

2nd Night

Dear Tama —

Arrived yesterday morning and got shoved under the grandstand. It's a dank, stinky old pot which has been condemned. Rumors that they'll give us better quarters — so we haven't unpack most of our stuff. That's one reason for writing with a pencil.

This life isn't bad as far as facilities go. Food, sewage, etc aren't too horrible when you consider that several thousand people are being dumped into one area — and when these people have to be provided with the bare necessities of life. And considering the short time element, I don't think it's too horrible. That is, I mean it could be worse.

The thing I really object to is the idea of segregating a group of people on what looks to me as purely racial grounds and locking them behind barbed wires "for military purposes." I have little faith in that terminology. I'll tell you why if I get to see you one of these days. The whole thing is a direct violation of certain principles which I hold as the dearest in life.

Setting about me is not exactly conducive to setting down and writing a letter. I'm playing some records

(Beethoven's Ninth, D Minor) on my record player — but (1) Dad is pounding away with hammer + saw (2) the guys next door are ditto-ing (3) kids are playing jazz on their radios all up and down the hall — which distracts quite a bit from the 2nd movement.

This afternoon I got out to Area A on pretense that I was going to church. They put me in responsibility of 10 others and told me to be back in a half-an-hour. I stayed in Area A five hours and came back by myself. I wanted to get into Area B to see guess-who, but I guess we'll have to do that some other time.

After I came back, played Sibelius' Violin Concerto on my record player. Boy, what an epoch! I've got quite a collection of albums now — kids from YM-YW got most of them for me. Repertoire includes Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth; Sibelius Violin Concerto, Tchaikovsky's Concerto No 1, Grand Canyon Suite, and several single records. Also Ballad for Americans. Sure like to have you over for a concert. Can you arrange it?

Havent gotten myself a job yet — and I dont feel like getting one. It seems almost impossible to cooperate with Gach tactics. And yet it seems I can do so little effectively unless I become a gestapo. I'm not in a mood to compromise with any principles yet. Compromises hurt the conscience.

By the way, Dama, how are your "pretty pink flowers" coming along. They ought to be getting plenty of water tonight.

Now, getting back to the domestic, our home is, as a mentioned, under the grandstand, where it stinks like hell. Our place is a booth they used to use for an exhibition stand. The walls are done in a sort of a light shade of blue — pastel, or something. The rear wall reads "The World Book Encyclopedia. Every Home Needs It." Hope we get out of this dump.

Jesus Christ! I wish that guy next door would turn down that

radio so I could listen to
Beethoven.

Well, curfew is approaching — so
I'll visit the men's room and then
turn in.

Write me — or better yet come
over and see me.

Bill

D-5-16