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## Sojourner Adjustment : A Diary Study

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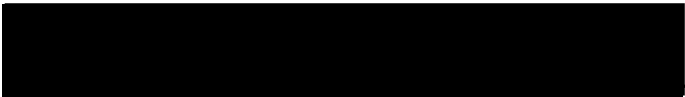
<https://doi.org/10.15760/etd.6261>


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AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF Susan Elizabeth Hemstreet for the  
Master of Arts in Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages presented  
January 21, 1992.

Title: Sojourner Adjustment: A Diary Study.

APPROVED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE THESIS COMMITTEE:

  
Marjorie S. Terdal, Chair

  
Kimberley M. Brown

  
Suwako Watanabe

  
Devorah Lieberman

The focus of the ethnographic diary study is introduced and contextualized in the opening chapter with a site description. The thesis examines the diaries written during a sojourn of over two years in Japan and proposes to answer the question, "How did the sojourner's initial maladjustment subsequently develop into satisfactory adjustment?"

The literature on diary studies, culture shock and sojourner adjustment is reviewed in order to establish standards of the diary study genre and a framework from which to analyze the diary.

Using the qualitative methods of a diary study, salient themes of the adjustment are examined. The diarist's progression through the adjustment stages as proposed by the literature is supported, and the coping strategies of escapism, reaching out to people, writing, positive thinking, religious beliefs, compulsive behaviors, goal-setting and seeing the experience as finite are discussed in depth. In addition, several personal and situational variables peculiar to the diarist are isolated and analyzed.

Recommendations for alleviating or mitigating the effects of culture shock are offered. A clear need for teacher-training programs, host culture orientation, cross-cultural communication training, and an empathic and well-adjusted host-culture 'mentor', preferably from the sojourner's home culture is demonstrated.

Finally, the development of the diarist's conception of herself as a teacher is traced and explicated, with special attention paid to the evolution of the teaching self in the Japanese environment. Limitations to the study are included, as well as a discussion of the diary study as research topic.

SOJOURNER ADJUSTMENT: A DIARY STUDY

by

SUSAN ELIZABETH HEMSTREET

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS  
in  
TEACHING ENGLISH TO SPEAKERS OF OTHER LANGUAGES

Portland State University  
1992

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## Simple-song

When we are going toward someone we say  
you are just like me  
your thoughts are my brothers and sisters  
word matches word  
how easy to be together.

When we are leaving someone we say  
how strange you are  
we cannot communicate  
we can never agree  
how hard, hard and weary to be together.

We are neither different nor alike  
but each strange in our leather bodies  
sealed in skin and reaching out clumsy hands  
and loving is an act  
that cannot outlive  
the open hand  
the open eye  
the door in the chest standing open.

- Marge Piercy

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

On April Fool's Day, 1987, I began my life as an English teacher in Japan. I lived in Japan for two and a half years, and while I was there, I kept a diary. Rather, while I was there, I continued to keep the diary I had been writing in one form or another for fourteen years. The entries I made while in Japan have been used for this diary study, an examination of sojourner adjustment and coping strategies.

By using this diary, I am either betraying it by allowing it to be opened for research -- or fulfilling the diary's real purpose by finding it an audience. It has been helpful for me, examining the diary so closely, to think of this as a record of my younger self, someone separate from me now. I have dissociated myself so successfully from the writer of the diary that I had to fight to remind myself to use first person throughout, and not the 'her' and 'she' I used in my head.

The diary included in the appendix begins in the autumn following my graduation from college. It records my frustrations with the Portland job market and my decision to go to Japan. The diary serves as a tool to register my impressions of Japan and my daily life as an expatriate. While reading the diary, one can trace an evolution in my attitude toward living there -- from excitement to dislike to appreciation.

The major characters in the diary are the other international teachers and my Japanese colleagues. When I moved in with a Japanese

family, they became important in the diary, too. My students sometimes appear, as do my teachers. My friends and their families are mentioned, my family, my friends. All are subjects of the diary, but of course the central subject is myself. Myself and Japan.

## THE DIARY SETTING

To describe the setting of the diary, I will say that Seiki School is in Kagoshima, a city of approximately 500,000 residents located in the inner curve of Ginko Bay on the southern tip of the southern island of Kyushu. The weather is similar to that of the Pacific Northwest, except that summer is preceded by a rainy season and is intensely humid. The active volcano, Mt. Sakurajima, dominates the city literally and aesthetically, and the ash which either drifts or explodes out of the volcano's peak affects the weather patterns, usually by obscuring the sun and creating an ash-rain. During the winter, the ash blows south, away from the city, but in the spring the wind changes and the city is coated with fine grit. Spring also brings an increase in typhoon alerts; the city is especially vulnerable as it is situated on the lip of a bay which empties into the Pacific Ocean.

Seiki Girl's School is situated on a hill overlooking the bay, and commands a good view of Mt. Sakurajima and the downtown area. The campus was in an architectural transition during my employment there; drab, unheated, exposed classrooms were replaced by high-tech, climate-controlled, cheery buildings. Both the junior college and the junior and senior high schools were engaged in a kind of 'building war' to upgrade facilities as quickly as possible, and the teachers and students benefited

from the newly built indoor swimming pool, circuit training room and tennis courts, as well as the extensive library and audiovisual facilities.

The number of native English speaking residents of the city at the time I lived there was approximately 40, of which the teachers employed by Seiki were a significant percentage. Thus the existence of a foreign enclave was predicted by the simultaneous isolation and propinquity of the foreigners at Seiki School.

The school is a private, 'mission school' run by an order of Catholic nuns, all Japanese. However, less than 1% of the approximately 1200 students at Seiki are Christian. Religious instruction is not part of the curriculum; however, prayers are said before lunch, a short invocation is given before every class, and the Marian holidays are celebrated by the entire student body.

I was the sole foreigner employed by the junior and senior high school. The more than seventy teachers at Seiki shared a large faculty room with desks in rows, facing each other: a very common office arrangement in Japan. Desk assignments were changed every year, in order to facilitate camaraderie among the staff. Nearly half the faculty were young women, but the career teachers were the men and the religious sisters. Women staff members were expected to quit upon their engagement to be married: the regular turnover kept salaries under control.

I taught English conversation to every junior high school student, nearly 300 girls. I also taught the most advanced students in the senior high school, approximately 120 students. 'English Clubs' were offered after school, so that the entire student body might benefit from instruction by a

native speaker of English. Each class I taught was comprised of 35-45 girls, whom I saw for fifty minutes a week. I taught 16 class hours a week, with Saturdays and Sundays off.

The conversation classes were supplemented by English grammar, reading, and writing classes taught by Japanese faculty. In the junior high school classes, I was provided with a translator for my lessons.

The first year and a half I taught at Seiki, I lived, for lack of alternative, at the junior college's 'English' dormitory. Four foreign teachers employed by the junior college lived in the dormitory as well. The Japanese student residents were English majors at the junior college, preparing for an Australian homestay by community living in an English language residence hall. I was given a private bathroom, in addition to my 8' by 6' room, but my accommodations were inferior to the spacious, Japanese-style rooms given to the junior college teachers, especially in terms of 'view' -- the junior college teachers' rooms overlooked the bay and Sakurajima; the high school teacher's room was on the second floor above the trash burner, facing into a ravine.

Additionally, because the high school's vacations did not coincide with the junior college's, the high school teacher's residence was troublesome for the dormitory prefects. During the junior college's winter vacation, from February to March, when the dormitory was deserted, the high school teacher had no heat, hot water, food or companionship.

My predecessor at the high school had found a host family to live with, and I eventually did the same. After a year and a half, I moved in with a Japanese family who lived in a suburb of Kagoshima, although keeping my room at the campus; I moved back and forth several times. In

April of 1989, because of the problems contingent upon the high school teacher's residence in the dormitory, a house owned by the high school was remodeled for the foreign teacher. Additionally, the high school decided to expand their foreign teaching staff and added another native speaker position in June 1989. I left Japan in August of 1989, after four months in my own house and spacious garden, shared the last two months with an Australian roommate.

Of course I have changed the names of the people who are mentioned in the diary. I have renamed the school and disguised other landmarks. However, there was no disguising the volcano, Sakurajima: it is the dominant image of my stay there and I could not disqualify its importance, and so I have left the name of the city and the volcano intact. Perhaps Sakurajima figures more in my memories than in the text of the diary, but the way things are, when I close my eyes and think of Japan, I see the silhouette of that mountain rising out of the waves, its peak framed by ashes.

### GUIDING QUESTIONS

When I arrived in Japan, I spoke no Japanese and knew very little about the culture and customs of the land in which I was to make my home. I had no previous interest in Japan and did not research the country before I arrived. I characterized myself as an "economic exile" from the United States, and accepted the job only out of desperation and anxiety over my five month period of under-employment after graduating from college. I did not want to live in Japan: when I received the job offer I wrote in my

diary, "Something horrible will happen: I'll have to go to Japan for 2 years in April" (1/29/87).

I know how the story turned out. I ended up extending my contract and staying two and a half years. I know I hated leaving the place where I felt comfortable and loved. I decided, "All of the people who are like me & dear to me are in Japan. So - can't wait to get back & be w/them" (7/1/89). But how did this transformation occur? Why did I stay?

Re-reading the diaries again, I am struck by how hard-won this comfort was. Many times I expressed frustration, boredom, even despair. As I began researching culture shock and sojourner adjustment, I realized my experience was typical of those found in the literature. This was a revelation and a relief. As I reviewed the diaries, looking for evidence of culture shock and culture stress, I continually reminded myself that my 'symptoms' had been predicted and described in the literature, and were somewhat 'normal'; my deeply felt experiences of loneliness and alienation had been forgotten in my recollections of Japan, and I was surprised and ashamed at the profundity of the unhappiness described in the diary. I was reluctant to 'publicize' my maladjustment; it seemed evidence of my inability to cope and lack of mental toughness. However, it led me to this thesis: given that I hadn't wanted to live in Japan, and had found living there initially very difficult, how had I turned this maladjustment to adjustment; how did I reach the point where I wanted to stay longer in Japan?



## REASON FOR THE STUDY

My decision to do a diary study emerged out of a need to examine my experience in Japan and the implications it has had for me: my decision to pursue a master's degree in teaching English to speakers of other languages follows, after all, from my teaching experience in Japan. I hoped this study would allow me to integrate my experiences in Japan with my conception of myself as a professional language educator, and with future overseas work.

Secondly, I chose to study adjustment and coping strategies because living overseas has proven to be a value in my life: I have sojourned in four countries and visited many more. This fascination with sojourns abroad is a value I predict will continue, and for that reason, studying cross-cultural adjustment in general, and my adjustment in particular, appeared to be the most practical course of study I could undertake.

Additionally, this study follows from an early, feminist orientation towards seeing the 'personal as political'. I believe that what happens to people in their daily lives is important and meaningful and deserves reflection: as Socrates says, "The unexamined life is not worth living." I was searching for a wholeness and unity in my life, a way to wind the disparate threads of my experiences into one spool.

Amidst this introspection, it has been a challenge to not become completely solipsistic, but to be conscious of relating my experiences to the literature and to the English as a foreign language profession in order to benefit myself and others.

In this study, I will share the diary which I kept in Japan and discuss the process of sojourner adjustment as I went through it. I will

examine the literature of diary studies and sojourner adjustment and compare my experiences to proposed adjustment curves and trace the stages of culture shock which I experienced. I intend to isolate, describe and evaluate the coping strategies which emerged from my sojourn, and their implications. I will discuss the personal and situational variables peculiar to my sojourn, and relate these to the variables predicted and described by the literature. Finally, using my experience as a guide, I will suggest strategies to mitigate or eliminate some of the more extreme manifestations of culture shock and maladjustment, offering suggestions for further research.

A diary study, I have found, is a highly personal and creative work. I have not wanted to compromise these elements to the demands of the scientific method or a traditional quantitative study, because the personal and the creative are the diary study's strength. At the same time, I do not wish my findings to be so idiosyncratic as to be inapplicable to others in similar situations. I envision a 'third culture' between the personal and the theoretical, where my thesis can usefully reside.

Naturally, every thesis is most helpful and resonant to its author; however, I hope my thesis will stimulate others who prepare themselves to teach overseas.

## CHAPTER II

### REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

The review of the literature opens with an overview of diary studies and the tradition of ethnographic research in second language acquisition. It surveys the literature on culture shock and the patterns of sojourner adjustment, and concludes with a brief overview of culture learning.

### THE DIARY STUDY IN SECOND LANGUAGE ACQUISITION RESEARCH

The diary study is a fairly new field of research. In the last decade, research on diary studies has been gathering momentum, primarily under the impetus of Kathleen Bailey of the Monterrey Institute, an early proponent of diary studies. When she published her diary study of a university French class in 1979, she commented that "the methodology is too new and the literature is too limited" (p. 64) to draw conclusions about the usefulness of diary studies. However, in the intervening decade, Bailey has been one of the main contributors to the methodology and literature in this field. Since the publication of the first diary studies in the late seventies, the methods and stylistics of diary studies have been somewhat refined and standardized, although they are still evolving.

### The Tradition of Ethnographic Research in ESL

Ethnography has become synonymous with qualitative research. However, Watson-Gegeo (1988) distinguishes ethnographic research from qualitative research and naturalistic research in the following way: qualitative research is an umbrella term for many kinds of research approaches and techniques, including ethnography, case studies, analytic induction, content analysis, semiotics, hermeneutics, life histories, and certain types of computer and statistical approaches (Kirk & Miller, 1986), while naturalistic research is a descriptive term that implies that the researcher conducts observations in the "natural, ongoing environment where [people] live and work" (Schatzman & Strauss, 1973, p. 5).

Ethnography is generally defined as the study of people's behavior in naturally occurring, ongoing settings, with a focus on the cultural interpretation of behavior (Firth, 1961; Hymes 1982, cited in Long, 1983). Ethnography is more detailed and comprehensive than natural data records, and reveals the entire context of the study. Research is frequently called ethnographic as long as it involves observation of people's behavior in nonlaboratory settings, in a manner which reveals the many facets at play in a given situation.

Several defenses of ethnographic research have been offered by varied researchers; I will summarize several here.

Long's (1980) version of ethnography has been classified under the naturalistic approach, and it is envisioned as a complement to quantitative studies. Long suggests combining empirical and ethnographic research methods to produce a more complete understanding of the processes underlying second language acquisition; he argues that a combination of

methods will be most successful in compensating for the limitations of each.

There are three major advantages to qualitative second language research, suggests Gaies (1983). Firstly, qualitative research allows for sufficient investigation of the learning processes of second language learners who participate little in verbal classroom interaction. Secondly, qualitative studies enable classroom researchers to explore and obtain important insights into learners' mental states or the thought processes involved in classroom language learning experience. Thirdly, the hypothesis-generating characteristic of qualitative approaches perfectly fills the current needs of second language classroom-centered research, in which many significant variables remain to be discovered.

A rationale for ethnography is provided by Van Lier (1988), who says that our knowledge of what actually occurs in classrooms is extremely limited, and it is relevant and valuable to increase that knowledge by going into the classroom for data. All data must be interpreted in the context of their occurrence, e.g., the classroom. Thus, the context is not solely linguistic or cognitive, it is also essentially social.

Lange (1989) characterizes the bias towards experimental research as a flight from the field of practice, and says that soliciting help from the fields of linguistics, psycholinguistics, educational psychology and psychology has "little intent to consider either the intellectual, social and emotional development of individuals in classrooms or the purpose of language in their theories" (p. 5). He faults the acceptance of the technical-scientific orientation as canon in schools, colleges and universities because it is never value neutral. Lange acknowledges the few teachers and

scholars who have gone beyond theoretical or scientific research and says, "it is time to recognize the limits of the scientific-technical in the endeavor to learn and teach a human language" (p. 34).

Two types of ethnographic research in ESL are participant-observer and diary studies. A participant-observer enters a research situation to study the behavior and motives of its members. A diarist enters the learning or teaching situation to study his or her own behavior and motives, and to address otherwise unobservable facets of the individual learner's or teacher's experience (Bailey, 1985). This is valuable because, as Grandcolas and Soule-Susbielles (1986) comment, "Access to and mastery of a foreign language is extremely intricate... constructive and observable phenomena give only scanty insight into the processes at work" (p. 299).

Criticisms of diary studies are criticisms of ethnographic research in general; some people take issue with ethnographic research in and of itself. Van Lier (1988) discusses this prejudice against ethnography as "a tendency to equate quality in research with the application of a scientific methodology modeled on the natural sciences. Thus there is a strong emphasis on experimentation, hypothesis-testing, the quantitative measurement of variables, and the generalizability of findings" (p. 43). Mehan (1977, 1978, cited in Watson-Gegeo, 1988) criticizes ethnography because the anecdotal nature of most field studies makes it difficult to determine their typicality.

### Qualities of a Diary Study

Diary-keeping has been used as an introspective technique for many centuries. Over the past ten years, diaries have been kept to explore various aspects of classroom language learning and teaching for which traditional quantitative or empirical research does not permit accurate investigation (Matsumoto, 1987).

A definition of the diary study is given in Bailey and Ochsner (1983):

A diary in second language learning, acquisition or teaching is an account of a second language experience as recorded in a first person journal... The central characteristic of the diary studies is that they are introspective: the diarist studies his [sic] own teaching or learning... However, the first person diaries may also be (re)analyzed by other researchers (p. 2)

The steps Bailey and Ochsner (1983) recommend toward conducting diary research are as follows:

1) The diarist provides an account of her personal language learning (or teaching) history.

Also called "cultural life histories", this account contextualizes the diarist's perceptions and observations, and gives the reader some hint of the diarist's focus or bias. This is important because, as Bailey states, "what the diarist perceives as real may be more important to that person's language-learning experience than any external reality" (1990, p. 86). This amplifies what Bailey and Ochsner wrote about the importance of including insight into the diarist's personality in the published diary: the diarist's perception of events informs the study, and thus the reader has to identify with the diarist much as s/he would identify with a fictional character in a novel (1983).

2) The diarist systematically records events, details, and feelings about the current language experience in a confidential and candid diary.

In order to avoid the retrospective lapse mentioned by Brown (1987), it is best that the diarist have ample time and access to the diary immediately after participation in the research situation. Bailey (1990) recommends that the time allotted to writing about the language teaching or learning experience should at least equal the time spent in class. Bailey also stresses the importance of setting up the conditions for writing so that the actual process of writing is relatively pleasant (1983).

Diaries may differ in the degree of retrospection which is used in writing them: they may be written during the language class, shortly after, or a long time after. Most guides to writing the diary study emphasize the amount of discipline it requires to keep a diary faithfully (Bailey, 1990).

3) Once the diary has been recorded, the diarist revises the journal entries for public access.

Names are changed and information damaging to others or embarrassing for the diarist is deleted. However, Bailey cautions against changing more than the names of the other participants and dates of the study, in order not to dilute or impair the data: misleading personal descriptions may distort the readers' conclusions about the research.

4) The revised diary is then studied for significant patterns or events.

An issue is usually deemed salient if it arises frequently or with great intensity (J. Schumann, 1983).

5) The factors identified as important to the language learning or teaching experience are interpreted and discussed in the finished diary study.



Matsumoto (1987), in her critical review of diary studies, delineates the three major differences among diary studies: 1) who the diarist is, 2) when the diary is written, and 3) what the language of the diary is--L1, the diarist's native language, or L2, the target language.

To refine the methodology of the diary studies, and to address the issues of generalizability, reliability, and validity, Matsumoto (1987) suggests that the following guidelines be adopted: first, that the number of diaries investigated for a particular research be not just one but several, and that the researcher investigate other diaries in addition to his or her own. This is to avoid as much as possible idiosyncrasy of findings. Second, the results of the journal data should be somehow quantified, as in Brown's (1984) research, to make the results more generalizable to other populations.

An issue to consider, Matsumoto suggests, is reliability. To analyze the journal entries is usually time-consuming, and can be too subjective if done by one person; moreover, significant patterns and factors in second language acquisition do not seem to be easily deduced, especially when the researcher analyzes other subjects' diaries. Matsumoto also worries about the validity of the data: a diarist, knowing that her confidential and candid observations will be scrutinized, may subconsciously or consciously censor the data to reflect more favorably upon herself, and to gain the approval of the researcher (1987).

Diarists may differ in their degree of naivete about the language learning process, which may be an important consideration when evaluating the results (Brown, 1984). Diaries may also differ in the

language in which they are kept, either in the target language, the native language, or a mixture of both (Brown, 1984).

Bailey and Ochsner (1983) have outlined some stylistic preferences for the diary studies. As the diary is creative research, in which the author uses the data as a vehicle for expressing personal views, it is critical that the author makes his or her personality accessible to the readers through the writing. Thus, believability is the first standard for weighing diary studies. The reader must accept the author's sincerity and motive in creating a diary study.

Further, Bailey and Ochsner ask, "why depersonalize the personal?" (p. 193, 1983). To this end, it is recommended that diary studies be written in the first person, with active verbs, and that the indirect diction of experimental research be avoided. The diarist must identify, and then bond with, the readership.

### Published Diary Studies

Relatively few diary studies have been published; they are typically very long and the methodology of keeping and analyzing a diary study is new and unpolished (Bailey, 1985 & 1990; Bailey & Ochsner, 1983; Matsumoto 1987). It typically takes almost as long to write about the data as it does to analyze it (Bailey & Ochsner, 1983).

The first language learning diary study to be published was conducted by Schumann and Schumann (1977), who examined their language learning in three different settings: studying Farsi in Iran, studying Arabic in Tunisia, and studying Farsi in a university language course in the United States. Each author discusses three factors that

influenced the language learning process: although the "subjects" were undergoing essentially the same language learning experience, their reactions to the situation were very individual (Schumann, 1978).

Jones (1977, cited in Bailey, 1983) investigated her second language acquisition through the diaries she kept during an eleven-week intensive Indonesian class in the target culture. Her study provides a detailed description of how such factors as language shock, culture shock, culture stress and social distance, and the interplay of these factors with one another, influenced second language learning in the target language community.

Bailey (1980) kept a diary of her language learning experience in a ten-week French reading course at UCLA. In her introspective analysis of the journal entries, she found that the language learning environment, teaching style, and feedback from the teacher influenced her second language learning experiences. Bailey also developed the concept of 'facilitative' vs. 'debilitative' anxiety in the language learning classroom.

Brown (1984) analyzed the diaries kept by 36 English-speaking older and younger adult language learners taking an eight-week intensive Spanish course at a missionary training center in Utah. An examination of the subjects' journals resulted in identifying 76 factors that influenced language acquisition; these variables were listed according to the frequency of mention in the diaries. Statistical analyses revealed that while the overall language learning experience was perceived similarly by both older and younger age groups, the most important factors in the language learning process were perceived quite differently according to the individual diarists.

Lowe (1987) describes a seminar in which participants reflected in a diary study on their experience as language learners. The diarists, all ESL instructors in London, had enrolled in a twelve-week course in Chinese to gain insight into the language learning process from the learner's point of view. The diaries kept by the participants allowed them to reconsider some of their professional preconceptions. In particular, they were able to re-evaluate the roles of praise, grammar, repetition, revision, and communicative teaching, at least as they understand and practiced these techniques.

Matsumoto (1989) analyzed the daily diary of a college-aged Japanese woman enrolled in an eight-week intensive English course in the United States. The analysis resulted in the identification of 65 factors, emotional and non-emotional, which were involved in the diarist's second language learning experience. Significant findings include the effects of positive feedback on learner motivation, the importance of the affective classroom climate to the learner's language development, and the role of self-awareness and self-analysis in the diarist's learning process.

### Disadvantages of a Diary Study

The unusual and personal nature of the diary studies invites limitations peculiar to its genre. As with other case studies, but unlike most social science research, the diary studies by definition are not based on a random sample (Bailey, 1985). The findings in the diaries are based on a sample of one, and thus cannot be generalized easily to the wider population. F. Schumann concludes near the end of her diary study:

When I initially undertook this study, I did so with the hope that by examining my own language learning I could arrive at some answers about what is involved with second language learning in general. However, now I realize that what I have learned is how I learn second languages. (p. 56, 1978)

Bailey's response to the question of the diary's generalizability has evolved with her research over the years. In a methodological review of the diary studies, Bailey and Ochsner (1983) concede that the possibility of aggregating the diaries is an "unresolved question" (p. 191). In her analysis of competitiveness and anxiety as revealed through the diary studies, Bailey calls the insistence upon generalizability "inappropriate" (1983, p. 95) because all learners are unique and functioning in an individual learning environment shaped by their own perceptions, even those learners used in an empirical research study.

Some questions have been raised about the integrity of revising the diaries for publication (Matsumoto, 1987). Ethnographies are summaries of the events observed; readers have no access to the original data and therefore no opportunity to arrive at their own interpretations. The interpretive lens of the ethnographer is sometimes seen as a distortion, not as a clarifier.

In addition, the re-written diaries may lose the essence of the diary, and eliminate some valuable variables from the study. Without the diary in its entirety, research, especially comparative research, is generalized from only partial data. Brown (1984) asserts that the primary data needs to be available for proper hypothesis-generating, and recommends that the diary under analysis be wholly available.

Bailey (1983) observes, however, that very little is edited for the public version of the diaries: with the passage of time, events which seemed

embarrassing to the researcher-diarist lose their sting, and the catharsis of penning and analyzing the diary usually divests the diarist of painful personal involvement in the episodes recorded.

The dual role of the researcher as diarist also may pose an obstacle to the acceptance of diary studies as reliable data (Brown, 1984). Matsumoto (1987) agrees, saying that the diarist may be a language learner or teacher, but, for reasons of objectivity, may not be the researcher. However, in the early models of the diary studies, the researcher provides his or her own data.

Long (1980) echoes the concern about the double burden of the researcher/diarist, saying that when the researcher is involved in two related but separate tasks, "this is obviously a 'plus' as far as their potential for revealing insights into language learning is concerned, but the divided attention resulting from the dual activity could constitute a considerable obstacle to the study of classroom processes" (p.30).

Additionally, if the diarist is also the researcher, pre-conceived ideas and expectations about the results of the diary study may influence the diarist's record of events and subsequent interpretation and conclusions.

Bailey (1990), admitting that all diaries "are not necessarily always gems of ethnographic investigation" (p. 217), echoes another critique of ethnographic research: it is often only as good as the person conducting it. A good ethnographer must be thorough, flexible, nonjudgmental, interpretive, and a good observer and critical thinker.

### Advantages of a Diary Study

There are some strengths unique to the diary form. A diary study is exploratory and creative in the sense that it not only generates new hypotheses concerning second language acquisition, but discovers new variables which play important roles in classroom language learning or teaching, thus inspiring further experimental investigation (Matsumoto, 1987).

A crucial advantage of the second language diary study is that it provides a detailed description of all aspects of language learning or teaching experience. While product-oriented experimental studies investigate only one or a few pre-selected aspects of the second language learning experience at one time, process-oriented ethnographic studies such as the diary study enable researchers to investigate all aspects of the classroom-language experience over a period of time. Therefore, a holistic investigation of classroom language learning or teaching is possible in second language diary research (Matsumoto, 1987).

Diary studies allow a context laden overview of the language learning situation, but the researcher is part of the context. Thus diary studies avoid the "observer's paradox" discussed by Van Lier (1988), a situation in which the mere fact of having an observer watch the lesson distorts the natural chemistry of the classroom and disturbs the naturalism of the observation. The diary study requires little research intrusion; thus it does not strongly affect the teaching or learning process it observes (Matsumoto, 1987).

Diary studies are inherently dependent upon longitudinal observation, considerable familiarity with the setting and intensive immersion in the data (Van Lier, 1988).

Diary studies shed light on otherwise unobservable aspects of second language learning or teaching, particularly on hidden psychological variables in second language acquisition such as affective factors, cognitive style, language learning strategies, decision making, self-esteem, and sources of enthusiasm. Also, the diary study is one of the best methods for focusing on the individual learner, and for discovering personal variables which influence the process of second language learning (Matsumoto, 1987). Gaies (1983) points out that the diary study, as it is not concerned with the students' verbal participation in the classroom, allows investigation of the learning processes of even "quiet" learners. In addition, Bailey (1985) argues that whether or not the diary studies can be generalized, they (like other case studies) can be compared for trends and significant variables.

A further advantage of the researcher-diarist role is the certainty of collecting the data. When the researcher analyzes the diaries of other subjects, there is always the chance that the diarist will refuse to hand over the journal, or will not conscientiously record all the relevant data, or will not follow directions when filling out the diary (Brown, 1988).

Another strength in using the diary study lies in the fact that it can be used for purposes other than the research itself (Brown, 1984). Bailey (1980) claims that the keeping of a journal holds "considerable promise both as a research tool and as an aid to self-awareness" (pp. 64-65). Regular reflection may aid in a growing involvement with that activity: Grandcolas and Soule-Susbielles state that "self-awareness of the partners in the classroom situation is the necessary condition for any real and lasting



internalization of the language and any behavioral changes leading to such internalization" (1986, p. 299).

### Applications of the Diary Study in ESL Research

Van Lier (1988) predicts that observation will form the single most important component of classroom research in the future. He distinguishes between evaluative and descriptive observation, characterizing the former as difficult to reconcile with research. He deems it necessary to follow an ethnographic approach which adheres to the emic and holistic principles. Nor does he conclude that observation is necessarily less objective, the notion of objectivity being complex and relative.

Long (1983) agrees with Van Lier, saying:

Most researchers are generally unimpressed by the aura of objectivity that surrounds experimental research, and especially so when it is applied to the study of human beings. Ethnographers recognize the bias inherent in one person reporting events, but some feel it is as safe or safer to trust one's own insights as another's alleged objectivity. (p. 23)

F. Schumann recommends the use of the diary to orient other learners: as a language learner in Iran, she felt she had particular difficulties finding language practice opportunities because of the restrictions put on women in Iranian society. Schumann believes that published journals of women who successfully learn second languages in similar circumstances would provide orientation and useful techniques for gaining access to native speakers and for assuring sufficient linguistic input to acquire the target language (Schumann, 1978).

A by-product of the diary study is self-reflection and an increased consciousness of their experience on the part of the learner. Butler-Wall (cited in Bailey, 1990) remarked that a diary helped her

to sort out recurring issues, important questions... Already some interesting themes are emerging which promise to lead to certain insights available from no other source than introspection... It seems that a diary is more than the sum of its parts; although I was the one who recorded every individual item, I did not realize what I had recorded until I had recorded many items. (pp. 224-225)

The synergistic property of the diary study is what attracted me most to the thesis research I have undertaken.

## CULTURE SHOCK

Culture travel is not new and, as Furnham and Bochner suggest, culture travel was not meant to be easy (1986). The ease of travel has brought the experience of crossing cultures to an ever-widening circle, not just to select adventurers. Most persons today have the opportunity to step outside their culture of socialization, and, therefore, will be likely to experience some of the physical and emotional stress associated with the term 'culture shock.'

'Culture shock' is a term first suggested by Oberg (1960), who describes a syndrome of personal maladjustment associated with physical symptoms. Generally, culture shock is used to mean the frustration, loneliness and alienation triggered by having to function in a new culture which lacks the predictable and familiar signs, symbols and social networks of the sojourner's home culture (Hall, 1959).

According to Oberg (1960), a person suffering from culture shock may show extreme concern for cleanliness and physical safety, fear crime or being cheated, may become excessively angry over trivial incidents and overly dependent on fellow nationals, may glorify life in the home culture and long to return, may avoid contact with local people, and resist learning the host language.

Culture shock does not occur immediately upon arrival in a new culture, but only after the initial similarities have been perceived and a routine established. Guthrie (1967) prefers the term 'culture fatigue' to describe the continual stress of not knowing one's cues in daily social interactions.

### Adjustment Curves

Lysgaard (1955) first noted the reports of cyclical adjustment in a host culture; this description was named 'the U-shaped curve' by later researchers. During interviews with Norwegian Fulbright scholars studying in the U.S., Lysgaard found that his subjects reported the initial six months of the stay as a period of good adjustment; this was followed by relatively poor adjustment during the intermediary period (in this case, from six to eighteen months), followed by a gradual increase in well-being. These self-reported fluctuating levels of adjustment occurred without regard to variables, leading Lysgaard to postulate that varying levels of adjustment are a universal phenomenon.

Work with returning American exchange students led Gullahorn and Gullahorn (1963) to conclude that the U-curve alone is inadequate as a description of the adjustment process. They proposed adding another U to

the curve (hence, the W-curve) to reflect the 'reverse culture shock' experienced upon the sojourner's return home, arguing that the W-curve more completely describes the process of adjustment to a new culture, and the subsequent readjustment to the home culture. In fact, this W-curve occurs frequently in times of transition or adaptation; the Gullahorns predict that "when one is seriously engaged in creative efforts or is deeply involved in a learning experience of emotional significance, the U-curve appears" (1963, p. 35). This anticipates the current trend of looking at culture shock beyond the context of crossing cultures, and as an experience of change and learning, not unlike many other experiences in life (Adler, 1975; Bennett, 1978).

Lundstedt (1963) disputes the universality of culture shock, saying that it is more likely to occur when a person from a materially abundant society goes to one that is more materially deprived. Additionally, Lundstedt argues that the U-shaped curve may be inadequate to describe the majority of adjustment patterns; for example, he suggests a curve of maladjustment must also exist.

A variation of the U-curve is proposed by Rhinesmith (1975), who suggests that at the approximate midpoint of the stay abroad a second low point will occur. This differs from the Gullahorns' W-curve in that both low points occur in the host culture. Levine and Adelman (1986) note that this second emotional low occurs after the period of initial adjustment and is characterized by increased loneliness for family and friends, a recognition of limited language skills, and a loss of self-confidence.

Fontaine (1986) concurs with the idea of a W-curve within the host culture, saying the second low point is sometimes more severe than the

first. Kohls (1979) says that every sojourn will include these two low points; in a short stay, the length of time between the two low points will contract; in a longer stay, the length of time between the lows will expand, almost as if the psyche paces itself according to the boundaries of the sojourn's projected length.

In an internationally conducted, year-long survey of foreign students, Hull and Klineberg (1979) found no support for the U-curve as a universal phenomena. Some students did progress through the stages and cycles exactly as predicted by Lysgaard and other researchers; the majority of students, however, experienced adjustment patterns which bore little correspondence to the adjustment curves described in the literature. They suggest as well that the Western academic year, timed as it is so that traditional family holidays (Christmas, Hannukah, New Year's Day) fall mid-point, precipitates the low point for the sojourner, who misses his or her traditional holiday activities.

Austin (1982) faults the curve theories for being so temporally flexible as to approach meaninglessness; simply stating that the U-curve will occur in a period either one to six months after beginning the sojourn, and will last two to eighteen months of the sojourn abroad is not rigorous enough to be helpful. Furnham and Bochner (1986) suggest that the U-curve hypothesis is a post hoc description that does not clarify the process of adjustment and is too general and vague to be considered a useful theory. Additionally, a major problem with evaluating adjustment curves has been the lack of longitudinal studies; most of the research has been cross-sectional and, therefore, problematic.

Also, while some forms of adjustment may be U-shaped (i.e., acclimating to the language or food) others may not be; according to Furnham and Bochner (1986), deciding what dependent variables are measured in a particular study is difficult. Curve diagrams measure levels of sojourner satisfaction, but some studies look at variables like depression, loneliness and homesickness, while others measure attitudes about climate, food, living conditions, or perceptions of orderliness in the host country.

Church (1982) also notes the difficulty of operationalizing the term 'adjustment' and points out that varying criteria are used in research studies to assess the adaptation and well-being of sojourners.

### Adjustment Stages

Besides looking for a general trend of adjustment which can be plotted on a graph, researchers in sojourner adjustment have attempted to separate and describe the stages a typical sojourner passes through on his or her way to comfort within the host culture.

Lysgaard (1955) attributes the initial period of good adjustment to the busyness of the first few months, when establishing a routine, meeting new people, and being in a new place are both exhilarating and time-consuming. However, once the sojourner settles in, the superficiality of new friendship networks may become apparent and loneliness may develop (p. 50). When initial contacts in the host culture have not deepened into sufficient replacements for the deep relationships left at home, the sojourner becomes dissatisfied. In this context, the language barrier begins to loom large as an obstacle to personal happiness and growth.

However, Lysgaard (1955) notes, as these issues are successfully resolved, the sojourner begins to feel happy and integrated into the host community. In particular, well-being gradually increases with the social support provided by members of the host community.

Oberg (1960), in what is perhaps the definitive article on culture shock, proposes five stages of the phenomena:

- 1) Incubation: the sojourner may feel euphoric at the experience of being in a new culture, and expectations are high.
- 2) Crisis: this is caused by the genuine hardships that the sojourner begins to encounter in a different culture. Activities of daily life become matters of great difficulty, and the sojourner may seek refuge with fellow nationals and criticize the host culture.
- 3) Recovery: the sojourner begins to understand some of the cues in the new culture. Daily life becomes easier and the sojourner may even fancy him or herself as an expert on the host culture.
- 4) Complete recovery: the sojourner accepts the host culture, and
- 5) Return: the sojourner returns home.

Smalley (1963) suggests four stages of culture shock:

- 1) Fascination: the sojourner is interested in the culture but there are obstacles to social interaction with the hosts;
- 2) Hostility: the permanency of the sojourner's residence develops; there is more interaction with the host culture, but the sojourner emphasizes the superiority of the home culture;
- 3) Improved Adjustment: tension lessens and the sojourner's sense of humor returns; and

4) Biculturalism: the sojourner develops an understanding of the host culture and interacts in accordance with its norms.

Adler (1975) places culture shock in a new light as an important contributor to cultural learning, self-development, and personal growth. He defines culture shock as a transitional experience, "a movement from a state of low self- and cultural awareness to a state of high self- and cultural awareness" (p. 15). While the U- and W-curves attempt to assign the peaks and valleys of the transitional experience a temporal identity, the transitional experience model recognizes the changes in personal identity created by the experience. Adler sees the transitional experience as a "process of positive disintegration" in which movement from one life situation to another is accompanied by changes in perceptions, values, activities, expectancies, forms of communication, social support, and the familiar physical environment, not unlike the experience of changing jobs, marrying, divorcing, or experiencing the death of someone close to you. The transitional experience occurs in five stages:

1) Contact: the individual makes contact with the host culture while still fully integrated in his or her own culture. The contact stage is marked by euphoria and the individual is far more attuned to similarities rather than differences. This is the starting point for the U-curve.

2) Disintegration: differences becoming increasingly noticeable and a growing sense of alienation and inadequacy in the culture grows. This stage is characterized by bewilderment and withdrawal, and corresponds to the downward left to right slope of the U-curve.

3) Reintegration: the individual rejects the second culture through stereotyping, generalization, evaluation and judgmental behavior and



attitudes; the ability to organize information begins to be recovered, and the sojourner often seeks out members of his or her own culture for support.

4) **Autonomy:** the individual experiences a rising sensitivity and acquires understanding of the host culture and some skill in understanding the vocabulary of cultural life. The individual is a fully functioning person comfortable in his or her role.

5) **Independence:** the individual views him or herself as a being influenced by culture and upbringing, and is able to accept and enjoy cultural differences and similarities. At this stage, the individual is prepared to accept the possibility of undergoing other transitional experiences.

The independence stage is not a culmination of the culture learning, but a dynamic state from which the individual continues learning more about the host culture and others.

J. Bennett (1978) amplifies Adler's idea of culture shock as a growth experience, and suggests that some by-products of the experience are a greater self-awareness and a re-examination of our ability to form relationships and to communicate effectively. She concludes, "During transition experiences, analytic processes are often in high gear, drawing on an unlimited wealth of diversity for comparison and contrast" (p. 50).

### Traditional theories of culture shock

Why does culture shock occur at all? Furnham and Bochner (1986) review several traditional theories of culture shock.

Culture shock has been associated with traditional theories of loss and grief. The experience of moving into a new culture implies, by

necessity, the concomitant experience of leaving a more familiar culture behind. In preparing to assume new roles abroad, one is physically forsaking the roles in the old culture.

Furnham and Bochner (1986) cite research which has theorized that fatalism may play a role in the experience of culture shock. If the sojourner is 'forced' to leave the home culture s/he may feel that the locus of control is external; there has been no choice in the matter. A sense of no control over the environment is associated with passivity, impaired coping strategies and psychological distress, all of which may impede adjusting to a new culture.

On the other hand, Furnham and Bochner (1986) also cite research demonstrating that a fatalistic orientation may in some situations be helpful; the sojourner accepts the other culture as unalterable, and resigns him or herself to the situation. However, although women, working class, the elderly, and certain cultures are said to be more fatalistic in general, fatalism is a difficult variable to predict with accuracy. Additionally, voluntarily migrating to another culture assumes, usually, above average initiative and responsibility on the part of the sojourner. Thus, fatalistic people might self-select out of the sojourning experience.

Other researchers theorize that selection differences accounted for differences in the length and severity of the culture shock experienced (David, 1972; Furnham & Bochner, 1986). However, Guthrie (1975) demonstrated that despite a rigorous selection process, from 1961-1971 the Peace Corps was still faced with a 40% attrition rate. Guthrie found that inherent personality traits were less important than the situation confronting the volunteers once they actually began their overseas work.

