

4220-7878.

Seattle, WA

12:30 p.m.

Dear Jamako -

Between the curfew and the evacuation, I feel like "out, out, brief candle, life's but a walking shadow"

Is everybody getting recommendations? Do you think I should get 'em too? Did you ever argue over a phone? I did, last nite for 2 hours. Poor Mrs. Feely.

Those poems were keen. Reminded me of William Blake, whose poetry I like too; all poetry is soothing.

Whata life, whata life, How's your gold fish?

Isn't Dr. Schmoer a really wonderful person?

My mind's one perpetual blank. I stay at Feely's.

Mrs F. is usually gone from the morning.

I let the radio blare — The house quivers with gorgeous piano concertos

I know the old deal like the burglar his
safe. Right now there's a lousy organ
musician. I don't like organ music — too
pompeous. Nor do I like Gilbert & Sullivan
It's singeringly English.

Jamako — you relish camp life? How
dare you? It makes me panicky
just think — no more music except
the canned ones. No more lectures except
those of the ego-maniacs in camp. No more
blondes. The library at City center refuses
to give us mailing services — no more
books? I could weep.

Did you ever see Indians from
reservations? They're deader'n a doornail
when it comes to mind, spirit, ambition.
Will that be our lot 3 or 4 generations from
now? And do they know how to have fun —
cars, clothes, dancing, flirtation —
Or will we achieve what the Jews

have done? I'm anxiously hoping for
a Disraeli, or an Einstein.

As for Christianity, I'm one good hypocrite,
after seeing real men like those of the Friends.
Last Saturday I went home. Our farm
is now owned by an American man. I did
"Y" work — alias weeding strawberries.

As I said before, my mind's a perfect blank
as this letter shows. Jamako, could you type your
next letter to me? I couldn't read some of it.

Or else develop a penmanship like mine.

I feel absolutely unstable these days.
I am no longer able to analyze & label
my own emotions. In other words, I can't
introspect anymore. This is a hell of a letter;
full of I's.

It was nice knowing you, Hope I see
you again, canop, or other wise. Write
often. Be good.

Sueko Hasegawa.