

6-13-45

Dear Kan -

I note that your last letter is dated March. I hadn't realized so much time had passed already. Speaking of time, I wonder if we realize its true nature, and its relation to our life? Speaking of it as a fourth dimension is to merely call it by another name. But did you know that people in some remote northern country live by the tide and not by the clock, it is said? They are fishermen and their lives are regulated by the tide. If we were to tell them we have lived 40 yrs. they would not understand. We have our own inner time too, based upon our inner bodily and mental processes, and I presume our social processes also have their inherent time too. The world is far from being a unity, in spite of Wendell Wilkie, and different parts of the world proceed at their own rate. The age of coal and iron, educational reforms, social reformations, industrial revolution, the rise of scientific attitude - all these did not take place at the same time in different parts of the world. And I fear that unless people who rule, and possibly the greater mass of people, understand more of these fundamental processes of our world, there is not likely to be world unity, one world, however much the people may live in proximity. Mere paper schemes of politicians and sociologists and economists will not bring about a better world. And in spite of such schemes, the events have a way of forcing their "will" upon us. So that we need to understand better the nature of man and the processes at work. In one of the foregoing sentences I almost used the word progress, but you may note that I have deliberately refrained

from using it. I have become a bit skeptical of ~~that word~~ - the use of that word. It often turns out in its use to be a vague abstract word and the speaker or writer often does not seem to be quite clear as to its meaning. Progress - it may mean anything. Another point I have in mind is the so-called "rationalization", which often turns out to be the processes by which one justifies an act which has an emotional ~~basis~~ or irrational basis. I do not mean that emotion should be divorced from reason, but one often degrades the intellectual process by using it for purposes whose end result turns out to be injustice, ~~prejudice~~ in a broad sense. Intellectual often is not ~~are~~ culprits in this respect, and the Courts of "justice", and you will see its workings all around you. It - a process by which a man tries to give rational basis to a thesis which is essentially irrational, such as prejudice, pre-conceived notions, emotional bias. Whether this is part of an inherent part of his make up or due to faulty education, or what else, appears to me to go to the root of man's problems. Here I've got myself into deep water. You help me pull myself out of it. Coming back to "time", it may be mentioned that this is the first time we are able to live in the past, present & the future all at the same time. The invention of printing & more recently, the motion pictures preserve & bring back the past for us. To-day with a motion picture, you can even see yourself actually being born. And all the scientific knowledge enables us to predict the future. And that has had its practical influence in <sup>our</sup> economic life - note the installment plan, in which we mortgage our present life & welfare for the future on the basis of predictability. So that taking a broad view, you can see how much life has changed, even apart from mere physical aspect, though the

physical change itself has been enormous. Yet you will realize that the basic problems of welfare men face to-day, are the same as those of Plato's day, should you ever read his works.

Your letter contains so much gist as to be very stimulating. In passing I may note that I note a certain maturity. And also, you sound like a real dyed-in-the-wool father. I'm almost tempted to call you an "old man", not meant to be old in a sense of time. That is what marriage does to you. Tolstoy mentions that his aunt often used to reiterate there is nothing like an affair with a married woman to make a man. "hon pas forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut" a man does not mature emotionally, particularly in regard to women, unless he has had some such liaisons.

I have been reading Thoreau's "Walden and other writings." I find him excellent. Each page contains some worthwhile thoughts. And what is more to the point, he has lived what he preaches. "Plain living ever did go with high thinking." And what an observant fellow! Now a days we have become so accustomed to having "professionals" do things for us that we have almost lost the use or art of using our faculties, which perhaps God granted us. And we ask God for salvation! Bakers and Tailors to supply our daily necessities, movies to entertain us, professional lecturers to do our learning & thinking for us. ~~How~~ The loss of learning the art of baking a bread is a small loss to an individual, materially, but the loss of finer human qualities that accompany the art is a more precious loss. I have been polishing up a little on Herman, and I have just now finished Roughead's "Enjoyment of Murder" - a collection

of famous cases told in his inimitable way, with  
I say Scotch humor and relentless accuracy of a  
trained legal mind. I think his works, and those  
of Miss Tennyson Jesse, Edmund Pearson, and Wm  
Bolitho deserve of more wide reading, for these  
are the ablest writers in the field. Perhaps it were  
well, though, that their readers are limited, for  
popularizing often has a degrading effect on the art.  
Their works are only for those of certain mature  
subtle taste; not morbid taste, I mind you,  
for they include such men of taste & culture  
as Gouett, of Plato's Republic; H. B. Irving, the  
great actor; Hugh Walpole and Henry James, the  
eminent writers, and our own late Alexander Woolcott,  
and others. I am looking forward to some one  
writing an able account of the Lamson case. It has  
a certain attraction for me, aside from the nature  
of the case itself, of a man twice tried, and once sent  
as far as the condemned cell, only to be acquitted  
on the second trial. Was he really guilty? He was  
an educated man. But the personal attraction I mentioned  
was the fact that at that time, I was residing at the  
Student Club, and the murder took place only  $\frac{1}{2}$   
block from where I lived. Moreover, at least one  
participant in the trial I know quite well, Prof. Meyer,  
head of Stanford's anatomy Dept. I was in his  
class and he used to quizz us orally and now  
he was himself being quizzed by the court. I  
well remember that morning on Memorial Day. I read the  
headline in the paper at breakfast and my first class that  
morning was in anatomy, dissecting another corpse.

