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New York, NY 10025

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Dear Vince,

It was a surprise and pleasure to hear from you. And thank you for your well-written story on Larry. I'm a writer, not an editor or critic, so I won't try to make an evaluation. The main thing is that it is interesting, filled with anecdotes, and brings out his personality and character. Quite important was his influence on others.

He was the well-spring of Nisei journalism, both in newspaper work and in its creative aspects. in the Thirties. His Kashu Mainichi literary page every Sunday was a forerunner of the "little magazines" that sprang up from time to time.

While I was in Los Angeles from the fall of 1931 to sometime in 1933, the latter part of which I spent polishing apples at one of Roberts Markets in Santa Monica, there was a Lil Tokyo Players, in which Larry played some part. Joe Oyama might be able to fill you in. I remember one program (was it the one and only) given in some church auditorium. One of the plays was "Caleb's Death Watch." I remember this because I operated one of the spotlights. I think it was an empty coffee can with a globe inside, and we used colored cellophane to give color effects. Necessity is the mother--

As you say Larry was keenly interested in developing writers and poets. I recognize some of the names. Whatever happened to Brownie Furutani? I remember one evening we drove down to Long Beach in Larry's jalopy to interview Chiye Mori. She was quite flattered that Larry should take the trouble to look her up. He was that concerned.

I think the last time I saw Larry and Guyo was after I had been mustered out at their place in Salt Lake City. This must have been about 1946. They invited me to a hand of bridge though I didn't know from nothing. They were, of course, great bridge players. I remember I got one hand where I cross-ruffed to make my bid. Just my luck that the cards fell that way. They were somewhat impressed.

Again, they were playing bridge, when I dropped into their apartment at 112th Street and Broadway on Sunday, Dec. 7. Because of the time difference it was in the afternoon when we heard on the radio about Pearl Harbor. Larry's first thought was to get dispatches off to the Tokyo home office. I personally thought that all communication had to be cut off. From what you write he got some dispatches off. Always the newspaperman.

During the black days after Pearl Harbor, I remember telling Larry I felt like making a black list of the writers, even Walter Lippman, who jumped on us when we were down. The news media, the actors and entertainers were on my mental blacklist. I would love to get copies of what they wrote. I gave up on my idea because the list was so long. Larry laughed and liked my idea. Guess even then I was thinking in terms of vindication.

One thing you may not be aware of: Larry told me more than once that he thought of himself as a catalyst. A catalyst is a chemical, or an agent, who causes two chemicals or persons to react to each other. You might consider catalyst as a one-word description of Larry.

met in New York City.

An example: During the 1940-41 winter the League of American Writers, a left wing association, Its membership included what were later to become the "Hollywood Ten" of the McCarthy era. As writers Larry suggested we see what the meetings were like.

As we crossed the long bridge to Randalls Island where the Congress was to start with an open air meeting, we heard voices raised in song. Larry asked me if I knew what it was. When I professed ignorance he said it was the Communist international song, the "Internationale." I was so a-political that even then it did not register on me that this assembly would be a left-wing meeting.

During a meeting at a hotel, I forget which, Larry nominated me to be membership chairman of the younger writers because as he said he felt that Asians should be represented. I was flabbergasted.

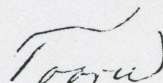
This is what he meant by being a catalyst. What happened after is another story, but "I am not and never was--" He emphasized the fact at this time that he was a catalyst. He must have regarded me as a resurrected dodo.

I felt no resentment, not very strongly anyway, though you might say that I was eased into a situation not of my choosing. I am sure Larry would be laughing up there as I am laughing now.

But in the widest application of the word, Larry was a catalyst in the field of journalism and creative writing, and further in his relations with his fellow men and women. A jewel for all time.

I am sure, Vince, if we could get together over a few beers, more things would float up to the surface of my memories. May that time be soon.

Take care,



Tooru Kanazawa