March 31, 1939.

My dear Barrick,

I apologize for having no letters reach you in Italy. I have had too few hours each day for two months to meet the needs of each day.

When you left, I knew I must place the Stadium at Rome to be built this year. A few weeks after you sailed, I started it immediately and within a small unit of day and night work had it ready for construction. While in the weeks preceding completion of drawing, money was quickly expended to exceed our minimum ideas but also adding structural and detail problems which made the work a real study of uniting the driving type of me. All have been taken in contracts, bit and work begun.

Also several other buildings, sites of lesser importance have come to maturity in the interval.

I have been glad to learn that you found yourself able and prepared to gain from the contact which Rome and student environment give as advantage.

Preceding, I never felt Rome made for me at all. The homes of the Caesars was so of course and made fit for in the little which remained - made up by a tawdry Renaissance and a mere kind series of generations. Florence, Ravenna, and southern towns charmed me - Venice is not of Rome - or, any himself to Rome - and has little relation to Rome - the problem, so much which is vital to human understanding as of those two - instantly more.

I am writing this note hastily as it will reach you in Paris about the time you arrive - when the best is the work of France (the French things, not the
the moment have affected that region you should have reached Paris with a relief that you have met

Western caricature of a more haughty type—

In Paris literary reviews of Feb. 23 gave me

a two column notice of my book— in rather glowing terms—and really well written.

I hope you are able to stay your full time as planned before leaving here in Paris. It is above all other places in the entire world—-recreation. London approaches it— but is a far second—and Rome, New York— a Boston are

Mid-west financial—intellectually— and creatively peaks it.

Frankly Washington D.C. incites a special fulfillment of civic beauty comparable to Paris— but never a sense of intellectual vibe comparable to it.

By all means see all you can of towns like Vienna— or a visit to Cairo or Cornwall.

I hope you have made some contact with scholars as well as not so distant ideas of the arts of historic beauty which you have seen and felt free about your rooms. They alone teach just if you expose to reach adequate creative beauty in your own work.

The myriad of sights taken into indistinct— dullness when you reach American shores— but the crystalline exquisiteness of Near Orientals, really wrong it in your awe. but sense and supplied artists as part of our lives— They necessarily create the quality of the futilities of the architect who wine from— not by reflection but by the fact they exist at all—we are authors.

You will find England wonderful in May—Grass— trees— flowers—and a few fine roots and walls. It is the first time to see it— like a fairy dress party—but its rather dull even those of 2° France—