Others have found that expectations may play a role in the length and severity of culture shock (Furnham & Bochner, 1986). Sojourners with high expectations of host culture interactions and success might be disappointed, while those who were more pessimistic might be delighted that the worst did not occur. However, apart from refugees, few people would voluntarily sojourn if their initial expectations of the experience were low. Furnham and Bochner (1986) conclude that we must ask which expectations about which aspect of life are most important in determining sojourner expectations.

#### More recent theories of culture shock

Culture shock has been placed in the category of negative life events and illness (Furnham & Bochner, 1986). In this model, role change is associated with stress which may cause psycho-somatic illness and depression. However, stress manifests itself differently for different people, and the consequences are impossible to predict. Mitigating factors may exist which, again, have different resonances for different people.

Culture shock has also been looked at as a crisis in support networks. In that sense, the field has returned to the work of Lysgaard (1955) who notes the importance of a host culture network in the reports of adjustment given by his Norwegian Fulbright scholars. The absence of familiar friends and a reliable social network leaves the sojourner feeling vulnerable, frustrated and alienated. Brein and David (1971) identify three necessary components of support in daily life: emotional, instrumental, and informational. The inability to meet any one of these three needs will create stress on a system.

Barna (1983; 1990) examines culture shock as a stress reaction, in which those who are most at risk are those who try hardest to understand and accommodate the culture, without evaluating the new cultural ways as "wrong". Barna articulates several manifestations of culture shock defenses, including as follows: avoidance and withdrawal; selective perception, memory blocks, and fantasy; argumentiveness; unquestioning adoption of the host culture's point of view; close-mindedness; stereotypes and prejudice.

These defenses will be alleviated or mitigated, Barna (1990) suggests, by developing the language and social competence needed to function in the new culture, by relabeling emotion to change one's emotional appraisal of events, i.e., thinking of "threat" as "challenge", by improving one's sense of control, and by relaxation training.

Baumgardner (1976) suggests transforming culture shock into a growth experience by using relaxation strategies and self-esteem work to cope with the stress. Baumgardner encourages sojourners to become aware of their own values and assumptions, to be accepting and understanding of the new culture, and to refrain from passing judgement. She recommends allowing plenty of time for the transition, and visualizing the new setting and role behaviors while relaxing in a comfortable environment.

Few sojourners escape the effects of culture shock entirely, yet most victims seldom realize what they are, says Barna (1990). Culture shock sufferers experience moods and behaviors which can interfere with their daily functioning and have an impact on the people around them. For that reason, most sojourners feel relief when their "malady" is identified and labeled.

### Foreign Enclaves

The importance of a social support network has been noted by Lysgaard (1955) in his work with Norwegian Fulbright scholars. A strong social network was found to correspond positively with reported well-being and adjustment to the host culture.

Nash and Schaw (1963) postulate that moving into an environment different from the one in which a person's values and behaviors are appropriate will precipitate an identity crisis. One way in which to maintain a sense of continuity or sameness with the home culture is to create a foreign enclave of other expatriates.

The enclave is self-perpetuating, Nash and Schaw (1963) suggest, as enclave members more or less recruit new members. The enclave members themselves will be in various stages of acculturation to the host culture, and will serve as role models of adaptation to the newer members of the enclave. Additionally, acculturation to the host culture occurs with the support and protection of this marginal society.

Nash and Schaw (1963) conclude that the foreign enclave will offer "the primary point of reference for self evaluation" (1963, p. 261). While providing models for various stages of acculturation it will at the same time serve as a kind of ballast which prevents acculturation from proceeding too rapidly.

The importance of community support is acknowledged by Lundstedt when he says, "Where positive reference groups are not available as a source of psychological support then effective adjustment may be harder to attain" (1963, p. 3). However, he warns that not all reference groups are

helpful in overseas adjustment, and laments the existence of 'the foreign ghetto', stating, "the richness of the sojourn experience is lost to such people" (1963, p. 4).

Gullahorn and Gullahorn (1963) note the existence of enclaves as a product of dissonance created between socialized values and those expected in the host country; these "cliques" are formed in frustration of the sojourner's expectations of a close relationship with the host nationals, and are a rejection of and withdrawal from the host culture.

Brislin, Landis and Brandt (1983) suggest that foreign enclaves can reduce sojourner anxiety and provide easily understood feedback on new required behaviors; however, some may be "dysfunctional" because they may suggest new intercultural behaviors which are neither necessary nor desirable.

Freedman (1986) says that the search for a mentor will become a preoccupation for the sojourner, or "pioneer" in another culture, and until this supportive and guiding mentor is found the pioneer will suffer from a kind of tunnel vision which will blind him or her to the variety of experiences and potentialities in the surrounding environment.

### Sojourner Variables

Nash and Schaw (1963), in their study of Japanese immigrants to Cuba, describe three types of personality within the expatriate group: the traditional, the autonomous, and the transitional. The traditional person is not adaptable to the host culture and is wholly dependent on the foreign enclave for social support. The autonomous person seeks validation from no one outside him or herself and, being least affected by culture shock, needs

the enclave least, yet serves as an important role model for fellow expatriates. The transitional person serves as a mediator between the enclave and the host community, and, with the autonomous person, provides the leadership in the enclave.

The validity of typologies to predict and describe sojourner adjustment patterns is disputed by David (1972). David calls personality theories "outmoded" because their description is vague, unable to be operationalized as an empirical measure, and, dependent as they are on personality traits, unable to be used as a training guide.

David (1972) does, however, describe many situational variables which can affect a sojourn, including as follows: job conditions; living conditions; host friends; contact with other sojourners; health problems; legal status; urban vs. rural setting; lack of interests; language difficulties; and opposite sex contacts.

## CULTURE LEARNING

It seems logical that intercultural sensitivity will hasten the adjustment process and reduce the likelihood of severe culture shock. However, intercultural sensitivity does not come naturally to humans (Bennett, 1986). It is a trait that must be acquired through abandoning or suspending the categorical framework through which one habitually views the world, a framework dictated and supported by the culture in which a person has grown up.

Intercultural sensitivity is also difficult to measure: it is intuitive, fluid and personal. Bennett (1986) proposes a developmental model of

intercultural sensitivity by which to analyze this characteristic. This model assumes a linear continuum; on either end of the spectrum are ethnocentrism and ethnorelativism. The model is subdivided into stages; the first three stages of the model are under the rubric of ethnocentrism; the last three fall under the category of ethnorelativism. It is not assumed that progression along the model is consistent, permanent, or irreversible.

Ethnocentrism, which is characterized by the belief in one's own standards and values as intrinsically true, includes these stages:

1) Denial: a refusal to acknowledge differences among persons.

When confronted with differences, a person in the denial stage will usually be blinded by selective perception and notice only that which is familiar or comfortable to perceive.

2) Defense: to counter the impact of specific differences perceived as threatening. Responses in the defense stage include derogation of another culture coupled with insistence upon the superiority of one's own, or reversal, in which one's own culture is disparaged and the other culture is admired.

3) Minimization: one acknowledges superficial variations in race, manners and customs, yet remains convinced that "deep down," everyone is really the same.

The stages in the progression towards ethnorelativism are, says Bennett:

4) Acceptance: indicated by behavioral and value relativism which recognizes that values are not acquired consciously, but assumed because of our peculiar organization of the world, determined by culture.



5) Adaptation: encouraged by emphasizing ethnorelative acceptance, and accomplished with a respect for cultural difference. Adaptation is characterized by the communication skill of empathy: "the imaginative participation in a different world view" (Bennett, 1986, p. 53).

6) Integration: a process of becoming a multicultural person. Attributes of integration include contextual evaluation and constructive marginality.

Contextual evaluation is the temporary abandonment of one's own world view in a conscious choice to subject a phenomenon to another, more appropriate cultural frame of reference for the purpose of accurate evaluation. The key is that the frame of reference for these evaluations is selected by choice.

Transitional experiences often produce stress associated with the loss of an ability to predict and respond appropriately to the environment, with new stimuli having little or ambiguous meaning, and with the misunderstanding of new and diverse experiences (Hall, 1959). Research over the past several years has consistently indicated that such stress can have important debilitating effects on physical and mental health, personal and social adjustment, satisfaction, learning and task productivity (Fontaine, 1983).

The concept of social distance has been used to denote dissimilarity of values and behaviors between cultures. Schumann (1976) has hypothesized that difficulty in learning the target language is predicted by the amount of social distance between the culture of the sojourner and the culture of the hosts; that is, the greater the social distance between the two cultures, the greater the difficulty the sojourner will have learning the language. Barna

(1990) concurs, saying that culture shock is more severe for sojourners whose value and behavior systems vary greatly from the host culture's.

It is suggested that "multicultural persons" may be better-suited to deal with subsequent transitional experiences, although there is little direct evidence to support this (Fontaine, 1983).

To alleviate the shock of the transitional experience, Fontaine (1983) recommends an intercultural training program adapted to the target culture. Typologies typically include: information or factual orientation to the new culture, attribution training designed to help the trainee explain behavior from the viewpoint of those in the new culture, cultural-awareness training in which focus is on increasing trainees' awareness of their own culture with the expectation that such awareness will sensitize them to the key dimensions of cultural difference, cognitive or behavior modification using principles from behavioral psychology, and experiential training designed to provide trainees with experiences similar to those that they are likely to face in the new culture and assistance in developing coping mechanisms to limit problems and maximize opportunities during those experiences; and interaction training, in which trainees interact with members of the new culture in a relatively structured, low-risk training environment.

Dinges (1983) summarizes several typologies of intercultural competence. Typologies usually delineate different patterns of adjustment and coping, and characterize one type as more successful or effective than the others. Typologists differ on whether the coping patterns are situationally related, or whether they are manifestations of innate personality traits.

One of the earliest measures of intercultural competence, according to Dinges, is 'overseasmanship', a model in which the sojourner's competence at the job assignment in the host culture factors greatly in the sojourner's adjustment to the host culture and his or her relationship with host culture nationals. Reporting on the work of Cleveland, Mangone, and Adams (1960; 1963, cited in Dinges, 1983), he isolates 'cultural empathy', the ability to see the logic and coherence in other cultures and to refrain from negatively evaluating differences, as another determinant in the adaptation process. Cleveland, Mangone and Adams also found that prior overseas experience is weighted disproportionately in the selection of overseas personnel, and may not be an adequate predictor of overseas effectiveness.

Another paradigm, the "intercultural communicator model", sees successful interaction with the host culture as a function of the sojourner to establish cross-cultural friendships through the skilful exchange of verbal and nonverbal behaviors (Dinges 1983).

Another demonstration of intercultural competence is the ability to make isomorphic attributions, or, the ability to reward culturally different behavior by understanding of behaviors produced by different socializations and cognitive structure (Triandis, 1976).

Adler (1977) proposed the "Multicultural Man [sic]" as a model of intercultural competence. This prototypic person surpasses usual expectations of personal adaptation by dissolving the personal boundaries between his or her self and other persons. The multicultural person's values, attitudes and beliefs are fluid; thus, the achievement of such a personality may come at the risk of losing one's own sense of identity.

Guthrie (1975) proposes a social behaviorist model of cultural learning in which intercultural competence is achieved when the sojourner can make a successful adaptation to a new country by recognizing appropriate behaviors and seeking out reinforcements which will perpetuate these new behaviors. In this model, fellow sojourners who have apparently adjusted well to the new culture will serve as behavioral models.

### Basic Approaches to Cross Cultural Training

The purpose of cross-cultural training is to change people's thinking, feelings and behavior in such a way that they are better equipped to learn about and adapt to new cultures and people, and that they are better prepared to accomplish their own goals in a foreign culture (Brislin, Landis and Brandt, 1983).

Brislin, Landis and Brandt (1983) identify six approaches to cross-cultural training, as follows:

- 1) Information or fact-oriented training: the participants study basic geography and history of the target region.
- 2) Attribution training: the trainees practice empathy in order to see the host culture from the hosts' point of view. The culture assimilator is a tool often used in attribution training.
- 3) Cultural awareness: the trainees study behavior and attitudes within their own culture in order to sensitize themselves to cultural variables.
- 4) Cognitive behavior modification: a behavioristic approach which assumes that trainees will eliminate behaviors which have a negative consequence (inappropriate behavior in the host country) and will increase

behaviors which are positively rewarded (appropriate host country behavior).

5) Experiential learning: trainees become participants in field trips or simulations to actively experience what it is like to participate in another culture.

6) Interaction approach: trainees meet host nationals or fellow foreign residents to become comfortable learning from these resources during the actual assignment.

### Suggestions for Further Research

Further avenues for research in sojourner adjustment are suggested by Church (1982) and Martin (1984):

1) In-depth, longitudinal studies are required to understand sojourner adjustment as a total process.

2) The adjustment of sojourners from various cultures in host countries other than the United States has received less research attention.

3) More diverse and skillful methodologies to study the adjustment process should be devised.

4) Sojourners other than students or Peace Corps volunteers have not received their share of attention, for example, professional personnel, missionaries, technical workers and children.

5) More research is necessary on the application of theories of intercultural communication to sojourner adjustment.

6) Gender differences in cross-cultural adjustment require more study.

Furnham and Bochner conclude that "the consensus is that negative psychological consequences outweigh the positive ones" (p. 245, 1986). But I would dispute that. Something must entice people to cross cultures, despite the inevitable hardships. In this analysis of my diaries, I hope to discover the coping strategies that make cross-cultural travel easier, as well as the rewards of the cross-cultural experience.

## CHAPTER III

### METHODS

### SUBJECT

For the purpose of this study I used a diary I kept during the two and a half years that I lived in Japan. At the time the excerpts included in the appendix begin, I was 20 years old and living with my parents while looking for a 'good' (full time, with benefits) job in Portland, Oregon. I had graduated from a small college the preceding spring with a degree in English literature, and was then serving several writing internships while working at a department store and a law firm. I had anticipated the independence that graduating from college would bring me, and to feel that self-sufficiency and self-determination were out of my reach was very discouraging.

My overseas experience up to that point included a spring spent in France as a high school exchange student, and a summer of post-graduate work at Oxford University in England, with some extra travel around Europe during those stays. These travels had given me experience in sojourning in an academic setting, and very brief exposure to functioning in a milieu with an unknown language; however, my overseas experiences were all within Western European culture and for periods not longer than three months.

## INSTRUMENT

This diary in the appendix looks very unlike the four volumes I kept in Japan. The black and white typed text lends itself to analysis, but is unlike the variously inked and collage-like pages of the actual diary. The original diary is not just text. Pasted among my entries are poems, newspaper clippings, notes from other people, song lyrics, sketches, quotations from books, horoscopes, chocolate stains and circled tear drops. The different inks and handwritings used in the diaries give it an inchoate, messy look, more various and revealing than the diary here.

Perhaps 30% of the original diary is a recording of dreams, most of which I deleted in the revised version, having no tools by which to analyze them. However, the type and amount of dreams recorded differs significantly from the diaries which I have kept in the United States, which makes me wonder if vivid dreams were somehow related to the adjustment process.

The strength of my diary is that it is a longitudinal document. I know of no other diary study which covers a period longer than a year. Further, this diary documents a sojourn outside of the United States, by a subject other than a student, and is a new, in-depth way to study the adjustment process: all conditions which Church (1982) and Martin (1984) suggest exploring in their call for further research.

## PROCEDURES

To begin my study, I first re-read the diaries closely, marking passages with colored notepaper for reference and inclusion in the



completed diary. I specifically looked for entries relating to adjustment problems, language acquisition, interactions with fellow sojourners and Japanese persons, and my teaching. However, I soon became impatient with this method of pre-reading and decided to type the diary up as I re-read it, continually weighing what to include and what to leave out.

When I first began transcribing the diary I was severe about what was worthy of inclusion and what was not; as the task continued I became more lenient about including passages which merely reflected the activities of my daily life without shedding light on the four areas I wanted to treat specifically.

Often when I travelled outside of Japan on vacations I detailed lengthy descriptions of the people and scenery; these descriptions were cut unless they referred back to Japan or seemed pertinent. I also deleted most of the references to my family and other people back in Oregon. Finally, I cut all the poems and passages from books which I had recorded in the diaries, even though some of the selections were obvious reflections of my feelings about Japan and my sojourn there.

Places where the diary has been cut are marked by an ellipses: "...". However, there is no mark to show if an entire day's entry has been deleted. I found, as Bailey (1983) predicts, that as I conducted the analysis, events which initially seemed embarrassing became less so; I had a strong commitment to leaving the diary as whole as possible.

Despite (or because of) the numerous excerpts, I decided not to revise the words of the diary for public consumption. The spellings and the abbreviations are transcribed, for the most part, as they were in the original diary.

While typing the diary included in the appendix, I distinguished words written in Japanese by italicizing them. I wish, of course, that I had been able to actually render the words in katakana, hiragana, or kanji characters, as they were written, and I consider it a significant limitation that I was unable to do so. Putting the words in italics is not the best compromise.

### Analyzing the Diary

Once the diary was typed (and therefore much easier to read), I began the analysis. I had already completed the bulk of the review of the literature, and was looking very specifically for evidence of adjustment stages. I had also planned to analyze the diary for evidence of Japanese language acquisition, but the absence of formal assessment of my language skills and the paucity of entries on this topic led me to abandon it.

Using Schumann's (1978) directive to isolate the salient issues of the sojourn, I marked any expressions of emotion which were repetitive or seemed particularly heart-felt. Behaviors were highlighted for the same reasons.

I drew upon my background as an English literature major to probe for themes and patterns. A close reading of any document will usually yield a consistent motif; it was rather thrilling to notice that my diary complied. Not all of these found 'storylines' are discussed in the analysis; however, I have found them personally beneficial to ponder and dissect.

Once I had isolated a particular behavior, e.g., 'reading', I combed the diary for every mention of that behavior and wrote down the date of its

appearance. I then read these references as a whole, selected several for the thesis analysis, and discussed them in the analysis.

Blind Alleys. I abandoned several methods of analyzing the diaries. The usual tension between qualitative and quantitative research preoccupied me, and I sometimes felt myself making uneasy compromises, attempting to chart data which was really not meant to be visual.

At one point, I began isolating all the expressed emotions in the text, followed by their precipitating event. The idea, taken from Matsumoto (1987), was to connect my emotions with their triggers and to trace a pattern. The results looked something like this:

7/9/87 s.th. fundamentally wrong w/me	(b/c told cdn't use Tandai for pvt lesson)		
deficient as a colleague			
not always cheerful	tired	grumpy	paranoid
let my feelings show	not professional		
just want to clear out			
prize solitude	dislike responsibility		
I'm a grouch			
need a vacation			

I filled several pages with this sort of analysis before concluding that my criteria for what constituted an 'expressed emotion' were fuzzy, and that the triggers were problematically varied. I did not know how to use the results that I found as I lacked any kind of systematic method of linking event and emotion.

At another time, I did a word count, tallying the frequency with which certain concepts were repeated, i.e., 'paranoid', 'crazy', 'happy', 'lonely' and 'depressed'. It was suggestive that far more negative terms were expressed than positive. A real apprehension of mental illness emerged: this was symptomatic of culture shock. However, I decided not to

include these results because it was difficult to distinguish, in a table, among the terms meant to describe myself and those which described others; furthermore, sometimes the word 'crazy' (for example) was used lightly, and at other times with great seriousness, and I could not devise a table which would weight those uses accurately.

I had much the same problem with a graph I made of coping strategies and their frequency of mention in the diary. I abandoned this graph because I felt that the number of times the strategy was mentioned in the diary was not necessarily a true reflection of the importance the strategy held for me; a strategy like over-eating, or eating sugar, for example, might be so common and so relatively harmless that it did not merit remark in the diary, while going away on vacation did; for this reason, primarily, I did not believe a graph of coping strategies would be a helpful measurement.

In the end, what I did was read the diary text carefully, alert to events of particular salience or frequency, as Schumann (1978) suggests. I read the bulk of the material which appears in the review of the literature before attempting my analysis, and in that way many avenues were suggested to me. For example, I looked in my diary for evidence of the stages of culture shock, as suggested by Lysgaard (1955), Oberg (1960), Smalley (1963), Adler (1975) and others. Brein and David (1971) sensitized me to the role of the foreign enclave in sojourner adjustment, as did Nash and Schaw (1963). Austin (1982) discussed personal and situational variables, and led me to formulate my own taxonomy of these categories; David (1972) confirmed my choice of several situational variables. Bochner and Furnham (1986) suggested many of the variables which I included

under these headings (e.g., push orientation, fatalism) and my own experience suggested others (e.g., self-blaming, being a gaijin in Japan).

Deviations from the Diary Guidelines. My original intent was to follow, as closely as possible, the guidelines established by Bailey and Ochsner (1983) for a diary study. I was concerned with making this 'nonstandard' thesis project as 'standard' as possible by conforming to diary study precedents. However, for various reasons I found conforming strictly to the diary study guidelines established by Bailey impractical or unappealing.

Bailey & Ochsner (1983) suggest that the diarist should provide a 'language learning history', so that the reader may become acquainted with the character of the diarist: her biases, experiences and personality. My attempts to write a language history were for naught, as I was unable to organize my many experiences in a manner related to my diary study. Furthermore, I believe my personality is fully accessible in the thesis and in the diary itself: further documentation would be overkill.

Bailey & Ochsner (1983) recommend revising the diary for public consumption. I deleted passages which I deemed irrelevant to the study: dreams, news from home, some personal speculations. However, if the diary is so big, it is because I wanted to present the diary as much as possible in its entirety. I felt that even if I did not use all the material in the appendix diary, perhaps someone else could see patterns or themes toward which I was blind. Too, reading the diary, even the rather irrelevant parts, reveals the personality of the diarist and conveys a sense of the daily life of my sojourn.

Although I deleted sections, contrary to Bailey's (1981) recommendation, I did not reword the public diary. The diary's length precluded thoughtful revision, and I felt it would be a misrepresentation to allow the text of the diary to be 'polished' to make myself sound smoother in my private prose or, perhaps, more intelligent and perceptive.

Obviously, the diary does not present the 'best' side of me. I do believe strongly, however, that a diary study is helpful only to the extent that it is forthright: it is a private self that I am revealing, but what is there is authentic and perhaps representative of other people's experiences in Japan and overseas.

Finally, as a guide to the diary analysis, I took the words of the Cree hunter who said, upon taking an oath in federal court, "I'm not sure I can tell the truth... I can only tell what I know" (Clifford, 1986, p. 8).

## CHAPTER IV

### ANALYSIS

In this chapter, I intend to examine the recurring themes of the diary as well as the significant personal and situational variables which influenced my sojourn. I will contrast my stay to the adjustment curves predicted in the literature and will isolate the coping strategies which promoted or deferred my adaptation to Japan.

### CREATING A LIFE IN JAPAN

... I will really miss these kids [my students]. Some of my little favorites are so sweet. I wonder how they'll turn out. When did all this happen? When did the people here in Japan become the real life, the States just a far-away one? (letter to Jean, 6/22/89)

What constitutes a successful or even adequate life? It is a question asked or answered throughout the diary, providing a sort of framework for the diary's analysis. There is a progression throughout the diary, from my not believing my life in Japan was adequate towards asserting that it was. I see this transformation of opinion as gradual and unconscious, yet the subject of 'life' recurs throughout the diary, proving a kind of leitmotif. Therefore, it is relevant to examine this theme, and, if such a theme is demonstrated, to ask how this progression was effected.

In the diaries, 'life' seems to be not a given, but a construct. The diarist anticipates the work of creating a life: one week after my arrival in Japan I write, "Am waiting for a routine to start so that I can construct a

life around it. Reading, writing, study, letters" (4/7/87). This seems to indicate a dichotomy between 'routine' and 'life'; activities are not the essence of a life, but only the framework upon which meaning is imposed. Relationships are not mentioned specifically but, insofar as meaning comes from how richly we are known, a meaningful life will depend upon successful human connections (Hoffman, 1990).

However, beginning life anew in a foreign country is different from relocating within the United States. While friends and family are absent, and the daily rhythm must be re-established, domestically, the culture is a constant: the language, the norms, the historical influences, the daily behaviors are similar. Creating a life in a new country requires managing without these anchors and is exhausting and time-consuming (Hall, 1959). This may be the reason that the abandoned life, the one in the home culture, still remains the reference point for many sojourners long after they have physically left. This was the case with me; only gradually Japan became my point of reference.

The diary mirrors a change in attitude towards Japan. At first, the diary is a place to record exotica and to chart my daily feelings; it will be a souvenir of an interesting episode to take back to my real life in Oregon. However, the character of the diary evolves. It becomes a place to transcribe conversations, to amplify impressions and to register and discuss the characters of this life and the intricate details of its daily execution.

The theme of a life runs parallel to the adjustment curve; how I felt about my life in general seems to mirror how I feel about living in Japan in particular. Adjustment curves proposed by Lysgaard (1955), the



Gullahorns (1963), Levine and Adelman (1986) and others have been discussed; it is relevant to examine this theme of 'life' and see correspondence or divergence from the adjustment curves predicted by the literature.

### The Adjustment Curve

I plotted my level of satisfaction on to a graph; my findings are shown in Figure 1. The graph was derived in the following way: while evaluating the diaries, I assigned each month a score from 0 to 8, 0 being low, 8 being high, which roughly reflected the level of satisfaction reported each month in the diary. While assigning numbers, I took into account the frequency of adjectives such as 'depressed' or 'happy'. I emphasize that this graph is a quantitative measure of a qualitative estimate, and, as such, is misleading if it suggests that another reader of the diaries would arrive at the same number estimates as I have. Nonetheless, the graph is a visual representation of my adjustment and may be helpful to summarize the two and a half years covered by the diary.

After charting the reported levels of satisfaction found in the diaries, I found that my adjustment pattern in Japan resembled a U-shaped curve. This was consistent with the findings of Lundstedt (1963) and Gullahorn and Gullahorn (1963). Particularly in the upward swing of the curve; however, the upward trend was neither constant nor irreversible. In this way, my experience mirrored that of the respondents in studies by Kohls (1979), who says that the overseas experience will not always be one of steadily increasing satisfaction after a marked depression.



Figure 1. A Personal Adjustment Curve.  
Source: Author.

Although most adjustment curves begin at a rather high point, not every sojourn begins at a satisfactory level of adjustment. In my case, it appears that the beginning curve could be plotted rather low, given my complaint before leaving, "Japan is the last place I'd want to be" (1/29/87). In fact, I assigned the January of 1987 the number value '1', to indicate low satisfaction. Nevertheless, in the weeks preceding my journey to Japan, my mood steadily improves: I write in March, "I'm actually looking forward to the challenge & the new surroundings" (3/26/89).

### Adjustment Stages

Quite early into the experience it is apparent that I fear a 'loss of self' associated with leaving cultures and the boundaries of the familiar. It was a fear I had experienced before, on a previous trip to England. Safely in Narita airport, I report, "Hey, look it's still me! I'm the same person! My atoms haven't rearranged [in air] to make me a stranger to myself" (4/1/87).

I also declare (rather smugly) that "It's when you're going to embrace the culture - as I intend to do so - that [travelling] becomes difficult & scary" (4/1/87). This is manifestly a declaration to renounce a high degree of enclosure away from the target culture and a positive resolution for assimilation or acculturation (Schumann, 1976); however, as it turned out, this was not an accurate prediction of my first year in Japan.

My early experience in Japan corresponds to the 'euphoria' stage described by Adler (1975), Oberg's 'incubation' stage (1960) and Smalley's 'fascination' phase (1963), and is marked by a rising sense of satisfaction and well-being (see Fig. 1). The new sights and customs of Japan were exhilarating, and are described at length in the first journal entries.

Letters, too, were bursting with anecdotes and observations. I find the initial newness stimulating, telling myself, "I felt such a quiet, contented elation! I'm really happy here! I feel true to myself" (4/18/87). I also felt "guilty" and "disloyal" (4/16/87) for not missing anyone profoundly. This stage lasted about a month (see Figure 1), before the newness and exhilaration wore off and difficulty began. Oberg (1960) described this as the 'honeymoon stage', declaring that this euphoria ends as the sojourner remains abroad and must seriously cope with the real conditions of life.

In May I begin feeling "frustrated" (5/5/87) at my low language ability; I complain about the other foreigners' inhospitableness, and by June I begin to describe physical symptoms of distress, reporting feeling "sluggish & out of sorts... always tired & grumbly" (6/2/87). These frustrations correspond to Oberg's (1960) description of the crisis phase of culture shock, Smalley's (1963) hostility stage, and Adler's (1975) disintegration stage. At this stage, the frustrations of adjusting to a new culture begin to take their toll, and there is, as Adler (1975) said, tension resulting from an inability to interpersonally and socially predict the environment.

The high point on the graph for the month of August 1988 reflects the visit of a friend from home, and our vacation in Korea. At this point in my stay, as predicted by Oberg (1960), Adler (1975) and Schumann (1978), I begin to internalize negative feelings about Japan, remarking, "I like Korea so much more than Japan! Really, it's a relief to be out of that country! The Koreans seem so much more relaxed, happy, family-oriented & individualistic" (8/2/87). The Japanese are negatively evaluated as "the Ugly Americans of Asia" (8/4/87). These manifestations of hostile and

emotionally stereotyped attitudes toward the host country are typical of the second stage of Oberg (1960) and others' adjustment patterns. Hostility is a characteristic of Adler's (1975) third stage, reintegration; however, in my case, behaviors associated with Adler's 'reintegration' stage seem to precede the behaviors associated with Adler's prerequisite stage, 'disintegration'.

While the summer vacation provided a temporary break from the stresses of daily living, upon my return to Japan my satisfaction level resumed its downward slide. Dissatisfaction was exacerbated by the contrast between my happy summer break and my life in the dormitory: I wrote, "After having such agreeable & constant companionship for so long, I feel really alone now" (9/8/87).

From September 1987 until April 1988, I report increasing maladjustment, with a brief respite in March coinciding with the visit of my parents. At this stage in my sojourn, the lows were very low, and were accompanied by confusion and alarm. The question, "Is there s.th. wrong w/me?" (1/28/88) recurs. At the time, this 'disintegration' period, marked by withdrawal and alienation (Adler, 1975), seemed permanent and irreversible. I wrote, "I'm trying to figure out where I went wrong in arranging my life here but I don't know exactly when it all happened irrevocably" (4/20/88).

Researchers report different temporal spans to the "trough" in the U-shaped curve, ranging from weeks to years (Church, 1982). My low point lasted over a year. I wondered about that different focus my life would have taken had I followed another road instead, i.e., Peace Corps, to which I had also applied. At one bitter point I complained:

Sometimes I think I cdn't be living a more simple lifestyle if I was in the middle of Africa - my social life is probably equivalent - but no new clothes, terrible food, v. little autonomy, a damn nun always spying on me, no smoking, no visitors, locking myself in all the time - it's like a prison! (12/11/87)

After April 1988, however, my life in Japan appears to on the upswing. This reflects, perhaps, the onset of Oberg's (1960) recovery stage, Smalley's (1963) improved adjustment stage, and Adler's (1975) reintegration stage. Precipitating factors might be the addition of sympathetic people to our foreign enclave, and my increasing grasp of Japanese cultural norms. This integration is expressed in a June entry, when I describe my shock at a new teacher's choice of dress for a Japanese tea ceremony. Another experienced Seiki teacher and I both dressed formally for the event, but, I reported, "Luisa came down in a T-shirt & jeans mini. Both Mae & I just stared. We were a little stunned. We wanted to communicate to her that she shd. dress up more but didn't know how to" (6/5/88).

This stage of increasing integration might have continued until once again the U.S. intrudes as the superior life, in the form of the alumni magazine I received quarterly. In response to it I wrote, "I feel a bit upset & anxious. My life here seemed to be valid until I read them, but [then] I feel an almost overwhelming urge to be in Portland" (7/8/88). I may have interrupted my process towards second culture autonomy (Adler, 1975), by deciding to vacation in the United States during the summer of 1988. -?

After my summer vacation in the United States, I decide:

Today's a beautiful day - not as humid as it has been - but just seems like so many hours to fill. Since I've had a taste of what things are like w/friends & things to do, I'm not as happy. But I enjoy being independent here. (9/12/88)

This suggests that the journey through the stages of culture shock is neither assured nor irreversible. Apparently I was not alone in my dissatisfaction because I added, "Luisa is thinking about leaving early, so's Pete, maybe." By this time, however, there was no question that I would stay and finish out my contract; after May of 1987 I never considered leaving early.

The period between January 1988 and January 1989 has many rises and falls (see Fig. 1). I theorize that as I became more deeply involved in the host culture (i.e., by living with a Japanese family, by developing a crush on a Japanese teacher, and by becoming more cognizant of the workings of the school), each level of increasing involvement created a 'mini culture shock' pattern of euphoria, disintegration, reintegration and contentment, which is reflected in the up and down pattern of my satisfaction levels.

Within the diary, there are several incidents which serve as microcosms of the culture shock experience, with the various stages and patterns of adjustment. Vacations within Japan provided an opportunity to experience the 'fascination' stage once again. For example, in Kyoto I write a (consciously?) Lafcadio Hearn-like description in Kyoto:

Last night I went to the grounds of the Imperial Palace. As night came on, it grew spookier & spookier. A man walking in front of me seemed to vanish right into a wall - I followed him. There was a tiny entrance in the wall which opened up into a little city of tiny shrines, lit up w/big red swaying Japanese lanterns. There were tinkling bells, & the little cut-out paper swayed on the ropes. It was like a fairyland. There were arched Japanese bridges and singing insects. (10/15/87)

These respites may have served an important role in affirming my decision to be in Japan and my desire to learn more about Japan's culture and history.

On the other hand, there are ample incidents illustrating the 'crisis' stage of adjustment. I describe a visit to a doctor, already an anxiety-producing situation in the home country. By the time of this visit I had learned to be well-prepared for such encounters within my Japanese life. I went clutching a detailed letter from Jill, explaining the hospital process. I had my insurance card ready and had prepared some vocabulary for speaking with the doctor. However, there was still margin for error, as the following explains:

A lot has been happening this week, kind of started Thurs. when I went to the Gynie. What a frustrating experience! It all went fine, like Jill said it wd., until I had an interview w/the nurse. She cdn't understand why I wanted to see the Dr., since I insisted I was "zenbu genki"; she freaked out & handed me back my chart - a mistake b/c I lost my place. Waited impatiently for 2 hrs. while other people went before me & finally just lost it & demanded to see the Dr. I was in one of those uncontrollable rages. The Dr. was really nice but didn't even do a Pap Smear which made me feel ridiculous & as if I'd totally wasted my time. It was rainy season rainy. I was rude to the passersby & stomped off to the Yamakataya Dept. store American fair, where I bought 4 cans of beer & snarled @ the big-haired thin-legged US showgirls there. (6/5/88)

Even well-prepared sojourners can have problems because, again, I failed to predict the reactions of the doctor and nurse. Whether the nurse was really "freaked out" because I was a healthy foreigner who still desired to see the doctor, I don't know. That was my assumption. Despite my preparation, however, somehow communication broke down, and it took



me two hours to understand why how I had lost my place in the line. I enter stage two of culture shock -- hostility and alienation -- and resort to gesturing and a raised voice to get my way. Even then the doctor refused to perform the medical procedure I had requested, increasing my frustration and anger.

This kind of communication problem is common and perhaps unavoidable, but has consequences for the rest of my day, or, even "week". My life in Japan was filled with hundreds of small incidents like that, providing constant challenge and a steady diet of "culture stress" (H. D. Brown, 1986).

### A Life in Japan

Throughout the diary, there are repeated references to the subject of a 'life'. Returning from the United States after my summer vacation, I judged, "I do love parts of Japan & being here, but it's not satisfying enough to be a life" (9/19/88). In my second January there is a plaintive comment, "Mainly I wish I wasn't spending the best years of my life stuck away in Japan" (1/5/89). However, just two weeks later there is an emendation to that comment, "S.times I've the feeling that I'm wasting my youth here. But this is real life, too" (1/19/89). That seems to be the first acknowledgement of Japan as a valid life. The diary becomes more external as I record my hectic schedules, conversations with other people, and information about the other principals in the community.

In March I comment, "My feelings abt. Japan have really metamorphosized in a year... When I think about leaving, I get so sad & think, 'How can I say goodbye to two and a half years of my life, just like

that?" (3/17/89). This accompanies achievement in language proficiency and a wider circle of friends, both Japanese and foreign.

The diary reflects this greater language proficiency with more frequent use of Japanese phrases. Correspondingly, a Japanese self was unconsciously cultivated. My Australian friends complained about the change in my voice and demeanor when I spoke Japanese: my voice became high pitched and sing-song, my manner became hesitating and deferential.

In May, after an interaction with some workmen who have come to install the air-conditioning, I write, "Oh, I will miss this Japanese life!" (5/2/89). This, I believe, is a response to my successful interaction with the host nationals; I was able to explain what I needed in Japanese, understand their responses, and, when the installers had finished with their work, behave properly by commending them on their hard work and bowing them out the door. It was a different persona than my usual self, a Japanese person I developed while in the culture.

By May 1989, in Shikoku on vacation, I seem to be eyeing several places with the work of 'constructing a life' in mind. Shikoku, I decide, "Wdn't be a bad place to make a life" (5/4/89) and reiterate, "I definitely cd. live here in Shikoku!" (5/6/89). It is striking because Japan is no longer excluded as a place to make a life; it no longer seems impossible to create a satisfying life in a Japanese city.

Now it is that Japanese life which seems full, rich, and satisfying, and the United States which seems empty: "I don't feel I have the strength ... to go back to the U.S. & pick up my pallid life" (5/29/89), I confide. The threat of losing the life which I have created in Japan was very distressing.

I confess, "I will be really sad when my life here ends. I must prepare for sadness & mourning, who knows when I'll ever live this well again?" (3/26/89). While grieving the loss of my Japanese life, perhaps I grieve, too, the loss of my Japanese 'self', the self which was acquired at much cost of time, effort and anguish.

It might be argued, too, that this strong attachment to Japan predicted a severe re-entry crisis (the continuation of the Gullahorn's W-curve [1963]); however, this is beyond the scope of this paper.

Church (1982) cites several studies which suggest that the recovery of a positive level of adjustment after the lowest period of satisfaction is not to the original level of the early sojourn: my graph does not bear this out (see Figure 1). However, my satisfaction was hard-won, precious, and known to be fleeting; perhaps that is why it was more thoroughly savored.

### Commitment

Smalley (1963) and Jacobsen (1963) describe a "commitment to the culture" that the sojourner must make. In my own case, although I had accepted a two year contract, I at first questioned, "Will I like it here? Will I want to stay 2 years?" (3/31/87). It seems the will to stay came after signing on and seeing what I was in for: after my first day in Japan, I wrote, as a postscript, "Maybe I'll be here longer than 1 year" (4/2/87), as if my final commitment was still in doubt. Apparently, as long as Sara, my predecessor, remained at the school, I felt free to change my mind; on the day she returned home I confessed to tears because, "It meant that I really, truly, was going to stay here & take this job" (5/1/87). This commitment to

stay is crucial psychologically (Jacobsen, 1963) and will precede any real work of making a life in a new culture.

## COPING STRATEGIES AND RELEVANT VARIABLES

Two excerpts from my writings may illustrate the dialectic of feeling I experienced in Japan: "Kirk is leaving soon & says his 2 yrs. have whizzed by. Hell, I have weeks that feel like two years" (letter to Jim, 1/88).

"Have I really lived here for 2 and a half years? The time did go by quickly" (6/29/89).

How does one effect that transformation? Personal and situational resources became coping strategies which helped me to adjust to the new culture. I isolated many coping strategies in my diary by highlighting reports of specific behaviors. The strategies of social interaction, compulsive behaviors and escapism were suggested by the literature (Church, 1982; Furnham & Bochner, 1986); the topics of writing, religious observation, goal-setting and seeing the experience as finite appeared with enough frequency to warrant inclusion. The significant coping strategies found in the diary are, as follows:

1. escapism
  - a. reading
  - b. vacations
2. reaching out to people/social interaction
3. writing (in the diary, in letters)
  - a. positive thinking
  - b. humor

4. religious beliefs and observations
5. compulsive behaviors
  - a. eating
  - b. drinking
  - c. shopping
6. goal-setting
7. seeing the experience as finite.

Conditions which were not exactly coping strategies but which were mitigating factors in the adjustment process included several personal and situational variables. These were not necessarily helpful, and sometimes they were even detrimental to the adjustment process. But they were influences on the situation as I perceived it. Again, these variables were suggested by the literature (Church, 1982), or selected because of the frequency of mention or the saliency of the particular entries, as suggested by Schumann (1978).

1. Personal variables
  - a. fatalism
  - b. self-blaming
  - c. strong preference for new stimuli
  - d. 'push' orientation
  - e. propensity to set up challenges for oneself.
2. Situational variables
  - a. foreign enclave
  - b. living arrangements
  - c. being a 'gaijin' in Japan

## Escapism

The stress of the experience of adjusting to another culture is such that escaping it occasionally can be healthy emotionally (H. D. Brown, 1986). I found during my sojourn that reading, always important in the past, became a refuge. One month into my stay in Japan I reported, "I read so much ... my floor is covered with books . . my bed is the rumpled oasis on which I read. So much reading makes me feel disconnected from life" (5/13/87).

