

21 Oct 1964

Dear hell,

Excuse me for the long delay in answering your last letters. Many activities here and in Paris, chiefly in connection with the World Federalist Movement, have absorbed me completely so that I am far in arrears with my correspondence. And, as though this was not enough, my Paula is ill since more than a month and is only now recovering little by little.

So I can not answer as I should wish to do and as your kind and beautiful letters deserve to be dealt with. Please, have a little patience with me until I can sit down quietly at my desk.

Still, I can imagine what a great impression your "Mother and Child" prints - all of them - must have produced, as they are in the same size as in Eindhoven where every visitor was deeply struck by their magic appeal.

A. S. H. CRAEYBECKX

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OUDE GOD (ANTWERPEN)

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and wrestling with the quicksands, the prehistoric plants (reindeer-moss and sundew); fatherland also of silence, more sensible and present still, when suddenly torn by the raucous cry of a magpie, a gull, a wild duck. And what an ineffable joy to feel oneself under the wide eternal vaults of heaven where under the wind-swept clouds soars, solitary, the buzzard threatening and magnificent. Sometimes, also, amidst the desert dunes, one feels as lost in an Asiatic landscape, surrounded by millenary ruins. The natural reserve comprises scarcely thirty square miles and I have the impression I could spend there the rest of my time so lively is the country - always alike and always different.

Now I should like to express my feelings in my own language instead of trying to do it clumsily in yours! I can only hope part of the current will pass.

But let me listen with you to "the lonely flute" and remain with all my affection
your friend
Hermann

2.

I like very much the article by Carol Baldwin and thank you for having sent me a copy.

Concerning your query in connection with exhibitions in Belgium and Holland I suggest that "someone" should drop me a line in due time i.e. when he will be able to send the prints over, after having exhibited them, telling me which connections he already has in the Low Countries so that I may see what I can do.

I hope you will soon get the tape recording. Be sure I will be with you in spirit and with all my heart. There is an extraordinary record of Schubert's "Winterreise" sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau! I can hardly imagine that someone would be able to sing this cycle with more feeling and understanding than he did.

Before I end this letter I should like to say you ~~some~~ ^{a few} words about my holidays in the Heathland (a natural reserve), which has been for me and for as all a real enchantment.

We strolled through that magic country, fatherland of the birds, the squirrels, the fragrant heath, the trees twisted by the north-winds