

Tuesday March 25th. 58.

My dear Nell - , some hours ago this evening I thought to find out exactly when you would leave - but you already have left. Surely everybody would be shocked by the childish way I react; like a little bird who fell out of its nest. But perhaps that and nothing else is life and the only thing which makes one able to bear it is a friend, which in my life - is-you. Ernest keeps

racing around to keep
himself out of too deep
despair, that is his way;
I do the opposite - perhaps
by almost hypnotizing
despair in order to measure
myself with it. I wonder
whether anybody ever
succeeds (truly) by doing
so ?? Rilke did not, but
came only closed to succeed.
Thinking about this fact,
I cannot else but find
true what Socrates thinks:
that we go through many
lives; that is: one life
would in the case of
Rilke not be enough, while

1.) a continuation of that path which he started — would absolutely lead him beyond the constant mental depressions from which he suffered so.

It simply sounds too negative to me, and too much against natures philosophy; that in our ^{individual} spiritual life so little could be revealed and overcome in one short life —; while nature, through the ages, has progressively revealed so much.

Are you now already in Texas?? Surely you are

sleeping while the train is
carrying you through magic
forests. Soon school will
end and then I can sleep
and paint and think of
you - being in a place
which you love so much.

- Just now Henry called.
Next week I will go and
see his new apartment.
His 2 books are all finished,
that is -, typed. He sends his
love to you. Do you
think he should wait
about finding a publisher
untill you come back,
or would you suggest
somebody whom he should

2.) see with his manuscripts
right away? ? 

I am working on a painting
with very very pale colors;
it is - as I want. But I
can only work on it by
daylight. The electrical
light changes the colors
completely and I would
not be able to see what
I am doing. Surely
you smile now - and
think to yourself - that
I always have that trouble,
and that I should also in
life realise when I must
stop. I remember how you

have told me this last
summer. It is so true,
I shall never forget.

I will play Schreitter
now "The Great Fugue" —
we must always listen
together; our sacred place.

With all my love yours
Rose.

- And much love to your dear children. -