Characterizing the bed as an oasis emphasizes the idea of books as a way to hold experience at arm's length. My comment that the books make me feel disconnected seems to indicate that I was forswearing, for a time, my own life to retreat within the more manageable world of fiction. I believe this entry is written as a complaint, but there is no resolution to cut down on the number of books consumed.

While reading may have provided much needed relief from the stimuli assailing my senses in the 'real' world, the relief it provides is only temporary, as the world of words is not a substitute for the world outside. This is evident when I write, "I am so bored. All I do is hang around my room & eat, read & sleep. I hate it" (4/19/88). Books alone can no longer alleviate my ennui; in fact, they confirm the isolation.

As I become more involved in my community, this coping strategy is phased out. In a diary entry listing the many activities which consume my day, I remark, "I've no time to read lately" (1/17/89). This may have continued, had I not moved back to my host family two weeks later; the strangeness of being with the family made this coping strategy re-emerge:

describing my first day back with them, I write, "All I wanted to do was drink coffee & read" (1/29/89). Reading, in fact, seems like an automatic stress reaction -- after being shown into the guest room at a convent where I was to stay a week, I wrote, "I went into a kind of small panic, thinking, 'I shd've brought some books to read!' (& food to eat)" (3/28/89).

The two escapes, reading and vacations, seemed linked when I write, "At least I have books & vacations... This dull gray institutional dormitory & the dull gray appallingly institutional food were really getting me down today" (12/11/87).

As books are a figurative escape from reality, vacations are escapes literally. I was fortunate to have a liberal two and a half months of vacation a year, distributed among spring, summer and winter recesses, as well as occasional school and national holidays. While vacations were sometimes a source of stress (planning them could be quite difficult, especially when my Japanese language skills were low or nonexistent), they also gave me a break from the routine and divided my time in Japan into manageable chunks. My preference for new stimuli and challenges, which I will discuss later, made my vacations especially valuable. I wrote, "It'll be expensive, but I'm gonna go to Nara this weekend no matter what, b/c I'm so bored here" (9/19/88).

However, not all vacations left me refreshed and renewed; sometimes they left me dissatisfied with my daily situation. For example, I wrote, "I like Korea so much more than Japan!" (8/2/87), "Japan seems really stale though, after the vibrancy of life in Thailand & Taiwan" (1/7/89) and, in Kyoto, "I thought all Japan wd. be this chic" (10/15/87).

One vacation in particular seems to have been significant: my first trip back home, for summer vacation 1988. The months preceding this vacation were a frenzy of anticipation. I wrote, "I'm pinning all my hopes upon this summer ... I can't wait until summer vacation" (4/19/88) and "It's just not possible for me to skip going home this summer. I must" (6/17/88). Despite my fervent insistence that 'home' was what I needed, this vacation might have been detrimental; I postponed my social life until summer vacation, and then came back disappointed, writing, "It didn't work out as I had planned, but that's life" (9/12/88).

Expectations seem to be the crucial factor in how helpful vacations became: if I looked at them as a break from the routine and an opportunity to meet new people and new challenges, I was usually satisfied. If I looked to the vacation to provide a reaffirmation of my self-worth and to compensate for "16 months of missed social life" (4/12/88), however, I set myself up for disappointment.

### Reaching Out to People

Because my symptoms of culture shock were alienation and anomie, reaching out to people for guidance and support would be a natural coping strategy. However, the symptoms impaired the cure, and depression made me unwilling or unable to extend myself socially. Sometimes this is inexplicable: in one diary entry, I write at length about three fellow foreign teachers and my perceived exclusion from them despite commenting, "Jill asked me to go out to dinner w/them, & I refused" (9/8/87). This scenario repeats itself with other people.



Smalley (1963) identifies this 'syndrome of rejection' as a byproduct of culture stress. In this syndrome, the sojourner identifies various groups or persons as the source of his or her disorientation and therefore has difficulty forming the identifications necessary to acculturate. In my case, it seems I blamed my fellow foreigners and a lack of hospitality for my alienation, complaining, "I resent these people for not making me care about them" (6/2/87).

Yet, with every social contact (with the exception of the foreign teachers living in the dormitory), my mood improves. For example, after attending a tea ceremony with a mixed group of foreigners and Japanese in which I successfully conversed in three different languages, I wrote, "I feel like I'm a wonderful & exciting person! I feel like I'm never going home - what's going to be the next backdrop for my exciting lifestyle?" (5/6/87).

Language was crucial to my social life. The desire to reach out and communicate with people was an incentive towards my learning Japanese; wanting to communicate with a particular teacher led me to resolve, "I need to study about 15 hrs. of nihongo to speak to darling Fuji" (6/28/88).

Conversely, not being able to understand Japanese provided a constant source of stress. Although I wrote six months after arriving in Japan, "I'm getting used to not understanding people" (10/28/87), the feeling of being on the outside increased with the amount of contact I desired. I write plaintively of feeling left out in the staff room, "Now Fuji, Kami, Fukumitsu et. al. are laughing their heads off. I wish I cd. understand them" (4/14/89), and "I hear people laughing at jokes I can't understand & feel like I am dying inside" (7/1/88).

Skill in Japanese led directly to an improved social life; after nearly two years I write, "I had the most fun that I've ever had at a Seiki party, b/c my Japanese has improved so much" (3/25/89), and "It's so nice to be able to sit down w/anybody & not have to rely on the English teachers to help me out! [with translation]" (3/28/89).

According to Smalley (1963), successful identification with the target culture is necessary to learn the language; while I report beginning a Japanese class while still in the 'euphoria' stage of my sojourn (5/5/87), these lessons were eventually discontinued in January of 1988, and not resumed again until early summer, when the 'disintegration process' (Adler, 1975) had begun to resolve itself, and I began to feel less rejection from the host culture and fellow expatriates.

Despite the literature's demonstration of the importance of social interaction as a coping strategy (Lysgaard, 1955; Gullahorn & Gullahorn, 1963) this strategy is not often mentioned in the diary as a deliberate coping device. I seem to have thought that one either had friends or one didn't, and purposely creating opportunities to interact with other people doesn't appear to be something I pursued beyond the first few months of my sojourn.

Worries about money, too, kept me from going out -- being social in any way in Japan always seemed to require huge sums, as this entry, written after a party, demonstrates, "I want to make friends. But it was expensive - about \$70. I do want to save ¥ for grad school & traveling, so I probably won't be going out that often" (4/26/87). This was prophetic: nearly a year later I wrote, "I'm dreading trying to explain [to my parents] why I have no friends here - instead I have \$10,000 in the bank" (3/15/88).

## Writing

Another way to look at the diary is as a story, with the diarist as a character. Leaving the United States for Japan was distressing. When I called, in tears, having gotten no further from Portland than the San Francisco airport, a friend comforted me by saying, "Imagine yourself as a young woman in a novel, going off to a foreign land" (3/31/87). The fabricated comparison reassured me. There was a precedent for such behavior, and it was found in books, in the kind of experiences written down because other people were interested in them.

As I analyzed my diary, I noticed an evolution in the tone and style of the entries. The first volumes are stream-of-consciousness descriptions, of the scenery, of my inner dialogue. However, the journal becomes a chronicle. The people (particularly fellow foreigners) in my life become characters: our conversations, written dialogues. More and more of an 'I said/she said' type of writing style is evident.

Despite my reading of Anaïs Nin early on in the sojourn, the diary does not contain many physical or personal descriptions of the people; why would descriptions be necessary in a diary not meant for publication? Presumably I will remember what these people looked like. However, there is some concern for this, as I write, "I shd. write more character sketches so that I can remember the people here better" (6/5/89).

During my stay abroad, I did a lot of letter writing [Barna, 1990, specifically mentions "excessive letter writing" as a symptom of culture shock]. These letters were meant, perhaps, to construct a life or a façade of one. Letters were written not only for the recipients but for myself: I write,

"I'm going to re-read letters - the ones I've written. They're so much more interesting than the ones other people write" (12/11/87). This may be a way of reassuring myself that I am creating a life, or at least something to 'write home about.'

Writing letters home was also a way of maintaining home ties; predictably, as my life became more firmly rooted in Japanese soil, I found myself less able to relate to those back in Oregon. I said, for example, "Wrote Jean a B-Day card. Didn't have much to say" (5/1/89) and "Sent Mom a M-Day card - kind of lame - cdn't think of much to say" (5/2/89).

Writing in the diary might have been a way to create another reality. Events could be painted the way I see them; although sometimes I was overcome by self-doubt, it was ultimately my version of events which reigned in the diary. In the diary I often tried to recast events positively: in fact, a special function of the diary might have been to search out positive meanings for reassurance, as when I write, "I think I'm needlessly paranoid about [the other foreigners] not liking me when in fact they're just real busy" (4/27/89).

Writing in general seems to be an important part of my identity; one of my regrets in Japan was that I did not write more stories, or write a novel (11/20/87). Whether this desire to write is innately characteristic of faithful diary keepers or more peculiar to myself is an unresolved question.

### Positive Thinking

That the diarist believes very strongly in the power of positive thinking is evident from the diary. I made a conscious effort to 'cheer myself up' in the diary, and to not dwell on the negatives. Even on Day One

in Japan, I say, "I'm afraid to write anything final & depressing because I want to keep up a positive attitude & not think of leaving so soon before I'm already there" (3/31/87).

In the diary, I try to influence my perceptions by avoiding unpleasant thoughts, as this entry shows: "I hate getting up in the morning. I feel unhealthy & sick. Well, I shd. probably stop talking abt. it or it'll get worse!" (4/20/88). In these entries, I see a strong belief in the power of words to shape the environment and my feelings.

After a long day with several minor traumas, I deliberately look on the bright side by saying, "The good thing about today was finding the 2 poems... & the calligraphy & that Mrs. Nishi is very comforting!" (3/14/88).

"My saving sense of humour [sic]" (2/8/89) played a role in my coping, too. The diary itself does not reflect very much humor; however, the letters, which are not available here, do. In general, anecdotes and funny comments are saved for public consumption; the public face is amusing and wry. During the final year in Japan, however, conscious attempts at humor in the diary become more frequent, and are marked by written "ha ha ha"s. According to Oberg (1960), the return of humor signals the onset of the recovery stage in culture shock.

### Religious Beliefs

My religious tradition, Catholicism, is not common in Japan; only 1% of the population at the "mission school" where I taught was Christian. However, as the school was run by a Catholic order of Japanese nuns, the means to express my religious faith were always accessible.

Despite the fact that Catholicism is an imported, minority religion, it did bring me closer to some host nationals: specifically, the bilingual priest who served the gaijin community, Fr. Mishima. He was an important contact, as he arranged my Christmas vacation trip to Okinawa, and escorted my parents and me around the prefecture during their visit. Through my attendance at Mass, I also met Filipino entertainers and students, who made up the bulk of our small congregation.

I found the service of Mass comforting because of its essential sameness, and interesting because of its differences. My second week in Japan I commented, "It looked like a v. casual chapel, but the little girls & lay people wore starched veils! ...For the kiss of peace, they bow deeply!" (4/16/87). These remarks are consistent with the general cataloguing of exotica I noticed during my first few months in Japan. However, the basic similarities in the service were also deeply comforting: "Even though I didn't understand mass - it was peaceful & a bit awe-inspiring to know that all over the world, people are praying & commemorating Christ's Passion in their own way" (4/16/87).

However, by my third Easter season in Japan, the surface differences had lost their enchantment enough for me to comment, "After a day like today I'm not sure it wd. be wise to stay beyond July... it was Easter, & I miss churches & family & Easter eggs. I went to Mass at Seiki, but cdn't understand much. After Church, the nuns went back to work... which I thought strange" (3/26/89). This may be an expression of culture fatigue. The similarities are there, but they no longer suffice: the sojourner is more acutely aware of the differences which separate rather than the likenesses which comfort.

There is some evidence that the ritual of Mass and religious observance was to some extent a coping strategy; I was very faithful about attendance my first year, but, as my social life picked up, I observed, "I haven't been to Mass for a month" (6/5/88).

Holidays seem very important in the diary; they are usually noted in capital letters before an entry. Smalley (1963) pinpoints homesickness as another source of culture shock: Schumann elucidates, "the learner invests the foods, amusements, holidays and institutions of his home country with so much energy that he [sic] has little left over to expend in acquiring the... culture" (1975, p. 213). This particular symptom seems especially prominent in the following entry:

Today was the Tandai's 'Sei Dai Sai', or bazaar ... I started, humorously, to catalogue the differences between this bazaar &, say, the St. Matthew's bazaar. Here they had tea-ceremony, for crafts they were selling those butt-ugly bags w/lace wrapped all around them, they had weird sweets everywhere - our dinner was unprofessionally made won-tons and milk jelly. It was when I saw pictures of the students' homestays in Ireland & Australia that I found myself really longing for Westerners. The people [in the photos] seemed so vital - alive, laughing, & clowning. I was really struck by the formality of everyone @ this bazaar. Everyone was in their best clothes and bowing an average of 4x everytime they encountered someone. I definitely missed the mashed potatoes & pumpkin pie w/whipped cream. Also I missed the beautiful crafts, the quilts, all my relatives & the conviviality. I'm getting used to not understanding people. I feel frustrated w/friends, or rather acquaintances, here. (10/25/87)

Although I reported that the bazaar had been 'fun', homesickness is evident from the entry; in fact, it seems to snowball as I write. As I catalogue the differences between the two bazaars, it is evident that my

appreciation for the Japanese bazaar is diminished by the energy I invest in recalling the familiar, home culture form of the 'bazaar pattern'.

However, as my acculturation progressed, it is interesting to observe how Japanese holidays came to assume an importance, too; while in Tokyo, it dawned on me, "Hey! Today is girl's day. I'll visit Meiji Shrine when I go home tonight" (3/3/89). In addition to observing my own religious holidays, I began to observe the quasi-religious holidays in Japan, too. I met the New Year at dawn in the city temple. I lined up with others at the prefectural temple to sign my name in the Emperor's book of well-wishers during his illness, and was one of the handful to publicly mourn his death at the city temple.

The final year that I was in Japan, I wrote "Easter! (I almost forgot to write that in)" (3/26/89) while marking in huge capital letters "CHILDREN'S DAY" (5/5/89) - not forgetting that holiday. This seems to be evidence that I was growing more aware of the culture around me; from the displays in the shops and the comments of my friends I became more attuned to the culture's important holidays.

### Compulsive Behaviors

I fell prey to typical compulsive behaviors while I was in Japan: eating, drinking and shopping. There is no evidence that I actually pursued any of these activities to excess, but I occasionally worried that I might. In September I wrote, "I'm drinking ume shochu [plum cordial] in the room. Will I become an alcoholic in Japan?" (9/13/87). While eating, drinking and shopping are pleasurable activities in their own right, it is evident that these were also compensation activities, especially in the



following entry, in which I write, "Hey - I'm still sad & lonely. Solution: eat chocolate" (9/11/87). I frequently mention my weight with concern.

I was aware enough of my predilections that I sometimes treated shopping, eating or drinking as a sign of distress: I write "Yesterday I knew I was depressed b/c I blew \$15 on 'cute' at Lucky Friday's, then went to McD's & spent more on a meal when I'd had a huge lunch" (3/13/89). Recognizing the symptoms sometimes led me to the cause, as when I concluded, "My continuing inability to understand Japanese annoys me" (3/13/89).

### Goal-setting

Another way in which I coped was by imposing a perhaps artificial sense of purpose upon my sojourn. I often set lofty goals for myself: the first week in Japan I decided:

I feel that I am in Japan for several reasons. To grow comfortable w/my self, to emerge from my little-girl chrysalis & become a full-grown woman, to learn Japanese, to see the world, to develop in wisdom, love and understanding, to save ¥. (4/6/87)

The juxtaposition of the mundane and spiritual aspects of my ambitions notwithstanding, the only remarkable thing about my goals is the total omission of any professional goals related to my teaching. In fact, comments about the real purpose of my life in Japan, teaching English, are very rare throughout the entire diary.

It seems I thought of Japan as an interlude, a chance to re-shape myself, or as an agent of change which would re-make myself for me. This seems clear from this entry, "I began to wonder what the year and a half

I've left in Japan will do for me. It seems like I shd. try to study, attempt meditation & the 8-fold path, be cheerful & also detached" (10/25/87).

I also set some retroactive goals, i.e., "Of course, I wish I'd used my time more wisely & learnt Japanese & written stories" (9/10/88).

Although it is difficult to measure whether I ever achieved any of my interpersonal resolutions, I did accomplish some of my early goals: I learned Japanese, I travelled around Asia, I saved quite a bit of money and, of course, did some growing up. I sense that I did not reward myself enough for accomplishing these goals. It often takes me by surprise, in the diary, to realize how far I came in understanding Japanese or in becoming a part of the community (3/17/89; 6/5/89; 6/29/89).

As surmounting obstacles is an exciting part of foreign travel, it may be useful to congratulate oneself on these accomplishments. The satisfaction of rising to the challenges set before one is an integral part of the overseas experience, and it will be encouraging to reward oneself for facing these challenges successfully.

### Seeing the Experience as Finite

Some lines I read early on in my sojourn were a great comfort to me then and have stayed with me even now: "Keep in mind that one day you'll be sitting on a beach or walking down a street in the land you come from, and the high school you worked at in Japan will be just so many memories" (Wigg, 1985, p. 86).

Counting off the days may be a universal experience in any sojourn. I find it amusing to notice the direction of this counting: at first it is how

many more days until I can leave; this gradually becomes how many more days I am allowed to stay.

The early telling of days is apparent from the beginning of the diary: "OK! I've been here 1 month (one down, 23 to go) & its gone by really quickly, what w/figuring everything out & all. But now I have the feeling that it will start to slow down, now that I have my routine" (5/1/87).

Although this coping strategy would not work for people who are migrating, I suspect that for the temporary sojourner, this practice is quite common. More evidence, "Well, 25% of my time here is gone, however! It won't be so bad if I just think of it as a 2 yr. study period" (9/28/87).

It seemed inconceivable that the time would cease being as slow and obstinate as it had been when I wrote, "I tried to cheer myself up that @ this time next year I'll only have 'til April. But I don't even feel like I want to last 'til this April" (9/9/87). Even a year after I arrived in Japan, I wrote, "It still seems like a long time until this year is over & I'm free to leave Japan" (4/12/88).

This type of complaint is a constant during my long period of 'crisis', 'flight' or 'hostility'; however, once that phase recedes, a phrase appears for the very first time: "time flies" (9/17/88). This cliché reappears again and again as I begin to enjoy my daily life and the time goes more smoothly. Less than two months later (two months of entries prefaced with 'time flies'), I decide, "I'm sad that my time in Japan is going by so quickly now" (11/4/88).

However, time slows again in an unfamiliar or uncomfortable environment. Readjusting to life in my Japanese host family when I returned to them in January caused me to remark, "I feel so tired. Ever

since I moved in w/the Nishis. Well, only 5 weeks to go" (2/22/89). The expandable and contractible nature of time is very noticeable in my diary. Time drags while I am in the difficult and disorienting "disintegration" stage of culture shock, but during the recovery period, less time and energy are spent in miscommunication and anomie, and daily life becomes easy. Had I known that someday, too, I would feel that my time in Japan had "whizzed by", I believe I would have found that knowledge comforting.

## PERSONAL VARIABLES

### Fatalism

Many studies in the literature of personality and social psychology have coupled fatalism with distress and depression (Furnham & Bochner, 1986), and fatalism is defined by them as "the generalized expectation that outcomes are determined by forces such as luck, fate, or greater beings, and is the opposite of instrumentalism, which is the generalized expectation that outcomes are contingent on one's own behaviour" (p. 167, 1986).

Furnham and Bochner (1986) suggest that fatalism implies passivity and low confidence in one's own abilities to influence events, which in turn predicts poor coping skills. Thus, they theorize that most migrants would be at a low risk for fatalism, as immigration implies personal initiative which belies fatalistic tendencies. However, not all sojourns reflect strong personal initiative, to which my own situation testifies. I did not want to go to Japan, and yet I went, because "my belief in fate is so strong & it doesn't seem to me that this opportunity wd. come up unless God wanted it. I feel

so weak & powerless that I will do it, just because I can't think of anything else to do" (1/29/87).

God and fate (the same entity?) are seen very clearly as controlling events, not I. It seems from the passage above that I was selected by Seiki out of the phone book, so surprised am I at the idea of going to Japan. Actually, I had written to this school in Japan fourteen months earlier, only because I had the address; I never expected anything to come of it, and nothing did, for a year, until the teacher they had relied upon to come out reneged at the last minute. Seiki then went through the resumes they had received and contacted me. So much time had elapsed between my original inquiry and the job offer that the idea to go to Japan was very unexpected.

However, within weeks I had already worked out the job in Japan to be a part of my life plan, too, deciding "I know it is fate to go to Japan because I see how everything of this past year has contributed to it" (3/15/87). If I had had a single good reason to stay in the United States, I probably would not have left. However, I was sure that God had deliberately made my post-university life miserable so that I would be forced to take the job in Japan.

Some have argued that in specific instances fatalism is adaptive (Furnham & Bochner, 1986). When the situation is seen as unalterable, the actor does not waste energy trying to change the circumstances, but changes him or herself in order to make the situation more tenable. This may be seen especially in some eastern cultures. However, the literature of the west suggests that the perception of personal responsibility and control enhances coping, adaptation, and mental health (Furnham & Bochner, 1986, p. 170).

To what extent did my fatalistic orientation help or hinder me?

Before I left for Japan, I had no kind of preparation whatsoever. I was given eight weeks during which I could have begun to learn Japanese, collected materials on the culture, or sought out other Japanese people for information; however, I did nothing. As much as possible, I put the thought of my imminent departure out of my mind. I gleefully quit all my badly paid jobs, and went on a vacation touring the southwestern United States. I rationalized that once I was in Japan, I would have more than enough time to learn about the culture.

In Japan, my fatalism continues. I found my social isolation dismaying; however, I took it as a given and discouraged myself from worrying about it, saying "I guess I'll just have to accept that I'm meant to be here w/these other people, & somehow, some good will come out of it" (9/28/87).

There are references to my fatalistic orientation throughout the diary. Upon learning that a new teacher had applied for my (ostensibly open) position, I wrote, "I know I did want to renew my contract, but que sera, sera. No problem" (1/18/89). After missing the train to Shin-Fuji and ending up instead at Odawara Castle, near Tokyo, I rationalize it as "Destiny" (3/4/89). These references are meant, I think, to avoid worry about the turn of events.

Horoscopes also are mentioned in the diary; although I never would admit to believing in them (I read them for fun), stuffed in the diary were several horoscope pages torn from magazines. I say off-handedly, "I'm so easily influenced by my surroundings (Pisces characteristic)" (3/3/89), and, when preparing to leave Japan for good, "My horoscope said, "This is a

season for positive endings & new beginnings!'... so - good" (7/8/89).

Fatalism in many ways seems to be the operating personal orientation.

### Self-blaming

The strong fatalistic orientation I found in my analysis of the diary was somewhat incongruously coupled with a marked propensity for self-blame. Specifically, although I saw my life in Japan as the result of fate, rather than any concerted effort on my part, when I was unhappy, I blamed myself and sought to change my personal characteristics to improve the situation.

The diaries reflect someone who is very self-critical. For example, when I did not make close friends soon after I arrived, I cautioned myself, "I need to work on my attitude more and not be disturbed at little setbacks" (5/5/87). Not having a close network of friends distressed me, and could be seen, sometimes, as the hand of 'fate', but I took a pro-active approach to problem-solving. Determined to change my social situation, I said, "Maybe after vacation I can change my life & personal approach to people in ways that I can think of on a rest & w/talking to Jim" (7/18/87).

As my best efforts to make friends with the other foreign teachers failed, I began to internalize a psychosis orientation. The word "crazy" appears with more and more frequency from the period from September, 1987 (after I returned from my summer vacation) until May, 1988, when things began to go better. In September I said, "I feel self-cs., like I'm boring. I guess I'm just out of my element" (9/28/87).

Even normal, homely wishes, like wanting to celebrate my birthday and Christmas, begin to loom like abnormal demands, i.e., "Mom was

hung up on me celebrating my B-Day & P-mas w/someone to make a fuss. Now maybe I'm getting a little hung up on the idea, too. Maybe it's my controlling personality" (11/11/87).

I worried about my habit of sending money home: "I wonder if there's something wrong w/me that I can't spend it?" (12/10/87). I wonder why I don't have more friends in Kagoshima: "I just feel selfish & lazy & that friendship by post is enough for me. Is there s.th. wrong w/me?" (1/28/88). Throughout, there is a sense of inadequacy, no doubt symptomatic of the cultural shock I was experiencing.

I even assumed responsibility for the behavior of people I disliked. After describing an American whose behavior was an embarrassment to me, I say, "S.th. about her must remind me of myself... AUGH!" (4/12/88).

I castigated myself, after surviving my first year in Japan, "I'm becoming v. neurotic & strange... What's to become of me here? How can I stand another lonely winter like the last one? I feel v. gloomy & greasy" (4/20/88).

The self-blaming, however, continues throughout the diary. Even after I was well-settled in the community and had many friends I wrote, "I don't feel exacting enough morally or as assiduous in friendship & personal standards as I ought to be" (6/23/89).

Perhaps by blaming myself, I was asserting some control over the 'fate' that had brought me to Japan. Although I couldn't hope to change destiny, at least I could hope to change myself and the way I reacted to it.

I believe, in retrospect, that my adjustment to Japan would have been smoother had I known to expect problems developing a social network, and had known that it was my American way of viewing friendships and



developing friends that was inappropriate in the setting, not inappropriate *per se*. I also see that my way of dealing with the stress was maximally unhealthy: I felt powerless because I had not 'chosen' the people and surroundings I found myself among, yet guilty because I was unable to change the situation.

### Strong Preference for New Stimuli

Throughout the diary are frequent expressions of a need for new stimuli. Although I am unhappy about going to Japan when I first accept the job, six weeks later I wrote, "I'm actually looking forward to the challenge & the new surroundings" (3/26/87).

Upon my arrival in Japan, I underwent the predictable euphoria associated with exposure to a new culture and interesting and curious sights. As Barna (1983) says, however, too little stimuli may be just as stressful as too much. Once my routine became settled, I found that Kagoshima did not offer much in the way of diversion. My lack of Japanese hindered me from discovering or enjoying social or cultural events which are common recreations. Kagoshima was a small (pop. 500,000) provincial city, which rarely hosted plays, Kabuki, dancing or sumo wrestling, which would have been more accessible in the Kansai area. This sometimes became a problem. I frequently complained about boredom, e.g., "I am so bored here" (9/19/88) during the "down" period between June '87 and September '88, and even when I was happy with my friends and surroundings, I called Kagoshima a "hick town" (5/6/89).

This suggests that persons who have a strong preference for new stimuli (typical, probably, of persons who voluntarily make a long sojourn),

should select a town with many social resources which will allow them to make contact with fellow expatriates and, eventually, host culture nationals. In retrospect, I think I would have done much better if I had first moved to Hiroshima, Kyoto or Kobe, larger and more stimulating cities.

The people as well as the place could be tedious. Until I developed close relationships with the people I worked with, I found my social acquaintances unfulfilling. I wrote about Kagoshima, "I feel like I've really stagnated, being in the same place for so long" (3/3/89), and "I didn't feel like going to the party & talking to those people whom I cd. see every day if I wanted, which I don't" (10/31/87). This is also a symptom of culture shock - these same people I initially found superficial later developed into good friends.

In April of 1989, my spirits improved at the gift of a house; my excitement was in part fueled by my first opportunity to reciprocate the hospitality I had received from others. The dormitory was forbidden to non-residents; the autonomy of my own house was an important boost to my sense of well-being. Now I was able to create some social opportunities of my own. The first week I lived in the house, I hosted four parties (4/17/89), and my home became a refuge for the other foreign teachers to relax away from their students.

### Push Orientation

Furnham and Bochner (1986) suggest that the motive for the sojourn may have an influence upon the subsequent adjustment process. Taylor (1966) has suggested that one needs to know a number of factors about an

individual's subjective perception of his or her home country to understand how the decision was made to migrate.

A 'push' orientation is a situation in which the home country's undesirability is a factor in the sojourn, rather than the 'pull' or desirability of the host country. Often push and pull motivations coexist, but not in my situation.

In my case, the decision to sojourn was made for economic reasons. I had a strong desire to leave the United States because I was under-employed and without success in finding a job domestically. Japan was a 'pull' only in the sense that I was assured of a job there.

Throughout the early diary I refer to "awful Portland" and say, "I feel like I'll never be employable & that the US is headed for a huge recession anyways, so even if I was skilled, it would be no use" (11/20/87).

As time goes by, however, it seems that my grudge against Portland disappears: I refer to "an almost overwhelming urge to be in Portland, where the action is" (7/8/88).

However, the push characteristic in decision-making persists. Even when I am trying to decide where to live after Japan, I write, "My desire not to go home is stronger than my desire not to go to Europe" (6/25/89).

I think a sojourn will be more successful when there are compelling pull motivations drawing the traveller, in addition to push motivations. I did acquire some 'pulls' for being in Japan (see the section on goal-setting, above), but my primary reason for being in Japan was reactive, not proactive.

### Propensity to Set Up Challenges

Throughout the diary I noticed repeatedly setting up challenges for myself, the harder the better. It seems I am reluctant to become too comfortable or to admit that something is beyond me. Of course, accepting the job in Japan was a leap of faith, which scared me. I wrote, "Sometimes I feel like I must be the bravest person in the world. I can't believe I'm going to leave my best-loved friend to go to some country around the world"(3/15/87). Again, once I finally became comfortable in the dormitory, I decided to move to a Japanese family. About my move to the homestay, I wrote, "Sometimes I wonder why I always burden myself w/challenges just when I'm getting comfortable. But after all I'm glad I am like this, b/c I wd. miss out on a lot of experiences if I didn't" (10/1/88). I reiterate about the move, "I'm glad I didn't cop out b/c it'll be very enriching" (10/1/88).

As a variation on that theme, there is a constant tension between my need for social support and my propensity for independence, summarized in this comment, "I felt a thrill of elation that I cd. manage by myself, but also depressed b/c I had to" (3/3/89).

Traveling alone, especially, exacerbated that conflict. Before I left, I wondered, "Why do I do these journeys? No one else has to. After this summer I promised myself that my travelling alone days were through" (3/15/87). Yet, travelling in a group brought "compromises, which always distresses me" (5/5/87), and the feeling that "I'm a little fed up w/togetherness now, although if [my companions] weren't here, I wdn't be doing half the things I am" (12/27/89).

It seems that the very independence and desire for change that cause the sojourner to seek out new experiences can also cause loneliness and a

fear of abandonment. Copeland and Griggs (1985) emphasize that the single expatriate can have a very lonely experience; again, this relates back to the lack of a support system that the expatriate can find so disorienting.

## SITUATIONAL VARIABLES

### The Foreign Enclave

Furnham and Bochner (1986) suggest that sojourners will belong to several groups while in another culture. The first and most important group is the compatriots; this is monocultural and the primary source of friendship and support networks. Sojourners participate in a second, bicultural group of host country nationals for instrumental reasons, i.e., a professional organization. Multinational groups of friends may develop for specific social purposes, for example, playing sports. However, Furnham and Bochner suggest that the primary source of support and identification will be with home culture compatriots.

I certainly found that to be true during my stay in Japan; not finding allies among the home culture group was painful to me. In my own case, however, the compatriots were not from the United States; the other teachers were Australian. However, our common language and cultural background were so similar (I believed), that I considered them true compatriots; perhaps that is why their rejection was so unexpected and so painful.

Although I didn't travel to Japan with the intention of learning about Australia, Australians figured very much in my daily life. My preoccupation with the other 'gaijin' teachers is quickly apparent in the

diary. The Japanese hosts are rarely named or individuated unless I was doing some specific activity with them. I lump my Japanese colleagues in a group as in, "Today I went out to lunch @ the v. fancy Shiroyama Royal Sun Hotel w/some English teachers" (12/9/87). In contrast, I am consistently more specific about exactly who did what and when among the gaijin community.

This may be a symptom of ethnocentrism, or some inability to distinguish among the personalities of the Japanese at first. Whereas my fellow foreigners fall readily into 'types' (9/15/88), it is not until Christmas of 1988 that I report a corresponding ability to classify Japanese strangers as sympathetic or non-sympathetic -- although this ability must have been developing right along.

Another reason that the foreign community loomed so large was that I shared living quarters with them. Because all the Australians had some Japanese language ability, I relied on them for direction and translations. As Nash and Schaw (1963) predict, the Australians and their acculturation to Japan served as a kind of yardstick against which I measured myself. Additionally, because the foreign teachers' work load was so much less than the Japanese teachers', I expected more from their free time.

My expectations had been that the other foreigners and I would become very close. These expectations were frustrated. Although my initial impression was positive, "The other foreigners here - primarily Australian - are all really nice & friendly - older" (4/2/87), this impression did not last. Only four days later, I write, "The other gaigen [sic] aren't overwhelming me w/kindness. It's going to take a while before I feel I can fit in" (4/6/87).

"Jill, Eva & Sofia are quite a cohesive bunch!" (5/17/87), I commented. The foreign enclave was quite tight, and there seemed be no room for an interloper. Being shut out from this friendship group made me angry; I wrote, "I resent these people for not making me care about them" (6/2/87). I tried to accept the inevitable: "I'm very much by myself here most of the time, which suits me very well, actually" (6/18/87).

As Freedman (1986) describes, finding a mentor or ally became almost an obsession. Again and again in the diaries the first year I refer to my lack of friends. After returning from my first summer vacation, I wrote, "I wish I had a friend to chat with here - even to just goof around w/-one that I felt equal to" (9/9/87). The 'inequality' I perceived may be the key to my initial inability to find friends. All the other foreigners at the school had lived in Japan at least one year, and spoke enough Japanese to get around comfortably. They were oriented to their surroundings. What I found most disconcerting was their lack of compassion towards me and my newness. I had anticipated being aided by these 'Japan hands', as long-term residents were called; this kind of friendly guidance never materialized.

These entries strongly suggest that I was in Oberg's crisis phase of culture shock, when the sojourner reacts strongly to trivial matters and all sense of perspective and humor is lost. Acceptance by the other home nationals is very important at this stage, and not having any support compromised my sense of proportion. For example, when a fellow foreign teacher telephoned me, in June, to inform me that it was not school policy to allow teachers to tutor non-students privately on school grounds, I reacted very strongly to the implied criticism, writing:

[This] really affects me - I have an ancient fear that I'm incompetent at jobs - that I botch things up, & I'm incapable of doing anything well. I'm afraid it's true & there's s.th. fundamentally wrong w/me & my work habits... I think I'm good as a teacher, but I'm afraid I'm deficient as a colleague. I'm not always cheerful; lately I've been tired, grumpy & paranoid, I let my feelings show & it's not professional. I forget to lock windows... so do people think I'm a detriment to the staff? These kind of worries go straight to the most vital heart of me. I want to do a good job. (7/9/89)

This kind of frenzied, critical introspection is all out of proportion to the trigger, a gentle policy correction about something which I could not have been expected to know beforehand. It amply demonstrates the loss of perspective associated with culture stress and adjustment stages .

I think what eased my tension within my living community was the way the foreign teachers celebrated my birthday. The thought of my approaching birthday preoccupied me, as I did not know how I would mark the occasion alone. I wrote, "I'm not telling anyone here when my birthday is, and that's making me depressed" (10/31/87).

I awoke the morning of my birthday to find my door covered with newspaper and, breaking through, I saw that, at Eva's prompting, all the girls in the dormitory had set up their stuffed animals in a pile, with cards, candy and 'Happy Birthday' signs. Presents from the foreign teachers were at my door. That night I celebrated with cake and sweets in my dormitory room, with the Japanese students dropping by to collect their animals and wish me happy returns. The unexpected manifestation of support gave me confidence and reassurance and was a boost to my adjustment process.



My relationship with my fellow foreigners was strengthened further during Christmas vacation. Through the offices of Fr. Mishima, the priest at the English Mass I attended, it was arranged that I would stay in Okinawa, by myself. When Jill and Eva heard my plan, they asked if they could come along, as they had not arranged any other vacation plans. Now it was I who was doing them a favor - through my friend, our accommodations had been arranged. I felt that we were more on an equal footing. During the vacation, I could write, "we 3" (12/25/87) rather than 'the three Graces.' However, even this did not go smoothly: less than three days after my vacation began I wrote, "I'm a little fed up w/togetherness now, although if they weren't here, I wdn't be doing half the things I am" (12/27/87).

Upon my return to Kagoshima I reverted to impatience with the foreign people around me. After an evening with some Americans, I wrote, "I feel thick-tongued & out of place. When will I be with people I'm comfortable w/again?" (1/9/88) and "Can't wait to go home, stay up late talking, to nice people" (1/27/88).

Anticipating my parents' arrival and my return to the United States for a vacation made me defer my social interaction. I had the assurance that I would return home in seven months to receive the social intercourse I was seeking.

The spring of 1988 brought two new foreigners into our enclave: Pete and Luisa, both Australian. If the purpose of the enclave is to provide models of functioning my models heretofore had been very limited. Although the other gaijin at the school could easily get around outside in the shops and so forth, with the exception of Mae and Kirk, they found their

friends among their students and had little contact with the outside community. Pete and Luisa introduced new role models to our community.

I said of Pete:

I feel guilty b/c I think he's bored & lonely & I know the feeling so well & feel I ought to be able to do s.th. about it to help him out. But I've no social contacts on 'the outside' - I'm sure he'll find his own way. Perhaps Mae will take him & this other new teacher into hand & introduce them around. (4/12/88)

Curiously, I seem to have metamorphosized into a Jill or Eva or Sofia, who, as I had noticed a year earlier, had made the Seiki campus "their own little womb" (4/26/87). Referring, as I did, to the world outside the campus as "the outside" emphasizes the insularity of our foreign enclave, an insularity described and disparaged by Lundstedt (1963). And even though I knew very well how disheartening it was to be without support, I shrugged off the social imperative, hoping Mae would take up my slack.

I did take Pete several places and introduced him around. However, my self-confidence had been shaken by that lonely year and I really felt that I was not interesting enough or knowledgeable enough to offer myself as a guide or companion. The explicit comparisons made between myself and the other foreigners is a function of the foreign enclave described by Nash and Schaw (1963). I visited the other new teacher, Luisa, and left impressed with her poise and disgusted at my self-consciousness:

I feel like I'm turning queer w/this solitude. I'm becoming v. neurotic & strange. Luisa is so friendly & relaxed. She'll make lots of friends. I want them, but I was so overwhelmed at 1st! What's to become of me here? (4/20/88)

However, my friendship with Luisa became a real factor in turning the compatriot group away from a source of grief into a source of satisfaction. I wrote, "Things are going better. Last night Luisa & I drank 3 cups of ¥200 shojū, & Mae & Eva dropped by. This new teacher might bring us all closer together (like a new baby--aw, shucks)" (4/26/88). That passage marks a bit of humor, which had become very rare in the diary!

In September, when I returned from my vacation in the United States, I reported feeling "fine & surrounded by friends" (9/12/88). Additionally, two more new teachers joined the Seiki fold. Again, they serve as a reference point to me. However, this time I feel I compare favorably; after one and a half years, I finally feel competent in the environment. Judy's arrival isn't marked, but I wrote when Felicity came, "She is really nice & straight on. I like her a lot better than Judy" (9/15/88).

It might be worth wondering how Felicity, the Australian, is nice, when Judy, the American, isn't? I wonder if this "straight on" business is an Australian preference. That is, Australians seem to test each other when they first meet, by giving each other a bit of verbal harassment (Fontaine, 1983). Americans, in contrast, expect solicitousness and friendly concern. I would hazard that our enclave was operating on overwhelmingly Australian values, which was initially an unfamiliar and somewhat hostile-seeming environment for the Americans, Judy and myself. Perhaps, after a year, I had adopted Australian values as my own.

Despite my empathy for the situation of cultural adjustment, this does not translate into advocacy for the people around me. By October, it appears that Judy is experiencing the same sort of psychosis/culture shock that I had experienced the year before. I wrote, "Saw Judy today. She

really is not a cheerful sight. She seems pretty depressed & I wonder how she's been taking Japan so far. She said she's lonely" (10/7/88).

Rather than inspiring me to help her, however, this confession, I believe, only scared me. It may have been too threatening to try to help her adjust to Japan, something which I had only recently accomplished myself. I sensed, too, the attitude from people around us, 'I found my way the hard way, you will, too.'

Indeed, the Australians excluded Judy, as they had previously excluded me. Part of the avoidance was because of her lack of intercultural sensitivity. Judy did not know how to behave in Japan, and because of her gaffes, we foreigners were reluctant to be associated with her. This is a bit more clear in the following passage, in which I justify calling Judy 'dim':

[Judy], Felicity & I went to the outdoor tea ceremony, & in the middle of it she asks, not bothering to whisper or anything, 'What are they doing?' !!! I said, 'They're making the tea! !' 'Oh.' A minute later, 'Is is regular tea or green tea?' Can you absolutely believe it? (11/6/88)

In this case it would seem that prior overseas experience is not necessarily a good indicator of intercultural sensitivity; Judy's family had lived abroad for several years and Felicity, her cohort, had never before been out of Australia.

