

September 7th, 56.

My Nell —
the first letter on this
beautiful Desk must
be to you. — What really
makes this desk so
very beautiful — is —
only because it is
from you. Words of
thank to you are
nothing compared to
what I feel for you.

And your Movie is
all put together! — I know
that God is with it; and

what more does it need?
You have made it - as
one should do every
thing, - like a prayer.

Bernhard Weiss was
here this evening. My
heart cries out - he
is so great a human
being. - How is it -
that I should deserve
to have you, - while
he has to go through
such agony about
Martha Winslow??
Words can not tell -
but his eyes - how
much he has to
suffer. He listened -

eyes closed - never moving -
to the B-minor Mass, -
you gave me this Easter.

I must go far higher
and on my knees -
to become worthy of
you.

If I would do again
a painting of Bernhard
(you remember the
blue portrait I did
of him?) I would
do it exactly as I
did then. Finally I
dared to show it to
him. - And it brought
tears into his eyes.
And then he could no

longer face it.

He said - that it was
such a great relief, to
be so deeply understood.

Again I realise, more
than ever, how "love" - in
the ordinary meaning -
is repulsive to me;
how it is miles below
this, which I feel for
Bernhard; because it
is purely spirit and
thus universal.

This pure white light -
which comes through you -
to me, - is the love; the
other is something else. -
I admit no other than the pure,
white light. - Ever - ever with you - Rose.