

Dave Plath Among the Utopians: Fieldnotes, March, 1965
Introduction by William W. Kelly

The 1960s was a very busy and productive time for Dave. He began the decade in Nagano, with his family, completing his second year of fieldwork for his Harvard dissertation. His return to Cambridge was brief, because in the summer of 1961, he moved to Berkeley, where he used a Ford Foundation fellowship and an appointment as lecturer in anthropology to finish the dissertation and immediately begin the significant revisions and expansions that led to his first book, *The After Hours*, which he completed in early 1963.

In the summer of that year, he left Berkeley for Iowa City to take up an assistant professorship at the University of Iowa; a year after, in 1964, as *The After Hours* was appearing, he was given tenure and promoted to associate professor. Two years later, in 1966, he was again moving, this time to the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign. After two years as associate professor, he was promoted to full professor in 1969. He remained at Illinois for the rest of his career, retiring to emeritus status in 1998.

This was not just a decade of professional advancement but also of a second major research project on utopian communities in Japan. It is not clear just what was the original motivation for Dave's turn to this topic. The 1960s was certainly a moment when the issue of counter-culture and commune living enlivened American sociology and popular media, especially in places like Berkeley and the Bay Area. And as Gavin Whitelaw notes in his article in this volume of *Studies on Asia*, Dave had a long correspondence with Harvard sociologist David Reisman that began in 1959, while Dave was finishing his Nagano dissertation fieldwork and continued through the 1960s, although the topic of utopianism does not figure in their exchanges.

Whatever the original impetus, Dave has written that he began reading utopian thinkers and the historical and social science literature on utopian life even while finishing revisions of his first book at Berkeley. He arrived at Iowa in the fall of 1963, and the following spring was awarded a summer faculty fellowship for some preliminary research on the topic in Japan. That led to greater funding by the Joint Committee for Research on Asia (ACLS-SSRC) and Wenner-Gren Foundation that supported his field research in Japan in the spring and summer of 1965. He conducted this in four different utopian groups in five locations in Kansai, in Kantō, and Hokkaidō. Some of them were quite didactic and proselytizing; others, such as Shinkyō, fashioned their lives and livelihoods as they believed, and preferred to serve as passive but determined alternatives to the societal mainstream.

Before leaving Japan in the summer of 1965, Dave drafted an essay about Japanese utopian communities set in a comparative perspective that appeared in Japanese in the popular *Asahi Journal* (Plath 1965). He gave a paper that expanded on his fieldwork that fall at the American Anthropological Association meetings (a revised version was in the *American Anthropologist*, Plath 1966). He delivered a paper at the American Ethnological Society meetings in the spring of 1966 that was a very subtle sociolinguistic analysis of the sessions (known as *kensan*) that were used as intensive conversations to draw in recruits by one of the groups, the Yamagishi Association.

He drew on Dell Hymes's emerging paradigm on analysis and Kenneth Burke's dramatism (published as Plath 1967). When he moved to the University of Illinois, he took up the invitation of Joseph Casagrande, the anthropologist directing the Center for International Comparative Studies, to organize a Conference on Utopia in Comparative Focus that was held in May of 1968. Dave created the intellectual framework for the conference and edited seven of the contributions as the 1971 volume, *Aware of Utopia* (Plath 1971). The volume had remarkable historical depth and comparative breadth.

Dave's key insight and the theme that lay behind all of his writings that decade was the two-sidedness of utopian life and thought, in Japan and elsewhere. Utopian communities were seldom renegade counter-cultures, fugitive from modern life. Much more frequently, their aspirations and professions were set both against as well as within the mainstream society that surrounded them. They both rejected and embraced modern lifeways. They sought to live by example and as example (Plath 1969).

As I have noted, Dave's interest in utopian life was formed by extensive reading, a moral sensibility of utopian potential, and a deliberately comparative fieldwork approach. Yet of the four cases that he studied and wrote about, he seemed most intrigued by Shinkyō.

Shinkyō had its origins in 1937, when a resident of the Nara area village of Kasama, Ozaki Matsutarō, was ostracized by his neighbors for smashing the local Tenri altar to express his disgust with the crassness of Tenri practices. Three other households joined his household on the edge of the village, where they together carved out a separate and communal life (Plath and Sugihara 1968). After a brief move to Manchuria near the end of the war, they returned to their land on the edge of Kasama and took up making rice-straw tatami mats as a small enterprise. Over time, their business grew enormously. When Dave arrived in 1966, Shinkyō was the largest tatami producer in Japan. He must have been deeply impressed by this remarkable trajectory—and by the two leaders he came to know well, Ozaki himself, and Sugihara Yoshie. Sugihara was Ozaki's common-law wife and longtime partner in leading Shinkyō. In 1962, she published a memoir of Ozaki and the Shinkyō commune. It was this very personal account of Shinkyō life that Dave undertook to translate and adapt into what became *Sensei and His People*, the volume that University of California Press published in 1969. Authorship was shared by Sugihara and Plath. It was his translation of large portions of Sugihara's memoir, but with her permission, he adapted portions of the text to be more accessible to English-language readers. He also framed her chapters with his own Foreword and Afterword that offered his extended analysis of Shinkyō's internal dynamics, its complex adaptations to the outside world, and its place in a more comparative landscape of communal living experiments. He also followed his example from *The After Hours* in having an artist, in this case Mizota Kotoi, illustrate the text with beautiful line drawings of Kasama and Shinkyō (examples are in Whitelaw's article in this journal issue). It is an extraordinary collaborative volume, yet another example of Dave's highly original approach to ethnographic representation.

All of this is to introduce two previously unpublished resources from Dave's 1965 fieldwork, which was the basis of his subsequent articles and books. They offer a rare glimpse into the research process and experience itself. The first is a 16-page selection from Dave's fieldwork journal of his first visit to Shinkyō. It was written on Monday, March 29, 1965, which was the day

after Dave returned from his initial visit to Shinkyō the previous weekend. To read the notes, it was an exhausting but illuminating weekend. Dave writes with candor and modesty, mixed equally with insight and speculation. He was to return for several other visits, but already the reader can feel his respect and fascination for Ozaki himself and the community he led.

The second resource is a set of 14 photographs that Dave took, presumably on that first visit, but perhaps later in the spring. It is interesting that in producing the book, *Sensei and His People*, he chose to use Mizota's drawings rather than his photographs (a few of the photographs appeared in other publications, such as the *Asahi Journal* article, and in a few of his meeting presentations). Nonetheless, they are an illuminating accompaniment to his narrative of Shinkyō and testimony to his multi-sensory feel for the field.

Both the field journal selection and the photographs come from the digital collections of the University of Iowa Library Archives (Plath 1965-1969). As he was leaving Iowa for Illinois in 1966, he deposited them without access or use restrictions. The current archivist has determined that their publication here fits within the educational use clause of the collection itself and the Archive's policies. After his retirement from the University of Illinois, he deposited the bulk of his professional papers to the University Library Archives there. They have yet to be catalogued and I am not sure of their current accessibility to scholars, but there may well be materials that enrich our appreciation of Dave's immense scholarship.