There is evidence that Judy lacked home culture social skills, as well. Describing her birthday party, I write, "She barely thanked us for our B-Day presents, & after she finished her 1st piece of cake ... she took half of the remaining cake and ate it w/o asking anyone if they'd like some" (12/13/88).

I cannot tell if I was as 'dim' as Judy. I asked Eva once, and she said, "Oh, no, you were never that bad." But after my first, hard year the teachers who had become my friends marvelled, "You were so out of it when you first got here!"

The foreign enclave had its share of crises because everyone was dealing with culture shock. These personal ups and downs created a confusing community. In a representative entry I write, "There was a subtext to the group I didn't understand" (11/4/88). Additionally, people were always coming and going, as their contracts were broken, finished or renewed. Early on in my stay in Japan I complained, "The foreign community is always in such a flux. It's - unsettling, I guess" (10/25/87).

As my second year progresses, the diary reports deeper and deeper involvement with the other foreigners: a vacation with Felicity, Japanese lessons with Luisa and Pete, tennis playing and weight training with Luisa, swimming with Pete, a vacation with Pete and Luisa, parties and dinners. In March, Eva left for Australia. This was difficult for me: "Now I'm starting to cry a bit again. I'll really miss her. I can't believe she won't be around for me to tell all my anecdotes to. I was depressed all afternoon" (3/26/89).

In April, I moved into my own house, which became a place for the other foreigners to entertain guests with parties and dinners. And in late May, my 'replacement' arrived to share my house with me: Livvy, an Australian in her late twenties. Livvy provided a specific example of my progress in adapting. I marvelled upon her arrival, "Having Livvy around makes me realize how far I've come in Japanese" (6/5/89).

Livvy was immediately accepted into the enclave, and did not embarrass us with faux pas, as this entry reveals, "She's an experienced traveller & fairly, really independent so I don't have to feel guilty if I don't spend every waking minute w/her. T. G. - if it were someone like Judy!" (6/1/89).

In late June, before I left on a vacation to Guam, I decided, "I'm so loved & petted & fussed over here. I really do feel I'm the center of our small community!" (6/29/89). I suppose after over two years in Japan I had finally become the 'sempai', or senior. My status was derived from seniority: my Japanese language ability was arguably the best of all the foreigners, my experience working in an all-Japanese school and living with a Japanese host family had given me many 'outside' contacts and made me more knowledgeable than the others about Japanese behavior, and I possessed a house and was able to entertain people. After over two years, I finally felt, "All the people who are like me & dear to me are in Japan. So - can't wait to get back & be with them" (7/1/89).

### The Japanese Community

Although I had an early Japanese friend, Sakiko, an English teacher at Seiki who sat next to me and was requested by the principal to help me out, the Japanese teachers do not play much of a role until well into my stay in Japan. Although early entries named each teacher, later I lumped them together, somewhat dismissively, as "the English teachers" (12/9/87).

This began to change once I resolved my place in the gaijin community. This is predicted by Freedman (1986), who says that once a person enters a foreign country, they become a 'pioneer,' and, as such,

attention narrows. The sojourner is no longer open to the world, but solely focused on the current preoccupation. Primary among most pioneers is the need for a home base from which to venture forth, and where to withdraw. Once that is established, the pioneer experiences tension related to social isolation, and focuses on finding a 'mentor.' Once this social need has been fulfilled, however, the tensions of the pioneer decrease and tunnel blindness is lifted.

I find this hypothesis extremely descriptive of my own experience. I was fortunate in that I did have a home from the beginning of my stay, but thereafter I am consumed by the need to find a 'mentor' and support. Upon a retrospective review of the diary, this desire begins to seem like an obsession, but it is more understandable when seen in Freedman's schema. And once I begin to feel secure, my perspective is widened and I begin to appreciate the other facets of life in Japan, and broaden my social circle to include host nationals.

During the first winter holidays, when the Australian teachers at the junior college were away, I put more effort into my friendships with the Japanese teachers at Seiki. They were often the only people I spoke to during the day. In February, I spent a three-day weekend with my friend, Sakiko, and her family. I am puzzled as to why I do not mention it in the diary, but it may just be a limitation of the diary form: the weekend with Sakiko was one of the more exciting things I did, and I must have written about it enough in letters that I did not feel like repeating myself in the diary.

However, for my part, my first friendships with the Japanese were not an active process but, more truly, polite reciprocation. I had been in

Japan for over a year before I pursued the cultural experience of living with a host family. Despite some ambivalence, the active process is clear when I write, upon meeting the Nishis, "I realized I didn't want to leave my comfortable rut after all. It's a rut, but at least an autonomous one ... but I want to get up my Japanese ability ASAP so that's the way it works out" (7/18/88). Security within the foreign enclave gave me the confidence I needed to venture further into the host culture. My host family, too, provided the incentive and opportunity to learn more Japanese.

A consequence of my improvement in Japanese was a greater involvement in the lives of the Japanese teachers I worked with. In my first months at Seiki I left the school when I did not have classes, i.e., "I'm not always busy w/work - I go home and sleep" (7/9/87). As I began my second year at Seiki, however, I become more involved in office politics and gossip (1/19/89, 3/17/89). I said, "I had the most fun that I've ever had at a Seiki party, b/c my Japanese has improved so much" (3/25/89). However, my sense of my skill in Japanese fluctuated. Although it was adequate to handle social situations, it was not sophisticated enough to put me on an equal footing with the other teachers. I complained, "I'm unhappy b/c I want to be more a part of this school & have more responsibilities, but my lack of Japanese is holding me back" (2/8/89).

I also became infatuated with a Japanese teacher; this served as a motivation to learn Japanese, but my obvious inadequacies in the language were very frustrating, leaving me to "wish I was good at *Nihongo* & didn't always make such a fool of myself" (3/14/89).

Finally, I think I left Japan because I was at the point where I had to make a whole-hearted commitment to learning the language to continue to



live there and be happy, and I was not prepared to do that. The United States, despite unemployment, the recession, the administration and my 'pallid life,' was still calling me back.

### Being a 'Gaijin' in Japan

I have internalized the concept of being a foreigner to the extent that while I was in Japan I referred to myself and other expatriates as 'gaijins' (literally, 'outside/people') and even now, writing this thesis, the word gaijin comes easiest. By my second day in Japan I had picked up the term (4/2/87). We were aliens. There was no way in Japan that I could blend in and appear to be a native.

The southern city I lived in was a port sometimes visited by sailors, and had a stable population of over forty Europeans, Australians, and North Americans. Nevertheless, seeing a gaijin was always a rarity, and I was a constant subject of stares, covert or overt, whenever I ventured outside. At first this was delightful; I remember feeling like a movie star. However, the attention soon lost its fascination. I summarized it once:

Town today. People standing on the bus rather than sit down next to a gaijin. Mothers twisting their toddlers around to look at me, & the toddlers crying. Boys following me & saying, 'Hello! How are you! I am handsome boy.' Ash in my eyes, nose and ears. Everywhere, stares. (6/26/88)

As my Japanese improved, and I became even more aware of what people were saying about me, my sensitivity rose. While attending the field day of my host sister, I became very upset at being referred to as 'gaijin-san', and behaved badly by shouting (in Japanese), "'Hey my name is Susan! It's not gaijin-san, you know! Call me Susan!'... They've no

thought that I'm a person, an individual w/feelings" (11/6/89). While living in the dormitory, I had insulated myself as much as possible from the stares and comments of the townspeople; living with a family brought me out in public and the opportunities for upset increased.

Certainly, my obvious physical differences were a summary of my alien status in Japan; during one Hallowe'en I felt so upset about some exclusion from the other foreign teachers that I went to a party as a mime, not speaking at all, only writing, "As a mime, I was there & I made no demands on anyone to entertain me. It was a good analogy for my life in Japan. No one treated me as a person, I was just a white face" (10/31/87).

Being stared at became so usual that I began to remark on it only when it wasn't occurring, as in Hong Kong, when I noticed, "No one looks @ you b/c you're a 'gaijin'" (1/3/89).

The 'gaijin stares' continually reminded me of the social distance spoken of by Schumann (1976) and perhaps inhibited my acquisition of Japanese. But even when I felt close to the Japanese, my foreign-ness got in my way, as I reflected:

I got a little homesick for Japanese people while I was in Thailand & sidled up to a few & exchanged exclamations with them. It's strange, though - if I see a Japanese person I feel a little like I know them ... I understand their speech, I can guess from what they're wearing what socioeconomic group they're in ... Anyway, I feel that kinship with them, but they, looking at me, have no idea of it. Even when I start speaking to them they can't accept me as one of them. Other countries are more willing to do that. (1/5/89)

A strange thing about the 'gaijin' fascination was that it was contagious. When Seiki hosted some Australian exchange students I wrote, "They are so colorful ... they all looked different! Our Seiki students

were gaping - pt.ing & saying, 'Kawaii!' I tried to reprove them, but I actually felt like doing the same thing!" (12/4/89). When I saw unknown foreigners on the streetcar or in town, I, too, would gawk and wonder about them. However, I never approached them, and, in fact, disliked talking to strange gaijin. Reflecting on that later, I concluded, "I used to be afraid of other foreigners" (3/26/89).

Responding to continuous attention required that I develop some means of dealing with it. Reactions to gaijin stares were compared and debated among the foreign community. On bad days, I responded to what I considered rudeness with rudeness of my own. However, it seems I was able at last to achieve some peace with my status as a foreigner, saying "I'm also (usually) nicer to people who stare at me or make gaijin remarks" (3/26/89).

I even attempted some consciousness-raising with my Japanese friends, as this passage demonstrates:

I love being called 'Oneisan' (Elder Sister). I was telling that to Mr. K. & co. last night & he said, "You foreigners seem to dislike being called 'gaijin.' But we Japanese have no other name for you." Oh yeah? I said, "What about 'oneisan' or 'anata' or finding out a person's name? You don't call strangers 'Nihonjin-san', do you? Then why do you need to say 'Gaijin-san'?" I thought I'd made a good argument, & I don't think that group had thought of it before. A little pause & Mr. K said, "Your strong point is in being frank, isn't it?" Ha ha ha! (4/14/89)

Dealing with the problem through 'educating' my Japanese colleagues rather than avoiding meeting people's eyes on the street, or scowling at them was a pro-active way of dealing with the stress. It felt healthier because I became an educator rather than a victim.

## EMERGENCE OF BICULTURALISM

Within the diary, there is some evidence of growing adaptation to Japan and a growing bi-culturalism. This was not the "constructive marginality" described by Bennett (1986), in which different methods of relating to people could be selectively used. My Australian friends in Japan complained about my 'Japanese self' - the person I became when I spoke a high-pitched, "onna-raishi" Japanese - submissive and accommodating.

I sought refuge in this Japanese self when I encountered strangers, but not only Japanese ones, as it turns out. I used this persona inappropriately with all strangers, for example, in the airplane to Guam I write, "Surprise! surprise! The cockpit crew are gaijin & CUTE! ... when the *gaijin* captain smiled, I looked down & murmured, "Sumimasen" - my shy Japanese woman's act. What's wrong w/me?" (6/29/89).

I became somewhat adept at deciding what behaviors from my culture of socialization were appropriate or inappropriate to use in a particular instance. For example, when one of my adult students, Midori, came to our private lesson a week after her father died, it seems we met in sort of a third culture, between the Japanese and American norms:

I had tears in my eyes... Then M. did, too, & although I hesitated for a minute b/c I know Japanese people don't like to be touched, I held her in my arms... We stayed like that for quite a while. Occasionally she'd say s.th. abt. her Dad in English. I felt sorry for [the other students]. They just scrunched themselves up in the chairs & looked down uncomfortably. How awful not to be able to express the sympathy & sorrow you feel... Well, 45 min. later Midori was calm so she & her 2 silent friends (24 & 28 y/o) left. I hope they were able to say s.th. nice to her in *Nihongo* on the way home. (6/17/89)

However, this expression of empathy, if it was indeed empathy, or an ability to respond to another person from the perspective of his or her own experience (Bennett, 1986), seems to operate selectively. Just one day later I visit my friend, an Australian novice in a Japanese cloister, and seem unable to participate in her experience at all:

Sof kept up pretty much a boring monologue & we didn't have the easy laugh-filled conversation that we 3 alone do... Sof just goes on & on & the nuns etc. aren't so interesting to us b/c we don't know them & what happens between them is so small. I think she'd get more out of our visits if she shut up & listened more. (6/18/89)

Even though living abroad may develop abilities of empathy and self-knowledge as Adler (1975) suggests, there is no indication that the application of these abilities is consistent or appropriate. Practice, however, made me more accustomed to handling "gaijin" stares and comments graciously, as this entry shows, "If someone is saying s.th. that I consider stupid or irrelevant, I just feign complete ignorance" (3/28/89) and, "As I intimated above, I'm pretty tired of questions like, 'Do they have apples in the U.S.?'... but I managed to revive my charm & left with a clear conscience" (3/29/89).

## CHAPTER V

### DISCUSSION AND IMPLICATIONS

Now that the analysis has been completed, it seems proper to contextualize the findings and to offer some suggestions which my experience indicates would be helpful.

### FINDINGS AND EVALUATION

#### Discussion of Adjustment Curve

My findings (see Figure 1) seem to justify the U-shaped curve of adjustment proposed by Lysgaard (1955) and others; however, I am chary of lending my support to that theory. Surely, as Lundstedt (1963) proposes, there is also a curve of maladjustment; had I chosen to leave before April of 1988, my adjustment pattern would have been a downward slope.

Or perhaps, as Kohls (cited in Levine & Adelman, 1983) suggests, the W-curve collapses or expands depending on the length of the sojourn. Perhaps the prospect of imminent departure is the most significant contribution to the increasing level of satisfaction experienced by sojourners near the end of their stay, no matter how brief or protracted.

Further empirical research needs to be done on this question or, perhaps, the question needs to be abandoned altogether. Curves are products of graphs, which are products of quantifying numbers; devising my own 'adjustment' graph made me appreciate how difficult it is to quantify an abstract like 'satisfaction'. People have attempted it (see Mumford, 1975), but

I cannot forget the arbitrariness of selecting a number to describe such an individual and personal concept as satisfaction or happiness or adjustment. Different factors might be variously weighted for different people. Therefore, my research has led me to look skeptically at the concept of an adjustment curve.

### Evaluation of Adjustment Stages

Several stages of adjustment were apparent in the diary. I found strong support for the preliminary stage of exhilaration and euphoria described by Oberg (1960), Smalley (1936) and Adler (1975). The second stage of my adjustment was characterized by resentment and hostility toward both the host nationals and the foreign enclave. This resentment dissipated as I sank into profound anomie, contradicting the order of stages predicted by Adler (1975), who postulates that resentment and hostility are manifestations of improved self-image, and will follow the disintegration stage.

Anomie was followed by a strengthened emotional equilibrium, until I reached a final, accommodative balance between my expectations and the demands of the culture I found myself in.

A sense of competency in the host language, Japanese, was positively correlated with satisfaction in the host culture; however, the diary makes it clear that language competency by itself is not sufficient to assure host culture adjustment. Even a fairly sophisticated grasp of Japanese did not prevent a sense of 'foreignness' from intruding upon my daily life: it did not preclude homesickness, miscommunication or impatience with Japanese values and behaviors.

### Evaluation of Coping Strategies

As Church (1982) suggests, sojourners will not only transfer home culture coping strategies to the new culture to reduce dissatisfaction but develop new coping strategies when confronted with new, adverse stimuli in the unfamiliar culture.

I found that most of my coping strategies were habits transferred from the United States. Circumstances permitted the development of some new ones, for example, vacations: I had never before had the time or money to travel as I did while in Japan.

One coping strategy which I used to excess was probably reading. It was an escape which became its own kind of prison. The coping strategy which I under-utilized was social interaction. Not realizing that the symptoms of culture shock include withdrawal, hostility, or impaired social skills, I incorrectly attributed my difficulty in establishing a friendship network to the inhospitableness of my fellow expatriates, or to some insidious personality defect of my own. These revelations about coping strategies will shape my future behavior when overseas.

Brein and David (1971) conclude that the extent of social contact with the host nationals is related to the sojourner's adjustment; I have discovered that the sojourner's social contact with fellow expatriates is equally important in determining adjustment. In fact, as Nash and Shaw (1963) and Fontaine (1986) suggest, acceptance by the foreign enclave may preface satisfying contacts with the host culture.

Ultimately, I believe coping strategies are affected by personality and situational variables. Nonetheless, I think it would be helpful for the sojourner if his or her personal coping strategies in the home culture could



be articulated and an active transfer sought. Further, exposure to alternative coping strategies (i.e., exercise, meditation, visualization) may prove helpful for the sojourner who wishes to take a pro-active role in smoothing his or her overseas transition.

### Need for Teacher-Training Programs

My struggles to learn how to do my job were time-consuming and diverted energy away from the adjustment process. Every teaching technique I read of or heard about was new to me and seemed to hold equal promise; my conception of my role at the school varied wildly. While everything else in my life was in transition, it would have been very stabilizing to have one area of expertise. No doubt I would have found teaching conditions very different and would have had to adapt my methods to the situation; still, 'role shock' was just one more stress for me to absorb, along with 'culture shock' and 'language shock'.

It is difficult to know which is more valuable first: experience which will inform the teacher education, or the education which will inform the practice. I feel strongly that my work in graduate school was enriched by my previous experience as a teacher in Japan; my experience served as a reference point from which to evaluate every language theory and teaching technique which I encountered in lectures and reading.

On the other hand, my students could have been spared much of the guesswork and random experimentation that characterized my first professional teaching experience. Classes I often wished I had had before going over to Japan were the courses on methods, second language acquisition, curriculum and design, and EFL/ESL administration.

I believe schools in Japan are beginning to realize the wisdom of investing in a professional teacher; I know Seiki has begun to show preference for hiring experienced teachers. Certainly, the investment in bringing a foreign teacher over and providing board and lodging is very great; it makes sense for the school to assure that this investment will be worthwhile.

### Need for Host Culture Orientation

I knew as little about Japan as it is possible for a liberal arts graduate to know before I went there. I had to search on the globe for its location. In the weeks preceding my departure, I had opportunity to research Japan, but did not. Yet there is some evidence that preparation would have helped me; I wrote, on the plane ride over, "No Buddhist temples visible from the airport. I'm beginning to become fascinated by the culture & sights of Japan, just from hearing & reading about them" (4/1/87). The "hearing & reading" referred to was simply the in-flight magazine and the Japanese stewardesses; a more thorough acquaintanceship might have produced a deeper fascination and more consuming desire to see and know.

Once I was at Seiki school, I benefited from the well-stocked English language library, which had a special emphasis on books about Japan and translations of Japanese literature. The opportunity to conduct self-study on Japan was fully exploited after I had been there for several months. By opting to read literature on Japanese topics I was able to construct a schema around which new experiences could be organized and unfamiliar details registered and catalogued.

Additionally, my vacations within Japan were a spur toward absorbing more information about Japanese history, as I wanted to understand the significance of what I was seeing. This curiosity was somewhat self-perpetuating; as I became more and more interested in researching a particular region, or reading a particular author, one topic led me to another. I developed a real appreciation for contemporary Japanese literature, which helped me to understand the motivations behind certain social mores and behaviors.

### Need for Home Culture Orientation

It is a truism that the best way to learn about your own country is to visit other nations. Living in our own culture is as natural as breathing; the special biases and preferences of the home culture show up only in a different atmosphere. I often thought of Lessing's words to university students:

You are in the process of being indoctrinated. We have not yet evolved a system of education that is not a system of indoctrination. We are sorry, but it is the best we can do. What you are being taught here is an amalgam of current prejudice and the choices of this particular culture... It is a self-perpetuating system. (1973, p. xvii)

While I expected to experience the culture and customs of Japan, I lacked an explicit understanding of the culture and customs of the United States which had informed my own values. I remember one particularly poignant day when I realized that teaching my students to act like Americans in a classroom -- assertive, direct and loud -- would be doing them a disservice. I stood transfixed in the classroom as it dawned on me that outspokenness was an American characteristic and not a universal

ideal. More than a year had already passed in Japan before I accepted even that fundamental concept.

### Need for Cross-Culture Communication Training

I had cross-cultural experience, but no theoretical knowledge. A class I took in my graduate program, "Problems in Intercultural Communication" was a steady source of mini-epiphanies, as the dynamics of intercultural communication were articulated and analyzed. Many sources of miscommunication and discomfort were apparent to me for the first time. I found attributions training exercises and values clarification work to be especially illuminating.

Particularly helpful was the suggestion by M. Bennett (1986) that in intercultural communication it is best to discard the 'Golden Rule', i.e., "Do unto others what you would have them do unto you" in favor of the 'Platinum Rule': "Do unto others what they would have done unto them" -- a recognition of empathy as a higher virtue than sympathy.

### Need for a Host Culture 'Mentor'

An empathic, well-adjusted mentor, preferably from the sojourner's home culture, is almost a prerequisite to successful adjustment in a foreign country, my experience suggests. This mentor can implicitly act as a role model for acculturation and host-country acceptance, in addition to explicitly offering guidance towards increasing comfort in the host society. This mentor can also provide crucial support to the sojourner who feels alone and vulnerable.

As an alternative to a single mentor, I see potential in establishing support groups for expatriates. Certainly at Seiki, this idea would have worked very well, as there was a well-established foreign enclave. Support groups serve as a tangible recognition that adjustment to a foreign culture is a process with varying degrees of 'disruption' and 'recovery'. As a coping strategy, support groups provide a ready network of relationships for the expatriate as well as a forum for describing and 'diagnosing' culture shock, and Barna (1983; 1990), for one, argues that diagnosis is part of the cure.

### LIMITATIONS TO THE STUDY

Ethnography is meant to provide a holistic view of the research topic (Watson-Gegeo, 1988). My aim was to do so; however, a frustrating aspect of writing this thesis was realizing how many variables were involved. As one topic for a review of the literature mushroomed into three, then more, I began to panic. To attempt a detailed study of a human being demands too much; I might be required to research physiology, psychology, and sociology. Every page I read suggested pages more; every question I formulated sired twins. My thesis seemed to be in control, not I. The words of Rodriguez, "Many days I feared I had stopped living by committing myself to remember the past" (1983, p. 175) seemed particularly applicable to my research.

I resolved the problem by finally drawing some limits: I asked what was the bare minimum the reader needed to know to understand my diary analysis, and left my research at that. During the course of my research I

chased many paths of which I have recorded but a few; many other avenues tempted me but I resigned myself to not following.

An area relevant to my research but which I was unable to pursue as thoroughly as I wished is, simply, diaries, and the act of keeping one -- not as a research tool, but as a daily habit. Is a diarist extraordinarily conscious? self-centered? verbal? What makes a perpetual diarist want to keep a diary? The leitmotif of 'creating a life' -- does it stem from the need to have something interesting to write about? Throughout the writing of my thesis, these questions and others interested me very much.

A further area of research which would be intriguing is the emergence of Japanese as an alternative language in the text, especially if it were possible to tell from this revised diary which Japanese words were written in kana and which in kanji. I find equally interesting the incorporation of 'Australianisms' in the language of the diary (and, by implication, my utterances as well). It seems to be obviously some form of identification, adaptation or acculturation, and I wish my research had been able to explore these linguistic developments thoroughly.

This thesis has attempted to document in detail the effect the host culture has had upon the sojourner. It is left to wonder what effect the sojourner has had upon the host culture. As Dinesen asked, "If I know a song of Africa... does Africa know a song of me?" (1952, p. 79). I know, from the letters and choices of my former colleagues and students, that my presence in Japan affected them. To discover how would be speculative and anecdotal, but no less important.

A significant limitation to my research was the contrast between my memories of my stay in Japan, and what was actually written in the diary.

In fact, some of my clearest and most immediate memories of Japan were not even mentioned in passing in the diary. My dilemma then was whether to use a kind of writer's privilege and include these memories, or to limit myself to what was found in the revised, public diary. The compromise is found throughout the text.

I often questioned the ethics of using a private document for a public purpose. I wondered what my motives were for doing so, beyond the obvious fascination of studying and learning from my own experience. I felt that my diary might have some significance because of its unusual length, covering the duration of my sojourn. From my research, I knew that the opportunity to use such a longitudinal study is rare, and for that reason I believed my thesis would be a contribution if I did nothing but allow the revised diary to be accessible.

The people who are in the diary either do not know I am using it or have refused to read it. I cannot help feeling that I am taking advantage of my friends by allowing my perceptions of them to be scrutinized by others, although I hope they are beyond recognition in this context. I especially questioned my reasons for using the diary when I found myself confusing my friends' real names with the pseudonyms I have given them. I wished I had not selected fictional names for these people so early in the study; it has made them seem less real.

That the diary is a 'found' diary, not written expressly for research purposes, is its strength; it also may be its greatest weakness. The diary keeping was not regular, as these entries indicate: "I do want to write in my diary, but I am so tired!" (9/28/87); "Another precious week lost to posterity - it means that it was a full & active one" (6/16/89); and "What a

long time since I've written! ... Have to rely on letters to Mum to explain. I've been busy" (7/31/89). Factors which may have been significant in my adjustment process may have correspondingly impaired the diary-keeping process.

Perhaps that truncation of the diary is a metaphor for such an endeavor. The past was lived as a whole. How difficult it is to resurrect a bygone life and isolate its elements piece by piece. In this diary study I began with a large scope, hoping to analyze and explain all the facets of my life in Japan. My ambitions have shrunk as my thesis has evolved. Now my purpose is merely to illustrate several coping strategies which worked or were detrimental, in order to confirm or question more illustrious researchers who have attempted this also.

## THE DIARY STUDY AS A RESEARCH TOPIC

"There are things so deeply personal they can only be revealed to strangers" (Rodriguez, 1983, p. 185).

To assess the diary as research is, perhaps, to judge the effectiveness of my thesis; I cannot evaluate that except on a personal level.

When I first picked up my journals for re-reading, I saw nothing in them worth studying and little to analyze. I saw a random, disparate collection of hasty jottings, carefully written pomposity, *kvetching* and occasional mania. It was only on the third reading, or the fourth, that I began to see some coherence in the diary, and could trace consistent themes and patterns. Now it seems that analyzing the diary could become a life-work, so rich is it in episodes to ponder, study, and analyze.



To me that is a lesson in the fertility and complexity of the human experience and the human personality. It has confirmed for me the value of doing ethnographic work, in order to more fully delineate the individuals that people our classrooms, and our world.

When I began to do this diary study, I had qualms about the validity of the individual experience as a research topic. I felt that I was doing a 'soft' topic, an 'easy' paper. As my work has progressed, I have abandoned those particular millstones. This work has not been easy. The continuous retrospection and personal analysis, all with the benefit (or curse) of hindsight, requires its own kind of strength.

Some problems could have been eliminated, I think, had I chosen to analyze another person's diary. The text of the analysis would probably be more disinterested -- or not. The clumsy tongue of the interpreter is always the distorting medium between the veracity of one person's experience and its communication. Unless one's life is a life of words, words cannot communicate the truth of it; words are a foreign language to describe experience. But there is heroism, I think, in trying to convey what is lived. I recommend it. I encourage others to conduct diary studies. It seems that writing the diary was less than half of the story; the re-examination of the diary was the most valuable part of the journal-keeping. Truly, as a sojourn is more than new scenery and people, a diary is more than paper and ink.

## CHAPTER VI

### EPILOGUE

#### THE TEACHING PERSONA

Richards (1990) cites Lutz' (1969) isolation of four kinds of teaching 'selves'. There is the 'open self,' the information a teacher is willing and able to share with others. There exists a 'secret self,' which is known to the teacher but not to his or her colleagues. There is the 'blind self,' which is known to the teacher's colleagues and students but not to the teacher, and finally there is a 'hidden self,' unknown to both the teacher and to the teacher's colleagues.

In this study I have pushed the boundaries of my 'open self,' making public that which has previously been private. I have also sought to discover pieces of the 'hidden self,' elusive yet fully accessible in the diary. Of course as I write I am aware that this thesis will reveal even more of my 'blind self,' facets of my character obvious to others but which I will never perceive.

I have searched this diary not only for patterns of adjustment and evidence of coping strategies, but for the evidence of my growing conception of myself as a teacher. When I went to Japan, I went not as a teacher, but as an "economic refugee", a student, an adventurer. When I left Japan, I did not think I was a teacher, either; I subsequently found work in an office, not a classroom. But something about my experience in Japan led

me to think of myself as someone who belonged with students: it has obviously led me to graduate school, legitimizing that intuition with a professional degree.

I suppose that in Japan I occasionally experienced the fulfillment of using my talents to do what I should be doing. I described that feeling in the diaries:

Once I got to my classes I felt as though energy was being channelled through me from another source. I feel enthusiastic and as though I can control the class - make them smile, laugh, concentrate - through sheer force of will... it's a heady feeling, to be able to make the class respond. (5/12/89)

### The Development of the Teaching Self

When I came to Seiki School, Sara, my predecessor, was still there. For the first month, she sat in on most of my classes, served as a translator in the rough spots, provided continuity for the students, and gave me written suggestions. I report being told that, "I still need to work on loudness, simplified vocab, & consistency, i.e., when I say, 'Have a seat,' they don't know what to do. They've learned, 'Please sit down'" (4/16/87). However, one thing which Sara refused to do for me, although I requested it, was to teach a lesson for me to observe. She showed me her lesson books, but insisted that I had to learn to find my own teaching style, just as she had found hers.

Sara played an important role in my adjustment to Japan, by providing a mentor whose behavior I could model. Although I did not see her teach, I saw her friendly interactions with the Japanese staff. In some ways, her example was daunting: Sara spoke Japanese very well, taught widely, and was almost a celebrity in greater Kagoshima. Even two years

after her departure, people in town -- hairstylists, store clerks -- still asked if I knew her; it was somewhat humiliating to have to acknowledge that I, an unknown, had replaced her a long time ago. Once I asked a Seiki teacher, "Was Sara's Japanese at about my level after she had been here this long?" only to learn, "Maybe... better." It was the last time I was foolish enough to ask for a comparative assessment.

Having a mentor expressly to help me was a valuable service, as I recognized at the time. I wrote, "[Sara] has helped me so much. I've been thinking, that if they ask me to stay to orient the new teacher I will, because it helped me so much" (5/1/87).

However, Sara was at the school, guiding me, for only three weeks. Once she left, I was totally on my own: my translators in the junior high showed up for class, only. I read voraciously about the subject of language teaching, and taking language lessons made me feel empathy for my students, "Having my lesson in Japanese makes me appreciate how bemused my students must feel in a torrent of English!" (5/19/87).

I learned by trial and error, and my successes were reported in the diary, for example, "Mrs. Inoue - my translator in the jr. high - said, 'Day by day you are become better teacher'" (5/1/87), and "One of my students ran after me at the end of the 11th grade club & said, 'I very much am enjoying!' That made me feel so good! To see their happy faces was delightful" (5/1/87).

As I became more acculturated to Japan, my conception of what a teacher was began to be shaped by what Japanese teachers -- especially women -- were. The staff room was a great forum for noticing gender differences in the work place. I wrote, "Another male teacher moaning &

groaning w/impunity. Can you imagine if a woman teacher growled like that while striding through the staff room?" (1/28/88).

One work practice in particular galled me: the newly hired women teachers arrived at work a half an hour before the others in order to brew and serve green tea to the staff: another half hour was spent at that task at lunch, and an extra hour after work was spent washing up. This was a two year initiation ritual, but men (and nuns -- and foreigners!) were exempt. In addition, women teachers were responsible for monitoring the refreshment needs of their surrounding colleagues throughout the day; this is one practice I swore never to do, yet eventually I found myself succumbing. I wrote, "Yesterday I had to ask about 15 people if they wanted a coke" (6/25/88).

I was a self-taught teacher, reporting that I was, "scrambling, always, to find out how to teach... I'm really busy. Don't know what I'm doing & feel like an awful teacher" (4/14/87). Although I became more comfortable with my classes, the feeling of not knowing what to do persisted; I wrote, "I'm supposed to teach the 1st yrs. & I haven't a clue how. Mr. Takeo shd. just do it himself I think" (4/27/88).

I experimented with different objectives, aims, methodologies, and subjects: in one memorable week I covered both Bob Marley and William Shakespeare. I confessed, "As soon as I'm set in doing only serious topics & actually trying to teach them s.th., I become convinced it's the wrong strategy & that I shd. only be trying to play games!" (1/28/88). This confusion went unmonitored because I never received evaluations or feedback on my teaching. I was there as a 'native speaker', and sometimes it seemed that having fair hair and blue eyes was qualification enough.

I did take my job seriously; I confessed to having a "teaching crisis, which sort of colors everything" (1/12/88) and said, "I am really dreading 3A & 3B [junior high classes], primarily because I know I have only a really boring class to offer them" (1/28/88). My sense of responsibility was to my students, not to the school or to my teaching peers. That is probably a function of the limited role I played as a colleague. I never attended English department meetings and, in fact, had the shock of realizing that a quiet man whom I had assumed was a science teacher was, in fact, the head of the English department -- in nearly a year and a half, he had never once spoken to me.

My limited Japanese kept me from being an integral part of the school, a fact I realized when I wrote, "I'm unhappy b/c I want to be more a part of this school & to have more responsibilities, but my lack of Japanese is holding me back" (2/8/89). Additionally, my colleagues' limited English kept them from including me; as I mentioned, the head of the English department did not speak English, and my colleagues' English comprehension was very limited. When I wrote, "It's a strain speaking English so slowly always" (4/6/87), I was referring to communication with the English faculty. [Baxter, 1980, discusses some reasons for this situation; probably, the Japanese teachers of English at my school did not see themselves as 'English speakers' and were hesitant to behave as such].

As I adapted to Japan, I began to conform to the external idea of a teacher, although it was alien to me. The young women teachers at Seiki seemed to spend their entire salary on clothes, which for me was cause for some anxiety as I attempted to conform to the outward ideal of a teacher:

Another reason I've been depressed is my clothes. I don't want to buy these expensive Japanese ones - I want to wear mine out - but the women teachers at Seiki dress so well every day. (2/11/89)

Seiki teachers wore nylons and slips even in the most humid weather, when I usually would have foregone those niceties. However, I was anxious to conform, and wrote, "As hot as it was, I went back to put on stockings (what a lady)" (7/17/87).

I soon found that what was acceptable for a teacher in the United States -- drinking coffee during class, sitting on the desk, and blowing my nose -- was unacceptable in Japan. Conversely, my Japanese students were held to a stricter standard of behavior than I was accustomed to expecting: my translator in the junior high classes roamed the aisles with a large wooden pencil, and any student caught doodling or whispering received a solid thump on the head. I stared, open-mouthed, the first few times my poor students' skulls were whacked; my translator shrugged, smiled, and motioned for me to get on with the lesson.

While in Japan I experienced the highs and lows of teaching. At one point I wrote, "I am burned out from teaching. I feel like all my students are stupid & it's hard to keep my temper or to force smiles" (9/19/88). Yet that is not the entire picture. Apparently, moments like this compensate:

But sometimes, after a class, esp. after a monologue, where I've held my students & made them laugh even if they only understood about half, I feel really powerful & fulfilled, as if I've really given of myself & it was appreciated. (1/15/89)

This is a report of a "peak experience", in which time and effort seem suspended, and I decided it was mine if I continued to teach.

## CONCLUSION

Adler says, "The transitional experience begins with the encounter of another culture and evolves into the encounter with self" (1975, p. 18). This thesis has been the fulfillment of this premise of the transitional experience. It has been an opportunity to encounter and examine my self more thoroughly and sustainedly than I have ever before done. Now, perhaps, comes the time for some personal assessment and further resolutions.

I began my study with sunny memories of my life in Japan and this lesson from my sojourn fixed firmly in my mind:

At least I've learned here that it takes at least 2 yrs. to really feel comfortable in a new lifestyle. Maybe just for late bloomer me, but there it is. Maybe 3 years is optimum. (3/26/89)

I have been proud of my comfort in Japan: the language I acquired, the friends I made, the community in which I participated. I still take pride in my accomplishments. However, I had forgotten how hard-won they were. I am glad I stayed, but writing this thesis has made me more compassionate toward those who have left. While in Japan, of course I knew foreigners who had come to Japan to live, who had faced the same circumstances I did, and rejected it -- who returned home early. Although I tried to feel sympathy for their decision, I admit I thought of them as quitters -- people with no sense of duty and no tolerance for hardship, people who had failed themselves and the school.

I don't feel that way any longer. I tell myself before doing a difficult thing, "It's alien to my nature ...so I must do it" (4/26/87). However, I recognize that attitude in this passage from Soseki:



He seemed to be under the impression that once one had become accustomed to hardship, one would quickly cease to notice it. There mere repetition of the same stimulus was to him a virtue. He believed, I think, that there would come a time when he would become insensitive to hardship. That it might eventually destroy him never entered his head. (1957, p. 177)

Somehow I think there must be a brave compromise between inertia and recklessness: somehow there must be a way to temper what is alien with coping strategies which are familiar and soothing, a manner of weaving the new culture, yarn by yarn, into a comfortable garment of the new self.

Examining my diaries has made me more aware of the patterns of adjustment to the transitional experience, and of the variables which influence it. This knowledge, and my new self-knowledge, is very precious to me. I expect it to be an aid and a resource in further cross-cultural experiences.

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## APPENDIX

### THE DIARY

10/17/86

... I'm starting to believe more and more God does have a plan for my life, & that things are as they shd. be for me now.

I talked to Fr. Joe, & it was the most affirming visit I've had w/anyone in a long time. He encouraged me to think some more about a year of service. I'm so attracted to the idea but also afraid. It wd. be great to live in a supportive community of like-minded people, but what about when the year is over & I am thrust once more into the cold-cruel world? What good is an option for the poor when the overwhelming mindset is so opposite?

... He was so kind- he said that the reason I maybe feel so directionless is because nothing in my life is important enough for me to be doing that any goals are evolving out of it. He proposed some alternatives to the world-wide view of seeing everything in terms of goals or means to an end.

1/11/87

What the f--- is going on here? I mean, really? Where the hell is my life going?

I need a job! There's one open at [a hospital] that I wd. be perfect for! Oh please God oh please god I need this job Please give it to me please! I almost feel that it is destiny for me to get it. But maybe I'll just be slapped in the face again & then what will I do?

1/29/87

I'm so tired of this cold house. Yesterday was my interview at [the hospital]. Out of 60 applicants I'm one of 7 being considered, & the only one right out of school, so they said I shd. feel honored, but I'm so afraid I blew it! I'm just praying for a miracle that I get the job. Because now if I don't something horrible will happen: I'll have to go to Japan in April for 2 yrs. I've been thinking of all the countries I know of in the world & it strikes me that Japan is the last place I'd want to be. Even China! But I'll do it because my belief in fate is so strong, & it doesn't seem to me that this opportunity wd. come up unless God wanted it. I feel so weak & powerless that I will do it, just because I can't think of anything else to do...

I'll probably get the contract Monday...

2/15/87

Oh, God. So much to say. I'm going. Geez.

3/15/87

... Sometimes I feel like I must be the bravest person in the world. I can't believe I'm going to leave my best-loved friend to go to some country around the world. Why do I do these journeys? No one else has to. After this summer I promised myself that my traveling alone days were through.

... I know it is fate to go to Japan because I see how everything of this past year has contributed to it... no job, no car, living @ home, graduating early, having time to cement my relationship w/J. Jean called & is sad about her boyfriend leaving for 5 months to work in Alaska. Ha! Piece of cake.

3/26/87

... I'm looking over the Pacific Ocean, knowing that in a wk. I'll be on the other side... Geez... but I'm not so scared to go, I'm actually looking forward to the challenge & the new surroundings...

3/31/87 THE DAY

9 a.m., SF. I want to write but I'm all mixed up & sad inside. I've cried so much these last 24 hours. I'm afraid to write anything final & depressing because I want to keep up a positive attitude & not think of leaving [Japan] so soon before I'm already there.

... I love Jim & my family so much. I called them both once I arrived at this big, sophisticated airport. Jim wasn't home but [his room-mate] gave me a calming pep talk. He said to imagine myself as a young woman in a novel, going off to a foreign land.

10:30 p.m., our time-

-Oh my! I'm landing in Tokyo! I'm scared but mainly excited! God blessed me w/a very

nice American man, who was very kind to me. He's been teaching in Tokyo for 2 years. He doesn't much like Japan or the Japanese anymore, yet talking to him gave me a completely new, reassuring set of feelings. I'm so grateful! I've gotten plenty of rest & now must just somehow make it to Osaka!

4 p.m. their (my) time

Here I am on a 2 hr. NW Orient waiting lounge. I'm mainly hearing American voices (US servicemen, yuk!). Will I like it here? Will I want to stay 2 years? The land doesn't look any different, it's all just land, no matter where it is.

