two years ago - there was a foreigner who used to come to a coffee shop in front of Kichijoji station called "Concerto", where we art students used to hang out, every two or three days. Concerto" is, of course, a musical term, and including the fact that the coffee is inexpensive and that you can listen to classical music of your choice through self-service, it is a place where people can enjoy themselves.

### **1977\_09**

It was a very poor place with absolutely nothing that was worthy of being a student, so many of my fellow students struggling with their wallets went there.. So it was quite unexpected that a foreigner who had a reputation for being good with money would come there.

We used to sneak glances at Dave, who had a dark complexion, long hair, and dark eyeballs.

-Younger, probably from some poor country.

-Maybe he's Indian.

-No, probably Arabian, maybe Israeli. They say Shem Hamm is dark-skinned.

-But it's not like the Arabs don't have enough money to like classical music.

-Sometimes it's called squid-eating.

-There aren't many squid eaters among the rich of the backward countries. They're too busy looking good.

It took almost a month for Dave's mysterious mute presence to gradually assimilate with the other entities within the walls of the coffee shop and become an invisible object. One day we were sitting there almost oblivious to his presence.

-Do you want me to help you?

A nasal voice behind us said, "I'm sorry.

-What? What? My friend, who was sitting next to me, turned to look at him, and the foreigner was momentarily puzzled.

-Could I help you, please? I said in English, cutting off each word.

## **1977\_10**

-Yes, yes. He replied with an enthusiastic shake of his head.

In truth, I was glad that the foreigner had finally come to talk to us. Even though he had become invisible, he had not disappeared from our consciousness. If Dave hadn't just been sitting there, we would have been able to observe his every move.

Would You Please Tell Me How Can I Play My Music? He cut off his words too.

-Your music?

-Yes, my music.

-Are You a Composer? An artist? It seems like every buddy is playing his own music

-Oh, no, no, no! He exclaimed He pointed to a shelf full of records.

My friend was completely troubled.

-Come on, Sami. They knew I knew English .

It was Ives' Central Park Symphony that Dave suddenly wanted to hear that day after weeks of silence.

-I said, "I've been mad about Rachmaninoff and Beethoven all year....I'm sorry, but there is nothing by Ives"

## **1977\_11**

My friend said -Maybe he's homesick.

-Are you from the United States? I asked

-Yes, Brooklyn, New York City.

He told us that it had been almost a year since he came all the way to Japan to study Ukiyo-e. [traditional Japanese art style].

He said that he had been living alone in a cheap apartment in Kichijoji, receiving

lessons from an assistant professor of English at an art college in Ueno.

-The oriental boom in the US is huge right now. He said.

-I'm just at the beginning, but I'm sure that soon there will be a huge influx of people coming to study Oriental art. Japanese film technology is amazing too..

I was terribly impressed. From then on, Dave fit in completely as one of us.

He attended my graduation ceremony.

-What are you going to do now? He asked He sat cross-legged on the tatami mat in my room.

-I'll become a teacher. I said. There's no way I can make a living selling paintings. Maybe I'll stop painting. At least for the time being...

-What a waste, he complained . It's a waste of your talent.

-Talent? I said. - Talent? We don't live in a world where such things are useful. It's all about publicity.

-Okada's Huguenism, for example?

-for example, a certain chindonism...

A certain person was a popular child of the Tokyo art world at the time.

## **1977\_12**

As for the man, when he exploded with the extremely expensive curiosities, he might have been thinking of fulfilling the face of a trendy boy thoroughly, and he might have been thinking of the melody of a popular song that was walking around at that time, and which was especially liked by the ding dong parlor.

It was said that the studio was filled with high fidelity music. Chindonism was the name that we, fellow art students, were inspired by.

-But don't you think a good technique is a unique gift in itself? Dave, who had long been a generous admirer of my skills as a sketch artist, asked me. A pianist, for example. If you don't have the technical qualities, no matter how creative you are, you won't be able to make a sound.

-Technical talent is something that can be acquired by anyone with a little

practice. I said.

**-I wonder...** He was pondering for a moment,

-For example, in my case. I wanted to be a pianist. Even now I wish I could be one. When I was a kid, I went with my sister to learn. We went to a fat Jewish lady.

But she grew, and I stopped at a certain point. It's not that I've completely stopped progressing, but my progress is slowing down. In addition, I just can't seem to catch the right moment.

If perfect piano playing was something that could be achieved through technical mastery alone, then one would think that I could be Horowitz if I just gave it time, right? However, I stopped being a bad Rubinstein.