My brother plans to leave for Chicago, though  
I don't know why he should choose that city. I  
think I would rather stay here until I am completely  
well.

Your friend  
Wisner

Dear Kan —

I've sort of neglected to write to you. It's the heat, and downright laziness. The latter comes mostly from confinement and being too close to ~~people~~ people here. We are out of touch with the world we have known the actual world of touch and smell and the people and things, except only through the medium of newspaper, and there is a sense of unreality about it all. We hear of events taking place but lack here the realistic sense to evaluate them with a realistic sense of proportion, a just perspective. They seem unreal and irrelevant. You would think that this confinement, this isolation, would work all to the good, so far as one's self were concerned, in that it may give you that chance, leisure to ponder over life and things that have gone, and the things that are to come. In a measure it does, but when I start <sup>on that</sup> ~~my~~ journey, it is as if I were sojourning in an uncharted sea. Such cogitations have a sense of unreality. Then we are too close to people here. But there are not too great obstacles, and one does have a leisure and lack of hurriedness one does not get when in the city. This is the first time I have met and lived so close to Japanese. In the city we lived close to people but in a different sense, and when we wanted to we could obtain a certain measure of solitude, even though physically we lived close to each other. There we could build a small private world of our own, with our barriers around it, barrier built of our deafness, respect of other's right, lack of

business dealings, and private and social ways that are set up. Here one's life is open to everyone.

And this confinement is somewhat telling. I don't know if you feel it in the camp too, this sense of lack of freedom, that comes not from restrictive rules and regulations, for we have few of them here. Here ~~one~~ <sup>you</sup> can not do things in a way your soul desires. Soil is barren to nurture ambitions. You can not make love in a way man should. Life is artificial here. Outside, even though life may be hard, what you did had meaning, relation to ~~objective~~ things around you, and therefore you were aware of your place in the scheme of things. You were the pivot ~~of~~ or focus from which things and events took shape around you. Even a simple shepherd ~~had~~ <sup>patches</sup> a world of his own, built around his day dreams and ambitions, his loves and fears, and the little things he did, perhaps meaningless in themselves, but definitely related to the larger cosmos. And when a man loses consciousness of his place in the scheme of things, however insignificant his place may be, his life and his death loses whatever meaning they possessed. His life becomes a ~~mass~~ <sup>mass</sup> of protoplasmic mass with primitive urges and ambitions and hopes that can find no orderly outlet. You have seen such people all ~~on~~ around you; you see them around you now; in night Clubs, on Main St., in Dreiser's American tragedy, in Wolfe's books, in Hemingway's. Then man fears death, and old age that precedes, and

death becomes an event ugly in itself, and if not feared and shunned, then it is accepted passively. There was a time when man faced death gloriously, bravely. For death "when it comes in its time and place." For death can be sweet when it comes in its time and its place." But the time is out of joint, and the world we have known is tumbling to blue ruin.

You would have to stick your neck into Council and Co-ops. But good luck. You will learn there how things are run and how men behave. And from these little things you will go on to ponder over larger scheme of things, and in wonder, is born wisdom. You will ponder about Democracy, about man, his fate, about soldiers dying like flies all over the world, for what; about love, about life itself. There comes a time in every man when he stops to ponder over such things. When something within us dies, perhaps a part of us that had been a child, and a new flame is kindled and we are born again. So a man dies and is reborn many times in his life it seems to me, until at last he passes into oblivion in sweet repose, as man should. But you live on in your children, in those whom you have loved, and in those whom you have influenced for good or evil in some measure. And then our life takes on cosmic significance. Are we not all men, living under the same stars, breathing the same air, marching together

upon this same planet, facing the same fate - death?

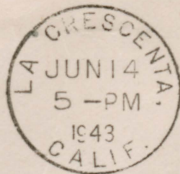
I hope this letter reaches you. I don't know. You may have removed yourself from camp by now. I am glad to hear that the operation has turned out well.

My brother has left camp and gone to Chicago. He is at present working in a lab. at Michael Reese Hospital but doesn't think there is much future in it. A job is open at Edwal Lab, firm which makes photo chemicals. If you go to Chicago, look him up. I think you can contact him through Brethren Hostel where he receives his mail, though he lives in a private home, whose address he hasn't given me. You mention that camp life isn't normal; that you want to get away from it. I wonder if you can elaborate on it? I feel that your desire to get away from Chicago, or N.Y. in furtherance of your development in the line of designing is sound, and we probably agree on the reasons - in the broad sweet land where the wind of freedom blows, where man's outboobs are wholesome, where men live close to nature.

I could advise much ~~about~~ regarding your property, but I can say that feeling against Japanese is rather bitter; and you might also take into consideration some of the organized effort behind evacuation, such as Assoc. Farmers; also what I have heard about \$2,000,000 worth of Japanese farm implement which I hear has been appropriated, true or not. Also Sen. Eronson has replaced Sen. De Witt, the former being more lenient to Japs, and coupled with Roosevelt's recent statement, there seem some possibility in the future not too distant perhaps, of Japanese being permitted to relocate in Calif.

Hoping to hear from you  
Ichiro





Kan Womoto

GF - 5D

Amache, Colorado

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