God, I'm in Asia! The South Pacific! I can't believe it. This, I guess, is a clearing house of the world! There's flights going to Rome, Seoul, D.C., Taipei, Zurich, LA- It's like Copenhagen's airport. I feel the same way as I did 5 yrs. ago landing in Denmark - a mixture of relief & disappointment in finding English everywhere & everything so manageable.

hi = 1 suki = 4

No Buddhist temples visible from the airport. I'm beginning to become fascinated by the culture & sights of Japan, just from hearing & reading about them.

How will I like Kagoshima? It's so far out, so rural - not many Westerners. [The man on the airplane] said that most of his friends were Westerners, that taught at his same school.

Sleeping on the plane, I woke up feeling pure & burned through by the agony of leaving that I've just experienced... But I'm not teary now. I somehow feel that I'll be OK. I'm here. I'll take care of myself.

... So many of these American people look so dull & boring. What are they doing in an exotic port like Tokyo?

Gosh, am I actually going to be able to pick this language up?

... I bet what I'll do is have an attack of French - it's because it's the only foreign language I know, & I'll feel like I need to use it. Dang! I forgot a French/English book at home, & I was meaning to bring it.

... Just struck up a conversation w/an idiot woman from Ohio - who was just in Hong Kong but can't say what she'd seen there... "mostly shopping"... can't even remember the name of the hotel where she was at. Travelling's not hard when you never surrender your American isolation. It's when you're going to embrace the culture - as I intend to do so - that it becomes difficult & scary.

This weird lady's husband has a diesel-tractor hat on - only it says "China" - oh, geez, perfect souvenir.

I guess I've the same feeling about this traveling as I did this summer in England - Surprise! - Hey, look it's still me! I'm the same person! My atoms haven't rearranged to make me a stranger to myself. People behind me are having an interesting conversation.

April 2, Thursday

My first real day in Japan! So much to absorb! I can't believe I'm in Japan, of all places. It doesn't seem so different, but everyone keeps warning me about culture shock.

12 people met me at the airport - all teachers at the high school. They clustered around me like little black ants, grabbing my bags, which miraculously evaporated. Great! I am very tall. In Osaka & Tokyo I didn't feel obviously taller, but here I do. All the other gaijin here are short - except for Kirk, a Gonzaga grad & the only male to live here.

I went to a sushi bar &, honest to god, was served eel, squid, octopus, an egg/sugar mix, sashimi & tuna & seaweed & cucumber - all served over rice, dipped in soy sauce, & w/o-cha, or green tea. The other foreigners here - primarily Australian - are all really nice & friendly - older.

To get there we had to walk down an avenue lined w/cherry blossoms & lighted red lanterns.

The buildings here are extremely ugly, but you reach them by a covered parapet/bridge sort of landing which is really nice. The girls in this dorm are all English majors in the junior college. They have to be in the college by 6 every night w/lights out by 10. Enforced study hours,

no talking or visiting allowed.

One of the professors here, Jane, is getting married to a Japanese banker she's only known 6 mths. How's that for surprises?

--Maybe I'll be here longer than 1 year.

April 6 Mon

I have only been here a week, yet it seems like ages, so great have been my psychological evolutions here. I've been writing letter after long, massive letter & can hardly bear repeating them so I don't. Hope Mum keeps them. I'm really tired. It's a strain speaking English so slowly always. And the other gaigen aren't overwhelming me w/kindness. It's going to take a while before I feel I can fit in.

Meanwhile, I am reading intense literature: Anaïs Nin's journals, wishing I had the strength & energy to keep a journal like that. I think I've always meant for my journals to be like that: a place where I can expand, clarify, enrich & develop my experiences. But usually it's just a log of my bitches!

Right now I feel that I am in Japan for several reasons. To grow comfortable w/my self: to emerge from my little-girl chrysalis & become a full-grown woman, to learn Japanese, to see the world, to develop in wisdom, love and understanding, to save ¥.

4/7

Had a dream I was going to meet Jean, then Jim. It was before I left for Japan. Knew it was a dream, was impatient to see Jim, so I forced myself awake - Whoops! Realized too late that I'm already in Japan.

I have to give a welcome speech at an assembly today. Am waiting for a routine to start so that I can construct a life around it. Reading, writing, study, letters... Cost \$1 to send a letter.

Letter from Mom which gave me great hope yesterday. Says she will come out & visit me next spring - I'm trying to store up experiences for them.

The favorite color of car seems to be white. The side view mirrors are thrust way forward because the streets are so narrow.

4/12

I had a great weekend! Unfortunately, I can't quite remember the name of the place we went to - it's about 1 hr. 20 minutes outside of Kagoshima & is perhaps Midoriska? I went w/Sara, Mae, Jane, Kirk & Pattie, an American from Boston married to a Japanese, & Robin, an Englishman teaching at a state school. He's been all over: taught in Beirut, studied in Brazil, lives in London, his family's from Portugal. Hearing people's stories about the world really make me itch to travel more...

The baths at this inn were sulphur baths - smelled like eggs & turned my silver ring black! We pigged out on "nibblies," as Mae the Australian calls them. . . Also Kirk came, wearing geta, speaking Japanese. He loves being here. He has a super-loud voice. Japanese women go crazy over him because he's so tall & blond. We slept in traditional shoji-huts, on futons & tatami floors. So comfortable! We could leave all our belongings in the hut w/the doors open w/no fear of anything being stolen. There was a pond where you could feed the ducks & the fish - they fought each other for it! Scary. The bus ride back to Kagoshima was beautiful although the day was overcast. Now the sun is coming out a little bit & I feel like I should be taking pictures for my family. Maybe tomorrow will be nicer & Sara can take photos of me.

They have this beautiful pottery down in Toso really cheap! I want to start buying whole place settings for myself! How wd. I ever get it back to the States though?

I feel disloyal & guilty because I seem to be doing so well in Japan, don't miss my home much, just really I miss Jim. I think he's such a fool for not coming!

Robin had to give a urine sample to his school - he filled it w/green tea! I wish it wd. be nice & stay nice - I suppose it'll be hot soon enough, though.

4/14

The question is, can one be a knitter and a diarist? Can one be a diarist & a novelist? Can one manage to write letters even, when scrambling, always, to find out how to teach? I'm really

busy. Don't know what I'm doing & feel like an awful teacher. My 2nd class is usually better than my first, which is good - shows improvement. "The first year of teaching -- as long as you're not an absolute failure, you're an absolute success" -- H. Asarnow

Received many lovely letters yesterday - yikes, have to answer them all! One from Jim - god it made me feel sad. And want to cry. God. He has it worse because he's still in awful Portland.

... Surprise! I found out I had a class half hr. before it started.

I'm afraid my diary is sounding like the dormitory girls'. Theirs are hilarious. I'm getting along much better w/the girls in the dorm now - teachers (less well w/the students).

This is no kind of record at all. I'm just too tired.

4/16

Hurray! They're playing the 10 o'clock goodnight hymn & it's time to go to bed! I'm so exhausted at the end of the day. I went for a half hr. walk after school, which was good because I'm putting on pounds! Also my muscles are really tightening up & I have cramps all the time.

Today I felt a little better about my classroom mgt. I still need to work on loudness, simplified vocab, & consistency. i.e., when I say, "Have a seat," they don't know what to do. They've learned, "Please sit down."

I went to mass, since it's Holy Thursday. I've kind of ignored Easter season so far. It looked like a v. casual chapel, but the little girls & lay people wore starched veils! I felt a bit out of it in jeans. For the kiss of peace, they bow, deeply!

Kirk sat next to me. He's really a nice guy. He keeps my equilibrium by reminding me by his height -6'2"- that in America I'm not so abnormally tall! Even though I didn't understand mass - it was peaceful & a bit awe-inspiring to know that all over the world, people are praying & commemorating Christ's Passion in their own way.

2 weeks since I've arrived in Kagoshima. My experience here reminds me so much of my time in France! Japan seems much more like France than England did. Perhaps its the language barrier. Even the surroundings - rather mishmash - seem more French. I'd really like to go back go France. It will be at least 8 years before I'm able to go back.

... This diary is about as deep as the diaries of the girls at Seiki Tandai! But not as funny.

J's about the only one I miss here. I feel guilty & disloyal to my other friends and family. But I just hated being broke, bus-bound & rained-upon there... the same old things & places all the time...

4/18

Hello! I felt yesterday to be a significant day, although not much of anything happened! My classes went O.K. - we played games & had fun - I'm starting to relax, although I'm still uptight about planning for my next classes.

Yesterday was the Passion & I didn't do much of anything so I'm going to try & fast today.

... The girls are friendlier. They were busy, too, getting their classes ready. The Australians are so interesting! or maybe it's just their accent, colloquial expressions.

Last night I went to a farewell party for Sara, at a language school. They asked me to teach there, too! Maybe in a few months. Sara has really had a great experience here & made lots of friends. We played lots of games - it was a v. "formal" party, w/an emcee, almost. Japanese seem fond of using microphones, of pretending they're performers or stars. We tried to learn a dance to "Turkey in the Straw." We played a hilarious version of Charades.

They were continuing on to a bar, but I wanted to get home & write in my diary (I thought - actually I ended up talking to Eva) they put me in a taxi. Driving silently through the streets of Kagoshima up the hill to Seiki, I felt such a quiet, contented elation! I'm really happy here! I feel true to myself. I remember when I was a high school student, doing my leg swings in Mom & Dad's room, & I thought, "I can do anything! I can go into the Peace Corps, travel..." & look, here I am, in a limited way I am doing exciting things as I had envisioned when I was younger.

... I just remembered that I was voted "Outstanding Senior Woman" by the Faculty women - I wonder who the next will be? I wonder how I ever got it, over Tekla or Jane Bridges or Melissa

- anyone! But I'm glad to think that they thought so. I do want to be outstanding. Maybe I will be. I've gotten this far. There's still so much of myself that I need to strip away, refine, purify, simplify, & discipline. I'm so grateful for this chance to do it. I'm so lucky to get this job! I'll thank god forever. Even if I did nada w/my time here, I'd still be earning v. good ¥, w/the exchange rate \$1= 140¥. I'M HAPPY!

I'd better take out my laundry & write letters!

This day is going so well I thought I'd keep writing about it! I'm sitting on this little ledge I've found just in front of the administration office for the tandai. It's down the hill a little ways. It's a cement plateau. To get to it you step down a steep log/dirt stairs. The hills are covered w/red, purple, pink & white azalea & rhododendron bushes. It's a beautiful day! Birds are chirping & below me are the crowded roofs of Toso. To my side is Mt. Sakurajima. Above me I can hear the activity of the school & it's great knowing I'm not a part of it - it's my day off! God these bushes smell great! What a beautiful day! I'm well & happy, if just a little bit hungry. And - a letter to read! From Jean! Let's see what it says!

4/26

I just realized as I wrote the date that tomorrow is J's B-Day. I feel v. distant from him - I wonder if he feels the same about me? Probably. I guess that's good. It'll help us to get through the next two years better. I went to a double feature today, "Legal Eagles" & "Children of a Lesser God." They both were good... Last night we went out & met the other gaigns - all night partying. Sofia & Jill never go out. I guess it wdn't be hard to make the campus your own little womb. It's alien to my nature to go out & party w/strangers, so I have to do it. Plus, I want to make friends. But it was expensive - about \$70. I do want to save ¥ for grad school & traveling, so I probably won't be going out that often.

4/27

... I promised myself I'd start writing every day, as I used to in my little book diaries. I don't feel like it, though, esp. after a long day of writing letters. But I want to start getting back in the habit. I've been knitting these last 2 hrs. because I haven't felt tired but know it's 11:30 p.m. & I know I'll be useless tomorrow. I've been needing tons of sleep.

... Sofia said she'd give me a pvt. lesson teaching a 5 yr. old because I have such an "angelic" face. I'd some nice little chats w/all the teachers today so I was feeling pretty cosy. I think I'm needlessly paranoid about them not liking me when in fact they're just real busy. Busier than I seem to be.

Today we had spaghetti for lunch but leave it to the Japanese to put squid in the sauce.

I'm afraid I'm not working v. hard on this new job. Tomorrow I'll get my act together.

Got a letter from D. Arden. It seemed perfunctory. I think I'll read all my letters again, then sleep!

5/1

... so much for my vow to write daily...

O.K.! I've been here 1 month (one down, 23 to go) & it's gone by really quickly, what w/figuring everything out & all. But now I have the feeling that it will start to slow down, now that I have my routine. I am getting lots of reading done. I'm just now having time to start to miss people. I miss Jim the most.

... Today was fun, teaching-wise! It went really well! This was my 1st day w/o Sara. Yesterday, when she left, I almost started crying. It meant that I really, truly was going to stay here & take this job. Plus, she has helped me so much. I've been thinking, that if they ask me to stay to orient the new teacher I will, because it helped me so much. She is really intelligent, funny & kind - w/the kind of receptive openness that assumes the best of everyone, & keeps on giving them chances to prove that they are worthwhile company. I'd like to be that way. I don't feel like I always expect the best of everybody.

... In class I did jazz chants, hand-outs, & the HOKEY POKEY. I was exhausted at the end of all that hokey-pokeing! One of my students ran after me at the end of the 11th grade club & said, "I very much am enjoying!" That made me feel so good! To see their happy faces was

delightful. I'm starting to get more of a stage presence. It helps that I'm at heart a real ham.

After school today, Sakiko & I went over to the AV room, put on MTV & rocked out to Whitney Houston. It was great! On Wednesday - or Thurs. - Mrs. Inoue, my translator in the jr. high- said "Day by day you are become better teacher." True. I think that I'm starting to be less paranoid. I still get nervous at the thought of lesson plans, though.

Dorm life goes on. I wonder if I will ever live on my own, outside of a dorm or my home? The food's awful but I'm getting fat despite it.

5/2

I went shopping w/Eva & Jill. Back at school, we sat around, knitted & talked. Eva played her guitar & we sang. Sr. Hagata brought us ice cream, there's a thundershower outside. It was really mellow & nice, w/all the girls on holiday!

5/5

Vacation's Over! I didn't even do one fifth of the things I wanted to! I spent all my time w/Jill & Eva, knitting, shopping, or - today - getting lost & walking everywhere. I'm frustrated because I can't just go off by myself. I'm dependent on the other girls because I don't know Japanese. Yet I had no time to study Japanese all weekend! It was a wkend of compromises, which always distresses me. I need to work on my attitude more & not be disturbed at little setbacks.

Mae spent her vacation on an island w/monkeys in the forests & giant sea turtles which come up from the ocean to lay their eggs on the sand. Sofia spent hers at a cloistered convent, helping the nuns in the garden, getting up at 4 for prayer - this is awful, but I don't think I'd be able to do that for a weekend!

This weekend, I've been brooding, really, about all these people in my past.

... Here I can't turn off that huge light on the ceiling. Japanese want to see each other. I'd feel 100% better w/o it.

What is going on with me? If I went to school again wd. it be the same? God, help me have that same spirit - happiness - here.

5/7

My bed is a total mess because I've had restless sleep for 2 nights in a row, & haven't made it since! Today was a busy day, I just got done correcting 70 papers. Some girls obviously copied each others! What to do? Mom was right that I wd. develop favorites. Probably my favorite is Harumi, in 3A. She must've had a cleft lip or palate; anyway I feel very protective of her...

Today I had an orientation for Japanese lessons. 2 hrs. a week, for free! ¥1000 a mth. for materials. That's cheap. 1 Chinese lady & 2 American guys are in it - both y. tall. One I have met before (I'm not impressed).

... Sakiko & I went out for Chinese after my class. It was great!

5/13

I read so much. It's like I'm cramming my mind w/other people's words so pretty soon I'll be so full of words I'll have to start writing them down myself. My floor is covered with books. My desk is covered w/papers, paraphernalia. My bed is the rumpled oasis on which I read. So much reading makes me feel disconnected from life. I'm reading like I used to. I haven't read like this for about two years. All the time. A book a day.

I'm enjoying my work a lot!

... I'm afraid the rainy season is starting. It's always overcast but humid. Really. I need to buy suitable clothes.

5/17

... Jill, Eva & Sofia are quite a cohesive bunch!

5/19

Today spent happily at someone else's expense. Sara came this morning and gave her goodbye speech. Everyone was v. sad to see her go. Miss Kiri & Miss Mori - the beautiful young English teacher who is also a gifted pianist - took me out to lunch, Chinese, yay! Anything to get away from dorm food! Miss Kiri asked if my brothers were "boyly" - like manly, I suppose,



only younger... it was hilarious! I kept laughing just thinking about it! ... Then we started to watch Charade w/Cary Grant & Audrey Hepburn, she's so beautiful! But after 1 hr. I had to leave for my Japanese lesson. Even that I cd. find the building gave me a sense of accomplishment. I was 10 min. late & only 1 other girl was there. Having my lesson in Japanese makes me appreciate how bemused my students must feel in a torrent of English! To my great delight, I cd. read phrases in hiragana! But I need to really get the characters set in my mind so that I can go ahead & read katakana!

Tomorrow must be at school by 6:20 to be able to go to the airport to say goodbye to Sara - so best rest...

5/20

... Sara left today - v. sad - she's wonderful -

6/2

Long time no see (3A & B phrase).

I resent these people for not making me care about them.

... My room smells funny - it's hot -

I've been sluggish & out of sorts (too much candy? Long PMS?). I'm always tired & grumbly now.

6/5

I never did tell about Mr. Yoma & I... on that Mt. Sakurajima day, we tried to go to a coffee shop alone, but so many students were following us & insisting on coming that of course we let them. I was feeling very sweaty & ugly anyway! Since then I've avoided him. But today (although I'm in the same condition!) I did talk to him. And he asked me to go out w/him next wk. Well, he cd. just be being kind, & I wd. like to be friends. He's v. attractive & intelligent.

I got a postcard (of me!) from the man I met on the plane over. He said to visit him in Tokyo - maybe I will!

I love my classes on Fridays! Except for club. I hate being on the side of the building that they burn the garbage on! It smells awful!

6/10

... My dreams are so full & vivid & I'm just no good at recalling or describing them...

I am very happy here really. I feel very self-contained. Even if I have unhappy feelings, they are my own & I can do w/them what I will.

6/18

... Tonight I'll have my 1st pvt. lesson, a student of Kirk's - I'm nervous about it. It'll only be for 1 mth, though.

I'm very much by myself here most of the time, which suits me very well, actually.

-Just had my "private lesson"- boy is that kid cute! I really want to do my best by him! I'll ask Kirk for ideas!

6/20

Am reading Leonard Woolf's autobiography. He's amazing! His recollections are of a civilization now entirely destroyed, and I feel sad. There's no place to slow down, to escape from modernity. Here in Japan the pace is just as frantic as it is in the antiseptic USA. Where cd. I possibly go to be away?

7/2

My first true love, Patrick, has become an Air Hostess. It's been a terrible day in other ways, too.

[Vol. II]

7/7/87 3 p.m.

Wonderful. Here is my new journal. I've been need s.th. to complain into.

... I guess worry is fruitless, so I will turn to conjugating Japanese verbs in preparation for my Nihongo class in 2 hours.



7/8 3.40 p.m.

I have Club today in about 15 min.

... And I got no mail at all today - not even s.th. for Jim or Sara.

7/9

I just got a terrible jolt - a call from Kirk, but I thought it could be Jim. His voice was so loud. My heart hurts from the thudding it did. And all Kirk had to tell me was I'm not allowed to use the administration building for pvt. lessons anymore. That really affects me - I have an ancient fear that I'm incompetent at jobs - that I botch things up, & I'm incapable of doing anything well. I'm afraid it's true & there's s.th. fundamentally wrong w/me & my work habits. I feel that way about every job I've had...

I think I'm good as a teacher, but I'm afraid I'm deficient as a colleague. I'm not always cheerful; lately I've been tired, grumpy & paranoid, I let my feelings show & it's not professional. I forget to lock windows. I'm not always busy w/work - I go home & sleep. So do people think I'm a detriment to the staff? Those kind of worries go straight to the most vital heart of me. I want to do a good job. I've hoped that maybe I've not done well at those other jobs because they weren't the right ones for me. When someone has a bad impression of me, too, I just want to clear out. I don't want to stick around & improve myself or correct their impressions.

Sometimes the idea of just wandering from place to place, job to job, people to people, really attracts me. I prize solitude too much, dislike responsibility.

... How I hate men and women. I'm a grouch.

... What's clear is that I do need a vacation.

Sunday, 7/13/62

Today is a gorgeous day. I've walked down to the park by the harbour w/some snack-wa & - inadvertently - some Aquarius. I thought I grabbed the bottle w/the H<sub>2</sub>O in it - wish I had - but I got the real thing. I have smathered on me some Muhi-S insect repellent - I don't know if it's repelling bugs but it sure is doing a good job of keeping me cool! My body - skin - feels tingling cold.

... Last night I went w/Jane, her husband & Mae to try to see some sea turtles lay their eggs. After driving 2 and a half hrs, and walking 1 and a half hrs, we finally saw some huge tire-like tracks leading up into the grassy slope beyond the sand! We hadn't known what type of tracks to look for, but once seen, they were unmistakable. Also it was a full moon - the moonlight cast distinct shadows behind us - it was v. bright.

Some student volunteers were already watching the turtle dig for a suitable spot for the eggs. It had been doing that for 1 and one half hrs. already. These volunteers gathered the eggs after they were laid (after all the turtle's hard work!) to protect them from poachers. Turtles typically lay 100 eggs & they're worth ¥200 each.

When we first saw the turtle rooting & digging in the sand it was v. frightening! It was so primaeval. This turtle wasn't as big as usual but it still seemed v. large. It was so amazing watching it follow this ancient powerful instinct. Supposedly the turtles lay their eggs where they themselves were born - & live centuries. Typical of the Japanese - while we all were rooted w/fascination watching the turtle, the novelty of a gain surpassed even the wonder of the turtles & I got lots of questions. "Do you speak Japanese? Where are you from?" When the turtle was just too exhausted to keep searching for a place to lay, it headed back to the sea. I felt super-exploitative taking flash pictures but I did. I hope they turn out!

What a pleasant Sunday afternoon. A man is playing soccer w/a ball half as big as his son. This park is pretty much deserted (because it's sunny out). A boy about 9 in a white cap, shorts & brilliant white socks & sneakers is racing his bike among the footpaths, tearing the birds from his path by the clanging of his bicycle bells. The father seems to be displeased at his son's inattentiveness to the game. He keeps kicking the ball at the legs of the wandering toddler.

7/17/87 Friday LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

Well I wonder what precious literary gems are being lost by my failure to write these last

few days. NONE to be honest. I simply am tired of writing. I can't even muster a letter up for my Aunt Liz.

... We were blessed w/a Typhoon Alert (!) 2 days ago which meant 1 beautiful day of rain & clouds, but now we are back to sun & sauna. Also this morning I practically suffocated from the amount of smoke that poured in from the trash burning. It's so unhealthy! And my room still feels foul. As hot as it is, I went back to put on stockings (what a lady).

I've cut my hair. I'm glad.

Sat 7/18

Sigh. I anticipate 4 long lonely days until Jim can get here. I shd.'ve called the French woman but I was too embarrassed. Maybe after my vacation I can change my life & personal approach to people in ways that I can think of on a rest & w/talking to Jim. I can't wait to see him & feel like a real person again!

In the meantime, many great people have been a lot lonelier & isolated than I am. Anyway, despite my ugliness (exceeding) & self-cs.ness I often seem to make a good 1st impression on people.

[in Korea on vacation]

Sun. Aug. 2

... Still in Aerin YH in Pusan - it's a big city - much more here than I expected. I am sharing a dormitory room w/2 Japanese girls - fun trying out a little of my Nihongo w/em.

... My Japanese friends will not be happy, but I like Korea so much more than Japan! Really, it's a relief even to be out of that country! The Koreans seem so much more relaxed, happy, family-oriented & individualistic. Also many people speak English & will spontaneously come up to offer assistance. Most traffic signs are in Korean & English, which makes things a heck of a lot easier to understand. We get "gaijin" stares here, too, but somehow they don't seem nearly so intrusive or unfriendly. Also, Koreans use pictures of their own women for adverts (not gaijin as in Japan) which seems really healthy to me.

8/4/87 Tues.

... This hostel is now over-run w/noisy Japanese boy scouts. The Japanese are the Ugly Americans of Asia.

I'm getting a little sick of people pointing Jim & I out. I think next summer I will spend in the USA just for my own mental health - so I won't become crazy paranoid from all the unwelcome attention.

Sept. 8, 1987

Tonight I feel really lonely. After having such agreeable & constant companionship for so long, I feel really alone now. But I am reading some good books. I have chores to do but don't feel like it. I miss Jim so much! The other girls just aren't friendly, or my style, or whatever - Jill, Sof & Eva are back. I guess those 3 have such an intimacy it's hard to compete w/.

The weather is beautiful, actually!

Jill asked me to go out to dinner w/them, & I refused. I guess I shd.'ve accepted, for all the worry I'm doing about it. But I already ate, although I cd. still go.

... It's so lonely knowing J's in Japan but so far away. It'll be a long year, I guess.

9/9/87

I feel pretty dang miserable tonight - all day, in fact. I guess I need rest, & I won't get it by crying & listening to sad music... I wish I had a friend to chat to here - even to just goof around w/ - one that I felt equal to. I went out w/the 3 Graces tonight but together they're hopeless. I tried to cheer myself up that @ this time next year I'll only have 'til April. But I don't even feel like I want to last 'til this April.

I've been spilling & knocking things over all week, too.

Also to cheer myself up, I called my pvt. lesson guy from Kirk. The gist of our conversation was that he was too busy for more English lessons. He was just saying, "Are you free on the weekends?" when I ran out of coins & we were disconnected. I didn't call back, mainly because of my depression. Maybe I'll regret it, but I keep thinking of subsidiary reasons, like

"poor kid, he has enough to do - where will we meet - maybe it's not right for a girl (woman) of my age to meet w/him" - influence of all the old books I'm reading.

It's ashing so thickly it looks like snow & we leave footprints in it. The way it covers the moon is very eerie.

... Maybe things will be better when Kirk & Mae return.

Also, I need to call the French woman.

Friday, 9/11/87

I'm going to try to be more faithful about keeping you diary, although now that the Japan-novelty has worn off, I find that my life here is really boring! Today I finished my white sweater & hung my Korean picture, & that's about all I accomplished!

... I went out to dinner w/Sakiko. Just what I needed, since J, E & S are still treating me like the only girl in the class w/o an invitation to the party.

I'm writing like a 14 y/o. Go to sleep.

-Hey- I'm still sad & lonely. Solution: eat chocolate. The 3 Faces aren't here - so paranoid me thinks everyone is up @ Sr. Kit's having a party. So, let them. Today I called the Frenchwoman, which was a step in the right direction. So, we're meeting Tues @ 11.

I'm trying to figure out how to make pretty Japanese boxes, since I bought that pretty paper.

Sun 9/13

I don't even like to write anymore. Is that a symptom of how far I've sunk? I'm drinking ume choju [plum wine] in the room. Will I become an alcoholic in Japan? I miss Jim terribly. I'm obsessed with the idea of telling the 3 Graces to go f--- themselves. They act like they cd. use it. I'm awful lonely. How can I take this 18 more months?

9/18/87

I had 2 really horrible dreams last night. I don't remember them so vividly now, because they woke me in the night. For the 1st, about all I can remember is that I was living in Japan & I was really upset because my gums were deteriorating, & my jaw, which had been fixed in orthodontia, had collapsed, & the spaces between my teeth were becoming huge, stretching my face to the breaking pt. I woke up scared & glad to be out of it.

Wed 9/23

Today was a holiday, but I didn't get near what I wanted to done. Instead, I went out w/Sakiko & a friend of hers. I did do s.things, @ the 11th hr. Wash my sneakers, cast on my knitting, wrote a letter, start packing my Pmas box.

I feel incredibly guilty for not writing more letters! I'm so paranoic!

9/25/87

Today there was a sale on traditional Japanese wear so I went down & got a few things. Some manufacturers'd gone out of business, & things were cheap but you had to look to make sure you weren't getting s.th. conspicuously unfinished. I got a pretty red winter yukata for Julia's graduation (¥1600, the most expensive).

9/28

I do want to write in my diary, but I am so tired! The days go by too fast, which I suppose is a blessing. I'm not hearing from anyone but Mom, & she's sending me too much. Also relatives. Also I'm feeling pretty friendless here, too. I guess I'll just have to accept that I'm meant to be here w/these other people, & somehow, some good will come out of it. It's always been difficult for me to find people to "fit" w/. I find myself saying a lot, "Oh, f--- 'em!" Nice attitude, huh. I don't know; here I am so old, & yet I feel self-cs., like I'm boring. I guess I'm just out of my element.

Well, 25% of my time here is gone, however! It won't be so bad if I just think of it as a 2 yr. study period.

In the 7th gr. today, kids were actually raising their hands begging to be called on! What happened to them? It's great!

Geez, it's just incredible how much ash gets dumped on us. From being really thin when I was back from vacation, I've become really fat! In one month! It's raining now. Maybe that'll

help the ash because today it was blowing around terribly... No one's writing to me. Are they all mad at me or what?

5/Oct.

... Yesterday was also Mae's B-Day! I made her a poster last night & gave her a Nagasaki sumo-man bell. In return, she invited me to go to lunch @ Jane's. There we met Ann, Paul... We had a long, leisurely lunch & just talked. It was such a nice change. I felt really @ home, happy to be talking politics, philosophy, humor - no loud bar scene w/people I only half know.

... Then we went to hear 2 live bands - for the 1st time I saw the Japanese underground!

10/15/87

Here I am, in Kyoto. Somehow I find myself wandering around a temple. Many adults are walking around the interior of the buildings when it's pretty clear you're not supposed to go in 'em. There are lots of school excursions. The adults are dressed much more stylishly & expensively here. I thought all Japan wd. be this chic. Actually, it makes me feel pretty dowdy! They're not as crazy about the "ribbons & bows look" as in Kagoshima.

Last night I went to the grounds of the Imperial Palace. As night came on, it grew spookier & spookier. A man walking in front of me seemed to vanish right into a wall - I followed him. There was a tiny entrance in the wall which opened up into a little city of tiny shrines, lit up w/big swaying Japanese lanterns. There were tinkling bells, & the little cut-out paper swayed on the ropes. It was like a fairyland. There were arched Japanese bridges & singing insects.

More boys getting their pictures taken. Even though more foreigners are in Kyoto, I'm still getting lots of stares.

10/25

Today was the Tandai's "Sei Dai Sai," or bazaar. It was a rainy day. It was fun - but then I started, humorously, to catalogue the differences between this bazaar &, say, the St. Patrick's bazaar. Here they had tea-ceremony, for crafts they were selling those butt-ugly bags w/lace wrapped all around them, they had weird sweets everywhere - our dinner was unprofessionally made won-tons and milk jelly. It was when I saw pictures of the students' homestays in Ireland & Australia that I found myself really longing for Westerners. The people seemed so vital - alive, laughing, & clowning. I was really struck by the formality of everyone @ this bazaar. Everyone was in their best clothes & bowing an average of 4x everytime they encountered someone. I definitely missed the mashed potatoes & pumpkin pie w/whipped cream. Also I missed the beautiful crafts, the quilts, all my relatives & the conviviality. I'm getting used to not understanding people. I feel frustrated w/friends, or rather acquaintances, here.

I just finished The Empty Mirror by a Dutchman who spent 1 and a half years in Kyoto studying Zen. I thought it was an excellent book. I began to wonder what the year and a half I've left in Japan will do for me. It seems like I shd. try to study, attempt meditation & the 8-fold path, be cheerful & also detached - not worry so much about friends or popularity. Really, I don't, now, even a lot. I prefer solitary pursuits to most group ones. Since this community is always in such a flux it's - unsettling, I guess.

Last night Kirk & I went to Sara's 1st host family's house in Matsumoto. Kirk only asks me as a replacement for Mae when she can't come. Probably she suggests it, or maybe he doesn't like to go to these things alone. I feel almost a little hurt pride about always being available to go - & always being 2nd choice - but I counsel detachment for myself - it's good to get out of the dorm & I welcome any chances to see Japanese life close-range.

This guys house was gorgeous & he had his own "karaoke" system! Karaoke seems pathetic @ 1st, & hysterically funny, but I can see the appeal. It must be a real thrill to have your tiny, insignificant body fill the room like a Japanese Como or Sinatra. Fortunately I don't have to sing because I know no Japanese songs. I was happy to be able to follow the conversation quite a bit! My Japanese is improving! It was disturbing to see the traditional way the wife serves the guests as though she were a servant. There were other women guests there, too, but I suppose if the gathering had been @ their house, they wd.'ve had to serve & keep out of sight, too.

Kirk had to tell our hostess that he had a stomach ache to be able to leave the house in time to catch the train. Even then, we just made it by sprinting our way to the train st. I hung on the bars upside down by my knees as the train sped past the Kagoshima suburbs - how undignified! I must've been y. drunk (I was - choju et. al.).

Afterwards we went to Champagne Jams & I met several people whom I did not like.

## **HALLOWE'EN**

I was a mime for an evening... I got depressed about the whole Hallowe'en deal this evening: Jill invited me to come up to her room to try to figure out a costume. I thought they didn't know what they were going to be, either, so we'd all figure it out together. But, those 3 had decided already to go as a 3-headed witch - they knew how they wanted to look & all, & I was just in the way - they were preoccupied... I went to my room to cry, I didn't feel like going to the party & talking to those people whom I cd. see every day if I wanted, which I don't.

So I went as a mime - perfect solution. If I'd given the party a miss it wd.'ve drawn attention to myself & made everyone feel bad. As a mime, I was there & I made no demands on anyone to entertain me. It was a good analogy for my life in Japan. No one treated me as a person, I was just a white face. Sr. Kit talked louder to me. Because they didn't want to go to the trouble of interpreting my signals back, & cd.n't talk the same language back, they ignored me. Mr. Bedford was a sometime exception. At the end of the party Sr. Ruth said I shd. be given a prize for keeping my persona intact the whole night. The truth was, I wasn't once tempted to speak the whole 2 hrs. of the party. Mae said 2x, "How very anti-social" & I wanted to flash her a "f-- you" sign, but I didn't catch her eye.

... Oh- I did 1 funny thing today - as I was walking through the courtyard today I donned the Groucho Marx glasses Jim sent me. The chemistry classes caught sight of me through the windows & went wild. It was a moment of glory.

I've been sad sad lately.

... I'm not telling anyone here when my birthday is, & that's making me depressed, too. Sr. Ruth's is the same day.

11/7

... I'm scared to try to find work in the U. S. I'm still as unqualified now as I was 6 mths. ago. Also, while I love OR - but still carry a grudge against Portland - I despise the Administration, which seems intent upon getting us into another war. I've been reading TIME about the crash on Wall St. last month & I practically have an "I told you so" attitude. I'm glad of the crash, in that maybe now the gov't will have to face reality a little bit. I think how prophetic Mr. Conner was when he made us all say an extra prayer for our country in 10th grade when Reagan was elected.

I've decided to stop goofing off & start working on my Japanese & my writing... I shd.'ve bought that word-processor.

... I bought some things today & worried about becoming a compulsive shopper, buying to feel good, just as I'm becoming (reverting?) a huge eater, always snacking.

Tues 11/10/87

I really liked my Japanese class tonight. The people are so nice. Fabienne was there. Leo, too.

I reconsidered telling people about my birthday. Maybe I shd. use it to give people a gd. time, make friends? But - that's work for me. But - friendship is work. Hmmm. Maybe I'll just pretend my B-Day's next mth.

I'm reading Moby Dick. At last! It's good for cold weather. Maybe I'll have Lori [the Canadian exchange student at Seiki] read it, too.

11/11

My last day to be dear, young 21. Once I'm 22 I've had it in the precocious prodigy dept. Shit. Oh, well. It really won't be Thurs. the 12th for me until Fri. the 13th. Wakata?

... School days seem to be getting longer & longer & all my great ideas are too advanced for my poor students. Doshio? Tomorrow maybe I'll give 3A, B a writing assignment. A Dear

Abby problem.

I went to a concert tonight - really good stuff... Afterwards Mme. Gofuta & some of the Cercle Français & I went out to thé. M. ? paid. They are nice, generous people.

Mom was hung up on me celebrating my B-Day & Pmas w/someone to make a fuss. Now maybe I'm getting a little hung up on the idea, too. Maybe it's my controlling personality...

11/20

... Mom & Tim sent me a cassette of home P-mas music. Most of it is from the very 2 albums we have that I dislike, but I guess they didn't know. Also Mom sent me some fudge. I feel very sad about missing Christmas, not that last year it was anything great, I was so worried about jobs, etc. I still seem to worry about jobs constantly, I'm very much looking forward to returning in the summer, but beyond that I can't think optimistically. I feel like I'll never be employable & that the US is headed for a huge recession anyway, so even if I was skilled, it would be no use.

Fabienne told me that on Christmas her family would call her & say "We miss you, we miss you!" & she'd hear laughter & voices & when they hung up she'd start crying - she'd be all alone in the house, her husband working! I told her I would invite her if Seiki had s.th., but she said she wasn't so worried about this Pmas because now she had foreign friends.

Sakiko has invited me out to her house for a day in vacation. That'll be nice, I had grandiose plans of going somewhere exotic for Christmas break, like Hong Kong, but now maybe I'll be lucky if I get to Tokyo, I shd. get to Tokyo before going back to the US, & now'll be me only chance, I guess.

... I've saved \$5000 since I've been here. - And spent about that much, too - is it possible? It must be all on postage! Jill's saving 0, Sof's saving enough to buy a house! I worry about not saving enough, then I worry about having too much & not using it properly! I'll probably only have that much to live on, though, for the 2 yrs. after this I'll probably be seeking employment in the States! Shall I go to Europe to live? I'm thinking of it. My French is improving... I need to work on grammar tho. I'll spend a lovely morning in the library tomorrow. I read 2 novels today (!) (and worked, shopped, wrote letters, met Fabienne...)

... One third of my time here is gone! ! I haven't even written a letter to Dr. A! Last year I was always trying to write novels, to save myself from financial ruin. Maybe I should just try to write a short story - a line popped into my head now

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized, over-eager to make amends, and his curiosity piqued, you could tell.

"Not at all," she said, blowing the smoke directly up toward the ceiling. Perhaps the moment called for a Bacall-esque gesture of smoke jetted right between the eyes, but she was too polite to do that to anyone. Instead, her eyes followed the stream of smoke as it hovered above her, hesitatingly, unsure of its claims to the air.

--See, paragraphs like that pop into my head all the time-

Fri 12/4

Good news - my bathtub is fixed & Sofia is allowing me to borrow her heater! It's incredibly cold here! Some Australian exchange students are here - they are so colorful! I feel dowdy next to them. I was tongue-tied @ the sight of so many beautiful women! They all looked different! Our Seiki students were gaping - pt.ing & saying "Kawaii!" I tried to reprove them, but I actually felt like doing the same thing! ...

Wednesday 12/9/87

... I notice I'm getting pretty fat lately. I dress so shabbily - I take a sort of perverse pride in wearing things until they wear out, & having a small wardrobe here, & also it's so cold I don't want to wear anything fancy, just s.th. comfortable & warm. But I totally look like I have no figure... I really admire the way Jill dresses some days.

... I went to sumo yesterday. Even though I don't know much about it or the wrestlers, it was very exciting to be there when all the big (!) players began to arrive. Only 3 or 4 are really fat - Konishiki, the Hawaiian is 530 lbs ... He sat in the front row(s) to watch a match, & both of the



wrestlers fell off the stage & onto him. On anyone else, & it wd.'ve been fatal!

Jill told one of the Japanese students how Konishiki had breasts that went all the way around his back, & the student said, "Oh, I envy him"!

As Konishiki came out of the ring, Kirk overheard him say, "Ja, shall we eat, then?"

... I bought my tickets to Okinawa today - w/BISA. It's my 1st major purchase w/credit & I see how addictive it could be. W/a check, @ least, you enter it into your balance book & go through the whole rigmarole but w/c/card it's so effortless & you don't feel as though you've spent any money at all! I'll have to be careful.

In Okinawa I'll stay right in the center of Naha w/friends of Fr. Mishima's. He arranged it all for me - suggested it on Sunday when I visited the orphanage w/him & had it all arranged by Tuesday. What a blessing that I went w/him on Sunday - else I'd still be blundering around not planning the trip or buying the ticket at all.

Today I went out to lunch @ the v. fancy Shiroyama Royal Sun Hotel w/some English teachers. We had a great stew. I hope I remember some of these recipes when I go home! ...

Thurs 12/10/87

Today was Bonus Day - ¥422,000! Wow! I was expecting ¥200,000 - ¥250-! I felt rich beyond my wildest expectations! But 1 hr. after I'd gotten it, I'd sent it off to the USA - \$3000 worth. I wonder if there's s.th. wrong w/me that I can't spend it? I did go to Kentucky Fried & to a movie (Innerspace) to celebrate.

I guess what I find weird about packing off all my \$ is that I'm not sure I set aside enough to live comfortably on. I'm always needing to scrimp myself & budget to last until the next payday. Why don't I allow myself access to more than what I'll need instead of perpetually less? Is it just a good habit of thrift? Or s.th. more neurotic?