I shall end this introductory note with Dave's own words, drawn from page 126 of his journal, the entry for April 23, because even in the staccato of rapid fieldnote prose, it astutely and eloquently captures Ozaki's vision. Dave writes:

“Anyway it is *aku made mo* an unplanned utopia or arcadia. The virtues of unplanning. A variety of concrete goals but no systematization---Meiji history in the small. The insistence on informality makes for flexibility; consonant with the soft sell and the willingness to let outsiders call the community whatever they want---primitive communism, capitalist collectivization, true democracy, etc....[Ozaki is] quite right when he says he doesn't do any missionizing or propagandizing, nor allow any advertising for SK or even the use of its name by the mat-machine makers who want to publicize the fact that Tokai of Nagoya has installed all the preset SK pallet machinery. Instead, having built his better mousetrap, he can sit and let the world beat the path to his door. And when the world comes in, it gets a warm welcome and it is put at ease, and well lubricated, fed well and soaked in a delightful furo, soothed and softened and led to relax its defenses. Led to think its own thoughts. Not told that SK is this or that; rather that 'we do this and that' 'we try to make life easy for the yomehan' 'we discovered accidentally the power of collective living'. Then the lamb is felled with a swift simple and overwhelming stroke of logic. The strength of the weak who know how to use their weakness.”

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Field Photographs Taken by Dave Plath at Kasama and Shinkyō, Spring, 1965



University of Iowa | digital.lib.uiowa.edu/anthro
1: Approaching Kasama Village



University of Iowa | digital.lib.uiowa.edu/anthro
2: The road into Kasama Village



University of Iowa | digital.lib.uiowa.edu/anthro
3: Buildings and surrounding fields of Shinkyō



University of Iowa | digital.lib.uiowa.edu/anthro
4: Shinkyō's new East Wing



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5: Dave with Ozaki Matsutarō, Shinkyō founder and leader



University of Iowa | digital.lib.uiowa.edu/anthro

6: Sugihara Yoshie, Ozaki's longtime partner



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7: Sugihara Yoshie preparing a meal for the commune



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8: Doing laundry at Shinkyō



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9: Meal preparations in the commune kitchen



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10: The exterior of the Shinkyō tatami factory



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11: Inside the tatami factory



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12: Lunch time at Shinkyō



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13: Hand-binding the tatami mat edges



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14: Sewing the tatami mats

Notes from Dave Plath's Field Journal, March, 1965

Abbreviations used in the field journal

SK = Shinkyō

Y = Yamane Tsuneo, Professor, Department of Family Sociology, Osaka City University
[a colleague who had done research at Shinkyō and introduced Dave]

M = I have not been able to determine who this is

N = Nonoyama Hisaya, who served as Dave's field assistant

FJK = Fujinkai, the women's association

SHINKYO BURAKU

Nakano, Osaka, 29 Mar 65 1300

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I've dawdled for a good while since coming back last night. In part because I've been tired, but perhaps as much because I'm so bursting with impressions of various sorts that I'm almost afraid if I start to focus on one I'll lose the others. But try I must.

I met Y and M at Ueroku sta at 1300 Sat. Y seemed fairly chipper but M moaned that he had been up all night bec of the strike the day before and bec of other duties for the union. He did look worn out. We took a densha to Haibara and taxi to Shinkyō, arriving there about 1500. The 2 of them left about 6:30 or so after having talking with Ozaki and had dinner. I stayed the night; went through various command performances Sunday morning and afternoon at SK and at a village 30km off to the E in the hills. Left on the 6:41 junkyū from Haibara.

I suppose the predominant themes center around Ozaki sensei. It's his baby---and I think he's taken me in as a sort of yoshi. And in fact the buildings and area I had already seen in Yamane's slides and in other photos so they were no great surprise. But O was the first to greet us at the genkan (he had apparently been sitting in the guest room and came when he heard the taxi stop outside). And tho he was continually being called or visited on this or that, he would come back to talk or to see about our (or later my) welfare.

We were taken to the GR, which is carpeted and has a good matched set of chairs (4) and davenport---like everything else in SK living facilities nothing but the latest and best. This is one very striking theme: to be a little nasty about it the nouveau-riche attitude. Nothing but the finest will do, now that SK is well off. E.g. in Feb (about 12-20th) 8 of the founders took a trip to Hong Kong and Taiwan, stayed in the best hotels they could find, took 8mm movies, bought souvenirs, hired interpreters, flew in jets. The buildings are fit for an expensive onsen ryokan. SK has a five-passenger mid-size Toyopet and a small-size 4-pass car (dk make). The ordinary fare would bego-chisō for most mid-class farm families and like the Amanas the amount is massive. Beer or sake if anybody wants it; cigarettes for the asking, etc. Yesterday afternoon when S was asking about travel to the US (which probably explains part of his interest in me) I was mentioned costs of various items, and again he sd, no, figure it for the best hotels. Of course the buildings have flush toilets and as well piped hot water, so that the baths can be used any time by a turn of the faucet.

However I don't see it as just a narikin attitude. Woven in with it and with other themes, as Yamane pointed out, is a strong determination in part to show J rurals in general how to live a citified life, and perhaps even more deeply and importantly a retribution theme---of getting back at the local Kasama people who ostracized the 4 fams in 1937, of now having outstripped them in wealth and political power, having drawn international attention. And somewhat less directly perhaps but also strongly, of getting back at the Japanese society that has given them such a hard time. As evidence in the move to Manchuria, and in O's remarks a couple of times that he not only wants to have a look at the U.S. (bec it has the highest SOL in the world now) and the rest of the world, but I think he was not just joking when he said if there were some way to do it he would move SK to America.

We talked for about an hour, with O called out a couple of times to answer the phone or speak with someone. Or I should say O talked and Y, M and I listened. At first I understood only about half of what he was saying, because of the Kansai-ben and his own speech peculiarities. This is one maddening drawback, but I think it can partly be overcome. By Sun afternoon I was beginning to catch a fair amount, and I think given a couple of days with him I will be in the swing enough that the lingo won't be a serious hindrance.

He jokes himself about his inability to speak hyōjungo. Was taught it in school, and if he makes a conscious effort he usually can do it, but it disturbs his train of thought. By Sun he would stop himself every so often and ask me if I understood "ano naaaa" or "washi" etc. Or if there was a localism he thought I wouldn't know he asked one of the younger people around (and usually there were 3 or 4 other people with us) to interpret. As Y and M had from time to time Sat afternoon interpreted for me. Has a slur something like Akanuma Shōichirō but fortunately not so foul. A few of the other SK oldsters mutter in a like way, but most of the women and younger people that I talked with have a good clear pronunciation even if not exactly standard. And in fact after a few hours of it I found myself more at ease than I do with the Tokyo types and their super-politeness; my Shinshū experience being more directly applicable; and less annoyed by worries that I wasn't using a polite-enough verb ending. I soon quit using "desu" and for the most part slipped into "da" or other familiar forms.

