

June 24

Dear Kan -

I think I owe you some letters. The fact is I had to wait until you had located yourself. You have been like a wandering Ulysses, but I am glad now that you have found a job, and one better than gardening, more along your line. Since you are looking for a house I take it that you intend to settle in the East permanently, or more or less. I wonder. There is something fresh and vibrant about the wide open spaces of the West that is inviting to the kind of architecture and its philosophy which Wright practices that I have a feeling the future may see you moving out this way, like H's young men. The city will give you practical experiences of a get-it-done-in-a-hurry sort, and after a few years of it, you may grow a bit tired of it. Get on the other hand, you may find what you want in the big city, or the sheer necessity of making a living may make you take root there. There is something jaded and weary about a city life - look at the people on the streets, always in a hurry to go places, for what; their worn look; hopped up with zest and sparks of an artificial sort. There is not the love of life, but lust. And man longs for things finer and more spiritual than this, for deep and abiding things. For man has a soul, or else when the cities perish they will never rise again. ~~and I have looked upon a city.~~

Get the city has something dynamic, something
incessantly alive, ~~it~~ so full of drama and life,
if one were only responsive to such things, if one
did not let one's soul deaden to such things with
ennui. I liked what you said about
Manhattan, concise and to the point, and your
mentioning something about the lack of just
plain dirt. I liked that, and by such little
things a man reveals himself, to be something
more than just an automaton whose everlasting
appetite must be everlastingly fed by this machinery
~~of~~ he has built. Produce and consume. ^{ever producing} What
a grand opportunity to observe these things around
you, of people coming & going, and joys & sorrows.
When I have time ~~I will~~ and the inclination
I will write and tell you of the things I took away
with me from the city I had come to like, memories
and things.

Your letters are always interesting and stimulating,
dealing as they do with little events that go ~~to~~ &
make up one's daily life, things which seem to us
to have their life in another world, for we live
a totally different life here, apart and secluded.
How I long to be back in the city again. But
one has time to reflect here, and so reflecting
— "Within the depth of consciousness a flame smolders,
and man sees himself. He discovers his selfishness,
his silly pride, his fears, his greeds, his blunders. He
develops a sense of moral obligation, intellectual
humility. Thus begins a journey of the soul toward

the realm of grace."

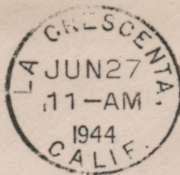
My folks are moving to Chicago, in a sense & start life over again. Camp life is not quite conducive to man's dignity. Better a life of toil and poverty than one of indolence and loss of freedom. He sent me pictures of wood carvings he had done. Very good, considering lack of any formal training. The old boy surprised me. If he had been in my place, with advantages of health and education, he might have made a good surgeon. I knew a middle aged Japanese cook at Stanford; perhaps you may recall him. He was a short fellow with a large head, and he played the violin, and often went to the concerts. And I thought. He is not really a cook. Life might have held promise of a better task than that. In his soul there was a spirit that yearned to express itself. What was he doing here, washing pots and peeling potatoes? It seemed incongruous. Not that he should be on the concert stage. Not that I pitied the man. But that humanity should crush that yearning out of him.

I have a book on Clarence Darrow. I'll send it to you. There is a chapter on the trial of Haywood, Hooper, and Pettibone which rather interested me. There are many interesting angles there - of the three being tried for murder actually committed by another man, and further the real culprit being indifferently in jail, while the three were being tried for principle, the way in which justice works, the way the people were worked up, even the responsible man losing sense of responsibility, and throughout all this Darrow quietly going about his job with an intensity which only the espousing of a just cause can

give. My interest therein was akin to that shown by such as Roughhead, Pearson, Jemmyson Jesse, and even Henry James and ~~last~~ poet Jemmyson. There is full of human drama there, and humanity.

One may rewrite the chapter. My interest has switched from detective stories to these real trials, not just any trials. Some day one may write an essay on what constitutes good murder - the gentle art of murder, beginning with Cain, as old as mankind, first put into essay by De Quincey. By the way, I wonder, if you had time, you can not look it up for me in a second hand book shop. I would like to get hold of a copy. I thought of collecting these books on notable trials, and perhaps make study of murder ~~per~~ something of a hobby, just as one may develop connoisseur's taste in wine or food. But it takes a strong constitution, and one often walks alone in the company of such murderers. I have one such book here - "Enjoyment of Murder," and sometime when a patient notes my interest in such thing he (or she) thinks I'm a bit queer, and ghostly. And sometimes I wonder. But I like George Lyman Kittredge's reply, ~~to~~ ^{but} I can't place it. He was a Shakespearean scholar of vigor, and what is there morbid about murders in Shakespeare? You will find here a collection of interesting patients, but except for Rev. W., I am about the only college grad.

I sent you a mag. put together by my room mate, he is only 19 and not yet finished high school, but I like the enthusiasm shown by these youngsters, his co-worker, a girl of about the same age & also not yet finished high school. She wrote the poem. And to think that the older ~~of~~ young men push-pushed the idea and would ~~contribute~~ ^{part} no serious effort to the undertaking. Don't ever grow old, Kan. Have to stop here. Write next time. Sincerely
Linsinn



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