12/11

Sometimes I think I cdn't be living a more simple lifestyle if I was in the middle of Africa - my social life is probably equivalent - but no new clothes, terrible food, v. little autonomy, a damn nun always spying on me, no smoking, no visitors, locking myself in all the time - it's like a prison! At least I have books & vacations.

Later

Mae noticed I was crabby @ lunch & brought me some cookies to cheer me up. She also said to stop comparing myself to others. I've heard that criticism before.

... I had a nice chat (monologue to) w/Eva last night. I really miss talking to people. I started reminiscing about my old college roommate - someone I have not thought of for a while - & I kind of miss the way she wd. bounce up & down on the bed, waving her arms & pretending to get psychotically excited. Yeah, at least she was sincere - a definite person.

This dull gray institutional dormitory & the dull gray, appallingly institutional food were really getting me down today. I lent Eva my heater last night, & she didn't return it & I froze all day, while she was warm in her office, my heater locked up & useless.

... I'm going to reread letters - the one's I've written. They're so much more interesting than the ones other people write...

12/25 CHRISTMAS!

Well - many things to catch up w/, deshou? Today, as we all know, was my 1st Christmas away from home. I spent it w/Jill & Eva @ Okinawa. We arrived yesterday @ 4 pm & it's a beautiful & balmy December here! This seems so totally removed from my regular Christmas experience that I don't really feel that badly. I'm going to call my parents in a while, though. Maybe I shd. wait until they've had their Christmas, though? Sigh. I hate decisions.

We went to Midnight Mass yesterday. It was nice. Jill & E & I didn't even get presents for each other (but that's OK by me). I tried making opening my presents from home a special occasion but of course it was impossible.

... Well today, we 3 got up @ 11 a.m., dressed in matching monpe & red shirts & went out to see some underground caves & a "habu" (snake) show which was really gross.

Everyone says "Jozu" when we are able to speak Japanese, & we got lots of comments on our

monpe, esp. the old women, who were running their fingers up & down our butts to feel the "steki" prints.

... Tonight for Pmas dinner we had Kentucky Fried Chicken, a delicious salad, & my mashed potatoes w/the skins mashed up w/em & we had to pick them out.

Tomorrow we are renting scooters. The guy is giving us a deal because he knows we're Pians & staying here @ the Kyokai (The Mishima Connection).

... Well AHM TARD.

Sunday 12/27/87

Well, yesterday was an exciting day - we went to rent mo-peds & Jill had an accident before we even got out of the lot! We were just turning around to go on the st. & Jill accelerated - her bike shot up over the wall & fell down on some other bikes & broke some flowerpots. She fell right on the ground & lay like she was dead or paralyzed. The really amazing thing about the accident was that it wasn't me! I was scared to death for Jill, but Eva treated it like it was nothing. We went to the hospital, where J. was given stuff for her left butt, which swelled up bigger than her right.

Now she says she won't go on one again - & I was getting excited about at least trying to.

... I'm a little fed up w/togetherness by now, although if they weren't here, I wdn't be doing half the things I am.

Went to Moon Beach today - it took ages to get out there. Passed the US base there - a lot of tall, skinny young short-haired guys around. They all have Japanese girlfriends...

1/1/88!

Wow! Today Eva got up @ 4 p.m.

My New Year's Resolution is to lose some weight!

... I think I'm acting like such a bitch because I'm so frustrated. This vacation hasn't gone at all as I expected.

1/4/88

... I'm sick of thinking about Japan and things Japanese. I think I'll retire to fresher fields of thought. Maybe I'll write about England.

[back in Kagoshima]

I'm so depressed! I hate this cold ugly place! I want to be free! I want to be somewhere warm!

1/9/88

I feel really gloomy. I feel like I have tons of work to do, & I haven't had that feeling for 2 years. As I walked outside the other day - it was beautiful, although extremely cold - I wondered, "Am I happy?" Even @ my most worse @ college, I always knew I was happy & how lucky I was to be so. But I am not happy here. I have had a few moments of real happiness - lots of times I'm amused - but I'm not fundamentally happy. Mind you I'm not complaining, that's how life usually is...

Saw Sweet Dreams at the nun's house. Sr. Kit puts my back up & I don't gel w/Sr. R, however much I like her. I feel thick-tongued & out of place. When will I be w/people I'm comfortable w/again?

Tuesday, 1/12/88

What a week. I've been having a teaching crisis, which sort of colors everything. But this, too, shall pass... Met a nice Canadian woman w/a v. blond child @ Japanese lesson, but it'll probably be my last time there since the class was so boring. It did sort of alleviate my teaching crisis because there's a bad teacher, if anyone is!

1/27

... can't wait to go home, stay up late talking, to nice people.

1/28/88

... Another male teacher moaning & groaning w/impunity. Can you imagine if a woman teacher growled like that while striding through the staff room?

... Well, I really have to tear myself away from this book - go buy stamps & concentrate on



today's classes. I am really dreading 3A & 3B, primarily because I know I have only a really boring class to offer them. As soon as I'm set in doing only serious topics & actually trying to teach them s.th., I become convinced it's the wrong strategy & that I shd. only be trying to play games! Well, we'll see if I can fix it.

10:30 a.m.

Whah. This class will be a dog again, I'm afraid.

Mme. G invited me to the next French club mtg. I'm not sure about it. When my parents come, I will be embarrassed that I have so few friends in Kagoshima. On the other hand, I really don't feel like making the effort. The friends @ school & the dorm are adequate b/c I'm basically a loner. My evening bath has become the most imp't. thing. I know you grow by exchanging ideas w/people & that it wd. be just as difficult if not 100x harder to make friends in the States (all the gaijins here are new-comers & don't have a network of friends) but I just feel selfish & lazy & that friendship by the post is enough for me. Is there s.th. wrong w/me?

2/1/88

Superbowl Monday today - it is exactly 1 year since Sara called me about this job. So much has changed since then, eh? (said Canuck style)

... Tonight I'm supposed to go out w/Mae & Kirk. Kirk may still be sick, however.

2/20

... Today was a nice day. It was warm out & I cd. smell daphne - my favorite smell - in the air. Spring. I walked about 3 hrs. today - down to the harbor & all around, watching Japanese families. Some gaijin comments bothered me, but on the whole it was really nice & I kept being reminded of happy times in my life - Inverness, Scotland, Portland, my childhood.

Saturday 3/5/88

... Yesterday Sofia left for Australia. Thursday night I got a real shocker. We were chatting away & the conversation died down a bit & I said, "Well, any last words?" She smiled & said, "Well, yes, actually. I'm coming back to Japan in Sept. to become a nun at Mizobe." !! I was in shock! But I'm happy for her, & glad I'll be able to see her again in Japan. I'm the last to know. It's hard to believe that she wants to live forever in one spot with a bunch of Japanese nuns, that she'll never return to her homeland, or see a movie, or go outside... but she explained that she fits really well w/that lifestyle, & all her talents pt. in that direction, so - I'm happy if she is.

This explains a lot of the social dynamics of last year. She said Jill cried for 2 hours when she heard, then immediately dropped her for Eva.

I'm glad Sof & I got to know each other before I knew this about her, or I might have seen her as pretty one-dimensional. Also, there was a sort of delicious thrill that accompanied the shock of hearing her plans that I'm glad I didn't miss! I feel a bit thick for not knowing, but she didn't want to risk me rejecting her like Jill did. And much of her family has.

3/15

Hi! The last 2 weeks have been successively more lonely. I am looking forward to Jill & Eva's return. I'm a little nervous about my parents coming. But most of my friends will be busy & really can't take us around. I feel so guilty about that! But it's not something I cd.'ve known or been able to prevent. I feel so guilty for many thing beyond my ability to control. An exaggerated sense of importance, I guess.

An \$800 or so bonus today - I love surprises like that!

Mom called yesterday - said she was bringing 4 suitcases! For 10 days! I brought 2 for 2 years! And didn't need half of what I brought. She said, "But we have a whole suitcase full of taco chips for you!" Whatta gal! I am looking forward to seeing them. I'm dreading trying to explain why I have no friends here - instead I have \$10,000 in the bank.

3/21

My parents arrived today! It was a comedy of errors trying to get out to the airport - Yuki Sagara was w/me. We were late, but their plane was, too ... They were very genki & delightful company. I was so happy to see them & to think that they love me & will be my company for the

next few days.

Kagoshima had terrible weather today - ash w/rain in it. You couldn't see Sakurajima all day. Well, at least they know the worst of it.

I realized how much I have missed by being away this year. I love them... I feel like I will come home this summer - ! I think my parents will have a greater empathy for me. Mom keeps asking, "Do you like Japan, honey?" I feel exhausted now, like I'm the one that traveled 8,000 miles! Well, I've got to get up early. So- ja, until tomorrow.

3/23

Today was a busy day - As yesterday was. Yesterday M & D went to school w/me & watched my 2A & 2B classes, also Junior Club. For Club the girls brought some Japanese food for Mom & Dad to try... The Japanese tea was "ume-boshi" - I've never even tried it! Lots of students screamed when Dad came into the room. They couldn't believe how tall he is! To tell the truth, I was pretty shocked to see how big he is, too - I guess he's the tallest man I've seen in a year! We teased him that bowing is coming easily to him, since he has to duck to enter all the doorways. Really, he is good at it.

Then at night we made supper at Sr. Ruth's house (she lent me her key while she goes to Hiroshima) & talked - mainly Mom & I. She filled me in on all the news of the year - so many things! I feel like a real nincompoop for not knowing! I'd forgotten her funny expressions & the way she goofs up words. It's incredible to see them here in the flesh, not just on paper or in a brief call.

... Today was closing ceremonies - one girl fainted & many more were crying b/c the teachers leaving gave farewell speeches (I was surprised at the teachers who are going, too! I will miss them. Mr. Waka esp, ha ha).

3/25/88

Well - it has been really good w/my parents. I sometimes get impatient while shopping w/them... Mom buys Western-style gifts for souvenirs. The kinds of things she's buying look European. But she says, "I don't like this Japanesey stuff. I like American looking things." Dad is so genki about buying things & speaking Japanese - his accent is pretty good, too! So that is great.

... Mom was so afraid that the food wd. be too expensive that she bought maximum strength appetite suppressants to stave off hunger! ... Mom & Dad are afraid to stray too far for fear of getting lost... We are climbing so many hills and steps.

4/12/88 Tues.

... I am going home for sure! I am so excited to see everyone & go places & do things & catch up on 16 mths. of missed social life! The weather has been pretty sunny - beautiful, actually, w/the cherry blossoms like paper snowflake trees casting a fluffy pink blessing over everything - & this great weather does wonders for my spirits. I feel like summer (& vacation) is imminent.

... The new Australian teacher, Pete, is v. handsome & witty... I feel guilty b/c I think he's bored & lonely & I know the feeling so well & feel I ought to be able to do s.th. about it, to help him out. But. I've no social contacts on "the outside" - I'm sure he'll find his own way. Perhaps Mae will take him & this other new teacher into hand & introduce them around - altho she says she's not going out anymore.

I went out w/Sr. Kit, P, J & E Sun. Sr. K drives me nuts! I can't believe she doesn't drive anyone else bonkers but, although she can be irritating, they don't cringe & curse everytime she opens her mouth. I feel like her faux pas are a reflection on me, somehow. Why do I take what she does so much to heart? S.th. about her must remind me of myself... AUGH!!

*ima hana hon gakusei*

I've got to teach 1-1 in 1 hr. I'm nervous b/c I know they will scream when I walk in, & despair when they can't understand what I say right off - But - it's nothing like last yr. - or even 6 mths ago. I guess I was pretty pathetic (or so everyone has been telling me). It still seems like a long time until this yr. is over & I'm free to leave Japan. This year I'm going to try to do more

in the way of learning Japanese & writing...

4/14/88 Thursday

Just as I was falling at long last into the welcoming arms of Morpheus (an erudite literary allusion!) last night, I almost had a heart attack when I heard a shot like a bullet - or did I? - but for sure the whole building, & my bed in it, & I in my bed, shook from the very foundations. The wind blew in & the door & windows rattled. My heart pounded. Sakurajima exploded! It's exciting but for that half second before realization, it's v. frightening. Today the city has ash hanging over it like a gritty glass. Yuck!

Now that I've decided to go home, I am anticipating it so much! I keep fantasizing about going, what I'll do, wear, eat, talk about, see! I'm keeping a calendar on my desk & am crossing off the days. I shdn't wish my life away, but I'm wild to go.

Today the new teacher is coming.

4/15 IRS TAX DAY IN USA! I just remembered.

Well the new teacher is tall, although I was uncomfortable hearing everyone say so, & thinking she must be, too... She is very thin. Well, I wonder how she's going to like always being so tall, here. Of course, she'd be tall in Australia, too so it won't be as much of an adjustment as some people might think. If you're tall, you're tall, no matter how much shorter than you everyone else is. So it wasn't that much of an adjustment for me, either, used as I am to being the tallest girl anywhere.

She's 180 cm (I'm 175?). I feel like my head comes to about her nose but we may be closer in height than that. Everyone was saying (loudly) "Aren't you glad to have someone taller than you here, Susan?" I thought those comments were pretty rude to both of us. Like being tall is an affliction. Well it sometimes is but only b/c of attitudes like hers (Sr. K who by the way is no small frail flower herself). Anyway, I really don't like having someone taller around (except Dad who I'm used to). I feel threatened & it's strange to look up.

Lori's in my Sr. English Club & I'm not that pleased about it. It's too easy for her (of course) she gets bored, & can't stop running off at the mouth. She translates things for the girls. Ugh! She hardly goes to any classes, anymore, though. It's frustrating for a teacher.

During Opening Ceremony Speeches, while everyone stood straight & @ attention, Lori kept tossing her hair, running her fingers through it, swiveling her head & looking this way & that. It was very distracting: she looked like she had cerebral palsy or s.th. The mean woman science teacher came up behind her & held her head into place. I was embarrassed for L. & started blushing, but I had to agree w/the sentiment.

4/19

I am so bored. All I do is hang around my room & eat, read & sleep. I hate it. Nothing exciting or interesting to do. I'm growing fat & ugly. I wish I was home right now.

4/20

... I talked to the new teacher last night, for only an hr. I shd.'ve come after my bath & been able to stay longer. She's really nice. I'm trying to figure out where I went wrong in arranging my life here but I don't know exactly when it all happened irrevocably. I feel like I'm turning queer w/this solitude. I'm becoming v. neurotic & strange. Luisa is so friendly & relaxed. She'll make lots of friends. I want them, but I was so overwhelmed at 1st! What's to become of me here? How can I stand another lonely winter like the last one? I feel gloomy & greasy. I'm pinning all my hopes upon this summer. I'm too cheap to spend \$/¥ doing things which might introduce me to other gaijin, i.e., go to French Club, Japanese lessons, or kendo. Whah! I feel so unattractive & lonely. I know I shdn't wish my life away, but I can't wait until summer vacation. I hate getting up in the morning. I feel unhealthy & sick. Well, I shd. probably stop talking about it or it'll get worse!

4/26

Things are going better. Last night Luisa & I drank 3 cups of ¥200 shojū, & Mae & Eva dropped by. This new teacher might bring us all closer together (like a new baby--aw, shucks). For Eva's B-Day we were thinking it wd. be nice to go to Midori-so.

... Mae said last night that she'd seen Perry @ Super Shape & she was looking pretty fat. But Mae said she hardly knew Perry & hadn't talked to her in mths. That made me feel weird. Well, who are her friends here then that she goes out w/all the time? She said she's realizing it's not so much fun to go out w/people she doesn't know well. In a way I feel validated b/c that's been my position for the last 8 mths. or so.

4/27/88

I'm going crazy out of my mind trying to tape A Room with a View. Also I'm an illegal alien - my visa expired 26 days ago. And I'm doing an illegal act - taping. I was kicked out of the Tandai last night over it - they were locking the building. Also Sr. Arai (the stocky nun w/a bull sergeants voice) said I shd.'ve asked her before using it. I was irritated (b/c I was embarrassed).

... I'm supposed to teach the 1st yrs. & I haven't a clue how. Mr. Takeo shd. just do it himself I think.

5/6 Friday

... Luisa gave me some lovely letters from a friend of hers to read.

Sun. June 5, '88

A lot has been happening this week, kind of started Thurs. when I went to the Gynie. What a frustrating experience! It all went fine, like Jill said it wd., until I had an interview w/the nurse. She cdn't understand why I was to see the Dr., since I insisted I was "zenbu genki"; she freaked out & handed me back my chart - a mistake b/c I lost my place. Waited impatiently for 2 hrs. while other people went before me & finally just lost it & demanded to see the Dr. I was in one of those uncontrollable rages. The Dr. was really nice but didn't even do a Pap Smear which made me feel ridiculous & as if I'd totally wasted my time. It was rainy season raining. I was rude to the passersby & stomped off to the Yamakataya Dept store American fair, where I bought 4 cans of beer & snarled @ the big-haired thin-legged US showgirls there. On the way home on the bus I was thinking how good it wd. be to read J's letter, which I was sure was coming. Well, nothing was in my mailbox! I was depressed when I walked down to lunch - only *Ji* & *Bo* [Eva] were there. Jill asked, "Did you get any mail?" & I said "No!" & I mock hit my head against the wall - but it was such a bad day I mis-timed and really did crunch my head against the cement. Oh it hurt. I burst into tears. I was able to teach OK but cancelled my evening class & just lay down. They next day my neck hurt & I had a headache. I was afraid of becoming paralyzed or brain-diseased. My soul reproached my body for injuring itself. Angst & heartache. But by Sat. I was feeling OK again.

Today was fun b/c we went to François' house in the Yoshino area. He was giving a tea ceremony to celebrate his marriage (surprise, surprise). His wife is a really pretty Japanese girl. There were a lot of foreigners I didn't know there - mostly teachers at the Karei.

... Whoo! Today I feel so high! I feel like I'm a wonderful & exciting person! I feel like I'm never going home - what's going to be the next backdrop for my exciting lifestyle?

Gulp! Just read the entry from 4/19. Was that only about a month ago?

Today for the tea ceremony, Mae really dressed up, I was dressed nice/casual, but Luisa came down in a T-shirt & jeans mini. Both Mae & I just stared. We were a little stunned. We wanted to communicate to her that she shd. dress up more but didn't know how to. She didn't get the hint. Her long legs, which look so nice in jeans, were white, veiny & shapeless. Whah. I don't think she had such a good time. No attractive or available men to chat up. Also she wore new shoes which began to hurt her feet, & we walked a lot.

Eva helped me start my taxes Fri., which was most kind of her. She, Pete, Jill & Ruth climbed Kaimon-dake today, just got back (after leaving @ 6:30 a.m.) I'm glad I didn't go. I didn't do much today except the tea party but that's b/c I have no money. Anyway I don't like the feeling that my weekend just slips by.

I haven't been to mass for a month.

[Vol. III]

6/17/88

Today I have 5 classes in 7 and a half hrs. I am so beat @ the end of the day! I've been exhausted all wk. I can't wait for a vacation! Ruth, Pete & Ebo are goin' to the USSR & maybe China. I'd love to go w/ them, but it's just not possible for me to skip going home this summer. I must.

I teach 18 hrs. a wk. It doesn't sound like a full work wk., but, believe me, it is.

*anata wa sumire no yoni airaishi*

Read a letter from Sara to Miss Kiri. She feels like everyone @ Seiki has forgotten her. I guess it's hard for people to write letters, esp. if they think it has to be in English (although I'm sure Sara cd. read the *Nihongo*).

Shoot, bell rang & I have class again. 2 no 1. I like last yr.'s 2 no 1 better.

6/21

I shd. write & say what's happening - just to mark the passage of time. It's just starting to be hot now - it's a blessing it hasn't been really bad until now.

... Went to a concert tonight w/my 3 handsome dental students. I wish I cd. speak better *Nihongo*, or them, *Eigo* -

Wednesday 6/22/88

The weather is horrible now b/c it's ashing (the big explosion was 1 week ago) & v. windy, so the ash blows everywhere.

... Eva was just here. She comes in about every night & stays quite a while. Sometimes we don't even talk. I'm glad she comes but I get fagged out if I stay up late, since I always wake up @ 6, thanks to the intercom.

Sat a.m. 6/25/88

Hi. I'm in the air-conditioned library. Yesterday it suddenly turned extremely muggy & hot - overnight! At least our faculty room is air-conditioned, too, but I'm embarrassed to go back there. I have been making a complete idiot of my self, b/c of Fuji-sensei. I haven't acted this stupid since I was in college. Yesterday I had to ask about 15 people if they wanted a coke so that I cd. get around to asking Fuji-sensei. When I asked him in *Nihongo* he said, "What?" It was so embarrassing explaining. So I ran back from the Tandai w/3 cokes in my hands (the kind that comes in cups) thinking, "You are a pathetic fool, you are a pathetic fool." Can you believe it? And when I came back he was talking to this strange woman, probably a Seiki graduate, anyway. I just knock myself out when I like someone. Why can't I be a demure violet? ... Oh, am I getting depressed!

Last night we went to a great Yakitori restaurant called *den-den* to celebrate Miss Tsugu's return from 2 yrs. in the US. She is really nice. Also Miss Kondo, Makiko, Pete, Jill, Ebo & Luisa were there... Had a dream about Fuji-sensei this morning - we walked to school together & had a bit of Japanese conversation. Good practice, to dream in *Nihongo*!

6/26

... Town today. People standing on the bus rather than sit down next to a gaijin. Mothers twisting their toddlers around to look at me, & the toddlers crying. Boys following me & saying, "Hello! How are you! I am handsome boy." Ash in my eyes, nose & ears. Everywhere, stares. "A great weariness of the flesh."

I met Sakiko for lunch today. I was looking forward to it, but she brought along a neighbor girl who was going to WA in Aug. The girl cdn't speak English & our conversation was a bit limited. Now I'm waiting for Mass to begin. A man is smoking right in my face. Everyone is Filipino here & therefore joyful. But not I.

Everyone that can speak English here takes that as an invitation to speak to me.

The Filipinos are speaking their language. It sounds so musical.

6/27

Well, I tried not to be today, but I'm still in love w/Fuji-sensei. It's a sad pain in my heart. Jill said that if I cd. speak Japanese like I speak English, Fuji-sensei wd. fall flat on his face

(she meant it as a compliment).

... Went swimming today. Fuji-sensei was there. He's so cute. It feel great to have swam & exercised, but I hurt my back showing off. I'll have to get a new suit.

6/28

... I'm in love! I feel like waving my arms up & down as if I were swimming. God, I'm happy! Today I was on my way to the *PUURU* when Fuji-sensei & Yamashita-sensei stopped Luisa & I. Y said that the pool was closed for cleaning. But we decided to check it out anyway b/c Luisa had never seen it. When we got there, it was OK! I was tempted to run back & tell Fuji-sensei, but I decided it wd. be too uncool. But anyway, after about 20 minutes he came anyway! Just him. About that time Luisa left so I got the lane next to his. He is not an incredibly strong swimmer, which is good. He stopped about every 2 laps to talk to me. Our conversation was about as deep as the pool, but anyway, it's the intention right... He said he is not afraid of foreigners & that he likes English b/c it is communication. He is so cute. And darling. I had to leave early b/c of my class (but also I was tired). THE CLASS NEVER SHOWED!

Oh, well. I need to study about 15 hrs. of *nihongo* to speak to darling Fuji. Also I left b/c Pete & Jill were in 1 corner of the pool talking & Fuji-sensei & I in the other, & it was looking too obviously like a singles bar.

He is 28 yrs. old & said he doesn't like math. Isn't it pathetic that my diary only takes off when I want to describe my infatuations? ...

6/30 Thurs.

I feel so depressed! I just came to school (10:45) & now Fuji *seisen* has a class. What, so I can't steal covert glances at him & embarrass myself? This crush is crazy. I can't believe the difficulties when you don't have the language. I'm studying like mad, but there's just no way I can absorb it w/o practice. I talked to a Japanese lady @ an Italian restaurant last night & we had a sort of conversation - but then she turned to speak to the girl next to me - & where they led, I cd. not follow. Still, most people compliment me on my accent.

I guess I really need to go home & forget about Fuji. Now it really wd. be stupid to extend my contract, having this crush, as it were. I won't feel bad about not talking to him in the pool yesterday - anyway, his mates were there - & even if we did speak each other's languages fluently, how exactly do you strike up a conversation in a pool?

... Lori left yest. It was sad to see her go - but - she is a *muzukashii no ko*!

Today is one of the days when I feel I am slowly going crazy. It seems like no Japanese gives me a friendly glance, & I don't have any stored up to give, either. I feel like a real foreigner. Well, I am. Stop feeling sorry for yself! You're putting expectations of your own making, they didn't ask to be placed. So buck up & find a place to flower even in inhospitable foreign soil! (Where do I find this corn!)

7/1

I hear people laughing at jokes I can't understand & feel like I am dying inside.

7/6

Whah! What melodramatic self-pity! Disgusting!

I think my crush is letting up, which is good. I am looking forward to going home & seeing Jim. Just to look obscenely ahead into a quite-unlikely future, it wd. be murder to put myself in the position of having to decide to live in *Nihon* forever -

But I'd also like to live somewhere other than the U.S. We just bombed a domestic Iranian flight, killing about 290. I feel so ashamed, & sorry. I almost wish I cd. be one of those trigger-happy, strong mltry offence types; I wdn't feel so much anguish. It really was stupid. Why does the US want war? The country has so much - & wastes so much. It's like a big bully who understands pull toys, not board games. It's reluctant to give up its bulldozer & resentful that all the other kids won't play w/em. He's too stupid to learn Scrabble & join them, so for fun he picks fights. Oh, what a discouraging metaphor!

Tonight is the teachers party @ \_\_\_\_? Shd. be interesting (I hope). I do wish my *Nihongo* was



better, but what can I do about it (besides studying, I mean).

It's segoiku hot, in the dormitory I can't sleep. At least the teacher's room is air-conditioned.

A teacher won a shodo contest. I said, who? Miss *Sagara* said, "the one w/the dirty coat." I knew immediately who! She's having a party in her honor - ¥5000. Thank God I have the Tandai karaoke party to go to! & that seemed like a last resort deal when I heard of it!

I met Sakiko for lunch Sun. She said, "I feel relief when I see you." I took it as a compliment. She is v. sweet. She arranged for me to go to the ear hospital (now that's a story... Yeah, all I got out of those swimming sessions was a double earache! It's so typical!) Anyway, she is also trying to find me a host family through the people she teaches in *Kagoshima*. Maybe by Sept.!

7/7/88

*nioi* = a stench, odor, scent *kimochi* = feeling

... This party tonight is the same one I got so frustrated @ last yr. - when no one wd. speak English to me & I felt mute & angry. I think things'll be a little better now.

7/8/88

The party was pretty fun last night! The food wasn't as good as I remembered - not as much of it - But I was very happy b/c I spoke quite a lot of Japanese, & understood a bit, too. It was the beer. *F-sensei mo* had an English conversion. He was hilarious. But he pulled his chair over by Pete & they had a tete-à-tete. I knew I'd lose *F-sensei* to Pete! Oh well, I had a great time w/the other teachers. *Matsu-sensei* surprised me by speaking & understanding a heck of a lot of *Eigo*! He is so nice. Too bad he's been married since he was 23 & has 3 kids, the oldest is 6. Really, he is truly a nice guy. Unlike *Yamashita sensei* (who just leaned over to talk to me). Well, I think his heart's in the right place, but he's so full of himself!

... The other big gossip is that M. is getting married! He's my shodo teacher who has the unfortunate habit of slapping the girls & bellowing at them when he's angry. He's disgusting! The younger teachers all feel sorry for his prospective bride. They haven't been invited to the wedding. He's only known his bride since April! *Omi ai deshita* (Will I remember how to read *nihongo*?) She says she's 30 - so she must really be 32 or so. I wish her the best of luck b/c she'll need it, married to him. He's said he's spent ¥5 million on the wedding! !

... Miss Saito last night said that I have become a good teacher & shd. think about staying longer. This summer I'll have to decide what to do w/my life.

... This wk. I have a party almost every night, except for the 2 evenings I have my "English Conversation" classes. Last night we went to the Hayashieda to listen to the Filipino band. They were good - the drawback was that between every set they came & sat w/us, smoking their smelly cigarettes in our faces & making conversation & eating difficult. They just sat there, restless & looking around, noxious fumes emanating, expecting us to find some common ground & entertain them w/conversation. At times like that I feel I really must hate men, as Jim accuses me of. I was actually in kind of a foul humor when we left. That was also in part b/c the bill was so large & Luisa only pd. strictly for what she ordered herself, when she helped herself to all our food, too. I didn't think that was v. sporting.

Tonight we have a karaoke party - English Dept @ the Tandai, - & tomorrow is the Seiki alumni "bash" @ the Tokyu Inn. It's supposed to be v. fancy w/good food. Yay!

... The reason I am writing so much recently is that the teacher's room is air-conditioned, so I want to spend as much time as possible here. It's absolutely too unbearably hot in my room. It needs cleaning badly, but I'm too weak to really do it. How'm I gonna pack?

Today I got my WW & Portland (alumni magazine). I feel a bit upset & anxious. My life here seemed so valid until I read them, but I feel an almost overwhelming urge to be in Portland, where the action is. That's dubious, I know, but I'm just wild to be home right now. Also (this is disturbing) I'd hoped that over this yr. my values had changed & I'd relaxed a bit about my "career" & accomplishments. I'd hoped I had gotten away from the balance sheet mentality that translates everything into material or "professional" bonus pts., & then

automatically compares it to what everyone else is doing. The Portland reported on my friends & fellow graduates, & I had the uneasy sense that they were "catching up" on me. (Why am I using so many "quotations"?) I feel like I'm missing all the great things of PDX - the Rose Festival, concerts, films, people... well, this is ridiculous. I can't let my sense of the importance of now escape. Hell, only 13 more days anyway & I'll be there! If nothing is screwed up w/my ticket!

... Also, I'm nervous about a plane crash. I feel a horrible certainty that it will. Maybe it's b/c of the Iranian Airbus being shot down. I even thought a poem about it as I fell asleep the other night. I wondered if I shd. write a farewell note "to those it may concern" & leave it in my room to be found after I am confirmed dead. It'll be a sort of "I told you so" deal. I shdn't worry. It wd. be pretty awful, though, wdn't it?

7/18/88 Monday 9 a.m.

It's too bad I've left this in school & cdn't write during these last eventful days.

Big news #1: Sakiko found a host family for me! She called me last wk. to tell me the whole family wanted to meet me. My 1st instinct was to say "No!" & slam down the receiver. I realized I didn't want to leave my comfortable rut after all. It's a rut, but at least an autonomous one. But... I cdn't back out, & really, I want to try s.th. different. I've not been overwhelmingly friendly to the girls in the dormitory, & don't know any of them too well. I'm tired of the same dirty old walls & stairs.

Anyway I met the family yesterday. They seem very genial & relaxed. The 3 girls- Saya (she wrote me a nice letter yesterday) 15, Noriko, 14, & Ryoko, 11. They've a grandma who is 66 & really relaxed & genki. Also they have a 93 yr. old granny. She's doing poorly now, & they left the door to return (what the hell am I writing?) open, in case I cdn't handle the granny or s.th. We're going to try it from Sept. 20 - Dec. 20. In a way it's a shame I have to move back to the dorm just when all the teachers move out for their vacation - it was so lonely last yr.- but, I want to get up my Japanese ability A.S.A.P. so that's the way it works out.

Now, about my 2nd big news: GOING HOME! I am so excited! Only 2 days & I'll be on the 1st plane (pray God nothing happens). I think Fr. Mishima will take me to the airport. I asked him yesterday...

7/19/88

I can't believe that in about 30 hrs. I'll be home in OR! It's so amazing to go half way around the world in one day. It's a bit disconcerting, too. In a long steamer trip across the Pacific, I'd have time to adjust my attitudes & affections. But then there wd. be no time for a visit! Jill gave me the slides yesterday. I'm very excited about showing them to people, although that is stereotypically bad behavior! 2 more classes - 2 more hours - & I'm finished w/school!

Monday 8/1/88

... No real culture shock - although American attitudes seem lax compared to the Japanese. I've had a couple of dreams that I was back in Japan...

Sept 12, 1988

Almost a month later. Unfortunately, I'm back @ Seiki. But only 196 days to go. I suppose I'll remember the mixed feelings I had about my trip back. I wish I had gone with Ebo, Ruth & Pete to the Soviet Union. But it's too late now, & maybe it was my karma not to. I certainly sound desperate enough [to go back to the States] earlier. It didn't work out as I had planned, but that's life. This year I need to work on being calmer & not being so down on myself & others when I feel like I have made wrong choices. I want to work on being more in control of my feelings & not always having to spill them out. Today's a beautiful day - not humid as it has been - but just seems like so many hours to fill. Since I've had a taste of what things are like w/friends & things to do, I'm not as happy. But I enjoy being independent here.

¥137 = U\$1, bad time to change money. Shucks!

Later

Today actually turned out to be a nice day. Went swimming, but talked quite a bit w/Yuki & Pete. Luisa came home - she's great - & everyone went out to dinner @ IchiLichi's. I'm



feeling fine & surrounded by friends. My dental students called - class tomorrow. That'll be fine. Reading a good TIME now. Today wasn't humid - quite a beauty, actually. Sr. Ruth had a dream a few days after I left that I'd come home after being in America only 3 days. "Why are you back so soon?" she asked -

Thurs. 9/15/88

Today was a holiday, & the new teacher "Fuzzy" came. She is really nice & straight on. I like her a lot better than Judy... We went downtown & saw movies today, Presidio & Crocodile Dundee II. They weren't very good. It's nice to be back, though, have the other teachers here.

My ears are pretty rotten.

I've only written 1 letter so far - to Mom & Dad.

Sat. 9/17/88

Boy time flies.

... Judy is really suffering by compare w/the Aussie teacher. They're both big, but Fuzzy wears skirts & Judy doesn't know how to dress. She seems so little girlish. And her bottom looks so culpable in shorts. Now Judy is turning against me - I knew she would - for abandoning her and not being her champion enough. The other girls ignore her & interrupt her stories, just like they did w/me a yr. & a half ago. Was I really as bad as Judy? But she's hoping to join *Ebo* & Fuzzy's group to exclude me, make me the outsider. Hmmm. I know so well what is happening but Judy really is so unpleasant I don't want to bother w/her!

Fuzzy is only 21! 22 on 11/2. She's v. talented.

Today I shd. write letters but I'll probably be too lazy.

9/19/88

Yesterday had a great day w/the "old" Aussies @ Fukiage Beach. It was hot. The ocean was warm & calm, like swimming @ what I imagine a spa resort to be like. But I got a nasty burn. There's tales that Japanese have been kidnapped there @ night by N. Korean pirates, & then they are imprisoned & forced to teach the N. Koreans Japanese. It was just a pleasant day.

... I'm deaf in one of my ears now. What a hassle. I guess I'll have to find an ear dr. tomorrow & somehow explain.

It'll be expensive, but I'm gonna go to Nara this weekend no matter what, b/c I'm so bored here. I am burned out from teaching. I feel like all my students are stupid & it's hard to keep my temper or to force smiles. I'm not renewing my contract, & the onus is upon me to find a replacement. I do love parts of Japan & being here, but its not satisfying enough to be a life. Luisa is thinking about leaving early, so's Pete, maybe. He can't save \$ like we can.

Saturday, 10/1/88

Today is the first day of my homestay. I just borrowed a pencil - then this pen - from Non-chan. She seems the most excited to have me here. Of course I was incredibly nervous waiting for the Mom to pick me up. Last night the other teachers had a "farewell" party for me at Pete's. They seem to regard this whole thing w/a sense of finality that I don't. I do want to put a 1 mth. limit on it. Working out the buses etc. seems to be growing into an expensive hassle. Oh, I just gave the Mom the ¥20,000 [for board]. I'm glad to get that over with. Ryoko, the youngest, seems to resent my being here.

I was reassured when I saw & remembered how relaxed Mrs. Nishi is - but - it's difficult to understand their quickly spoken Japanese. Saya & Non-chan are very helpful in speaking slowly & using English dictionaries.

This is a happy family & being in it made me miss my own family for the 1st time, really, since I've been here. I guess it's being in a home again that made me wish, v. acutely, like when I was in France, that I was in my own.

I am so glad I never came here as a HS student, not knowing any Japanese. At least I know enough to communicate a little.

I'm glad I didn't cop out b/c it'll be very enriching to be here a while, I think they moved the piano out of the room that is to be my room, & bought new cupboards for me to use.

A steady background noise is the groaning & mumbling of the 93 y/o obatchan. She is

completely out of it. I take it she just lies on the bed & makes noises & it is the young grandma's job to take care of her. The groans are loud enough to be disturbing. I don't think she's in pain so it's almost a comforting sound of human nearness.

This afternoon after lunch (beats the dorm hands down) I went into Tenmoku to visit the ear dr. Mrs. N dropped me off @ Saya's juku, in town. It was great to be back in familiar territory! I stayed down there about 2 and a half hrs. I seem so far away from the downtown here, & it was reassuring to know it still exists! My turf (chortle, chortle). I bought a lot of things today - as presents? I don't think this family expects me to do a lot w/ them, which is good. Tomorrow is Non-chan's Sports Day (ugh) which I suppose I'm going to. It will be v. boring & difficult to understand all the Japanese flying around me, but I think I ought to work on my relationships w/ them, "solidifying", so to speak, b/c the next 3-day weekend I am going to Nara. I think we'll both be glad of the break. Everyone can breathe a little easier w/o strangers around, no matter how much they like them.

Their house is v. "Nihon-teki," for which they are apologizing, but I think it's great.

... My stomach keeps growling - it's embarrassing. I think it's more nervousness than hunger.

I'm going to keep my little Seiki room. I will only get a small discount for meals missed from the dorm. Oh - I kind of wish I was there now. Doing this scared me shitless. Sometimes I wonder why I always burden myself w/ challenges just when I'm getting comfortable. But after all I'm glad I am like this, b/c I wd. miss out on a lot of experiences if I didn't.

I will sleep soundly tonight!

That night...

Well, I'm about to crash after my 1st day here. Surprisingly, I feel pretty comfortable here. I think they'd tell me straight out if I was doing anything that bothered them. They are letting me help out, joking w/ me, etc. The girls still seem pretty shy. The only thing that's bothering me is all this transport. Maybe I can get a bus pass, & it won't be so expensive.

I didn't like all of dinner. It occurs to me that maybe I have been pretty sheltered as far as food goes.

The ear dr. said I still have the inflammation & discharge & that I shd. come every day for the next 2-3 wks! And wait an hr. each time, I suppose! When is this ever going to clear up? I got still more antibiotics. Actually, by now it doesn't really bother me.

The granny was quiet for a while but now she's jawing again. The young grandma hasn't joined us for any meals yet. I am really glad I decided to do this. It's a change of scene, at least. I love the smell of tatami all around me.

10/2/88

... This cd. be a great deal - my laundry done, meals cooked, house cleaned up after.

... I have learned quite a few words since I've been here already, I hope they last. I'm learning the plain past here, which is good.

Wed. 10/5

Whoo - time flies, as usual. I've no problem making bus connections; this is at a v. convenient stop, 3 lines - They all continue to be v. nice. Yest. was Pete's B-Day (33rd?) & popular opinion demanded that I make a cake. How funny, when I used to make such awful ones for Mom's. Guess I caught on to the frosting trick...

Friday 10/7/88

I wouldn't live through this week again if I were given \$100 dollars. It's been terrible - tiring & confusing. But I think it's all over now. I've been losing things (like my teki-ken) (but I found it again). A lot of my time has been wasted going to that darned ear doctor & arranging my trip to Nara. I found out this morning that I have Thurs. & Fri. off next week, for the tests. I thought then that I shd. cancel my 4 nights trip. But no, I must grimly get it over with. It was 2.20 & I was packing my suitcase to leave in 2 hrs. when Eva came in & said, "Why don't you go to Kirishima w/ us this weekend?" It was the \$.02 I needed to get me to change my mind. Oe-chan called ANA & changed my flight for next Thurs., no charge. It

was such an incredible relief! I felt like singing, crying, & praying!

... 5 classes today & I'm tuckered. I'm starting to like Fuji-sensei again, *doshio*? I shd. dress more carefully-

Non-chan asked me write some "buns" (sentences - don't ask!) in French, & I really had to rack my brains to come up w/the simplest ones: maintenant, c'est\_\_\_\_. Nihongo & Francego was all mixed up.

Grandma's gnawing in the back room -

... My ear's cleared up. I'm enjoying living w/the Nishis. This wk. the 1 mth. limit I put on the "experiment" is over, but it seems too short & I don't know how to pick up & leave. I'd like to come back in Feb. & March when it's so lonely @ the dorm. Now I'd like to spend time w/Luisa & Eva & the other teachers in the dormitory.

Saw Judy today. She really is not a cheerful sight. She seems pretty depressed & I wonder how she's been taking Japan so far. She said she's lonely. Well, I can understand that. There seems to be a big core of loneliness inside me. Jim's letter made it disappear for a while.

10/28/88

... Everyone's home now & it's difficult to write esp. with that wench biscuit Ryoko sulking.