### **1977 13**

. I think it is a combination of an inner urge of motivation and an innate aptitude. I think there is an unexpected complexity at work behind the existence of what is commonly referred to as a mere technician.

-Perhaps I'm just a bad Horowitz. It doesn't even add up to three sentences.

-That's unfair. Excessive self-deprecation is just as dangerous as excessive self-gratification, that's what I'm saying. Don't forget that from my point of view, I'm at least one of your art students.

-You certainly have a gift. To be honest, I'm even grateful for it.

I've yet to meet anyone in real life who can draw as well as you. Not even in Ueno.

-My professor says that my skill is technical decadence.

-That's because your insides don't have any direction. It's because you're jokingly drawing and painting nudes to earn credits. It's no wonder you're decadent.

-It lacks something special, too. There is no reason why we should be special at all, if you ask me.

If the ideal of human welfare is to make world peace a reality, it is better to eliminate as much as possible the urge for specialness that lurks in our lives. The future man must be a person who has no such sense.

Otherwise, there might not be any humans in the future. Or, in the style of Herbert Read, we can use the act of art as a means of wiping out the demonic impulses of human beings.

### **1977 14**

There is also the trick of turning it into a sewer. Then all that specialness will be worth as much as manure.

Maybe I'm suffering from artistic constipation at the moment. Dave shook his head with a look of helplessness on his face.

Insert

(delete from here)

One day early in the morning, about two weeks later, he came running into my room, his white breath huffing and puffing in the March air.

-Why in the world don't the Japanese have the habit of turning on their phones?

-It has the geographical advantage that if you shout loud enough, you can reach both sides of the street.

-Anyway, listen up. I've been in touch with some guys in New York the last few days.. I know a widow, an elderly woman with an extravagant medical condition who's having trouble spending her money. She happened to be a patron of the visual arts. I told her about you, and she asked me to visit her, with her travel expenses covered. For at least six months. It's in an upscale neighborhood on Long Island outside of New York. What do you say? Don't say no. I went ahead and said yes. I'm familiar with the Japanese sense of duty and gratitude. I've offered to walk the dog once a day as a condition.

(until here)

**1977 1515**

Insert

-What does that make you, a teacher? In your mind, you're not really into technology transfer, and schooling these days doesn't really call for it, does it? Are you going to devote yourself to lead sewer construction?

-That's right. We're going to do the manure business in the dark. Interesting. It's a thick, creative fecal matter that still retains human body heat. For the most part, aside from the children that women create, the only thing that comes out of an individual that is purely without worldly ambition is excrement. I was once obsessed with the idea that the only thing a man can create is hair. I had a young professor who had a habit of harping on the notion of pure originality. One day I cut out all the hairs I had created - even the body hair - and carefully pasted them on canvas in the order of the date I cut them out and brought them to class. Literally, the return of the beard. He: He was very unhappy because he thought I had taken his goatee. As it turns out, his idea of purity meant purity within a predetermined wack of purity. Not so different from those who thought the analyst's angelic face was an expression of purity. I guess they meant angelic, mindless greed and color. If that's the case, I'd better devote myself to making paints. Besides, I've always been paranoid about what people call creativity. I've always been paranoid about what people call creativity, especially when it's allowed to go unchecked under the title of "freedom" as it is nowadays. From Phidias, through Michelangelo to Cézanne, a kind of leap in what appears to be creative evolution has been made.

**1977 16**

It was only a leap made in the direction of the mind from the secular view, my friend. When one of us makes a leap, we start making leaps too. Eventually, the meaning of the first leap won't matter to anyone. The important thing is to take the leap anyway. Then, they start to pick up the details of how to make the leap.

This process itself becomes a creative activity. Eventually, laws will emerge from this. Authority will emerge. The mundane view becomes a stumbling block. Then again, the phenomenon of the leap of faith occurs. You are mistaken if you think that if this leap continues, you will someday arrive at a psychology or something, and anticipate the warmth of the pulse of human history. That's where the difference with art lies. In other words, as far as the act of art is concerned, there is no such thing as positive progression. There is no one but Michelangelo who can continue to progress from the point he reached. However, no matter how genius a person is, there is a limit to his or her individual existence. After a certain period of time, the individual has no choice but to disappear. Therefore, only the next generation after Michelangelo can make the leap of self from the starting point of returning to the individual. It may leap to the point that Michelangelo reached, or it may be able to do more than that. But this is not an extension of Michelangelo. And after six or seventy years of successful work, the flea dies. The whole thing returns to the individual. Somewhere else, another flea is born. And when a flea falls to the ground, all that comes out of it is a flea. I'm sorry to tell you this about Christ.