O seems to speak out forthrightly, but in part that may be his prerogative as "sensei" and chief director (tho of course there are no official leaders or official organization) and his age-grade. In part too because I purposely avoided asking much about SK this time; in fact at several points during the two days SK people brought up the topic---didn't I find SK interesting? I suppose they are so used to having sightseers around asking about the place that maybe it helped not to seem to inquisitive right off. At least that was my strategy and it seems to have payed off. Se, Obasan (Mrs. Sugihara) and a couple of others seemed to be quite sincere when they said they were disappointed that I didn't settle right in then and there. That by all means I must come back, move out from this crummy geshuku and the gotagota city life to the peace and the greenery of the countryside; bring along the roommates if they want to come. So at least temporarily my welcome seems secure. How they will react to serious probing I have yet to find out but am hopeful.

And indeed I can't deny I'm tempted to pack up in a day or so and head back---except that I still have shopping and other matters to attend to such as introductions to other places in Kansai. I like the setting for the room here but at the moment it's chill and damp and again a stiff wind blowing. Spend a couple of hours this morning trying to find a heater (elec) but learned a lesson in J merchandising a la Price. Went to four or five stores, including eventually a big dept (Hanshin by the Osaka main sta) and everywhere was told that the season for elec heaters ended in Feb and nobody will bother to stock them until fall again. So eventually bought the cheapest hot-plate I could find and have it stuck under the desk where at least it keeps my feet warm and I can warm my hands over it from time to time when I don't keep typing fast enough.

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Anyway the reception is cheering. And while the welcome may wear off, I was rather struck in most of my contacts with SK people, by their relative openness and friendliness. Y and M both sd they sensed something they couldn't verbalize about these people being different from the usual J and I think I sense it to some extent. So if I can get a draft on the MZK talk, and have the TST run off, get a tape recorder and supplies, I should be ready in a week or less. Can settle down there for a period while getting ready for renraku elsewhere? But not give up the room, of course, since need it for address and place to store gear temporarily not in use. Wish to hekk the rest of my baggage would arrive---mail was here last night.

Am a little bit suspicious of why the reception, apart from stranger value and their probably wanting some guidance around the US. Began to be embarrassed about the way Se started showing me off like a new pet to some of the Sun visitors---but I may have to learn to put up with this. Also a little concerned about the way he fussed over my physique and my manners. It may well be that this is more than anything a good exhibit for him to use in illustrating some of the points he keeps harping on about cleanliness and neatness.

Indeed this is another strong theme that comes out of listening to him, tho I am far less certain that the other members share it as strongly. But one thing I did began to pick up quickly even from the beginning Sat afternoon, and increasingly as time went on, was this fascination with cleanliness. Comes as close as anything I've encountered this far in Japan to the kind of anality that LaBarre and others made so much of 20y ago. I'm not keen on this kind of para-freudianism, but certainly the pattern was striking, is striking. (Also may be why O at least is felt to be a little odd, since J in general are, I'd say, more oral than anal). Y and M referred to it as an obsession. That may be too strong and too clinical a term. But O's interest is more than casual.

He kept returning to the topic all the time---without the least bit of prodding. Nor is this just the usual routine for visitors, I think, though part of it was, when he took us on a tour of the building about 4:30 Sat and made the usual guide-style comments on diff rooms. But he had known Y for several years. Y later sd that this was the first time some of these features had been so plainly stated, though he had sensed many of them before.

The trouble with the Japanese, especially the ordinary farmers, is that they are filthy. (Perhaps retribution mingles in this). They need to reform their way of daily life drastically and quickly. Like a tombō they need to break from the cocoon and suddenly fly off in beauty. (An illustration he used several times both days in the presence of various people, with much dramatization: hands cupped to show the cocoon, then right hand flying out and the voice taking on a lilt and flutter).

(He's also the first J I've encountered who regularly uses a trilled //k/ sound. Not in all locations but in a few words, e.g. /sore wa/ which comes out something like /sorrria/.

I may seem to be burlesqueing him a bit. I don't for a minute think he's anybody's fool---that any man who has been able to build a place like SK could be. But he does like to wrap himself in countryfied ways of speaking perhaps as a standard defense posture. Y says O came of a top-ranking Kasama family and is probably the sort of person who would have become a leader at whatever he did. So happened that his religious interests led to the ostracism and eventually to the building of SK.

But as Y and M also kept wondering (we had chances to talk by ourselves when O was called out to the phone or to see other visitors) it's not yet clear why he seems to be focussed so on "present-time orientation". Has apparently little interest in general reform either of society or of the Tenri group he broke from. Seems willing to rest content if he can build a decent life for self and followers, and eventually to bring all of Kasama into it. If others want to follow the example fine, but apparently he doesn't seek that kind of mass-leadership ~~an~~ power.

(A lot of which makes sense to me, and may be why he and I seemed to hit it off rather well. Yesterday afternoon he said he wants to talk with me a lot more; that he feels shitashimii. All of which began to lead to a kind of Lost Horizons feeling that annoys me because I did not come with any conscious aims of that sort and can't believe I could accept a Shangri-la; I think my interests are wider).

Anyway, early in his lecture Sat he brought up and later repeated a case that happened recently. A group of FJK leaders from Ehime were on visit and were sitting with him in the GR. He sd he asked them if they wiped themselves when they pissed out in the fields. Most of them were too embarrassed to answer, apparently, but of three who answered, two said no. This is the trouble with the J, they are so filthy, especially the farmers out in the paddy mud, messing in it like animals they used to live with.

The course of civilization is measured above all by improvements in cleanliness. ((Maybe in this sense the Nisei are in part a reaction-formation to J life ~~and~~ with an admixture of Am cleanliness norms; hence the wartime analyses were true to their data but mistaken in generalizing it beyond the population they studied? But dk about other groups---the Ittōen gp I've heard deliberately sends members out to clean benjos; but Yamagishism is a blank to me yet.)) Hence O's fascination for Americans especially and westerners in general. At one pt he sd something I didn't quite get about this maybe explaining why such filthy J were bound to lose their war.

As I told Y and M Sat and some of the oth SK people Sun, I think this evaluation of Am cleanliness is overdone. But we'll have to see how far I can get with penetrating what seems to be a strong dream-world O has on this score.

Hence as Y and O himself and many others have said, and as S's book keeps repeating, the bath is the foundation of SK and without it SK would be nothing. O showed us the baths with real pride, turning on the powerful jets of hot water in demonstration. Was insistent that

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one of the first things I do, once I agreed to stay the night, and had had dinner with Y and M, was to try out the main bath, then change into SK flannel yukata and tanzen. He would have joined me, he said, but had an appointment. But next morning about 7 led me to the small furō where I went in again with one of the older men who had accompanied me Sat night. (I don't have any of the names yet ex O and S, though was with half a dozen people enough times to recognize them out of the general mass). The man I bathed with has a daughter married to a young doctor who is about to leave for three years residency at a Manhattan medical center). After a few minutes O came to join us, and shortly after, a boy about late JHS age. A trifle cramped for 4 in a bath about 3x8 feet but we managed. O obviously was watching my every move, as perhaps so were the others. At times it was more than a little embarrassing, but I tried to be as poker-faced as I could.