... Tomorrow I'm going to a sento w/my host mama. I told Luisa I was going to move into the dorm again & she said "Goody" & hugged me. She says she's almost convinced Ebo to stay. For being so well-travelled & older & cosmopolitan, she sure likes the status quo. Or. Maybe it's b/c of the above conditions.

Sun 10/30/88

Had a great weekend, spent it @ Mt. Sakurajima w/Karen, an Aussie married to a Japanese, & her family: Hana, 2 & Owen, 3 mth. They were darling; I was besotted w/her baby. It was amazing to watch Hana switch back & forth from Japanese & English. Both Karen & Jiro are real perfectionists & their house is gorgeous! Very spare & simple. She has real style. So it's amazing that she can accommodate the messy, cluttered Japanese look. She's known Jiro since she was 14, decided she wanted to marry him @ 16, came out here alone when she was 24 to live w/his family, & he came out from Oz to marry her 5 yrs. ago when she was 25. How romantic, huh? I can't believe she lived w/his family a yr. w/o him & didn't freak out from culture shock, esp. as she was the only gaijin here. I really liked her & Jiro a lot.

Wednesday 11/2/88

Time is flying by so fast I can't believe it!

Fuzzy's B-Day (22) tonight we had basashi (horse sashimi) ...

Friday 11/4/88

Yesterday was a holiday.

... I met Pete, Luisa, Eva & Judy for a movie. There was a subtext to the group that I didn't understand. Luisa seemed to be in a bad mood & rushed right into the theatre. Yesterday, too, she rushed right over to Champagne Jam's & wdn't wait for anyone (I went w/her). There was no time to talk before the movie, & after everyone rushed off. I asked everyone for coffee but they all refused. Oh, also Luisa & I got into an argument over which scene from Roman Holiday we were looking at, on a poster. I really don't know who's right. Anyway, I was vexed & angry & I stomped off w/o saying goodbye. It was dang cold outside!

This morning I saw Pete, who seemed glad to see me until - uh oh - he remembered what a bitch I was last night. Went into Luisa's room & she seemed depressed. She apologized for last night. Really I shd've, too. But we didn't say anything after that.

I just arranged w/my host family to move back to the dorm, too (& to move back again in Jan.).

Of course I wonder if s.th.'s wrong w/me that I can't keep friends.

... I'm sad that my time in Japan is going by so quickly now-

Thought about being 23 today & the thought terrifies me. I'm getting old! I'm getting too old to not know what I'm doing.

Ryoko made a point of asking if I'm going to go to her Sports Day today. I hate it that I'm

becoming so cynical - & self-centered - but I thought, "Oh, she's probably told her classmates about what a strange pet the family's acquired, & wants to make sure the goods are produced." (correct assumption *deshita!*)

11/6/88

Today I went to Sei Dai Sai... Got things squared away for my party on Sat - they're coming, all except Judy, who refuses to go to the bath. So maybe she won't be able to find her way alone to the Nishi's, either, ha ha ha. That sounds mean, but if you knew how dim she is! She, Fuzzy & I went to the outdoor tea ceremony, & in the middle of it she asks, not bothering to whisper or anything, "What are they doing?" !!! I said, "They're making the tea!" "Oh." A minute later. "Is it regular tea or green tea?" Can you absolutely believe it? It's really funny.

... Sports Day yest. was mildly fun, but I hated being referred to as *Nishi no mono* (the Nishi's thing) & *gaijin-san*. They put me in the last event, the relay, b/c Mrs. N didn't want to do it, & some kids & mamas were yelling back & forth, hey, it's not fair, she's so tall, *gaijin-san* this, that etc. etc. & I was so upset I yelled, "Hey my name is Susan! It's not *gaijin-san*, you know! Call me Susan!" That cowed them a bit. I wish I cd. speak & understand Japanese better (so I cd. really tell them off, ha ha). I'm at an awkward stage where I only know enough to hurt my feelings. Maybe "*Nishi no mono*" really isn't as derogatory as it sounds. But really, they've no thought that I'm a person, an individual w/feelings, they just want to push a button (Hello, *gaijin!*) & make me talk (Shut up, kid!). But in writing about Japanese as a group like this, am I guilty of the same sin? How many times do I treat people like types, & not like unique creatures of God (blah, blah, blah). Anyway, it was extremely annoying, an "I hate Japan" experience, but then at the end there was an "award" ceremony & I received so many fine "Otsukaresama" gifts... changed my mind & softened me up. For every cloud there's a silver lining.

Thank God I don't have a severe deformity or s.th. which constantly draws people's attention to me, b/c I'd go psycho.

Non-chan asked me to speak English on the phone (amaze your friends & family! Engage a FOREIGNER on the line!). But I said I preferred not to talk to someone I hadn't met. She pleaded a bit but I said no, & then she said to the phone, "She won't. But cd. you hear her in the background?"

*F-sensei no yume mai yoru desu.*

Wed. a.m. 11/9/88

... Here's a question: How good is my Japanese anyway?

11/17/88

I'm writing this from the bathroom. It may seem pretty silly - I agree that it is. I don't want anyone to know I'm home so I can't let a light shine in the room. I don't want to talk to anyone. Today Luisa got really angry & really attacked me. It's a long story, but the jist of it is that last night we had a Nihongo lesson @ the home of one of Luisa's friends. I knew there'd be a problem with this lesson somehow. I thought it'd be b/c, having been in Japan a year longer than Luisa & Pete, the lesson would be too easy for me. Also, I know my tendency to be a showoff when I know s.th. & other people don't, I get v. impatient & frustrated. The teacher, Maki, picked us up & took us to her house, which is gorgeous. They have a huge TV & maybe 300 videos! The lesson went fine & I learned a lot of things that I didn't know. It was after, she went to prepare cake in the kitchen, that Pete & I decided to ask her if we could have more conversation practice next time. Luisa thought this wd. be rude, but I thought it wd. be better to get things straight the 1st lesson. Oh well, I asked her when she came back w/the coffee, & Luisa gave me dirty looks b/c she thought I was being too forward. Then, to oblige us, I thought, Maki asked L. a question in Japanese. Luisa started explaining, v. slowly & carefully in English. Then L. started talking about how English doesn't have "keigo" but still you use different forms of address for adults, etc. I must've looked upset b/c L. said "What" & I was embarrassed but I said, "I think she already knows that since she lived in America for a year." Luisa was talking to Maki like to a 5 yr. old!

Well, Maki drove us home. I was a bit anxious about missing my bath. The plan is for us to walk next time. When we got to the gate, Luisa walked straight to the dorm w/o saying "Goodnight" or waiting for me, so I knew s.th. was wrong. Pete & I were surprised & he said "Strange." I asked him if he thought I was rude in asking about the conv. & he said absolutely not. I knew I shd. go to Luisa & apologize if I'd offended her, but -- I really did have to take my bath, & I knew she did, too. Then after my hair was a tangly mess & I didn't feel like combing it. & I was tired. I thought of how I always have to apologize to people.

This morning I was talking to Eva in the laundry room when Luisa came in. At 1st she didn't say much to us, but even though it was bad timing, esp. w/Eva there, I knew I cdn't see her w/o trying to clear the air, so I said, "What did you think of our lesson last night?"

Well, she really attacked me. I can't remember all of it but I just stood there w/my cheeks flaming. She said that she didn't appreciate me insulting our hostess, being rude about her in her own home, making faces & sniggering & scoring points w/Pete by laughing @ her. She was really mad over some conspiracy between P & I when in truth we never exchanged glances... She really let me have it. She was v. articulate. I cd. only stammer & protest weakly. A small part of it was true & that's where she had me. Poor Eva had to listen to the whole thing.

I just went back to my room & almost cried. How cd. Luisa believe I'd deliberately be that rude? I literally don't know what to do...

I went out, saw L. in the lunch room, & didn't go in. Upstairs there was a note from her it said "It's ironic that you now feel hurt and angry. I meant to attack you & I did." It was on the Silk Road stationery I gave her, too!

... Anyways I'd be interested to see if Pete gets the same treatment I do. I bet you anything he doesn't. (He didn't).

Luisa & I were so close before! It's scary that the more you know a person, the better you know how to hurt them.

11/25/88

1:00 a.m. & I just got back from a "Nun-warming" party for Sof @ Pete's apartment. I haven't said much about Sof being here but I think in fact it's pretty impt. to me. But really, I haven't seen much of her, until the last 3 days. She's been planning an entrance ceremony @ Mizobe for all of us to take part in. I gather it was more of Sr. Kit's idea than Sof's. But Sof has put her favorite hymns, etc. into it. I'm going to read a poem by Pablo Neruda. And she asked me to design the cover, to draw an Indian lamp she was giving the convent. I'm pleased w/the drawing, although it wasn't laid out v. skilfully (Eva). Kit has been a real bitch to Sof - her usual moody self.

It is also good for my own psychological health to be able to say goodbye to Sof. When she 1st came back, I began to re-feel some resentment for the shoddy way she treated me when I 1st arrived in Japan. Even though we'd talked it out back in March - I knew it was my problem, b/c I'd been through it w/them already. But Sof asking me to take part in the ceremony has really made me feel like my friendship means s.th. to her. It's good. Planning the music & ceremony w/her has been fun & satisfying. Eva & I are spending the night at Mizobe, going back Sun.

Abt Luisa: I heard from Ebo that she missed seeing me over the weekend, also she wrote me a note saying it, & finally at Noh we just made up. It's not really awkward, but probably s.th. will always be missing now. It just isn't practical to hold grudges in this small community. It's more hurtful to yself anyways...

11/27/88

... More about my Thurs. night Dr. class. Driving home down that long, deserted, twisted hill by the medical center, Dr. N says, in his fakey-dramatic voice, "Oh it is so dark and scary! But! Suppose a man comes out of the bushes and stabs to our car with a knife and says for you to take off your clothes? (well, that's certainly a pleasant idea, Dr. N) But! I would protect you! I would take his knife & let you put your clothes on!" Actually, this conversation worried me a

little. He's really weird. He usually says, "You are smell so good tonight." He was asking Dr. O suggestive questions abt. his wife tonight: "Does your wife be pregnant yet?" & it was revealed that Dr. O had had a son last month! 7 mths. after the wedding. That shut even Dr. N up! It was great!

Oyasumi! Suzan

12/9/88

One of the reasons I like Fuji is that whenever I look over at him, 5 out of 10x he's doing s.th. ridiculous, like tripping or spilling food on himself. Ha! ha! Like me. But the atmosphere @ school re: him is getting to be pretty unbearable. If ever our eyes meet, we just glare at each other. The communication gap is so enormous...

12/13/88

Today was Judy's B-Day. She is a person singularly lacking in grace. She barely thanked us for our B-Day presents, & after she finished her 1st piece of cake (Sr. K made it & cut it & gave us all tiny slivers) she took half of the remaining cake and ate it w/o asking anyone if they'd like some. There was only a bit left & I think everyone felt repulsed enough not to want any. No kidding. I thought it was a joke when she took that much! She can be funny to watch, if she's not getting on your nerves. She & Sr. K get on - they're 2 of a kind. I said to Luisa, "She really lacks that southern charm," & Luisa said, "She's no belle, either."

12/18/88

Time's going by so quickly! It's frightening! ...

12/23/88 [Christmas vacation]

... Taiwan is as expensive as Japan without the service and politeness. I reckon we've gotten pretty pampered there.

1/1/89

... I think I see a little better the real Bangkok, staying at our cheap hotel, But you can't really know a place until you live there...

1/3/89

... Japan & Hong Kong are similar in that they both have many well-dressed, affluent-looking people, designer shops, et. al., but here everything's cheaper (natch). The people seem more open w/their feelings, & there's a lot more couples, & no one looks @ you b/c you're a "gaijin."

1/5/89

... Mainly I wish I wasn't spending the best years of my life stuck away in Japan, where there are no men who are interested in me.

Hong Kong is really amazing! Skyscrapers! Buildings that are works of art! Deli food! Pizza Slut! People speak English & foreign men & Chinese smile at me! It's funny that in cheap Thailand I pinched every penny & in expensive HKG I want to spend spend spend. And I've always hated shopping!

... Still have more omiyage to buy. No idea what to get my family. I got my photos developed yesterday. It makes this trip seem to be in the past already. I hope I have some good mail waiting when I get home! ...

Saturday 8:40 p.m. 1/7/89

Welcome Back to Japan! Emperor Hirohito is dead! I'm v. shocked. We were told by an 18 yr. old high school student who's been to Tacoma, loved it (*mo chiron*) & is still here talking to us. His English is really good. We tried to buy an English paper but today's paper comes out tomorrow (yes, I'm back in Japan). Hirohito died this morning. I'm glad we are back for it. I wonder what will happen, it'll be interesting to find out. I wanted to write a brilliant introduction to this diary, but the conversation around me is too distracting.

O.K. Now 1 hr. & 15 minutes before we have to catch the midnight Express to Kagoshima. I sense a hell-trip-to-be.

This guy "Hero" (his spelling) was a nice kid. He said, "American women are very strong. Japanese women are very... womanly." But he also says they're silly.



... Well, as our CX plane approached Japan, English became scarcer. And my stomach began tying up in knots. Fuzzy suggested it was b/c Japan isn't my niche, which I rejected, but perhaps it is true. I'm fine now. Had a bit of a problem using & recalling Japanese at 1st, though. The sameness & security which I like about Japan seems really stale though, after the vibrancy of life in Thailand & Taiwan. People seem so predictable. Perhaps Thailand wd. be like that, too, once I knew the rules of it. I got a little homesick for Japanese people while I was in Thailand & sidled up to a few & exchanged exclamations with them. It's strange, though - if I see a Japanese person I feel a little like I know them - most Japanese conform to a type, & it's probably easier to make generalizations about the homogeneous Japanese than any other nat'l group in the world. So I feel as if I know them a little. I understand their speech, I can guess from what they're wearing what socioeconomic group they're in (it takes a while, you know, to be able to read a nation's close, that's clothes, takes a while). Anyway, I feel that kinship with them but they, looking at me, have no idea of it. Even when I start speaking to them they can't accept me as one of them. Other countries are more willing to do that. My Japanese isn't so great, either - that cd. be s.th.

I know I'm in Japan b/c the bus driver announced the stops over the microphone. He sounded totally stoned when he did, too. I know b/c people are staring at me discreetly, following me to hear English being spoken, freaking out when I go up to talk to them, or yelling out English words when they see me, "Where do you come from?" Things are expensive & the shopping urge is completely gone - that's Japan. People are well-dressed. I can't understand the TV. The English is crazy: Ads, "We are British Mind" & a picture of a bed. On the Back of Hero's jacket, "Sophisticated Poison/since 1859." Plastic food in windows. Cold. General Politeness. We feel safe about our money.

1 hr. now to kill before boarding. I'm really tired so I guess I'll read my book on India. God, I'll look horrible tomorrow morning!

Tues 1/10/89 avo

Had some shocking news today. The H.S. received an application from a Canadian who's already spent 2 yrs. in Japan. Her letter wasn't fantastically written but above average. Sendai Seiki needs her more but she'll probably get my job! I don't know where this leaves our agreement. Perhaps she cd. be persuaded to visit Canada throughout April, & I cd. stay until the beginning of May. As you can tell, this news has really freaked me out. But maybe that's the way it's meant to be. "Be happy, don't worry." It's probably all a part of my ultimate life plan. Maybe I shdn't stay here any longer. Of course, I wish I'd used my time more wisely & learnt Japanese & written stories. But I will have about 3 mths. left! Don't worry, Susan.

1/15 Sun.

... Tonight we went to Maki's house for a fantastic buffet dinner. They had some friends over - 1 nice couple was going to St. Louis in May. I may have frightened them a bit w/my stories about the U.S. crime rate (It is horrific, though)...

Tomorrow the job applicant is coming to look at my room. So I am pulling all the furniture out to make it look as small as possible. I'll try to mention the ash, intercom, bad dorm food, & noisy quarters w/o seeming obvious. I am thinking about Sara a lot lately. How could she give up her job to unlikely me? I started to compose a farewell speech & started crying. I'm getting maudlin. But sometimes, after a class, esp. after a monologue, where I've held my students & made them laugh even if they only understood about half, I feel really powerful & fulfilled, as if I've really given of myself & it was appreciated. Maybe I shd. be a stand-up comedian!

1/16/89

In a little while the teachers will be coming by w/the new teacher, to look at my room. They were all a bit surprised to discover she is black! For some reason, the minute I saw her I liked her & felt she shd. have the job. I hope it's not just some kind of racism on my part, but more due to her friendly face & open manner! Even though I've been told Seiki wdn't hire a black teacher, I don't think she's at all threatening.

... She's tall, too. A good sign. Now I hope that she does get the job.

1/17

Gosh, I'm absolutely beat today. This morning I typed up my grad school ap (1st draft - but it needs so much more work!), taught 1 *no* 1, ran to the bideo store, got lost & went way out of my way, they didn't have the movie I wanted (Empire of the Sun) so I got Stand by Me, rushed back & began taping, had lunch, checked the taping - good thing, too, ran out of tape, was 5 min. late to the next 1 *no* 1 class but this section did great - ran back to finally collect the bideo, ran back to that other bldg., 3rd floor, to lecture Jr. Club on their disrespect & noisiness (all the while they're saying *wakanai!*) tape didn't work, ran down to get more bideos, came back & the tape was working, end of class, realised I'd better copy the cassettes I'd borrowed from Taro, spent an hr. running back & forth doing that, met Luisa @ the gym for 40 min., ate dinner w/her, went to my dental student class, had a bath, & now here I am! Exhausted! It's only 9 & I shd. work on my ap. but I am too tired. I've no time to read lately but Luisa gave me a gd. one (Oscar & Lucinda) so I've got to finish that one for her. OK! See ya!

No word on the new teacher today - what'll it be?

1/18/88

Well, they've accepted the new teacher at Kagoshima Seiki, now it's just if she accepts us! The principal called a bunch of teachers 1st, to ask if they thought the students wd. be scared by a black person (!). Fortunately, no problem. So- I'm out of here! I know I did want to renew my contract, but *que sera, sera*. No problem. No, I've just got to write to more schools - UO. Go to Italy?

... Realised today that we only have 2 more Japanese lessons together! Luisa was freaking out. Gosh I wish I had more time to know these people better... But [class] was funny, we have a gd. time but 1 and a half hrs. is too long a class for me!

1/19/87--89! Ohmigoddage!

Wish Granted! Wish Granted! I suppose... Today I had a little chat w/Mr. Kita. He asked me if I had "the will to stay until July." I reckoned that I had, so here's the plan. They will hire a new teacher in April, as planned, & then we'll split the class in half; groups of 20 - *ii, ne!* The new teacher will live in the dorm & I'll live at St. Joseph's, if I want. They're putting in new tatami & cleaning it up & everything. And they'll give me the same pay. Pretty good deal, huh? Of course, once it was all settled, I got that panicky feeling again - what am I letting myself in for? Now I can't go to Italy... (?). Also I feel like this is really the death knell to J's & my relationship. I cd. be wrong. But it wd. be no good my hanging around for 4 mths. unemployed, either. S.times I've the feeling that I'm wasting my youth here. But this is real life, too. Luisa & I are now weight-training in the gym.

Now I must make Fuji-Sensei mine. A ha ha ha ha ha!

1/25

Time Flies -

Lessons w/Maki tonight. I said that I was a *shitsuren*, a person disappointed in love. Today when I involuntarily looked up to check on Fuji, he made a grimace - really big smile - at me. I laughed but it was embarrassing.

1/27

... Eva keeps sneezing, as she has for 3 weeks! It's driving me crazy! She doesn't take care of herself, & she'll just give a cold to everyone else. Tomo-sensei & I talked about our lovelorn life. It's pathetic. Doesn't bear talking about. Fuji -*sen* came up to talk to me apropos of Scrabble - he said he played it in jr. high w/his shimpu-sama teacher.

1/29

I went back to the Nishi's yest. They don't know Fuji's name, either. The 1st character means "victory," the 2nd, "open." But no one knows how to say it! Japanese is a strange language!

... It's nice to be back. All last night (until 12) & this morning (until 12) Non-chan was talking to me, looking up words & explaining them to me. I try to be grateful for the free Japanese lesson but I just wasn't in the mood! All I wanted to do was drink coffee & read.



... Oh! I'm getting fat here already! I wonder if I don't have some deep-seated resistance to Japanese. It seems to be so difficult to remember & I often take it wrong when people try to teach it to me. French came so easily! Oh well, it's a lot more similar to English. Often during the Nishi's conversation I just tune out. Karen says she does that too. It's fine when I read it in a book, but I don't seem to be able to read it or produce it very easily.

Today Luisa & I went to Sakurajima to visit Karen for a few hrs. She's so nice. I definitely will call her when the other teachers are on their vacations. Her kids are pretty cute.

... Saya & Non-chan are sitting at the kitchen's round table w/me. We are all doing our homework.

2/6/89

... I had a dream w/Masa Uchiro in it last night! So I guess that Japanese boys have pretty much supplanted white guys in my uncs.

... I'm v. depressed lately!

2/8

... OK, now I will explain the true nature of my unhappiness (My saving sense of humour, ha ha) - just had 15 min. talk w/Miss Tomo, she is so nice. She has so much work to do but talks to me. Well. I'm unhappy b/c I want to be more a part of this school & to have more responsibilities, but my lack of Japanese is holding me back. I played tennis for about 45 minutes...

2/11

... This wk. it is really driving me crazy living here w/this family. Someone is always talking at me & it's too cold to go into another room for privacy. But I really need to be alone! It panicks me, not being able to complete jobs. I've not written to anyone in ages. Also b/c I've been too depressed to.

Another reason I've been depressed is my clothes. I don't want to buy these expensive Japanese ones - I want to wear mine out - but the women teachers at Seiki dress so well every day. I feel like a *boroborojin* - a rag picker. But I'm intimidated by shopping, also I can't bear to spend \$ except the small amounts I throw away on food, stationery & socks, my 3 vices. I bought 5 pairs of men's socks for ¥1000, & black sweats for ¥980 (that was a good deal - I needed some).

2/22

Fuji-sensei is sick again today - what's wrong w/him? He seemed fine yesterday.

... I'm eating too much sugar & caffeine. I feel so tired. Ever since I moved in w/the Nishis. Well, only 5 wks. to go.

4:45

Just had a little conversation w/the pretty nun that works in the office. Even though my ability in Japanese is so superficial, it's nice to be able to exchange pleasantries.

... Played tennis w/Miss Sagara yest. Our level was about equal, so that was a relief. I'm just writing trivia, I know. Because I'm sitting out here in the cool but definitely Spring-like air w/students walking behind me on the steps saying "Sayonara" This is a nice place. My only problem is that I've so much love to give & no one to give it to. That sounds so hokey, and, as a matter of fact, I have been listening to the Carpenters a lot lately.

... Sat. I met Taro & 2 of his friends for his B-Day. I was really dreading it. I tried to get someone to come w/me, but Eva didn't want to, & the H.S. teachers said that university students were too young for them. I pictured everyone saying, at the moment of our mtg., "Oh, takai ne" "how tall" & me saying "I understand *Nihongo*, you know," & then not understanding anything else the entire night. Well, they did almost at once say, "Where are your friends?" but actually everything went well! We 1st walked around until we found a place that sold nabe (guts & liver soup) v. crowded, then went to a weird art deco/rococo/Chinese restaurant w/a live trio (50's hits). Our conversation was fairly predictable - an exchange of stereotypes. We managed in Japanese, although I often tuned out when they turned to each other & spoke real Japanese. I stayed until 11, & when I left, they bought me a rose. I felt like hugging them, but I

knew how that wd. appear.

2/27

I've been so busy! Although this weekend was a bit of a wipeout as far as work goes. Fri. hung around, slept & watched "Taiso no Rei" [the emperor's funeral]. I'm sure it was a bigger deal in the U.S. The day felt like New Years. Just lazy - eating, etc. Sat. I went out to visit Karen. She & her kids are like an article out of a fairy tale magazine. Hana went to the beach w/her Aunt so I cd. play w/Owen all afternoon w/o feeling as though I was playing favorites. Karen is really easy to talk to.

Is it just where Fuji is sitting? When he speaks his voice actually resonates inside me. God I'm pathetic. This morning he was making a present for 1 of the 3rd yrs. - 3 egg-shaped wax candles painted pink & gold in a handsome nest of spaghetti noodles softened in H2O. Gosh it was hilarious seeing him work so intently on that tacky thing. I speak to him in broken Jap., he to me in broken English.

It seems as though I'm working hard, but I only work abt. 10 hrs. How can people work 14-16? I'm really shot at the end of the day! My brain is lost after 7 hrs. at work.

It's all set that I'm going to Tokyo & other parts unknown in 1 day!

... Got a nice letter from Mom. She mentioned s.th. about [my former high school] having an x-change program to Japan. It sounds like a neat job - for me - to coordinate it - but unfortunately my Japanese is pretty hopeless. I can't even eavesdrop on F., although I try to all the time...

Thurs. 3/2/89 10:30 p.m.

Here I am in Tokyo! The world's 2nd or 3rd (Mexico City is 2nd or 3rd) largest city & loving it so far!

I took a tour today - it wasn't so expensive - ¥6000 s.th. - but we went to some bogus places, too - this pearl showroom, & car showroom. But I won a pearl at the showroom. Isn't that s.th. It was pretty disgusting, the way they gather pearls. I never realized how many oysters are sacrificed for it!

I'm staying at Yoyogi YH. I shd've looked at my map & seen how close I was to places like Meiji shrine! There are many people staying here just off the plane & looking for work. It's quite amazing - just like Eva. But I gather the competition for jobs is quite fierce now. I really feel like an old-timer, being here for 2 yrs.

3/3

... When I think about all these people coming to Tokyo to try & make their fortunes, I feel so excited for them & envious. I think, "Oh, they're young" - even though all but 1 are older than I by 3 or 4 yrs.! I don't know if I really want to shut myself up in a school for the next couple of years. I feel like I've really stagnated, being in the same place for so long!

Yesterday I saw the same elephant bag I didn't buy in Thailand b/c it was so expensive at \$8 (& I didn't feel like bartering). It was ¥5350 here! And it almost seemed reasonable! I've a real problem w/recognizing the real value of things. I'm so easily influenced by my surroundings (Pisces characteristic).

When I was sick on the train - & in the train stations - I hated being alone & felt a little sorry for myself. I just read Kokoro by Natsume Soseki & his "*sensei*" in it says, "rather than inuring themselves against pain by constantly repeating/undergoing difficult experiences, maybe instead the constitution is being gradually weakened by exposure to what it cannot take" (or words to that effect). I thought, Yes, that's me - poor me! "I'm travel alone all over the world." Yesterday when I was let off @ the Ginza - & all the other tourists on the sightseeing bus were shepherded safely back to their hotels - I felt a thrill of elation that I cd. manage by myself, but also depressed b/c I had to.

... I was really moved by the Meiji Shrine. Although we cdn't get close, inside the temple were an Emperor & Empress doll - hey! Today is girls day! I'll visit Meiji Shrine when I go home tonight. I shook a box for fortunes & received one by Empress Shoken. I was glad I received one written by a woman (rather than E. Meiji) here it is:

Cut, if need be, through thick briars  
 Knots of brambles, tangled thorns  
 For the path that's yours to follow  
 Must be trodden to the end.

3/4/89 10 a.m.

Here I am @ Odawara Castle! I realised I was on completely the wrong train. I cd.'ve taken a Shinkansen to Shin-Fuji in 20 min. I got off here b/c everyone seemed to be. I walked out of the Eki & saw this big castle looming over everything like a promise. I put on makeup, hiked up, & here I am. Destiny. Now to the Shrine, than to Mr. D's. There are pink flamingoes & an elephant!

10:30 a.m. Utsunomiya - there's a 40 min. wait for the next train to Nikko, so here am I @ Mr. Donuts, as I have been so many times before - The weather isn't great for sightseeing, overcast & cold & today - why? - I decided not to bring my coat. Even went back 5 min. to put it back. These Mr. D's are overheated, too.

Yesterday I went back to Tokyo, & then never made it back to Mt. Fuji. On the whole, I think it was better, don't know anything abt. sightseeing there & it was overcast, too. I went to some old bookstores - shd've bought s.th. Hearn book for ¥9000 - a new one cost ¥1000, anyway. Maybe I'll go back. I'm doing fine on ¥. Then I went to Shinjuku's big book store, *kinokuniya*. Bought some *nihongo* note books. Those were ¥1000. Maybe the school will buy them from me. I got completely lost around Shinjuku St.! Then I knew what people were afraid of when they talked about Tokyo crowds. I went up to the 9th floor "playland" of a dept. store to get my bearings. I was so tired I cdn't stand, reading, as long as I wd've liked to. I cd. spend hrs. there, if my legs wd. hold out!

Got pleasantly tipsy @ Shakey's - then to the common room @ the YH. I was interested in how all the other people did in their job-hunting. As Joanne said, you don't see last wk.'s job-hunters still hanging around, that's encouraging. They're mostly Australians, but I met a young (21) traveller BUSH supporter! So we got into a heated discussion. Talking politics makes me sick to my stomach... But afterwards he said v. earnestly, "please talk to me tomorrow, I want to hear other opinions, it's good for me," but I don't know if I'll be able to stand it!

Fri. 3/10/89

I had my students in 2 no 1 write poems today: (sic)

hair  
 brak gold  
 shining waving running  
 Girls love it because it make girls beautiful  
 Present of God  
 (Miss Tomo said you cd. really tell this was the product of a mission school girl!)

I like this one!:

Susan  
 humane humorous  
 laughing charming teaching  
 She has joy and anger and sad and happy

Shoes  
 bad smell, big size, little size  
 There are many colors  
 It is a part of body  
 It is said that Miss Kami's is 26 cm.

ha ha! Miss Tomo showed it to the subject - I don't think she was too flattered!

2 no1 gave me a beautiful, fragrant bouquet of flowers, too. And a satsuma yaki (I think) cup w/Mt. Sakurajima on it! It's really the perfect present. I almost wanted to cry. If I was leaving in April, I would have. I'm glad it's not until July. Also, it was the last day for 3A & 3B. If I'd made an emotional [graduation] speech as I did last yr., I wd've started bawling - so I'll see them Wed. [at their graduation].

3/11

I'm so glad my contract has been extended. I haven't regretted it...

3/13

Yesterday I knew I was depressed b/c I blew \$15 on "cute" at Lucky Friday's, then went to McD's & spent more on a meal when I'd had a huge lunch & was due to make tacos for my family in 2 hrs. Why was I (& still am) depressed? I spent the day w/three of my students. My continuing inability to understand Japanese annoys me. Also, the mother was telling me, "When are you getting married? I was already married by your age," etc. It didn't irritate me per se, it just made me wonder about the answer to that question a little myself. Also, Miss Tomo said that Fuji & Sagara were planning to be married in a few yrs. I just feel how futile it is to like this Fuji.

... Today I'm wearing Luisa's red dress. I know I shdn't borrow her clothes, but I'm so tired of wearing the same things. F. isn't looking at me today. Either I look really good, or like an enormous tomato. What wd. look good in the US probably looks absurd here b/c everyone expects the scale to be so much smaller.

My students yest. decided that if I wasn't pretty, at least I was "charming." I guess that's s.th...

3/14 \*White Day\*

Today was amari yokunai. There was a box of chockies on my desk which was promising, but Ms. Tomo said they were from Mr. Tanaka. So I beamed friendly glances at him all morning until I finally went up to thank him. When he didn't understand immediately what I said I got flustered & stammered. He said, "Watashi, agenai" I didn't give you anything. It was so embarrassing! So big mystery. It turned out that Fuji & Yamashita gave them out to everyone (the other teachers discreetly hid them in their desks) & had just enlisted Tanaka's aid in passing them out. So I went to thank Fuji at the end of school & he said "Japanese custom" & then s.th. I didn't understand. I was really red & nervous & when I didn't understand what he was saying s.th. went wrong w/my body & my arms flew out, I kicked over a wastebasket & my voice grew loud. He said s.th. like, "Oh, forget it" & left & the minute he did I understood at once what he'd said - just that "We give choc. to our fellow office workers who have helped us." I almost cried after that episode. How very depressing, I told my host Mum abt. it & she said, but don't worry, Japanese is difficult, etc., but I still wish I was good at *nihongo* & didn't always make such a fool of myself. The "thanks" to Yamashita went w/o incident. Have a day.

I made "Certificates of Honor" for the girls who won the translation contest (of my essay). I offered, thinking there'd be just 1. But there were 9. I typed & calligraphed them. Miss Funada was impressed & showed the most *heta* one around to everyone (I later recopied it). I only had 1 hr. to do them, & I was thinking, "I hope someone appreciates this!" But the praise was so lavish it was embarrassing. All the teachers were saying "Subarashii" "Saino!" (hidden talent) & so I learned a new phrase "Taishita koto dewa arimasen" (It's not to the extent you say).

As a further insult to my day, someone took my big bowl of yakimeshi (¥400) & left me w/a small one (70¥).

Had a dream last night abt. Salzburg & Kagoshima mixed up. Mr. Donuts had free sausage & Kraut soup.

Ryoko received many White Day candies today.

The good thing abt. today was finding the 2 poems I wrote on the front cover (in time for Easter, too) & the calligraphy & that Mrs. Nishi is very comforting!

Friday 3/17/89

My feelings abt. Japan have really metamorphasized in a year (Everything is its opposite). I love it now. When I think about leaving, I get so sad & think, "How can I say goodbye to 2 and a half years of my life, just like that?" Maybe by summer I'll be so fed up w/the ash & heat I'll be counting the days.

No school today - class match *desu*. Mr. Joma came over to me while I was talking to Ms. Funada, gave her a strange look, & then told her to tell me to have good luck during our volleyball game *sensei* vs. *seito*. I understood his *nihongo*. I was really surprised b/c it's the 1st time he's ever said anything to me of his own free will! Now I feel a bit guilty b/c I called him a "manuke," a stupid. Most of the teachers call him that. Why can't I be more loving & reserved?

Ms. F is upset b/c she's been traded to the jr. high to allow Mr. Takeo to fulfill his long ambition of being a H.S. teacher. I personally think it's a good trade b/c Mr. T's English is excellent & Ms. F's is more suited to the Jr. high level. But Ms. F sees it as a demotion & is naturally upset. Also she personally doesn't like *Takeo*. He & Mr. Kita are both assigned to 1 *nensei* so people are wondering how the power will balance out there. So many politics in everything!

Yesterday Maki, after my Japanese lesson, invited me to lunch (she feels guilty abt. being pd. for lessons so she tries to spend the \$ on us). There was some trouble cancelling my lunch @ Seiki (!) but we went to a "ryotei" a y, Japanese restaurant w/an old-fashioned ambience. The "onesama" wore kimono & we had a pvt. room overlooking a Japanese garden (v. small in this case). Koto music, piped in. The manner in which the meal was presented was exquisite. "Hina ningyo" Emperor & Empress porcelain bowls, sweet sake & hina ningyo cakes & a gold folding screen on a diamond shaped dish. Another bowl was a clam shell. Another tray had a basket of tempura & a covered wooden rice bowl. Although it was small portions, I found it all delicious & was stuffed when I left. Then we went to a European antique store/coffee shop (complete change of atmosphere). Maki sure knows her way around! Got back at 3:00 p.m.

Holy Saturday 2 p.m. 3/25/89

I just went down to see my house - last night Mr. Kita revealed that I & the new foreign teacher wd. be living there & said I cd. move in 4/5 when they'd finished remodeling. So I went down to check the remodeling out, expecting only that they'd removed the nun furniture & put in new tatami (it's St. Josephs, where my parents had stayed) but no. They completely changed it over, & added a new room, knocked down a couple of walls and put in wooden flooring. It's going to be absolutely beautiful! I'm so excited I can hardly wait it's going to be huge. God, I'd renew my contract in a second if I could, right now! I don't know how furnished it's going to be, though. What I look forward to most is being able to entertain people. Oh, I'm so impatient to be able to move in!

Last night, against my conscience (Good Friday) I went to a Seiki party - retirement party for 5 teachers (mostly young women who are going to look for husbands). I had the most fun that I've ever had at a Seiki party, b/c my Japanese has improved so much. I saw Fuji, but he doesn't excite me so much. He sat next to Miss *Sagara*, who's had her hair modernized & looked beautiful. I had a long *tete-à-tete* w/Mr. Kita, who seemed delighted to be talking to me, a foreigner. He's so earnest. Mr. Joma, sitting next to me, was late because he came all the way to the Shiroyama hotel on the bus Seiki hired, & then realized he'd left his house keys at school. Typical Joma. I've grown to like him though, he's really an idiot, but.

Towards the end of the evening, Fuji came over to talk to me. His English was quite good b/c he'd drunk so much. He said, "I'm sad b/c I have no girlfriend" & I almost said, "Watashi, douzo!" But I refrained. He said he asked *Sagara* to marry him in Jan., but she refused. When I asked her about it later she said that he's asked her many times but she's in no hurry & wants to wait until she's sure. Besides she wants to study Chinese, & she has someone else in mind (?). F. said today he has a date to go "horsebacking" w/a 22 y/o graduate. Whah. I suggested we play tennis together but he was noncommittal.

Sun. 9 p.m. 3/26/89. Easter! (I almost forgot to write that in)

Of course, yesterday was also the day that Eva left. I spent the night before w/her, & Kyomi & Komachi at Pete's apt. (he will be so jealous of my new house!). Then there was a bit of stress concerning who was going to ride w/her & Miss Tsugu to the airport. Sr. Ruth was tactful & we all ended up going to airport bus. Eva kept it really light & I didn't cry until I gave her the final goodbye hug. We held on for a long time & both started to cry. Then she & Tsugu were. But Eva was clowning around until she finally got on the plane, so no one openly broke down & sobbed, as we might have done otherwise. Now I'm starting to cry a bit again. I'll really miss her. I can't believe she won't be around for me to tell all my anecdotes to. I was depressed all afternoon, that's another reason why I didn't want to go to the party. But - had a good time there. I felt really peaceful, purged & tranquil on the bus ride there.

I have nothing to put in the house! I'm going to put these futons into the dry cleaners & start cleaning up here so that everything will be ready for moving in!

Oh, by the way, I asked Fuji what his name was/is. Katsuhiko. I was hoping it wd. be "Masa-" but. He said I cd. call him "Katchan" but today when I went to school he didn't even look at me, & we didn't exchange "aisatsu" as we'd agreed to. I wanted to ask him how his "horsebacking" went, too.

This is a noisy household at night. I usually wake up once or 2x & last night I cdn't go back to sleep b/c I was so excited about my house. The qbatchan seems pretty doped up during the day, but during the night she moans "Okaasan" & "ItaiItaiItai" (It hurts, etc.) It sounds like she's right next to me, so imagine how it is in the room where *mama* & *papa* sleep (next door, actually). *Papa* snores (& burps & farts) all night, the chickens coo at dawn & last night a cat was screaming its mating calls. I've been looking forward to going to the Shudoin! [the convent Sofia entered] for a long time. But it's recently been supplanted by my new excitement over the house.

I was praying last night that the new teacher wdn't be able to come so that I cd. stay longer in the NEW HOUSE!

Also I thought "I will be really sad when my life here ends. I must prepare for sadness & mourning, who knows when I'll ever live this well again?" - now, having acknowledged expecting this sadness, why don't I transcend it, don't dwell on it. For god's sake, I shdn't be such a pessimist. I've no reason to think the best years of my life are over! Things may only get better, as they've always done.

& after a day like today I'm not sure it wd. be wise to stay beyond July. Not that today was anything but pleasant. But it was Easter, & I miss churches & family & Easter Eggs. I went to Mass at Seiki, but cdn't find my *nihongo-eigo* translation book & didn't understand much beyond the bowing "Shu no Heiwa" & that the priest said "I" & "we" a lot in the sermon. After Church the nuns went back to work in the school, office, whatever, which I thought strange.

At least I've learned here that it takes at least 2 yrs. to really feel comfortable in a new lifestyle. Maybe just for late bloomer me, but there it is. Maybe 3 years is optimum.

I used to be afraid of other foreigners but I'm comfortable with them now, b/c I'm more comfortable w/myself. I'm also nicer (usually) to people who stare at me or make gaijin remarks.

Tonight Mrs. N said, "Oh yes, Amen" to Papa. Now we're laughing our heads off & she's saying "warui joke, ne" I said I'd tell Sr. Yamada at Seiki!

Tuesday 3/28/89

Tonight I'm staying over at Ms. Kami's in Chiran. I need to be more accommodating & to meet people half way. But if someone is saying s.th. that I consider stupid or irrelevant, I just feign complete ignorance. I'm really looking forward to some P & Q at the Shudoin!

3/29

Well, here I am at the Shudoin. It is really peaceful & quiet here. I was shone (?) into my room 10 minutes ago. It's a bit chilly. I went into a kind of small panic, thinking, "I shd've brought some books to read!" (& food to eat)... I'd a good time in Chiran. As I intimated above,



I'm pretty tired of questions like, "Do they have apples in the U.S.?" & "Do you need to borrow a bra" (?). But I managed to revive my charm & left with a clear conscience.