-Even if that were the case - and I don't agree with you, by the way - the mere premise that a genius can reveal truth through an artistic act is hopeful.

## **1977 17**

I think it is worth it. In order for genius fleas to emerge, you need a flea market made of geniuses. If it weren't for the infantry, there would be no Napoleon.

-What happens when that infantry army begins to realize that it is? Napoleon will be out of place. The inspiration of creativity is the perfect thing to dismantle an army. It is possible that Napoleon and Michelangelo excreted the same things in their latrines as we do.

-However, creative expression and automatic expression may not be the same thing.

-What's the difference? The first is based on the assumption that humans are independent creative beings, and the second is based on the assumption that

these same beings are the product of social activity. This is why both can be applied to similar phenomena. Of course, if the art dealer has a sales pitch in mind, then the "creative" side will prevail. No one is going to pay for a trail of urine on a fence unless it has a big name on it. I was thinking of Sam Francis, whose work had recently been beautifully displayed on the walls of a famous gallery.

-Pacific School. You should definitely take a look at it. You'll see the new horizon of art!

The professor used to say, with an air of authority and a scary look on his face.

-Hmmm, I think the new horizon is starting to leak.

One of my friends, who had folded his arms and placed his feet in front of the large screen, said.

1977 18

-Jackson Pollock, who cut a hole in the ass of a bucket and poured color out of it like diarrhea.

-I can smell the color, but it's gone... It's a waste of time. It's a waste of time.

-Maybe he's getting paid by the pigment shop. We were aware of the gentlemen cautiously listening on the side of the room. We were aware of the gentlemen cautiously observing from the side of the room, and we were experiencing a special kind of secret bending pleasure.

-If more and more people like them, they'll be great for merchandising. If we push this line of reasoning, Pollock has a greater chance of attracting popular worship than this guy. After all, he consumes dozens of times more pigment than he does.

-It was ridiculously big, just the way Amechan likes it. There was a young man who seemed to have come from Ueno, glaring at us with a hateful look in his eyes. He looked as if he had a banner on his back. It was ironic that a statue of Takamori Saigo stood in Ueno! Aside from me, Musashino, with its many people who had come here after dropping out of Ueno, had a natural tendency to pander to the spirit of the opposition. It didn't matter what the subject was. The

art critics of the time who were art dealers generally all belonged to the family of complete cancer, in our opinion.

-A young man from a mission. A kind of Westerner who can't be boiled or baked.

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## **1977 19**

So, when I first entered the school, I was looked down upon by the barbaric people. It wasn't because of the creamy atmosphere that I chose the mission school. Of course, it was not because of my religious beliefs. In short, I didn't feel comfortable with the idea of studying hard. I was influenced in no small part by my father. My father's friend, a priest named Smith, was also an influence. He was a teacher in the foothills of the mountains south of Hokkaido.

My father had a history of barely avoiding shouting out Western ideas during the war, while quietly covering his heart with Taisho liberalism. Therefore, the post-war period was truly a period of flowering, awaiting the arrival of spring. As a young up-and-coming school principal, I was assigned to Yamanaka, which I called a wind-scented white birch plateau, where I developed my home, Sun-Mar Hill.

Not surprisingly, this was the first place he was educated. In addition, even before that, I, his eldest son, had been a test subject for the Tanaka-Binet method and various new methods of Western education, starting with Piaget.

-This child has an unusually developed visual ability. Let's make him a painter.

One day, my father may have told my mother.

Anyway, the story goes that by the time I was old enough to remember, I was hard at work copying Raphael's Madonna. In my own memory, there was a vivid scene of me and my father looking at impressionist reproductions. It was before

the end of the war. It was before the war was over, and I vividly recall my father coming home from a rare hiding place and sitting beside me, staring at a dark green book with a stiff cover with a fluttering heart, thinking that it must be a secret document for spies.

1977 20

At that time, it was obvious that the snot-nosed kids at the national school were singling me out. I had a feeling that it was because of my father. Or maybe my father was a bandit, I thought to myself. He may have been a spy for the enemy. He might have been a spy who was working for the enemy. There were even people who threw stones at me, saying, "Spy, spy, spy boy! My mother denied it, of course.

-Sir, is my father a spy?

I once asked a teacher who had been left alone in the classroom after school.

-If you were a spy, your father wouldn't be able to come home, would he?