He and the others fussed at various times about my height and general condition. Sun afternoon he told people how having bathed with me he discovered he came up only to my navel. And several times during both days there were remarks about whether J stature was genetic or maybe since the younger ones are beginning to grow much taller than their parents a little more good food and healthy surroundings will bring them up to be as tall as the rest of the world.

Y---who was very smooth about his introductions, deftly inserting good bits of information from time to time during the afternoon about how I had read S's book, had recognized O right away from having seen his photo in the book, how I had lived in a village in Shinshū and bathed in a regular old "drum can", probably paved the way a good deal. Sat pm O also talked about how no ordinary farmer bathes at least once a day the way SK people do. At SK you work hard all day, then bathe and get rid of the dirty daytime clothes and can relax over a good dinner, watch TV or do whatever you want, in fresh clothes. Get rid of all the piss that accumulates on your clothes during the day. Work is dirty and that can not be avoided; but at least live the rest of your life in purity.

More than that. The bath soothes the soul---a banal way of recording his obvious passion but I can't recall the words (hence the need for taping some sessions with him). Puts your soul at rest and at the same time you melt in with the others. He bragged about how on Sun morning he can be asaburō---goes in several times on Sunday. Likes to get up in time to sit there in the bath (which is on the hillside and is well situated to look out over much of the valley from the big bay window) and watch the sun rise over the hills across the valley to the east. (Ah the hinodemaru complex!) You can't get this anywhere else, even in the big city, unless you go to some expensive onsen; and here is SK a batch of ordinary farmers without education enjoying all of it any time they want at no added expense because they have collectivized.

Mrs. S Sun afternoon in talking to the FJK about SK (more on that later) also brought up the bath and its central importance. The usual words about getting rid of the dirt most farm families have to sleep in. But went on to say---and I couldn't judge how much this was public frontage

and how seriously she herself meant it---said that recently some erai professor had been at SK and said that from a medical point of view as well, the bath is very good. Bec M and F, old and young all bathe in good hot water together. This means the M and F hormones are absorbed by all, and it also means that, since the younger people usually go in before the older ones, their vigorous hormones are absorbed by the older people. (Perhaps I with my sensitivity to ironies, especially felt a smirk coming on about this since she had been bedridden for a week with a "cold" of some sort, and was hacking and snuffling as she was giving her little talk).

O again: the others in talking about the HK trip mainly referred to the view from Victoria peak, or being mistaken for Chinese when the wo weren't in kimono; the movies S showed (the FJK were the usual touristy scenes. O didn't mention any of this, but both Sat and Sun talked about how when they stayed in the best hotel in HK there was this superb bathroom. A toilet you could sit on and leisurely read your newspaper---who can read comfortably in a J shithouse? A shower and tub combined (first time I've heard a J rave about such facilities, tho I suppose many younger J have bec accustomed to them). So you can soak your lower body and then stand under the shower and rinse off the head and upper parts. Not only that, but a separate soap dish for sitting in the tub and for standing under the shower. And a separate towel for each---instead of the way the damned J use one little tenugui for the whole body from ass to face. ((At times almost a caricature of some Am reactions to J habits, I must admit. Perhaps this is why it makes me a little uneasy. I didn't sense the same in talking with other SK people tho.))

Furthermore, table manners. When the people in that HK hotel sat to dinner each had his own beer glass or cocktail. They did a lot of toasting and pouring, but none of the silly J stuff about swapping sake cups in order to show comradeship, or falling all over each other drunkenly. They enjoyed their drinks and their dinner, used their napkins, and that was that. (S asked that when I come back I teach them how to set a proper W-style table and use the utensils in good style.)

He also told the gp Sun pm how he had noticed that morning when I sat to my sukiyaki I broke my egg and at once pulled out a tissue and wiped the egg from my fingertips---instead of being like J who just wipe off on their pants. (Considering how sloppy I tend to be much of the time I really rocked at this one).

Sun morning after I had bathed and while I was eating, he dragged me away on a mission he had been forecasting from shortly after I came: he wanted me to go along with the group for Sun morning haircuts in town. (I'm a little less rattled by all of these things knowing that DeVos was put thru the same routine at SK when he visited 5y ago---as O and Y and others were constantly saying. However, O remarked that after all DeVos is half bald and kind of old and chubby, not young and vigorous like me.

Y apparently has been reluctant to ask much in any direct way about sex, even tho his main research interest is in the family. But said that though SK seems to be fairly liberal on sex and family matters he didn't detect any indications of rampant sexuality. There are a dozen and a half married couples (S told the SJK '20 shotai'). Some apparently are common-law marriages and unregistered, but by no means all of them. In some cases---as is true of O and Mrs. S.---the hu and wi retain their own family names. Y didn't know what happened to the koseki in this case, or how the children were named ~~xxx~~ if there were ohn (very few cases, he sd, since SK seems to practice fairly strict birth control and O seems to favor it strongly). This is one of the things Y is hoping I can learn more about for him as well as for myself.

Anyway so far apart from the cleanliness theme and O's fussing over my physique there were few if any direct hints of sexuality. Although Sat afternoon O was telling about a priest (and I didn't get all of the story) who if he saw a pretty girl sitting among the others at a zazen session and did not find himself looking especially at her legs and breasts, why he just wasn't human.

He is also outspoken about any suspected sham in religious affairs, as the above partly shows and as makes sense in terms of his kamidana-kowashi back in the 30s and his break with Tenri. Twice Sat he also told about an Ittōen priest who had come to visit and who had been given a meal there in the GR. As the priest started to help himself, O sd chotto matte, aren't you going to offer a prayer before you eat. The priest sd no, he only prayed for major ceremonial affairs. O then sd oh you're just playing (mamagoto) at religion. For me eating the food itself and getting a good feeling from it is a religious expression (my words again, I don't remember his). Why hold up the food and pray over it until it's gone cold and lost its taste? Your prayers are a sham. The priest bowed and said, makoto ni sono tōri de gozaimasu.

All of which again~~xx~~ points up the "present-time orientation" as Y kept referring to it, perhaps showing off his knowledge of the Kluckhohn schema a little. The food itself, the bath, health, vigor and youth, birth-control, and apparently little concern for the future of SK so long as things continue to go well. Y kept repeating that he was a little annoyed at the way O seems to show so little concern for the general future of SK, tho this may come out later. Future in the sense of long-term continuation; O has all sorts of plans for development in the next few years, as came out Sat in his talk and as in S's book. (In addition to the dream of moving to Am; at least out of Japan, to put it negatively).

The most immediate work concerns widening and surfacing the Kasama roads. SK contributed several thousand, hundred thousand, yen to it but I didn't catch the amount; and the gun or ken the rest from taxes. Apparently the roads will be improved all through the neighborhood; in fact we were held up every time we drove in our out Sun by four concrete delivery trucks that were unloading on the main road into small trucks that carted the stuff back into the hills somewhere.

