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Dearest Nell: Here it is a little bit like
Gilla Serena, - but still not as beautiful.
It is a small area with a lake for
swimming and mountains all around,
in Austria, but next to the Italian Border
and the Yugoslavian Border. Here we will
stay for 10 Days, and then return to
Munich. Henry's back is in excellent
order, and he swims several times
each day. We drove over Trieste into
Yugoslavia. In comparison, New York
is cool; so we drove back into Austria.
But I must say, although I never saw
so many beautiful places -, none
are more beautiful than your place.

In Yugoslavia, a picture of Tito
hangs in every shop and house. -
We visited several smaller towns;
well, all we wanted was to get out
again. They proudly tell you that
everything is state-owned. If this
is so, then it is the state that explodes

the people in a very dreadful way. Of course I could not help remarking at this. - Well, it was an adventure.

In Italy at a small restaurant, we watched on TV Kennedy's visit to the new Pope. But it was even more wonderful to watch the Italians sitting around - watching with us. I think they all liked Kennedy, - who was surrounded by all these Priests, looking rather bored, - while the Pope read in a ridiculous manner some endless speech. Of course Kennedy looks earnest, straight and truthfull, next to him the Pope looked sinister and false. It was quite an experience to see them, - and the reaction of the Italians, as the Pope went on and on. One finally sighed: "Mama mia", yawned and got up.

I am quite worried - how you are, and therefore glad to get back to Munich soon - for there may be news from you. Even Henry mentioned a week ago, that he wonders how

Everything is with you. And you know, he is always in good faith that things are right, usually. I only pray it is all good.

Of course this is such a tremendously difficult year for you -, and we are so far away! I wish so with all my heart to be near you again; - on the other hand, - feel that I should not tell Henry. He would then say - let's go back at once. Then he would start working again -, and here I know he will not. And I think he needs more time to regain his health, - at least a few months more. So, this I feel should be done; and to be near you I want just as badly. You see, I am split. - But I do love you so. I am much more dependent on you than I have known so far. It goes so far, that it can paralyze me so that I can not paint a stroke. - As well as it can do the opposite. Is this wrong? - If it is, - it still will

not change. - (Nor would I want it
to change. Strong shadow is only where
there is strong light.)

A full moon is shining and a
thousand little glowworms are
flying. Henry is taking a long walk.

One Day later. - Of all the "glorious,
famous spots" we have now seen... here
I am; and I think of Nantucket. - Do
you remember, when it was all fog and
water - a magic light and stillness, one
sailboat, we looked holding almost our
breath. - May be I can paint that?

Lago di Garda is huge. Yet there was
not one single quiet place for us to
remain. Tourists - tourists - tourists.
Germans going to Italy, Italians going to
Germany.

Have you found somebody to stay?
I hope you did. - And how are the
exhibitions? You probably have to go
wherever it is. We both think of you,
that you keep strong and well. -

Do let us know how all is. And
let nothing disturb you. Good things
will come to you, that is one thing I
am sure about. Always with you -
as ever, Rose.

Henry is taking another walk, but you know how he thinks of you. -