



DIRECCION TELEGRAFICA
RITZOTEL, MADRID
TELEFONO 2212657

Hotel Ritz
Paseo del Prado
Madrid 14

September 18th, 1966.

My dear:

I'm only half-awake, so a new literary form may emerge!

Many thanks for your dancing telegram which was handed to me just as I was leaving for the Airport! I am so grateful to you for this sweet message of farewell and the happy wishes which are already coming true! Many thanks for this very thoughtful reaching out of your hand in love and friendship! And how tantalizing to catch a glimpse of you at Mr. Stichen's (and your) party, and to look for you and to find that you had vanished....

I think I'll take private lessons
in how to tell them wordlessly
that I am not an inferior specimen
of an inferior breed, but fit to
live in the world they inhabit on
an equal footing! You must think
I am half-mad, but even such
sophisticates as Shirley Burden share
in my trembling horror! Sometimes
I would prefer starvation to
ordering a simple meal!!

I hope that you are having
a beautiful autumn in your
fairy kingdom and I send
you the full measure of my
love -

Grace

And to Chris, too!

We left J & K in a rose red sunset
and saw a rosy dawn over the brown
earth of Spain. "I love illustrious
cities" was written for me, and my
hardened heart went out to Madrid
at first sight! Surely this is the
most dignified and noble place on
the globe! I have walked its length
and breadth and seen the Goyas
by way of introduction to the
Prado, and I regret all the years
I spent away from this land
of the soul! I wish you were
here to share its glories with me....
I do not speak its tongue, but
I understand its language,
and I am already enslaved.
If only concierges and maitre d's
did not terrify me, all would
be perfection in the absolute!