For SK itself the main building is to have still another wing added to the N. And the present shop building will shortly be demolished when a new automated plant is put up near it to the S along the main road. The new plant will enable them to make better use of some of the synthetic fibers now being built into tatami.

However this will spell trouble for many of the nearby farmers who have come to depend on SK for buying their straw. So O thinks it will be a good chance to incorporate all of Kasama into a general scheme---to not make them SK members. How much cooperation he will be able to muster remains a big ? But by pooling resources, as the orig 4 fams did, all Kamama can build tourist facilities. Already has SK as a drawing card (Y sd he guesses probably not a day goes by without some visitors and often large groups of them). Will put in wide roads and space for busses and cars; people can come out for the day from Nagoya or Osaka and still get back hi-gaeri.

There will be ryokan facilities including another mid-air bath like the SK one overlooking the valley (I've seen ads for onsen that feature such kuchū burō). There will be a big heart-shaped bath with a red-tile bottom (make what you want of that one) and also a milk-bath. There will be 400 head of dairy cattle roaming the hills on the far side, if everybody puts their mountain land together. And two automatic milking stations, one at each end of the valley; will need only one or two hands to man each. The milk can be sold to the metropolitan markets; used for butter and cheese. And for the tourists they can have the satisfaction of sitting and sipping the milk from the very cows they see out on the hills, or can even go out and picnic there. A real education for those city kids who think milk comes from bottles and machines. SK will buy 200 head and the rest of Kasama 200 head. If the people are willing, they can also have a communal bath and communal eating facilities like SK and reap the benefits of cooperation.

Y---when O was out---was very skeptical about all of this, that the Kasama people still were bitter about the ostracism and about having been bested by SK now to such a point that they were heavily dependent on SK for selling straw to it and for the public works it contributes. (And as S mentioned Sun, that now SK buys all of its foodstuffs on the market and grows nothing anymore; so that daily takes several dozen eggs from individual farms and from the ag coop, along with vegetables, etc.) Also that nobody at SK knows enough about dairying and cattle diseases to manage the operation well; and there is such a risk in investing so heavily in a dairy herd.

However, Y felt that the tatami bus itself was stable enough to be trustworthy for at least another generation, short of some big corporation setting up a rival plant of vast proportions. Which, however, is at least thinkable now that synthetic fibers are beginning to be used so much. Before, most tatami makers were necessarily on rather small scale since they had to depend on nearby farms for the straw; to operate a very large plant would mean a rapid rise in transportation costs for the raw straw; only an outfit like SK could afford that up to now. With synthetics the raw-mat transport cost is considerably lessened.

But that seems to be as far as the vision goes. No SKism of the YG kind. No special concern for education, which is left to the local school. Tho O remarked several times on the imp of bringing people up from very young to be clean and neat and healthy; still he doesn't seem to take this as a general mission. (At this stage yet I can't help but see many of these things thru Y's eyes). The chn there seem to be valued highly and fussed over by everyone---in this sense as many have remarked before SK is as much a kind of big joint-family household as anything. Likewise the common larder and dining and other facilities.

Y also doesn't know much about the financial situation. Obviously O or S or someone has a very good awareness of the general income and outgo, and how much is in the bank at any one time, And since nearly all the major income is from the tatami, reckoning it isn't difficult. Output about 800 per day, and they sell for about 500 yen each. Which gives a rough per cap gross income of around \$500 a month. Even assuming the overhead and other costs come to \$300, which seems fantastic, that still leaves a net of \$200, which is better than the Plaths are doing estimating \$9500 a year for four.

So altho M was literally bug-eyed over the facilities and the scope of the operation---he seemed quite jolted from his weariness, even though he had heard plenty about SK from Y before---I was not so amazed that SK keeps no regular books (as S wrote) and doesn't even haggle much of the time over prices so long as they don't seem absurd. That the duty cooks (de Y) work out a menu and then tell the driver of the Osaka truck to bring back this and that---and of course buy in quantity and probably get discount prices---fresh from the Osaka markets. Hence the quality and freshness of the table-fare. (However M remarked at dinner that these sure were farmers; you could tell from the amount they heaped on your plate and from the way the fish were basted with miso).

I had bought a pack of Pall Malls to take along. And incidentally, recent trade liberalization has brought the cost of Am cigarettes and coffee way down from what it was. Cigaretts about 140Y per pack; and a huge jar of Nescafe for 750Y or about what a tiny one used to cost. I offered them around freely, and later O remarked to others that here again was a good Am trait (tho it seems to me J are very good about offering, tho sometimes a little too deferential about taking). He also thought it was good the way Ams, or at least westerners in genl, carefully put out matches and cigarettes when done and don't just flip them into the ashtry and let them burn themselves out or pour water on them. Told of once seeing an Am negro GI halfway put out a cigarette and somebody else came along (another negro) and finished the task before he moved on.

Anyway, I also had the remains of a pack of Hi Lites, which I used up at intervals, trying to conserve the PMs for the SK peple. And no sonner had the PM pack been given out Sun before breakfast than somebody brought in a pack of hi-lites for me, which O insisted I take. (Or maybe he had gotten them himself; them appeared from his sleeve; and up to then he had been carrying Shinsei).

In addition to the constant stream of J, several gaijin have been to SK for short visits. DeVos, at least one other Am, a Russian, and recently a Canadian student. Kenchan (he was called, and I have no other name for him at the moment) told of struggling to help out the other Am, who showed up on a big motorcycle, spoke no J at all that was any help. And on leaving wanted to know the way to Kyoto, so they carefully and in great detail traced the route for him on an old U.S. Army map he had, a fine-scaled one with place names both in J and Eng. He was a real pain bec of the lang barrier. The others either knew enough J to get by, however haltingly, or has interpreters. O spoke mainly of DeVos, whom he apparently took a liking to, tho he mentioned the Russian. At the FJK meeting S sd in her spiel that the Ams come and tell us SK is true democracy, the Russians come and tell us SK is true communism. We dk anything about these things, but we do know that by cooperation even farmers in the hills can have a good life.

In the car, returning, S was telling about the Frenchman. Has some link to labor organizations in France, though she wasn't sure what. Came with Kida Minoru, the author of Kichigai Buraku and oth books. Stayed a couple of days. He also prepared for her a sample meal of what Fr working people would eat. Went out and bought the goods and spent a couple of hours fussing in the kitchen over what apparently was a beef stew that had lots of onion and garlic in it. But S praised the flavor and the way even the garlic was soft and mild from stewing.

Sat evening after the bath I was led back to the evening shokudo and seated with Ken-chan for a while; no, it was one of the older men. The TV was on, and five kids of various ages watching a cartoon show. My bath friend sat to eat with an old granny and a couple of others. I was brought a bup of coffee. (Coffee had been served to Y,M and I almost as soon as we sat down on arrival). After a few minutes I was invited back to the GR, where some visitors had been sitting drinking beer but now apparently were done.