The female teacher looked at me with a kind face and stared into my eyes.

-Then why are people saying you're a spy?

-I'm sure it's because I don't understand it.

-Some people say we have a wire device in our closet that secretly transmits confidential information. That's a lie. I searched all the closets and found no such thing. I just keep a radio in there to listen for the location of enemy planes during air raids. During an air raid, I would go into the closet with my mother.

-Sensei also listens to the radio in the closet.

The teacher laughed and said.

- But the teacher is not a spy, and I'm sure those kids are not ready to think for themselves.

-Can't you teach them to think for themselves?

-Don't call them that. .... Teaching people to think is ....

She was puzzled.

**1977 21**

-Maybe I can't do it yet...

-Still?

She looked troubled and smiled a little. Then.

-It's just a little more Shinbo.

He said something strange. He was one of the teachers who had evacuated from Tokyo.

About a year later, the war ended. I was in the fourth grade of National School. I was a fourth-year student at the National School, so I was a bit more of a Shinbo. I don't know where she is now, but God bless her! I still think so with a strange feeling.

Anyway, I couldn't take my eyes off the cover of the dark green book, which was delicately tangled with fine dust flying in the air due to the direct light from the window. It was a book I had never seen in the house before. My father's white fingers quickly opened the book. I sat still and motionless, my breath catching.

-What should I do? I'm going to be an accomplice! I'll be an accomplice!

-Come here.

I think that's what my father said. Before I knew it, I was leaning back in his lap. In front of me was a picture of a silvery, fat female monster, naked and slumped over.

-It's Picasso. I heard a voice say.

-Picasso?

-Picasso...

I thought it was an appropriate name for the monster, whose round eyes were wide open in a cheerful manner.

Later, when I was reading the book, it became clear to me that it was the name of a Spanish painter. A few days later, my father came home.

-What do you think?

He asked for my opinion on the book.

-I don't think anything of Picasso. He looks the same as the rest. But I'm impressed with Degas!

I was almost shaking with emotion as I flipped through the book. Then I held up to my father a Degas drawing of a nude woman dressed as if she were washing her feet in a kind of tub.

-I'm going to be able to draw like this in no time! I shouted.

My father brought me a book on Michelangelo the next time he came home. As far as I can remember, I don't remember my father saying anything about my schoolwork at all. I had the impression that he was just watching something inside me bloom like a flower on a plateau.

-You need to focus more on math and science....

When I was in junior high school, my mother would often spill the beans.

-If you don't have a good foundation, you won't be able to keep up with them when you enter high school.

It was around that time that I started to lose most of my desire to follow my high school studies. It wasn't that I wanted to be a painter in the future. I had a vague idea that I wanted to be a person who made the most of the situation that I was in. First, I wanted to have great eyes and hands. I also wanted to be as strong as a beast. On a piece of paper given to me by the teacher in charge of higher education, I wrote

-Renaissance human image.

And it was honestly and openly written.

I had a reputation for making fun of teachers, so the teacher must have thought

it was some kind of prank.

-Since going to school is an important thing that will affect your future, why don't you take it a little more seriously?

He warned me. I was very serious.

-Okay.

He just smiled and affirmed.

I comforted my mother.

-She's totally your lab rat, she complained to my father.

-That's all right. I'm most excited about her future.

That was my father's usual response.

In fact, I won art contests in several of my schools in Hokkaido, which eased my mother's worries somewhat.

However, my mother's worries were reinforced when the time came for me to enter university.

-Since you have the language skills, why don't you go to a foreign language university? I've heard that the employment rate is very good.

-To be part of some trading community? I don't want to.

*I want to go to Tokyo, but I don't have any desire to enter a business college.*

I said - I'd like to be a disciple of someone wonderful.

-A wonderful human being? My mother had a look of utter dismay on her face.

-It's true. I insisted.

-What kind of person is that wonderful human being? She asked.

-A person who lives life to the fullest!

You don't have to work so hard to survive in a world that is not in wartime.

Suddenly, I thought of my mother, who was making a living while my father was in retirement, with her eyes shining brightly.

But it was like a flash of lightning, and the next moment, she was gone in the form of an ordinary middle-aged woman, half bewildered, half angry, against the background of her peaceful life.

In the end, I entered an art school where I received my bachelor's degree – though more than a year after graduation.

-If I can't eat , I'll become a teacher in the country.

**\*\*\*\* End extracted translated excerpt from Samizu's 1977 Red Cover diary as of 07/18/22\*\*\*\***