

Stuttgart, June 18th - 56.

My dear-dear Nell. -

Here I am! - I don't know
how! The first hour I
thought I would not be
able to take it. Right
now Golf is sitting across
the table and we are
listening to Mozart Music.
I am thinking always of
you and of Dr. Dorr. I shall
write to him also.

The Flight was wonderful,
I had the most excellent
place on the plane. The
grays - blues and purples
were fantastic! So clear
and clean and untouched.
Beatrice and Ernst were

1.) also at the airport. Today
Ernst has left. He went
to Frankfurt, but has
still not gotten his visa.
I have had last night
a chance to talk with
him for 7 hours. He
understands everything
and knows; More than
I could have dared to
dream. I think that he
must come to America.
I know that America
needs him; for he has
such a strong conviction
and is so true and nothing
matters to him but the
absolute truth.

Tomorrow I will go with
Golf and we will get visas

2) and canvas so I can
paint. I just thought:
I can take the paintings
down from the stretchers
and then roll them up to
take with me in the
Airplane. So far, however,
I've been seeing so many
dear friends. And I have
been telling so much about
you and love nothing
more. ".... My head is like
a desert" — and you are
the oasis. — I don't know
how I got here. But
everybody loves you and
the whole family knows
not enough words to tell you
how much. — I don't believe
that anybody loves you as much as
I do. — Always your Dad