The older man (said he was 56), Ken-chan, and a third much younger male (maybe late 20s, early 30s; orig from Akita) came and we talked for more than 4 hours. Later two young girls joined us as well. I showed slides that I had brought of Iowa and Amana; asked for a projector but was told that was one thing SK doesn't have, though it has an 8mm for the HK movies. (And on tour I noticed all sorts of musical instruments, TV sets, and a well-appointed game room).

The talk ranged widely but was quite impressive. Opinions and disagreements flowed very freely---again like within a family---and for men who kept saying well they never got past primary school they were obviously well up on world conditions and problems. Perhaps newspapers perhaps TV or both; but they talked seriously and intently about such things as Vietnam policy, the Negro problem---which naturally keeps coming up---the possible uses of the moon for colonization (one of them spoke at some length on the latest findings of the Ranger shots). There was a nonnonsense quality to it that was very appealing, and I kept being sorry that language problems kept me from contributing half as much as I wanted.

A couple of times I realized with disappointment that I was trying too hard and was inserting anecdotes that were sort of irrelevant, as the ensuing silence showed. There was a period of discussion about how people are not all that different the world over, despite annoying surface difference in customs and tongues. And the word 'humanism' kept coming up. They were of course very curious about what kind of *gakumon* I am involved in, and could some of the E-W differences be explained in racial terms. And frank and forthright in some of their criticisms of Am ways---in contrast to O at least in his public performances. E.g. the way Ams still couldn't grasp the J sense of what a good *shibui* house was like, the GIs who would rent a J house after the war and slap paint over a superb rare *tokonoma* pillar. I argued that this was true in terms of J tradition, but modern J houses don't show much of it.

The counter to this was that cities were cities the world over, just change the signboards. The dirt and noise are the same too. Who the heck wants to live there. They seemed to like the Elgin house with its greenery and country view. Great place to retire to. And the old Amana buildings, especially the run-down one, appealed to the man from Akita. Now that was a place where people live.

Some of the same came out when we were driving through the hills to the FJK meeting. S remarked with real glee, Look there's a true traditional J house with its straw roof and *shoji*, not a glass pane in the place at all. I asked if she wanted to live in one of those---oh, no, but they are so wonderful to look at; they fit into the surroundings so much.

Same for peasant homes in Europe, sd the man from Akita, the night before.

I gave two Amana ties to O soon after arrival. He looked at them with interest but with no great fuss (I appreciate the way the SK people can be courteous without all the *degozaimasu* fuss usually raised). But next morning when I came in for breakfast he was showing them around. I gave two partly on the assumption that they may be passed around and used, though perhaps they will be added to the various treasures in the GR, along with some Chinese masks, a Taiwan ash-tray, some ~~xxx~~ Japanese ~~items~~, a wood-carved hand, and a 3-foot plaster nude that adorn the GR. I also partly was assuming that clothes still are passed around. But on tour O sd going-out clothes are now available personally for everyone, at least a set or two; only work clothes, *nemaki* and such are thrown into the common till. (As you go from the locker room---no locks, of course ---to the bath there is a clothes chute that drops the dirty work-clothes into the laundry-room below. Dk yet about cleaning *sebiro* or kimono). And S told the FJK that where SK once had only two or three sets of going-out clothes for the whole group, now every adult has at least a watch and a couple of personal sets of clothes (all stored, as O showed us, in nothing-but-the-best modernistic *tansu* with labelled drawers and hanging spaces).

Shibui, or perhaps *shikisai*, sd Akita, searching for the right word. He also insisted on J ability to transmit feelings without having to put them into words the way the westerners apparently have to. (This not

after admiring the warikitte way I had been able to contract with the Navy to send me to college in return for three years service---again my passion for ironies).

They also were concerned about slums and unemployment in the U.S. I can see I'm not capturing anything of the spirit of the conversation. I've had a few like this before with ordinary J (of course more easily with univ people) but usually it takes a while to get things going. Somehow we hit it off well right away. Wouldn't surprise me if this was however unofficially, testing on their part. (Asked Y what he knew about procedures for testing prospective members, since there must be plenty who appear. He said he knew of nothing formal, that almost anybody who shows up is allowed in and left to roam about for a few days, put to work if he asks. But informally of course the group must somehow be able to size him up. ((as in the case of the gang that came out))) And in most cases there probably is no need to tell the person to leave. If he or she doesn't fit in, he'll probably soon enough go on his own steam). But the informality of it all makes it at the same time doubly fascinating and doubly difficult to learn about, I fear.

The girls had trouble framing questions. At first kept giggling and falling over each other. Tried to ask about latest dances and such but alas I knew little about that. Later we did talk a little about dating and love-marriage, and I thought there was a bit of tenseness on all sides but may have been mistaken as was getting rather tired myself by then. About 10pm one of the duty cooks came to say she'd show me to my bedroom; I sd if it was okay I'd just as soon talk a little more, so she instructed the girls to lead me. She also sd my clothes had been taken from the dressing room where I left them and put in the bedroom for me. We taked on and chewed mikan until almost 11, when everybody seemed to have about run dry of topics.

The room was on the second floor in one of the new wings up against the hill to the N. A super b new room, naturally with crisp tatami with green borders. But the bedding obviously the best money can buy. For my long-legged sake they had taken two ordinary sized foam mattresses and then laid a pile of futon over them crosswise. One under futon, a blanket, an over-blanket, and two fine kakebuton on top of that, with lace-trimmed covers---the works. An electric foot-warmer, but the wall socket was loose and it kept going out so I finally pushed it out of the way. In a six-mat room with all that bedding it was practically a wall-to-wall bed.

O rattled the door at 6 a.m. and muttered something about, uh, he's still asleep. I suppose he wanted me to bath at sunrise with him. I was awake, but was too comfortable to get up for another half hour. Dressed and walked around a bit. At the genkan bumped into another of the older men I hand't met before. When he saw me slip into my shoes he asked if it was a sampō, and should he ~~xampx~~ accompany me? So he came along (he was in jacket and trousers; perhaps was part of the duty crew to fire off the boiler early on Sun morning) and showed me where the workshop will be moved to. Also the hillside E of the main building

where dirt is being removed to fill in for the new shop, and later for a big fishpond and boating lagoon that will be built about where the present shop is. (thks is part of the tourist programme but also for local benefit too). The level area left from where the dirt has been removed is to eventually be used for building some guest houses he sd, including one of completely W style.

O called us back in a few minutes later for breakfast, at which I was joined by the local school teacher. Oh yes, before all this O had asked if I would mind going and talking to the FJK meeting that afternoon (which I accepted at once, seeing it as a good way to build rapport~~x~~ and as well get to see a little of the country thereabouts). So I asked again about a projector, didn't, the school have one; and the man who had walked with me volunteered to search for one. O and I then went to bathe. When I dressed again the other man had brought the projector along with a rack of film strips the p.s. uses. I was a little uncertain how to use the projector, since at first I didn't see any way of inserting anything but film-strips. So I took~~x~~ it back up to the bedroom and worried over it until I had it figured out, and then arranged a batch of Iowa slides in order.

