



September 19, 1986

Dear Frank,

Jeez, it was good to hear from you! Missed you.... Though I need this "homework" (just as we're about to take off for the ole country!) like a hole you know where. Some blockbuster of a bibliography! The Fearless Avenger at work....Redemption at last.... Awooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

Under the crush of last minute bustling about, I did the best I could, much of it while Walter and I struggled mightily with a last will and testament. No, we're not taking Libyan Airline, but the poor SOBs are on the loose again....avenging.....

So hope it's legible. Some scribblings were done during a subway ride downtown, then while waiting for lawyer Arthur Soong (Walter thinks he's brilliant), then at a hole in the wall in Chinatown where locals eat. Cheapest meal we've had in ten years, but good. Again on jammed subway and then into the night at home. I was running around trying to locate stuff amidst the debris of this study (one set of shelves finally crashed down, so papers and books went flying--first and last pages are hard to find nowadays). This morning I went and xeroxed a batch of stuff. Dear friend, forgive me, by the way, if I now and then intrude where I shouldn't. You know me and my protective motherly instinct by now!

Jeez. Here, I've a million things to say to you, but the minutes are precious. For you, for me. Whew, thanks a lot for putting me in the "good guys" category....that's a big honor, coming from Frank Chin. It seems that you have sent Aiko and Jack a batch also. They are presently vacationing in Florida.

Herzigs
General Delivery
Leesburg, FL 32748

They're returning on the 15th (Oct.). But what I'll do is to send the "help, help, Aiko" pages to her there, though she may not be able to find the citations; though I ~~XXX~~ know that they took their computer with them. You can call her in LA at Lisa's place after October 29th. Aiko will be spending a few weeks in LA, minus Jack. So that'll be a big plus for you. I miss our phone calls when the Herzigs are away. Aiko

will tell you all about this hexed year for me. Honest to God, I feared McCloy and Bendetsen gleefully dancing over my grave, at one point, during one week when the body refused to take food. That's about the time when dear Peter had to sent that ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ effusively nice letter to the PC. Couldn't understand what was happening to me, strange convulsive tremblings, weeping like a baby. Thought I was regressing to the infant stage. That sort of thing does happen, they say. Frightening.....

I kept wanting to write, but there was no energy. I still fight a terribly painful knotting of the neck muscles (right side) when I write or type. Doc told me to cut it out and give the right arm as much rest as possible. It's good when the arm's at rest, but the pain begins the moment I start to push a pencil or pound on this portable. Will finally switch to an electric, once I can clear away enough space for it.

I look at that snapshot of you carrying Sammy so often. Maybe he should start learning the language of Momotaro and Mao. Japs and Chinks will be taking over in his new century, looks like, neh?

And tell dear Dana to fear not rats. They are darling when frightened. Our spring cleaning of closets, as kids, always turned up a nest of wee ones presided over by fat Mama. I loved them, though our mom would pound the brood into a pulp. Sad.

Aw shucks, now why did Frank Chin have to get Stephen Sumida et al all astir. He phoned and told me. I told him that it's YOU who should be honored. Anyway, your grandiose orchestrations...I told him, please no....cool it. Such a sincere sounding young man, I didn't have the heart to turn him down. So I put it to him that if I hold up during this plane trip, the visit itself, without further breakdowns, I'll consider the big honor for sometime in Spring. Will you be there? In jest, I told Stephen that I'd really make a fool of myself if Frank were there "grading" my performance, lacking as I do your dynamism. I believe it was Omura who told me what an excellent instructor you are. I can see it all in my mind's eye. In fact, I thought of you as the Chinatown Guide, the role in which you really excelled (STAR of own play!), while we ambled through Chinatown and ran into a herd ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ of tourists taking pictures of us heathens.

I send along a batch of odds and ends, which may be of interest. But most importantly, Walter and I send you and Dana and Sammy much ~~luck~~, much good luck. I know the book will be dynamite, so try to make deadline, even if you have to leave stuff out. Oh yes, tell Lawson that I miss his visits when he gets to NYC--he has an enryo streak in him, despite carefree exterior. Like a poet, too sensitive. And he shouldn't be so much a Sansei, but deliver, like us deteriorating Nisei-with-one-foot-in-the grave. What a big mouth I have. Gomen nasai..... But The Great A simply must go to press, pronto.

love and XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Michi