

Saturday, Sept. 3. 55.

My Nell.

One hour ago we talked on the telephone. We said, that women are put on the side of the way. — I must write to you this letter, as I had to write the last one.

Nell I need you - will need you more than anything, always.

For you are the only one that can hold me to myself and lead me to myself - wherever I am not sure or

surrounded by fog. —
As it has been so often. —
~~since~~ you have the
magic power — from
somewhere! no one
else can tell me — there-
fore I have never
"obeyed" anybody. Not
my dear Mother — not
Ernst. Perhaps I sound
very selfish — to ask so
much; but I know,
that I do need all of
you. More than
anybody ^{that} you know.
Nothing must be —
from now on — more

1.) important than our
work. And this is,
why I am, from now
on, writing capital =
letters again.

And what will you do?
You shall have to buy
many frankfurters to
put in Icebox and
Deepfreezer, mustard and
butter. This and some =
made bread (baking
bread is good for you -
so that I will allow
you!) will be the
meal when you have
guests and no cook.
You must save your =

self. I know, that
without the darkroom,
even Villa Severa would
mean nothing to you.
But you too must be
selfish: all to keep
your ~~own~~ energie for
your work. That is,
what Villa Severa asks
of you. Your Work!!
We will, must change
the attitude which
exists, about women
and Art. Perhaps at
this exhibition the
critics will tear me to
pieces, (because I am a

2.) women) perhaps I will not sell a thing; and perhaps I shall be pushed from one gallery to the other and no one will take me permanently to work with my pictures -- as it is so far. But Well: the worse it gets: the more and better I will paint, and nothing else matters. I shall every two years have a show and find a gallery to do it in. Almost for sure I know that I will be always as poor

as I am now. But
you must never feel
sorry for that, because
I have a strong easle,
besides this I only
must know, that
you are working and
in Villa ^{the} Serena - as she
wants you.

But at the end of my
life - there will be
my work - and also
your work: and the
attitude, that, women
art is never great -
shall be broken to such
little pieces - that no

3. man can pick them
up ever again.

Not, because it matters
what men think, (what is,
is.) but because it is
false. We are meant to be
pure and strong, which is
greatness in anything.

If we will proof, that we
are; it will make other
women believe in them-
selves again - which is
the most important
thing to accomplish
anything - especially
in art. And others will

belief in them, which
will make them stronger.

And this is, what you
have to help accomplish,
and I. We will be the
first ones.

It is my whole conviction.
Sex matters not, but the
human being, through
which god speaks stron-
gest, is the greatest.

The future will be so
hard. - But you only
can take away the fog
from my eyes - you have
that luminous quality,
through which I can see god.
Therefore I need you, - need.
Ever and ever your Rose.