It was at this point that I was called back to eat. And was joined by the school principal. Also Se, who kept pouring sake, and even a cop who had dropped by to talk about something and who had a cup or two before he stated his business and went on. I tried to chat with the teacher (the Kasama p.s., has 50 chn and three other teachers). But he was too polite and high-sounding and much of it went by me other than the general thread of topics. We chatted about moral educ and I tried to explain the released-time system, and that there was plenty of ethical teaching in Am schools too tho no formalization of it in public institutions. He remarked about how one hour a week of dōtoku kyoiku now was standard fare, under Mombusho tutelage, but we didn't get much beyond that. And before long, O, who had been bustling about after a few cups of sake and a few small helpings of sukiyaki, came back and said it was time to go for our haircuts. Had I eaten my rice? I sd sure OK. The principal said no he hasn't had his rice yet, only his sukiyaki. But O sd, well, later, when we come back.

Five of us, including Kenchan as driver, went to a five-chair shop in town where I noticed on one of the partitions a memo-book hanging from a string and labeled "SK jimmei roku". Later O entered the names of those who had been serviced that morning, including mine. I was given the works, shave, shampoo, like clip (since I had a haircut just before I left Tokyo and had had it taken down fairly short, expecting warmer weather than we have now), including of course shaving ears and forehead ---but at least not the eyelids this time. O fussed over how nice I came out looking, which made me a little annoyed; but I was glad to have had the shave, once I learned I was to appear before the FJK--- hadn't brought along a razor, figuring I'd only be there Sat night and Sun morning.

Not long after I was finished there was a commotion and somebody said hurry up or we'll be late. So Kenchan got up half-clipped, and he, O and I piled back into the car. A few blocks away we took on board two dressed-for-meeting ladies, one of them carrying a packet of powder and a bottle of medicine. No introductions, though obviously they were involved in the FJK meeting from the way they were dressed. (In fact at this point I still had the impression the meeting would be in Kasama or in Haibara or at least close by). Only after talking a few minutes did I realize that both were SK and that the well-fed lady with the medicines was my authoress Mrs.S. (who retains her maiden name, tho is common-law wife to O, according to Y). She had been abed with the cold all this time, in fact it was when she apologized for not having been able to greet me Sat that I began to realize who she was.

We drove back to SK to let off O and pick up the projectors (I gather she had been in town at the medics, said she had had a shot) and drop off O, then left about 11 a.m. for the meeting.

The trip turned out to involve 1½ hours of country-réad jostling---at least it wasn't in a hard-seat bus---up over a pass and into the next valley. Beautiful scenery, had we only had time to stop and look at it leisurely; even Kenchan remarked that I should have brought my cameras along. Fine clear rivers---S remarked that yeah you have to come this far out in the hills to find a clear river any more---good stands of hardwood and pine, tho I was annoyed to see how some of the hillsides were being cut completely bare. K sd they would soon be replanted, but I sd yeah but when you cut them that bare you run a real risk of erosion and landslides. Well, he said, the price of lumber is so good these days and some people so eager for profit. But other than that, the classic Yamato countryside, in a way I had never appreciated in Nagano with its huge mountains, or Kanto with its wide plain.

Not much paving, but K was skilled at riding ruts and dodging holes. Sd he'd been driving about 10y.

Our destination was a village called Momonoyasu, about 30km by road east and not far from the Mie-ken line. Much more precipitous and isolated than Kasama, but nonetheless plenty of buses and much roadwork going on. Meeting was in the PS. We arrived about 12:30 and had time for a few norimaki before the afternoon session (morning one had been the business session). Probably close to a hundred wo there, in their going-out clothes and FJK green jackets. Three men who were representing the local organizations. But none of them the top men, all of whom had 'sudden' business they absolutely had to attend to. So instead of the KMK cho, the mayor, and the principal, we had only functionaries from their respective offices. I suppose half the trick of being able to work effectively in such positions is to be able to smoothly make excuses for not going to all these various meetings, just one now and then so that you can keep in touch with the masses and not be accused of never showing up.

On towards 1pm we went to the assembly hall, where about 100 of the ladies were seated. The chairwoman stood and introduced S, who went to the podium and took over with obviously familiarity with such situations, and the de gozaimasus did flow. (That evening I sd I was surprised that even after getting up from a sickbed she was so easily able to talk, all the while protesting that her voice would not last. She sd she had served as FJK leader in Kasama off and on.)

She---reminding me a lot of Akenuma Okusan---sd rather than gab about SK, which she could do any old time, and would do all you want when you come visit SK; sd she only wanted to make one thing clear. That is that they didn't get to go to HK because they are wealthy and careless about money (but she never did say then what the purpose was; so far I've had no indication that it was anything but a vacation). But bec they cooperate and reap the benefits of cooperation. Bec only one person needs to get up early in themorning and strike one match and light off the fire for enough rice for 20 families, instead of every poor yoma having to do it for her own householdx. The girls are treated with respect, in fact part of the purpose behind SK (O had mentioned this Sat afternoon) is to put m:f on an equal footing. Hence to do this you have to deliberately make sure that the yome is given special treatment, lest you slip into old habits of kicking her around.

(O had Sat talked along theselines, about how the tradl males loafed thanks to the sweat and dirt suffered by the girls. I wonder how much his having had a da by his 1st marriage influenced his thinking on such matters?)

S then swung into the other things mentioned earlier, about foreign visitors etc. Also introduced me as an erai sensei come all theway from that famous university.....not let me see, I forgot; and she fumbled for the meishi.....oh yes, ah-ee-oo--wa daigaku. But went on to say (as she had said to me in the car earlier) that she had thought she wasn't going to make it to the meeting, being so sick she couldn't even get out of bed. But when I agreed to come and talk, she began to feel better about it. She had been saved; I was almost a living kamisama. What blarney.

We adjourned to the movie-room where first the HK-Taiwan films were shown, with S narrating. Seemed to me her voice held up well. In fact she did a bit of interpreting for me during me slide-spiel when some of the ladies asked questions in slang and dialectisms that missed my grasp.

The film had some fairly good shots, but suffered from lack of editing. With a bit of trimming ad shortening, and a title or two it wouldn't be bad. Showed the SK 8 boarding at Itami, taking off and flying over the clouds, a view into the Sakurajima volcano belching fire, and landing at Kowloon. Mostly travelogy, with S talking about population, ohing over the double-deck buses and trolleys; and the 17 or so storey hotels and high-rise apartments. Also about the vast gap between some of the filthy-rich Ch on the hillsides, and the thousands huddled in the shacks. Of course many scenes of the SK group eating, greeting

furriners, riding the superhighways outside Victoria itself, going to the barrier to China mainland, the Kowloon ferry, the harbor itself and of course the view from Victoria peak. Then to Taiwan, some of the mansions---one lady said to have as much income as the government of Japan. A trip up to see the Takasago-zoku and their touristy performances (have to pay to photograph them; dying out like the Ainu, but at least can speak Japanese because they went to J schools). Some monuments left by the various J residents and government bureaus. But a feeling of being back in wartime J, the way the Ch govt and cops are officiously into everything, in contrast to the openness of Hong Kong.

