

Hello Kan:

'Tis time for another letter. How are you progressing with your architectural studies? Thanks for the pamphlet. I've read through it and I find myself in agreement with what he says. I take it that his thesis is that one can not separate the man from the architect, his way of life from what he builds; that architecture, in short, is an integral part of a man's life, his way of living.

I am beginning to get something of a glimpse of his art. One house looks like another to me, but his designs seem to have something not found in others, "character" as you say. His designs are different and modern, but not for the mere sake of being different and modern, as are those of the other modern architects, so-called. I've been looking through the Home & Garden in which prize winning houses are pictured, but they all look alike to me in essence, except for the difference in mere shape. I've also been looking through some few pictures in Life of a building designed by FLW for the Johnson Wax Co. at Racine Wisconsin. Have you been there? His designs may appear radical to some, but as Shakespeare would have it: "There is method in his madness".

Your mentioning modern architecture got me to thinking, and I've already scrapped the ideas I sent you about my "dream" house. There are certain things about the present day houses I would change or eliminate, those things which are put in for convenience or out of necessity, but which don't seem to harmonize with the home design. Radiator, for instance. I don't think there are radiator in the building by Wright of the Johnson Wax Co. There the pipes are said to be under the concrete floors. Incidentally when I read that for this building, he had bricks specially baked in 200 shapes to fit the design of the building, I begin to understand why he makes you do your own furniture designing and brick making, etc. One of my pet dislikes is the window shade. Maybe you can design glass walls so that one can look out but not in, doing away with the shades; polarized glass walls. Windows are passe, too. Unless well designed, they look like mere holes in the wall, nicht war? And you can get rid of the incandescent globes, too, as far as I am concerned. With glass coming into use why don't you design glass statuettes which can be lighted? I'm for soft indirect lighting. You know that strip of wood which goes around the wall where it meets the ceiling. Well, I've been thinking maybe I'll have glass tube hidden behind it all around and light it, throwing the light to the ceiling and lighting the room uniformly and softly, as a main source of light.

Have you finished designing your den? If you have any ideas left over, kindly send them here; I can use them. There is a third floor attic here with a long room in the middle, about 30' long, good enough for a studio, and a room at each end, about 10 or 12' square. I have been thinking of converting the west end room for my own. It overlooks the garden, and gets the sun all afternoon. It looks down upon the roofs of the houses stretching to the south and west. And at night, rows and rows of tiny yellow lights---and all about me the two-legged animals without furs, repeating the oft told stories of life and death, knowing not from whence they nor whither they are going, and "like water willy-came

nilly flowing." (How's that, Bo? I borrowed it from Omar.) When the moon is out and it casts a ghostly hue against the white-washed wall of the nearby house, I wish I were a poet. It is the same moon of which Omar sang:

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again---
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us

Through this same Garden--and for one in vain.

I look down and see a black shadow slinking across my moonlit garden; it is the cat. She too must eat and mate the same as I. Here from my little attic room I might tell you about those years in college, upon which I sometimes glance back and wonder what I got out of them; about the engineering student, ~~my~~ roommate who had only one suit of clothes but whose shelves were full of books, and among which I was surprised one day to find the works of Tagore; and how sorry I felt that one with such a leaning so far from home must be burdened with ~~work-a-day~~ the troubles of the workd-a-day world. Then there are the neighbors here, and the little things they do. But I want you to meet Herr Teufelsdröckh. ---It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from the elevated ground. It was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable city. "Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,--on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders; the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and highswelling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Rabenstein?--their gallows must even now be a-building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed in, like salt fish in their

barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others; such work goes on under that smoke-counter-pane! But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."-----

If you are looking for a home work, you can design my den for me. There is a single window to the west; a single door to the east, to the left of which, in the corner is a 3 X 3 closet projecting out into the room. The ceiling is low, and sloping near the north and south wall, as you might expect because of the shape of the room (V shaped roof).

About more trite things. We have been having a hot spell. It was 97 today. It's been like this for the past 5 days, ushered in by thunder and lightning, that day the weather man said was fair and mild. The next day he apologized; he said it was unusual. It's even worse in L A; about 110.

Over there you have a great chance to observe homo Americanus in his native habitat. Middle west is still the home of the more pure American stock. What could be more interesting than to observe Life at first hand.

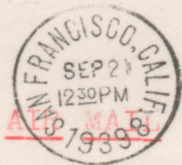
There is still a half page left, so I might tell you about the neighbor druggist who used to live across from us. I think he is Pres. of retail druggists assoc. I caught him one day in a most un-president-like act, flagrante delicto. His family was returning from a holiday outing and just entering the threshold. He was behind her, and as they entered, he clenched his right hand except for the middle finger, which was extended straight out, and poked her right in the posterior. Comprenez-vous? Verstehen Sie? He has a red-headed girl about 6 yrs. old. One day she came home from school and pushed the door bell. No answer. She pushed again. No. She began to jump up and down; pushed the bell; ran down the steps; looked up and down the street; ran up the stairs; pushed the bell again; pounded on the door; then reached down and pressed her hand between her thighs. O-Ho, says I; the poor kid, and nobody home. She can't very well do it out on the street. She sat down on the steps and kicked her legs up and down; she pushed the bell again, and ran down the steps. Ah, at last her mother. Might have been life's little tragedy, almost.

Yours truly,

IM

P.S. If you are looking for still more home work, I will be glad to have you design my "when-will-it-ever-come-true" dream house. Hit me know what sort of information you need.

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