

Dear Kan -

I am glad to hear it's nothing more than spring fever. And I don't blame you - I hear it's lovely in the East this time of the year. For a time I thought it may be something more serious. With two kids and a wife, you can't afford to you know. Especially with letters coming from a place like this, you will have to take due precautions. I guess the family keeps you busting. Well, that's what you get for getting married. I wonder if you still remember my telling you the "cons" of marriage as we were driving down Calif. St. Well, it still goes. But you never can tell.

I sure would like to visit the East, particularly around Boston, and around where Shoreau used to hang out, before I settle down my place. So hang on to your house there, and reserve a room for me. But I guess I'll eventually wander back to my original roost - S.F. It has a quiet charm all its own. The more I absent myself from it, the more I seem to love that place.

There a married man in his lifetime may yield as many (I forget the number) of sperm as the
which only two sperm are known to carry the load of life (two children per family) - all just food for copulation
but there are ten eye cells here. Surely - inorganic

You mentioned your sister visiting you, so she must be nearby. If it's Yuri, remember me to her. She may remember me as that queer guy who used to send you clippings a way back - about Libian Tashman using a fur-lined toilet seat.

My room mate here is a guy named Sam Horii. Says he's a newspaper man. I think he used to work on Michi Bee English section. He put out a little paper here - just so-so but clever. Well, I dashed off a piece about love - he asked for it, about the "birds & the bees". Nothing serious. Well, here's the pay-off. The paper was mimicked by his friend, active in church affairs. I guess mine was a little too raw. When I saw the piece I could hardly recognize the first half - rewritten. His style & mine don't jibe. He took out lots of stuff, and I don't like an editor taking too much liberty with my stuff. In fact I detest editors, censors, and moral reformers. Give me an interesting murderer any day. So I told him I won't write for Sunday School pupils. Too many church people here, and they get in my hair. I had couple of lines in it - a moment of bliss that swayed her head and Malbyr lost her maidenhead.

and told about how you can experiment with eggs, but not quite with females (or males). One mistake and you may pay for it, sometimes dearly. Also said that Christianity recognizes ~~it~~ ^(love's) ~~sex~~ ^{it} (love) but denies its existence - or something like that. I forget the exact words. One fellow here took objection to it; said I was wrong, that I didn't know anything about Christianity. He's the fellow to whom I mentioned Russian exp. w. "artificial" penis. His reply was he'd get along without it. Of course if you are in love with God, who is sexless - But he doesn't realize that that sort of deprivation can drive a man crazy. Russians are realists. I guess I am too. Maybe that's why I don't understand Christian love. I also mentioned

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