Kenchan ran the projector for me. I seemed to go over fairly well, tho had rather fewer questions than I had expected. But got a great laugh when I started to erase something from the blackboard, used my hand with many ohs and ahs about use the eraser, and before I went over and got it myself one of the ladies had picked it up and handed it to me. Without really thinking about, being sort of nervous in front of such a group, I sd *dōmo sumimasen*, which probably was absurdly polite under the circumstances. A good, if unintentional icebreaker. Most of the questions came from the chairlady, who I suppose feels obliged to keep things going.

We had a cup of ~~xxxx~~ tea, then left soon after, since the ride back was a good long one and S wanted to go a little roundabout in order to take back a teacher who lives down the road SW from Kasama and who had been at the meeting. Most of the ladies in green stayed on to see a movie. One of the officiating males tried to give an envelope with some cash to S but she began to raise a real fuss. Later they came and tried to shove one through the window of the car to me but I also said I wouldn't even think of it, which I certainly wouldn't under the circumstances, although a few times in Anchiku I did accept when Mochizuki said it would be rude not to.

We came back through ~~XXXX~~ Ōda-machi, where we dropped off the ex-teacherlady and where I also saw the biggest rural-burg mansion I've seen in Japan. Would do credit to any location on the North Shore. The Akanuma honke has dough and lives well, but the size of it is trifling compared to this one. Maybe not as tall and massive as McBride hall, but covering as much area. I had asked at first if it was a factory.

About 5pm when we were back at SK. I talked for a while with O and a couple of guests and another older SK member, mostly kidding with O about not being able to understand him. S came in with a nice J doll which she wanted me to take. I got twisted up and sd no rather than do that let me come back to SK again, and she sd ok she'd ~~wave~~ it for next time I came. I'm still baffled about what to do in such situations. Anyway they gave me supper before I left, and K drove me to the eki, tho I offered to take the bus, which stops not far from SK.

Undoubtedly many morethings will occur to me, but it's time for a bit of supper. I'll stop with the triple slogan O sd Sat was thekey to SK: benjo, furō, yagu (bedclothes).

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Anyway it is aku made mo an unplanned utopia or arcadia. The virtues of unplanning. A variety of concrete goals but no systematization--- Meiji history in the small. The insistence on informality makes for flexibility; consonant with the soft sell and the willingness to let outsiders call the community whatever they want---primitive communism, capitalist collectivization, true democracy, etc.

O remarked to N yesterday morning while I was off taking pictures (10 to 11:30) that SK in a sense is still a branch of Tenri. But not the kind of Tenri that worships images or sends its money to the hombu to buy fancy clothes and big buildings for the erai people. As he kept telling me earlier in the week, its the spirit of worship that counts. Offer the money or food if you want, but use the money yourself afterwards, eat the food while it's hot (samenai uchi ni). The money should not go up to the alter and then off to the side (yoko ni) i.e. to the greater glory of the church hierarchy.

O obviously has a great distaste for formality of any kind. I think I share some of this. His passions rose every time he told of how some erai type shows up at SK and he manages to cut the man down. (So far he has not tried to cut me down; I wonder what I might do that would bring it on, not that I have any desire to come under his thunder). He displayed some of this Sat night when he snowed N under with a verbal barrage after N had tried to speak his mind on greeting the American as equal but not as conqueror. In other words, he's quite right when he says he doesn't do any missionizing or propagandizing, nor allow any advertising for SK or even the use of its name by the mat-machine makers who want to publicize the fact that Tokai of Nagoya has installed all the preset SK pallet machinery. Instead, having built his better mouse-trap, he can sit and let the world beat the path to his door. And when the world comes in, it gets a warm welcome and it is put at ease, and well lubricated, fed well and soaked in a delightful furo, soothed and softened and led to relax its defenses. Led to think its own thoughts. Not told that SK is this or that; rather that 'we do this and that' 'we try to make life easy for the yomehan' 'we discovered accidentally the power of collective living'. Then the lamb is felled with a swift simple and overwhelming stroke of logic.

The strength of the weak who know how to use their weakness. The 47 rōnin, as O said several times, were foolish to fight back in that way. There was no gain on his own part if he had tried to fight the Kasama bosses frontally. So instead shame them by making big contributions to the village(the hōanden and the fire pump) soon after the ostracism.

Yamato-damashii. If those demonstrators from the communist party and socialist party really meant what they said when they ran around Sasebo saying Yankee sub go home! then they should have taken off those hachimaki, lined up a thousand strong on the dock, slit open their bellies and thrown their intestines at the sailors. That would have made even the Americans stop and think. They aren't going to pay much attention to just another wasshoi mob.

Again the delegation that came from the Meshiyakyō. Three or four underlings fawning over the boss, who sat there in his erect posture. He spied the sentaku-gakari shuffling down the hall. She has a damaged kidney and can't contain urine (was damaged in childbirth) so has to wear diapers and change them frequently. Usually is active but has spells when she can only shuffle about. Tried over many years at many hospitals but always was told nothing could be done about it. The bossman said, O, let me be with that woman two hours a day for 15 days and I'll heal her. O---as he related the incident---apparently played along with the man for a few minutes, then said, OK if you mean what you say I'll sign a death pact with you. If you cure her you can kill me, and if you fail I can kill you. Oi! Kami o motte ~~kurax~~ koi! We'll both put thumbprints on the agreement, so there won't be any trouble with the police. The bossman then says, saaa, let's not be hasty about it. O pursues the point, and the group makes a hasty departure. The bossman says, well he'll come another day.....

As I remarked to N on the train in Haibara yesterday, like anybody else O works up the most steam when he finds in others his own flaws. The religious, the communist party bosses, the traditional mura bosses, are evil because they seize on people who are weak and milk them and live high from the profits. True enough O doesn't actively proselytize nor does he promise miracle cures (is you're sick, go see a doctor at once; that plus your own will to be cured will cure what can be cured) but it seems fairly clear that except for the 4 fams all the others in SK are powerless and most of them either lame or crosseyed, or if physically jōbu are emotionally crippled. Hence to be nasty about it one could say that O is milking them. True enough he's not afraid to putter about the workshop, and he eats the same food and wears the same sangyōgi. He doesn't assert his status to outsiders, though he certainly does to insiders; and doesn't bow low in self-denial when outsiders praise what he has accomplished.

I realize I'm being critical. Perhaps I feel a need to defend myself against the man's magnetism. Does it make sense to say that I am being harsh precisely because I think he is admirable in many ways?

Again I think he is probably being honest about not intending to go out and collect a set of serfs so he could relax. But it has worked out that way. He seems to value manual labor, especially farm work. (Going to the fields was like going to a lover). Told N yesterday in my absence that he sometimes thinks it would be nice to shuck off the SK operation and start again with just the 4 fams; that that was the best period of his life, when they were discovering the power of gp organization. To go back to farming, raising chickens and rice. He didn't set out to become erai in the usually promotional path; had to have his own. But it was like going around with the boss of a Tokugawa village, as I reconstruct village organization then. The classical oyabun.