

July 28, 1942

Dear Kan,

Thank you for your very fine letter, and all the news about Miki and the classes you're teaching. I think you're doing excellent work with your classes in architecture and landscape designing, and I certainly wouldn't be discouraged if some of them seem indifferent or drop out. My friend, Lewis Kohrs, as you probably know, is also teaching (here at U.C.), and he says if he finds in a class of 40 or 50 even only one or two persons with that divine spark of interest, insight and enthusiasm, why he considers himself the most fortunate of men. As for your faith in the apprenticeship system, I doubt if few persons could challenge that successfully, though I don't doubt there are some who would try. The apprenticeship system, as I understand it, means learning by doing; I fail to see how anyone could propose a more sound and thorough way of tying theory to practice at the one and same time than that method. I hope you'll stick by your guns in defending it... You asked what we thought about the two possibilities facing you, of going to the relocation center or returning to study with Frank Lloyd Wright. Virginia and I both feel you and Sally should make every effort--if you haven't done so already--to secure permission to return to Wisconsin to study with Wright. And I'd suggest (if it isn't too late) that you write to FLW and request him to send you a letter in which the following points are made clear for the benefit of the War Relocation Authority: that you will be self-supporting at Taliesin III; that you'll be depriving no one of a job; that Taliesin is a private estate and a private school, where the first and last words as to the operation and management and membership of the school are given by FLW himself, and no one else. If you send him some such request, I think his answer--for safety's sake--ought to be sent to you rather than to the Berkeley office of the National Student Relocation Council, where it might possibly be lost or misplaced. Your reasons for going first to the relocation center, and seeing if there's any chance of being free to work out some of your architectural hopes and plans there, are, of course, quite plausible. But I'm very much afraid if you and Sally were once established there, your chances of getting permission to leave would be very slim indeed. So if there's still time in which to make a choice, we both feel you should put every effort into securing permission to continue your studies with Wright. My philosophy ~~is~~ is that life (where there's any choice at all) is a choice between lesser and greater probabilities. And it seems to me the probability of having the freedom to live, work, and study with the greatest happiness would be at Taliesin... If there's any information we can find out for you from the Student Council offices in Berkeley,

or any other help we can do, please don't fail to let us know.

The description in your letter of the flourishing Morning Glories doesn't sound anything like the Morning Glories I planted--Ipomoea they were called, which I believe, belongs to the same family; their color is called "Heavenly Blue." Well, we haven't seen any heavenly blue, and never expect to. I was told they were rampant growers; I set out a dozen of them after starting them in plant bands; some of them have grown two inches since May 1; the rest have curled up and died. If you want to try your hand at Ipomoeas let me know; I'll be glad to send the seeds. They apparently require a type of green-fingered magic which I don't have.

Virginia, as she probably told you in her letter, is taking a piano course out at Mills and is quite as enthusiastic as ever about the prospects of teaching; I think she has a real gift for it, though she's still burdened with what I think is a needless lack of self-confidence....I'm still commuting daily to my job in the city(my boss, as I may have told you, has been called into the armed services, and it's doubtless only a question of time till I am, too). Next week, we're having a couple of guests who'll stay with us two or three weeks; one of them is Charlie Edwards, an old-time desert prospector, now eighty--a wonderful character, with an excellent mind, a razor-sharp memory, and the soul of courtesy and kindness, though he's lived pretty much of rough-and-tumble existence all his days; his stories of life in the old western frontier towns of some sixty years ago are extremely interesting. Charlie was a long-time friend of Virginia's father. And then our other guest, a quite unexpected one, is Aimee Holmquist, who for the past year has been working in Washington, D.C., at Red Cross headquarters, and is now getting an unexpected vacation for a month--so she's coming West. Luckily(since our downstairs flat is occupied)we have sleeping bags to ease the bed shortage.

Before closing, I should remind you that we have \$4.60 to your credit with us. The Wright book, including sales tax, was \$5.15 and the baby bottle was 25 cents.

Virginia joins me in sending our love and warmest wishes to you and Sally and Miki.

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Cordially,
Richard



Mr. Kaneji Domoto

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