The cont. story of *Fsensei* & *Ssensei*. Mon. the 'young' teachers had a farewell for the departing *senseis*. As always, we picked #s to figure out our places. I was in the corner of a table far away from the others. As a joke I said s.th. abt. being 'sabishi' & everyone said, "pick another #, come over here" but I didn't, thinking it doesn't do to meddle w/fate & as it turned out Fuji, almost the last person to arrive, ended up right across from me! He had me pour his beer exclusively & we had a bit of a *tete-a-tete*... It's so nice to be able to sit down w/anybody & not have to rely on the English teachers to help me out!

... Right after I wrote that, I made my break-out (Not even in the convent an hour - !). The front door was locked, & I didn't want to disturb the nuns, so I jumped over the gate. I went for a 2 hr. Nature Stroll. I'd some qualms abt. maybe Sofia trying to look for me, but the day was too beautiful to waste. Imagine the nuns living so close to such beauty & being unable to go outside in it. Came back the same way & was writing Aunt Kathy a B-Day card when I heard singing. So I went into the visitor's chapel. I cd. hear Sofia's voice among the others & it was so moving that I began to cry. I can't believe she wants to live here day after day, the same life w/the same sisters, although that wasn't exactly why I was crying. I was also glad to be near her again...

4/1/89

... Yesterday was so lovely I had a long walk - hills, fields, lakes, stone steps up to cemeteries. I was so happy, & wish I could always remember what this scenery looks like.

4/3

... Why do I want to write so much when what I put down is so trivial, contributes in no way to my understanding of myself & the world & is just an egocentric exercise to remember my experiences? The stuff isn't even legible... Maybe when I'm older my experiences will become more meaningful ...

[Vol. IV]

Thursday 4/13/89

Hooray! My 1st entry. The clean white page stretching before me! If only my future seemed as unblemished & exciting -

4/14

"Susan - Have you ever been to Kirishima National Park to see the protected plant, azalea, in full bloom? I know you must feel cramped by Japanese small car, but please don't hesitate to ask me to take you anywhere, for as you know, my car is rather big" (it's a van), & thus another invitation from Mr. Kita, my new mentor & champion at S.H.S. Last night he took Sagara, Kami & I out to yakiniku & coffee @ Royal Host. Also, he translates all those print-outs I usually just throw away, & he seems to write me a letter every day. No one can get over the transformation.

... Now Fuji, Kami, Fukumitsu et. al. are laughing their heads off. I wish I cd. understand them.

... I love my new house. I love it! Bet it'll be cold in winter, though.

The neighborhood kids have taken to opening my front door & calling out "Oneisan! Can we get our ball?" (which I suspect they kick deliberately into my yard). Of course I don't mind b/c I love being called "Oneisan" (Elder Sister). I was telling that to Mr. K & co. last night & he said, "You foreigners seems to dislike being called 'gaijin'. But we Japanese have no other name for you." Oh yeah? I said, "What about 'oneisan' or 'anata' or finding out a person's name? You don't call strangers 'Nihonjin-san', do you? Then why do you need to say 'Gaijin-san'?" I thought I'd made a good argument, & I don't think that group had thought of it before. A little pause, & Mr. K said, "Your strong point is in being frank, isn't it?" Ha ha ha!

4/17/89 Mon.

This house'll be busy entertaining this week - Thurs., dinner party w/Okubo, Tomo, Suga & Tsusaki, Fri - Ruth's Sayonara, & Sat., Jane's baby shower. Sun. is Mrs. *Nishi's* B-Day, which I mustn't forget. Just came back from teaching the dr.'s - now, a bath - Listening to the

Carpenters, so natsukashii. I want to meet someone who'll indulge me my weakness for the old & tacky.

... Today I called Clare. I walked down town & started off in a good mood, but when I finally got there I was a bit cranky b/c of all the 'gaijin' stares on the way. It was good to hear Clare's slow dry voice again. She said she'd been thinking abt. me. Synchronicity again. We didn't have a lot of time to talk (¥5000 worth) but I enjoyed it.

4/19

F. is making silly faces & saluting, pirouetting, etc. when he sees me - also, speaking quite csly. & exaggeratedly in English. His idiot performances just irritate me. The big moron had his chance, but he definitely lost it. *Sagara* was right - he's a bit 'junior.'

4/26

... Oh I truly don't want to go back to the land of shopping malls, 7 hrs. of TV consumption daily, highways & gun laws which are the horror of the world...

5/1

... Got a TV today! I wish they'd've let me borrow the Beta set, too -. I don't get the nat'l UHF channel w/all the fun shows on it clearly. Wrote Jean a B-Day card. Didn't have much to say. Tried not to make any predictions about my future life. I'm a bit *sabishii* tonight. So this is the life of a young single career woman...

5/2

... 2 men have been here installing the air conditioning since 3:30 - It's now 7:30. It's a bit of a pain, although I'll be glad of it come Spring. Pete invited me out w/the others to Champagne Jam, but I had to eat up the - oh, *owari desu!* *Otsukaresama*. *Otsukaresama* - say that a lot here - Oh, I will miss this Japanese life! Just bowed them out the door - was saying I had to finish up the food in my refrigerator. Sent Mom an M-Day card - kind of lame - cdn't think of much to say...

Thursday 5/4/89

Today we're in the 2nd night of our GOLDEN WEEK GETAWAY! I'm being lax in writing abt. it but actually travelling in Japan is getting to be old hat for me. We were in Hiroshima yesterday - hot, & I didn't pack any cool clothes. I was glad to be in a beautiful city w/no ash around! !

... Now we're in *Shikoku*! It is so beautiful! A lot of unspoilt places. The air is really fresh. Wdn't be a bad place to make a life. We're at an out of the way youth hostel, 1 and a half hrs. away from *Uwajima*. It's really amazing b/c we've met an American guy here (half of a cute blond couple) who was w/the crowd that was in Kagoshima (on Sakurajima) & broke their collarbone & Karen took care of them & they went to Maki's house for a party. Small World, huh? They hitch-hiked out here. Some people are very lucky when travelling!

We came by ferry over to Matsuyama but pretty much hightailed it into this town. Then things worked out so that we cdn't go to Nishiumi - everything was very packed. We're noticing a trend of couples wearing matching clothes here. It's cute. Sometimes a whole family will be dressed in peach, or stripes. I brought Jim a card that says, "Be Faithful". I am so glad to meet you in this world."

It's this couples influence.

OK, we went over to Matsuyama by hovercraft. The ride to this particular youth hostel was really long & spectacular but unfortunately I fell asleep during some of it. We did a lot of walking around town today. Went to Warei Shrine & Uwajima Jyo, a little toy castle perched on a toy hill. The Shrine was multi-leveled & therefore quite fascinating. Looked like a house out of Swiss family Robinson. The bathroom here is bi-sexual.

The road to this Youth Hostel was very narrow - cars came head-on into each other, & I had to back up until we came to an opening.

Now a Japanese guy is talking to the cute couple. I feel jealous. I'd better go upstairs.

Just 1 thing: we passed by a camping spot, w/tents, etc. "Cute!" Luisa said - then the bus slowed down. A look of horror when she realized we might end up staying there.



### 5/5 CHILDREN'S DAY!

We're talking to a couple of nice girls from Tokyo - whoo!

Today Rental Car - Lighthouse - Pete getting clubbed by tree - pilgrims - bus ride - M. getting on our nerves - we're at Ashizamisaki Cape now. Unfortunately the weather turned rainy. Saw monkeys this morning at Nametoko, that pretty country spot. The rental car cost ¥36,000 for 2 days sans petrol! Pete is sleeping in it tonight to save money (but he took a bath & ate here - veggie cuisine, this YH is near a shrine).

5/6

Damn! This diary has really taken a beating on this trip! It's lost its pristine new condition. Tonight we are at *Matsuyama* Youth H. It's bright yellow on the outside, & very cheery on the inside, too. In fact, it's luxurious!

... We went to Kochi, but only stopped at the castle for one hr., then at "Geronimo" Restaurant (all you can eat for ¥700! Great!). Then walked around a bit tonight, but most of the day was spent in the car. Matsuyama castle seems to be really great - I'm looking forward to seeing it tomorrow. This is the town Soseki Natsume taught in (hence bookbags which say 'Welcome Our Literature Town.' I definitely cd. live here in Shikoku! I feel sorry for the new Sendai teacher [who previously taught in Matsuyama]. What a comedown from here! Probably Kagoshima is about the same size, but not as picturesque, & all that ash! ! Yes, Seiki is a great job, but otherwise I wonder what I'm doing in that hick place!

We sang songs in the car. Luisa knows a lot of ballads. I wish I cd. remember some! We had a small misunderstanding at Kochi Castle. I tried not to sulk, & wasn't really pouting, it just took all the "wind out of my sails" & made me feel v. depressed about how alone & separate we all are really. I felt so big, ugly, & in the way. It took quite a while to recover my spontaneity.

5/7

... It hurts to write this down but - we spent ¥70,000 just on basics! \$1 = ¥130. Japan on \$150 a day! ! ...

5/9

JANE HAD A BABY GIRL! SMALL BUT HEALTHY.

5/10

It's ashraining now. I'd just put out my 3 futons & climbed to the top of the white stairs. Had to climb back down to rescue them, & then forgot my umbrella. I shdn't complain abt. having no time when I waste the time I do. This morning against my better judgement I put on my tight black sweater. Then I ran all the way down to Toso & part of the way back to buy *Tomo-chan* flowers for her B-Day (a week late). So now this sweater reeks & 4 hrs. later I still feel hot.

5/12/89

... Speaking of parties, some teachers have made a terrible mistake! Mistaking my reggae party invitation for a school announcement, I guess, they've announced it to their homerooms! I had about 4 girls come up to tell me how sorry they were that they cdn't come! Well at least they cdn't come - I wonder how many more are going to? And now they all know where I live, too! Oota *sensei*, a woman teacher about 45 yrs. old or so, colored in the entire invitation w/felt pens! It looked like a coloring contest! I guess she'd get 1st prize.

... Yesterday I was "on" all day. I read TIME (stole/borrowed it from the dormitory mail box) but also hacked quite a bit on the computer. I was tired from last night, but once I got to my classes I felt as though energy was being channelled through me from another source. I feel enthusiastic and as though I can control the class - make them smile, laugh, concentrate - through sheer force of will. I wondered if the feeling is close to that of a faith healer? By the end of class I'm exhausted. But it's a heady feeling, to be able to make the class respond by sheer exercise of will. Maybe that's why I dreamt last night that I was a witch, I turned a plain pen or s.th. into a huge jeweled necklace/breastplate just by concentration...

Sun. MOTHER'S DAY 5/14 8:25 p.m.

I've had a busy weekend! Friday night I was gonna go shopping - had a big list - went down

w/Luisa & we decided to stop & see Jane 1st - ended up staying for 3 hrs.! Jane's hospital experience sounds just gruesome. She has a pvt. room, but it's long, narrow, painted gray & looks none too clean. When you see hospitals like that, you remember that only 20 yrs. ago Japan was considered on par w/the 3rd world, or like we think of Korea today. Not a place you'd necessarily choose to go for med. care.

... Jane said that some kindergarten kids that she teaches came by her house while she was gardening & yelled from the street, "Umaretta?" "Mada," she said. "Oh, we wanted to know which one it is." "No, we don't know whether it's a girl or a boy yet." "No, whether it's a Japanese or a gaijin!" Can you believe it?

Sat. night Pete & Luisa & I had a dinner party for Karen et. al. & Maki et. al. It went well - tacos (what else) fruit from Luisa & soup & great rice cooked by Pete. & Maki brought cookies. I was not too relaxed during the dinner & felt like I never really got to sit down & talk to anyone. Karen left the quiet one at home & brought Hana, who wet the floor. Maki's kids were good - Miki was falling asleep b/c she's been studying so hard. When they left I mock-collapsed on the floor - so did P. at the same time. Fri. night we met some people at Namaste but didn't stay long as it was just the same old people.

... Today I went to Mizobe to see Sof. Got in a fight over the high fare w/the taxi driver & ended up walking the final way. The one going back to the airport was nice, but he tried to shit me, too, by going even after I said stop, just to raise the fare. It was good to see Sofia. But it sometimes seems as though she's traded the larger concerns of the world for the small, petty ones of the cloister. There are so many power struggles & trivial rivalries in there! ...

5/18

... Yesterday I played hooky from school. I had no classes, but my instinct was to stay chained to my desk to be near Fuji. So I decided I needed a change of environment & went downtown. I gave blood (400 ml - the Big Gulp!). Had my hair cut, went shopping, ate @ McD's (w/free ticket from blood donation) then saw a double feature: Cocktail (no redeeming social value) & D.O.A. (great photography, thought-provoking plot). Made it home, shopping - then barely gulped down my dinner before going to Maki's. A good thing was that I recovered Luisa's postcards! She'd bought ¥1000 worth & then lost them somewhere on Sun. She retraced her steps Mon., but no luck. However, when I walked into Taka-Pla, they just handed them to me! Did they think I was Luisa? It's a good thing I knew what they were, & took 'em!

Today is Non-chan's B-Day. I asked to eat dinner at the Nishi's- hope it's O.K. Mrs. Nishi promised me pumpkin soup & gratin if I did. Maybe it's not Non-chan's favorite, though.

Yesterday P. came on foot so we 3 walked home together [from Japanese lesson]. I got impatient during the class b/c I'm beyond P. & L. in comprehension, although they both (well, really P.) know vocabulary I don't, & P. is especially good at kanji. But his way of speaking Japanese sounds insincere & his accent's not great & it irritates me. He's always asking her to slow down & repeat. He's pretty nice to both of us but Luisa feels he favors me & therefore doesn't like him much.

5/19

Hey! Things took a turn for the better yesterday! Went to the pool & who was there w/Pete - Fuji! Pete w/much winking. Said he was tempted to call me up on the phone to let me know. Wee! But as usual I looked a wreck, hadn't been counting on anyone else being there (except P. who don't count). But oh well. F. was hilarious! 1 lap & he needed to rest for 5 minutes. He seems like he's in pretty pathetic shape - why do I like him so much? Half the time he spent gazing out of the window ... Him getting into the pool almost caused me to drown, laughing. He dips his little toe in, then foot, then jumps in, huffing & puffing, slapping water on his chest... So, I had to leave early to go to the Nishi's, but on a hunch I went back to school - miraculously, he was there & the staff room was fairly deserted. I said, "Kyo wa chotto isogashii desukedo..." & for some reason he started to laugh & move away? so I got a bit confused & said "Wakarimasuka?", then "Tsugi no toki wa, ato de, biiru o nomimashouka?" He laughed & said, "Oh yes yes yes." So I went to catch my bus feeling very lighthearted although who knows

if he was joking or not or even understood what I said. Just as I was leaving the staff room Yamashita came in & when he saw Fuji he said, "Swimming" F: Yes. Y: Erai. Me: Ho! Ho! (b/c he swam maybe 10 min. total). F (gives me a dirty look): Chotto dake.

Now F. is playing w/the branch of lilac or s.th. which is in his vase. I like it that he always puts flowers in the vase on his desk...

5/21

F. just talked to me & here I am smiling smugly to myself, & he's still by the phone, watching my self-contented grin! He seems to be in a good mood... He gave some champagne to Miss S. (now he threw the pen & book for writing the lunch orders down on the table & it fell on the floor & he had to retrieve it) to give to me. Nice, huh? Mr. Kita also gave me some roses from the kudo field. Spanish champagne. Anyway this morning I was trying to get up the nerve to thank him for his gift when he came over to me & asked how the party was. So I thanked him. He asked how the champagne was - "oishikatta?" So I said I hadn't drunk it yet & shd. I return it? So he said No no no & s.th. about swimming, therefore did he mean we shd. drink it after swimming? I didn't quite catch it but I said "OK."

5/23

Wrote to Eva in response to a great long letter from her! She's fine. It's good to write to someone who really calls forth all your abilities as a writer! Since she knows what I'm talking about.

5/24/89

I'm cross today. I think I'm about fed up with little girls who giggle when they say anything to me & who always murmur "bikkuri-" when I pass. No letters. I guess everyone in OR has forgotten me. I don't mind so much, now I've forgotten them, too. I guess I shd. be worried? This is what Sara feared happening to her - becoming disconnected from her native country. I think it's happened to me, too. I've no qualms abt. not returning until Christmas, or even later, really.

... Yuki [Sagara] wants to go swimming now. Goodbye, laps w/Fuji!

9:30

Today @ Japanese class P. entertained us with his bloopers & blunders. For example, he was talking w/Sr. Matsushita who said he was jouzu in *Nihongo*. He replied, "Okagesama de, nan de wakarimasen," which means, 'thanks to you, I understand nothing.' He negated where he shdn't've! Also, someone complimented him on his hair, 'It looks nice.' He wanted to say, "By chance," so he said "Jiko de -" i.e., by accident, but *jiko* means like *car* accident or some disaster accident! 'Because I was in an accident.' ha ha! He's not too good in English, either. He asked me, "How far do you want to go together on this vacation?" which has a suggestive ring to it. He's going to Mt. Fuji, Tokyo Disneyland, HKG, HNLuLu. Sounds really tempting to hook up w/someone w/a plan. But I think I will go to Europe anyway. We were talking abt. families, & if we were neglecting them by being here, mmm hard. So I realize now is a good time to be footloose; my parents aren't old & enfeebled, my bros. are safely in school, not getting married or anything, just leading their own lives.

5/29

... Well the most imp't. thing! Livvy *sensei* is here! She seems really cool - brought the Violet Crumble & mags - agree w/her on all the major issues. So - I'm on my way out which makes me sick! I don't feel like I have the strength to travel alone to strange places or even to go back to the U.S. & pick up my pallid life. Shit! Insects in the room. Liv is 5'4" which was the only disappointment. Luisa & Felicity haven't really met her yet.

6/1

Wow! What a busy couple of days! Livvy & I get along really well, so knock on wood. I think I am more slobby than I should be however. She's an experienced traveller & fairly, really independent so I don't have to feel guilty if I don't spend every waking minute w/her. T.G. - if she were someone like Judy!

10:10

I'm pretty happy. I'm sitting outside on the mini-bandstand on the playing field w/a warm, almost hot but not really, sun beaming down upon me. But, ash is dropping down upon me. Well I'm inside but not totally daunted. Outside was the sweet smell of cut grass & growing flowers.

Hey! a definite gain on the Fuji front (Mr. Wisteria). I was swimming alone for abt. 2 minutes when he came in. "Hello" (deep voice). I scream. I was just playing my hand in the water & looked pretty stupid, but T.G. I wasn't singing!

... Before he even hit the showers, he crouched down by the edge of the pool & asked me if I wanted to make/do a reggae party on Friday. I had to ask him abt. 4x the date & then what a disappointment! Miss Saito & her "kare" & 6 of his rugby mates are coming over! I originally was so excited abt. that! I wonder what he thinks he means by "reggae party." I said, "At my house?" & he said, that or we cd. go out. What a star-crossed romance this is! Fri. is his B-Day, too, although I didn't say that I remembered it. I thought he wd. be out drinking w/his mates. Mr. Kaza was just asking me yesterday if I cd. have another reggae party soon, but not 6/2, so I figured.

Mind you, @ the time I never thought F. meant it me & him alone. But it was nice to be asked. I explained abt. Miss Saito & he said, well, we'll talk abt. it tomorrow. Then once he got in the pool he wasn't so talkative. But I saw him paddling behind his kickboard w/a big grin on his face. & I was trying to act cool behind my kickboard, but every so often I wd. turn my head & just grin. It was funny - 2 adults on their Styrofoam kickboards, silent & grinning in the big pool.

5:58

Ooh! Just saw Fuji, sitting outside talking to Mie Ono, who used to be one of my pupils, now at the Tandai. I said, "Hi, Mie" & walked past & F. said, "Mata, suei ikimasu?" I said, "Hai - ikimasu?" "Hai, mata" he says, winding his watch, Mie smiling. *Fuji* Fuji also means untimely or an incurable disease (thought you'd be interested).

6/2

Duly met F. @ pool - he turned me down for Friday & told me to talk to Mr. Kaza for rescheduling. But we got along well... Then P. asked him to join us for dinner & he accepted! Unbelievable! At Satou's. I thought he was gonna be late so I didn't hurry & we were late, he was waiting for us outside. It was so nice walking side by side w/him into the restaurant. He looked so clean & nice.

Dinner was a bit strained, w/Livvy & F. constantly asking, "What?" Afterwards, everyone just stood expectantly by the door but I said brightly, "Now I must go shopping! Thank you!" Afterwards L. said, "Why didn't you invite them to coffee?" & I cd've killed myself. How awful it all is. Now I'm still depressed. When will I get over this?

*Jaaa* to the computer room to be by him.

Now he's talking to the young P.E. teacher... I said, "Last night was fun, *ne*" & he just grunted & looked cross.

6/5

Livvy is so excited abt. teaching, & can think of 100's of ideas. I feel pretty burnt out & dull abt. lesson plans.

Mr. Kaza is taking care of inviting people to our reggae party this Fri. He made the invitations. He wrote, "Gentlemen ¥1000, Ladies ¥500" but I talked him into a BYOB.

Having Livvy around makes me realize how far I've come in Japanese. Not as far as I'd liked to, or cd. have, had I studied, but I understand quite a bit. I taught my jr. high class almost completely in Japanese today. I really had to make an effort to speak English. Livvy & I each taught half of a section. When I walked into the 2nd half of 2B, the kids started doing their special scream of disbelief - they thought I'd done s.th. to my hair - colored it darker! I told them they probably thought that b/c L.'s hair is so blond, & they thought that was the funniest thing they'd ever heard!

10 p.m.

I shd. write more character sketches so that I can remember the people here better, instead of just my crush on F. Friday night we had a party w/Miss Saito's guests. I dawdled that day & was just dragging myself up the stairs w/a load of halfheartedly bought groceries when she came w/Miss Tomo & her friend Emi. My KaDai students showed up b/c I'd forgotten to cancel their lesson. They didn't stay long though. Miss S. rushed off to get her boyfriend & later Luisa & Fuzzy came in. For once the woman/man ratio was almost equal! Saito was a bit ticked off that I hadn't changed, or prepared better food, & I was, too, when I saw the cute boys that came! ...

6/10

Well, the big reggae party's over. Nearer the date, I began feeling like K & F had planned this party for their own amusement & they only needed my big house to complete their scheme. It turned out that it was a correct intuition. They didn't invite any other men teachers, well, Mr. *Matsu* came w/his 5 y/o only stayed abt. 5 minutes - what a nice man Mr. Matsu is! I need to find a nice man like him. Mr. K. was there sleazing all over everybody & I feel really ashamed of my role in allowing him. W/F., too.

... From now on I will never again mention F.'s name in this book again.

... My students are starting to ask when I'm leaving for America. Only 2 more mths. Some can't believe it. Most say they are sad. I hate talking abt. it. But just in the last of this week I've begun to feel more ready. I'm sick of teaching, sick of hearing 'bikkuri shita' wherever I go, sick of not meeting anyone who loves me.

6/16

Another precious week lost to posterity - it means that it was a full & active one. Nice weather we're having! Only a few rainy days, & none of this crippling humidity. It hasn't been really hot yet. Just chatting w/Liv. She went to a dinner w/Luisa tonight. We're arranging a climb on Karakuni this weekend. My last time! ...

6/17

Ok I really need to catch up on my personal life here. Had 2 Rum & cokes which made me dizzy, but I also had an enormous spaghetti carbonara dinner which shd. soak it all up soon. Today Liv, P. & I were planning to go to Kirishima & climb Karakuni at dawn. But it's so rainy & misty it was my idea to call it off. I always cancel night trips w/P. - I think he's getting tired of it. Anyway we 3 will go see Sof tomorrow. I know she'll really enjoy seeing us & I think she's a more deserving cause than the 'camping' at Ebino.

Today F. (I know I promised never to mention him again but) was v. friendly to me (I ignored him) yest. he was nice to Liv & not me, before he's been totally rude to both of us - ? Also Mr. Kaza has totally ignored us since last Fri., when all the other teachers have come up to thank us. Those 2 had the best time, & not a word from them - do they expect us to thank them? Weird fellows.

... They're planning a 'Sayonara/Welcome' party for us, but unfortunately we both planned to be out of the city then. When they mentioned it, I got a very sick feeling in my stomach, felt I shdn't be in Guam when they were having it, & in general felt panicky abt. leaving. I wonder if the best thing wdn't be to go right back home. I have no clue of what to do in Europe, only look for a job as an au pair or English teacher. I'll have to think this through some more.

... Last night Taro c'dn't make it to lesson again, so it was just us 3 women. Naoko, Mikiko, Midori. Midori's father died abt. 2 weeks ago. It was just a wk. after she was the only one who showed up for my lesson. We went out for 3 - 4 hrs., & she told me all abt. her father - in hospital for 3 yrs. b/c of strokes, her retarded sister, her boyfriend, etc. It was the 1st time I knew any of this abt. Midori, & I felt quite shocked to hear that her father had died, so soon after I'd just heard all abt. him.

Midori was pensive, but seemed calm throughout the lesson... At the end, M. gave me a letter she'd translated into English - her mum had written it to send to her husband's friends in the U.S. It was so poignant & heartfelt I had tears in my eyes from reading it. Then M. did, too, &

although I hesitated for a minute b/c I know Japanese people don't like to be touched, I held her in my arms. It was all I cd. do, but I hope she felt the strength that I was willing to flow from my body to hers. We stayed like that for quite a while. Occasionally she'd say s.th. abt. her Dad in English. I felt sorry for M. & N. They just scrunched themselves up in the chairs & looked down uncomfortably. How awful not to be able to express the sympathy & sorrow you feel. After a while, Midori sat back, then used her dictionary to talk abt. her father some more. Well, 45 min. later Midori was calm so she & her 2 silent friends (24 & 28 y/o) left. I hope they were able to say s.th. nice to her in *Nihongo* on the way home.

Then I went downtown & met Luisa & Liv as they were coming out of a movie.

6/18/89

Hi. Went to see Sof today. Came in just as mass was starting, but everything was all laid out for us. Bus fare went up to ¥1100. We stayed from 10 - 5 & S. had a sumptuous chicken, potato pancake lunch for us. P & Liv came - Liv once lived on the same st. in Bowral that S.'s family's 42 room house is on. Small world! Sof kept up pretty much a boring monologue & we didn't have the easy laugh-filled conversation that we 3 alone do. Liv was impressed by how starved for talking Sof is, & resolved to try & visit her every mth., too. Sof just goes on & on & the nuns etc. aren't so interesting to us b/c we don't know them & what happens between them is so small. I think she'd get more out of our visits if she shut up & listened more. She sent off my A. Booth book *The Roads to Sata* to a friend in Oz which threw me into a bit of a sulk which I cdn't prevent & was ashamed of. But we made it up. The convent is un-prepossessing - not the scene of the Gothic lifestyle I'm sure P. & Liv were imagining. I was trying to think of how I cd. capture the smell, but I can't really...

6/21

Maybe I shd. go to Oz. I'm starting to learn a lot abt. it - am teaching the map & animals. Livvy melted a plastic tray into the molding on our microwave, so she spent the 3 hrs. I was at *Nihongo* class chipping at it & re-melting. Burned herself, poor girl. Pete asked me if I wd. miss our Jap. class & I said "I'll miss Maki." Not a very gracious answer. I was so fed up w/him hogging all the class time, though. Our abilities are really dissimilar & it's hard to have a joint class. It really spoils all my friendly feelings & I act quite the bitch. I'm so impatient w/people who are slower than me in catching on.

... Liv is shitted @ Mr. Takeo b/c he's trying to arrange extra clubs for her when properly they should be cancelled. "Smarmy" is her word for him. Most people do think he has a lust for power - I know him very little even after 2 and a half years. He resents us *gaijin* teachers our freebies & doesn't think we work hard enough. Mr. Kita however is being his usual solicitous self. Another delightful letter inviting us to dinner on Sat.

Went to [the masseuse] & she says my spine is curved & my nerves are being pinched & under stress.

6/22

At last had a good class today. Avo class of 1 no1.

My spirits are a bit 'oppressed' now.

... Went to *Jutokuya* - a big mix-up. P. was there an hr. before us & v. pissed off, all b/c of my poor organization. I feel awful. The 2nd bad part of our dinner was that Luisa was (as usual) objectionably rude to Judy. I was really happy when Judy made a score off her. Judy may be awkward - & sometimes seem as though she has a chromosome missing - but she is sweet, intelligent & I'm sure she picks up on all those catty digs. It's really beneath Luisa, what threatens her so much abt. Judy. Maybe I shd. confront her tomorrow - oh, a day of vexations.

6/23

In the mornings I feel slow, tired & unhealthy. I just want to lie in my futon & not get up at all. Then, when I do get up, I don't like to talk or move or work. The weather still continues cool, so I don't think it's strictly that. Ash these last 2 days. I still feel so culpable for the big Muddles - a big mix of Forster & Austen in my thinking lately. I don't feel exacting enough morally or as assiduous in friendship & personal standards as I ought to be. I'm very scared to



go to Europe by myself. I'm in a big quandary if I shd. go, or just skip on eagerly home, which doesn't excite any feelings in me but dread...

6/25/89

I'm depressed. I started packing to go to Guam, to make the **Clare** connection. I'm so depressed abt. the amount of stuff I have. I am so faint-hearted about travelling to Europe. I don't want to go home, yet I don't want to do that, either. Why do I have these mean friends who want to make me do these things? I tried to prepare by coming home from Sakurajima on the ferry home alone, thinking, 'I'll be alone like this from now on' - **buu** - as Japanese kids say. Well, let me tell you abt. my weekend, as it was rather full and wonderful.

Sat. morn was frustrating for Liv esp. as we had a million phone calls, most of them for her (this morning was like that for me). Mr. *Kita* wanted to see her on an URGENT matter, to do w/her alien registration. That stressed me out, b/c my Alien Registration is 3 mths. expired & I need to renew - went down Fri. to do it, but the school needed to sign s.th. So I went up to school but of course everyone's much slower than you hope & expect, & I was expecting a guest (Tomomi) at 11 - got home at 11:30, there she was & I was stuck (Mr. K. did promise to take me in on Mon., however).

Then, 2:00! The great event. We met Miss' Kiri & Sagara in front of Mr. *Kita*'s van. This van was incredible! Huge! Very comfortable seats, air con, board games, TV, fridge, CD player, mike & English books & newspapers for our benefit. Every so often *Kita* wd. turn on the mike & address us in the back: Miss Livvy! Are you in quite good condition? (Miss L: Why?) Are you free from car-sickness? (Yes!) Now, did you bring your helmets with you today? We have no way of knowing when the volcano will erupt. Aha ha ha ha! (Mr. K's laugh). Then, "Now we are going in a counter-clockwise route around Sakurajima Island. Can you understand what I mean?" (Miss Kiri: No) "Counter-clockwise... Anti-clockwise." (Miss Kiri: Antique clocks? Where?). General confusion. It was a pretty hilarious trip.

... I'm still worried abt. this trip. My desire not to go home is stronger than my desire not to go to Europe. Maybe talking to Clare will help straighten some things out for me. Now it's 11:30 & I shd. go to bed. I still need to write abt. Thurs., Fri., Sat. & today which were quite full.

6/26/89

Mr. *Kita* this morning: Miss Susan... I know you are forgetful, in spite of the fact that you are young. But that only adds to your charm. May I remind you that in the 3rd period we are going to the Immigration Office?

Now Mr. *Kita* & I are going down to various offices to see if we can't get my alien reg., re-entry permits, etc. straightened out.

Today another busy & full & happy day. In the morning, cruising around on errands in Mr. *Kita*'s big van, him giving compliments & generous presents at every moment.

... Beautiful warm sunny day today!

6/27

All of a sudden hot, heavy & humid! Luisa came by tonight (while Liv & I were busy marking)... She gave me jams today & brought us by sweets. Liv said, "Guilty conscience?" b/c she treated me really shittily on Sun. I was a bit of a shit tonight.

6/28/89

Today I leave for Guam (leave Fukuoka for Guam, I mean).

... 10:00 p.m. At last made it to the "Ladie's Seat" on the train assisted by an extremely gracious good Samaritan, who helped me make it in abt. a quarter of the time it otherwise wd. have taken. My brown bomb of a suitcase is in the rear of the car out of my sight, but I have no hope of anyone stealing it. They'd never be able to lift the bugger. I was freshly bathed, w/a freshly washed dress, but am now covered in sweat. Besides I don't have the knack of looking good at airports, so poor Clare...

6/29

Good morning! I feel & look like hell, as I expected. My suitcase weighs a bomb & I think I've strained my back severely lugging it around. I'm having my 2nd breakfast in 20 min.

My stomach hurts - is it nerves or s.th. more sinister?

... Luisa came by last night & helped me carry my luggage down to the taxi. She was very sweet. I'm so loved & petted & fussed over here. I really do feel I'm the center of our small community! Although Liv cd. take that place easily, as she gets along w/everyone, as I generally do.

... Have I really lived here for 2 and a half years? The time did go by quickly.

#### AIRPORT LOUNGE

A man is wearing a sweater which says "Miss the Train By A Minute." Many beautiful, heavily-made up young ladies are cruising the lounge. The Japanese At Play are an annoying sight. It's all right for them to be arrogant at work - they have a right to be, economic animals that they are - they look crisp, clean, & at the same time rumpled & careworn. Sucking on the inevitable cigarettes... But the Japanese arrogance in leisure hours irks me. What right have they to be so proud & self-satisfied when they're wearing shorts w/nylons, sun hats, high-heeled "play" shoes & crazy English on their shirts?

... ON THE PLANE and surprise! surprise! The cockpit crew are gaijin & CUTE! ... when the *gaijin* captain smiled, I looked down & murmured, "Sumimasen" - my shy Japanese woman's act. What's wrong w/me?

Yesterday Fuji started to speak to me in English but I just walked off. All I heard was "No Champagne ...". I shdn't've been so rude. My last view of him was his retreating back.

Hey, the safety instructions are in English! They are too fast for me to understand - I'm not kidding. Is it the stewardess or me?

A nerdy guy just said 'hello' to me in English, I just ignored him. Maybe he was the cabin steward. I definitely have a problem relating to people. One reason is I'm sure I'm a bush pig & smell worse... Well, makeup in 3 hrs.

The brother/sister honeymoon team is in the seat behind me gazing intently into each other's eyes, wearing matching pearlshell necklaces. They don't look so sullen anymore. We're taxi-ing. Of course my thought is as always I don't want to die with these people.

I'm gonna be crying through this one, too ...

How cute! The ground crew is waving goodbye.

Is there something in me that makes me sad while everyone else around me is happy?

Japan is beautiful from the window. A land of mists and mountains. Toy farms Hot springs! The land is covered w/H2O from the rice paddies! The place is like a toy mirror, dirty brown but. The whole country is covered w/shallow brown water - the bright deep blue part is approaching - this is incredibly beautiful - It's moving below me so slowly now. We're dropping! It's scary! Japan is so delicately beautiful. Clouds are passing over & obscuring it. *Sayonara Sayonara Nihon*. Hey! Now some guy is speaking Japanese! Terrible accent! We're passing over Kumamoto now!

7/1

What a waste of a trip.

... All the people who are like me & dear to me are in Japan. So - can't wait to get back & be w/them. I feel lonely, but listening to T. CHILDS helped. Clare is at work. I get the car tomorrow - maybe I can wear one of her nice dresses! Watching Love Connection - blast from the past. I keep thinking that TV shows & commercials are jokes. Now Burt & Loni Reynolds are on "Win Lose or Draw" - God, I'll never make it back in the U.S.! Loni Anderson is 47 looks 28 & has a 5 mth. old baby - adopted! I'm afraid I guessed the answer - Cher? If I guessed... I DID! I guessed & no one on the dumb show did! My god does that scare me or what!

Later

Well, Guam is fantastic! After Clare came back we est. our own rapport again. She was surprised that I was so tired, but I explained abt. the all-night train ride & she understood...

7/3/89

Half hr. till takeoff. Clare had to leave me off a bit early, she's so busy. I'm sitting in my monpe besides nicely dressed Japanese passengers. Clare said, "I can't feel sad b/c I know I'll



see you again soon" - me, too. I hope I won't cry all the way back! My horoscope said, "this is a season for positive endings & new beginnings..." so - good. The most imp. thing I learned from her this weekend is that I don't have to prove anything to anybody. If I don't want to travel after - fine -

The view outside the windows is so clear! Sea, sky, clouds & extraordinary rainbows everywhere. It's very promising.

7/9/89

I'm kind of bored today - haven't been in a long time. We went to a brunch this morning - until 1 p.m., & then just lazed around reading mags & freezing in the air con. Today is a hot day.

We were 10 minutes late mtg. Luisa at the appted place - Fuzzy & I were both quaking. She wasn't there - oh, no, she's angry! Livvy was surprised at how nervous we are. Luisa's a bit of a bully, though. I hate myself for being so wimpy. The upshot was, we met P. on the way & the 4 of us had a fun time finding the place. Luisa was solitary, smoking aloofly while we laughed & joked. We got there just as the speeches were ending & the huge feast beginning - we all took obentos home. I added an extra ¥500 for the food - Pete ¥600.

... Luisa jumped on my back for saying 'Dachau Man' last night, to describe a thin person. God, she made me mad. We're not close - I'm holding lots of unspoken grudges against her. Liv is curious to see Luisa when she's angry - she wonders why we're all so afraid! Well, I'd better write a thank you note to Clare. I'm not afraid of leaving anymore, which is a big step forward! Oh, I'm a slug today. Better do some cleaning.

7/13

Hi! Well, another run-in w/Loser (Liv's slip of the tongue) last night, & got a hate letter in the mail today. As usual it's a long story. She was being bitchy to me all night. We were offered a ride home [after Japanese class]. As she strode past me into the night, I stopped her & confronted her on her behavior. She pulled a 'Marty' on me - "What are you talking about? Give me examples." I said, "I think you do know what I'm talking abt." "How cd. I offend you? I've barely seen you!"

... So - had a letter, thought it might be an apology, but no.

... Well, Fuzzy's finally gone, she doesn't know when to leave, that one. We almost got her out the door at 10, but she sulked so we had to let her back in. Now I'm too tired to write in the diary.

... Luisa's letter didn't affect me much, b/c what she says is total garbage. It's a list of her own faults & insecurities. It made me laugh.

... I feel so angry. I have to let this anger go.

Fri.

I cdn't get to sleep last night until I'd prayed to be released from my anger. Now I'm so angry.

7/31 12:30 a.m., i.e., 8/1

What a long time since I've written! Damn. Have to rely on letters to Mum to explain. I've been busy.

... Since I let it slip a week ago to Shizu that I like Fuji, she's done everything she can to throw us together. Too bad I didn't tell her before, huh - it's just a bit too obvious now.

... Went to Miss Kiri's for dinner w/S.S. & ... Fuji! He speaks quite a bit of English. He's so cute & although I hear he's a sukebe & not a gentleman I can't believe it.

... He drove me home (typhoon coming) he drove me home, & I SHOOK his HAND! He promised to come to the airport to see me off.

... He refused to come in for tea, seems afraid of me. But he looked back & waved goodbye. I heard him drive away. I stood in the warm wind under the darkening orange sky & waited for bereftness to overtake me. Messy house.

... I am so unhappy. I think my China Airlines flight to TPE, AMS will be blown up by terrorists. I suppose I'll be happy to die, since I've nothing to live for except my family. It's XXX

I'll miss the most. I'm just indulging myself by crying...

8/1 really 8/2

Well, just had a hot bath but am completely tense & nervous. I'm dreading tomorrow & the pain that I know I'll feel. Wondering if Europe is such a good idea. Guess I can decide there.

Shizu & her boyfriend & Emi & her ex- (now current?) boyfriend came by from abt. 10-11:30. I was glad of it. Also Maki came by, w/her 3 kids. The big news is that - Luisa & I made up, sort of. We can't recapture the last weeks though. She shd've been by me. Talked to Pete, Fuzzy, Sof... (yes, I'm a back-stabber!). They said I've done my part, that it's up to her for the next move. When I re-read her letter & my reply, I agreed. But I saw her while I was walking today - Hi, Luisa! - Oh, are you going home on the bus? - No, still things to do - her face all twisted up & I knew she wanted to talk to me. When I got home & had a chance, abt. 4 hrs. later, I knew I cdn't leave if she was still hurting. I felt the stronger, b/c I did resolve it.

... Well, I said, "Luisa, you know I'm leaving tomorrow. If there's any unfinished business - on my part or yours - we need to resolve it." So she said Yeah, & came over. We bustled abt. making tea & being awkward until I just went up & held her & started crying... She said she's been obsessed by this contretemps, written me a million letters in her head, etc. I wondered what wd. have happened if I hadn't called her. She said, "There wd've been a letter in your mailbox tomorrow." God, I missed her. It was a hard lesson for both of us.

Took some daggy pictures of my sweet house. I will miss this building. I can't even think abt. the people. I'll try not to cry tonight, but to leave it all for tomorrow.

This is my last entry from my flower-covered couch. I made it so nice just for this Livvy & the new teacher to use.

Help me through tomorrow, Virgin Mary!

[end of entries in Kagoshima]