

Stuttgart, July 1st 56.

My Nell - I have your letter since yesterday. In spite of the gray news in it I feel so strong - and stronger and stronger as I read it again and again. I don't know what it is. - But I know that it is you - you without whom I can not ever picture myself.

The two weeks I have been here seem endless - and endless the 6 weeks to come. I only hope that by now you are at Villa Serina. There I can see you - bearing the pain - and making her beautiful.

But you must tell me, - because I know that even though she gets you into the deep, - in the end when you have taken her

1.) into your arms and when you have looked into her eyes, -- she will go down to your feet.

I have compared you, - when I was flying above the clouds. There was the moon. Thin and white. Huge - big black clouds moving closer and closer to this small moon.

But as they practically covered her -- you should have seen them! - She made them look so beautiful - and so pure! And she was the same - having them all around her, yet they could not touch her. They looked

2) before as though they were the extreme opposite of her, - and now they were like part of her, so wonderful.

So the moon and the black clouds, - this is you and pain.

Now I have just stopped and thought. - I thought of 5 people who also have this godlike quality of strength; - Socrates, Emerson, Rilke, Schweitzer and Antonio and Bach.

There was just now a Bach Fuge on the Radio. It is so good how much good music there is on french stations. But Stuttgart! Oh! they are idiots,

3.) they play music like what they are! - I will go to them and say something...

The french, however, always speak in between with no end. Of course it sounds beautiful - perhaps they think so too - and just keep on talking so they can listen to themselves.

I am seeing many old friends and also others. But I paint. Without it I would be lost. My Mother sends all her love to you. I have told her that all is fine with you and Dr. Darr. - I must - because black clouds would cover her - I am afraid. - Golf told me quietly, how sad it is for him that he had missed to see you last year. He sends his love.

Wherever you are, Nell - I am with you.
- Always your Rose.