

Charles Lang Freer's correspondence with Cameron Currie, 1901-1919

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to crudely bridge to our Island Park, to erect thereon shocking architecture, to build inferior roads and to edge the central one with jim crack [[foral?]] boxes, filled with sterility and ignorance -

May the gods some day blow eastward some atoms of western culture! But no! the atoms would be ruthlessly lost in Detroit's smoke, or perish while the cards are being dealt - - - - -

Symbols of Detroit culture:-Honks! Smoke! Cards!

and all prize winners - awarded by home-made judges! Still, I must acknowledge that sometimes through the smoke, before the Honks, when the cards are asleep, the dawn comes in glorious rose over Detroit! Nature has, does, and will act her part - when will we Barbarians do ours?

I am doing my best here to rest, to live indolently, but, the inner wheels still fly - I apply the brakes and as the wheels stop the pop valve acts, wakeful dreams follow - And perhaps it is well - for in dreams one sees and hears chiefly - I look and listen too much trying to penetrate infinite space [[strikethrough]] somethin [[/strikethrough]] sometimes comes what seems blazing light- truth! And then when the wheels turn again, from these visions, true or false, I try to fix my attitude to the few years left me - I see the need of application; for much still, in my little field, remains undone - The years of acquisition were full - have passed - with them I am content - But now comes identification, classification, explanation for those unborn and living for whom the first work was done - And there's my debt - to Brotherhood! so big, so infinite. How am I to pay?

How in the afterglow of descending years am I to make good?

And of such are some of the Debris of the cataclysm of exile-hours in the "Harbour of the Sun" Charles

[[margin]]

Don't forget to thank Russel Alger for his kind message to me - His bighearted interest in life & humanity, like his fathers, will be a splendid example for the unthinking many.

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