

8-Munich-49
Forstenrieder Allee 4
Apt. 8-1

6. Sept. 63.

Dearest, dear Nell; - it is evening
and I can almost "smell" Gilla
Serena. Perhaps you have a fire, and
may be it was a cool gray day
as it was here. You were in the
dark room, - and went to shop in
the little Market for the weekend.
I have not done much, except
cut some mounting for water-
colors. - Instead, Henry works
for two. He writes and writes,
and I am glad he can do so.
And I try not to show too much
discontent about being here. -
For it is true, he does have a
good chance to find a Publisher
here, whereas in N.Y. this is al-
most an impossibility. So,
untill he gets a start, I will
be patient. I keep telling myself
that this time is nothing out
of a whole life; and that you

will be there and think of me, - as if I were around the street corner.

I do miss you terribly, in spite of my knowing that distance can not separate us, - and that this time will pass.

During the past two months, we get our noses full of relatives, - taking their vacation in Italy etc., - and the way always does lead through Munich.

I will never understand, how they drop each other to pieces, condemning and criticizing.

I never believe a word. - And the one who is condemned most of all, turned out to be the most wonderful person. She is Jerry's Cousin, - and the exact opposite of what I was told. Her english is better than mine! I wish we could persuade her to come with us, - but she has some obligations here.

1.) She is very dynamic and strong,
but not "germanic". How you
would like her! And the most
amazing thing: her house is full
of old things and rugs and items
she has gathered on her trips to
Persia, Egypt, Rumania etc.; it
is the only house which I saw,
and know you would enjoy.
Anyway, it is a rare person. And
how idiotic and absurd, - the
relatives all accuse and dispraise
her. So now you know what
I think of them. - Probably,
they are jealous or something.

Just a week ago I got a letter
from a friend of Fay Fletcher,
whom I know well. And he
told me some terrible news
about her, - which I at first
did not think to tell you.
But, since you know how
confused her life was and
how unreal; - you too will

surely have felt since long that
something strange might happen.
This letter told me, that Walter
(the writer of it, -) had called
Gay, and her older Son answered,
saying Gay was ill in the
Hospital, could not be visited.
Next Day he called again, and
~~so~~ was told that she felt
better. Then he went away
over the weekend, - called the
following Tuesday, - both her
sons answered and said, -
Gay had died - and the Funeral
was over. The day following
he called again, - but the
Telefon was already dis-
connected. And he could not
find out anything, although
he and a friend of his tried.

I was terribly shocked. -
Now, of course, I am sure
that there is something very
wrong. - For why should no-

body be informed, - and the
Funeral so hasty. Also, - she was
well of as I heard some weeks
ago. There is, as I know, a
row of strange people, - who
took advantage of her in dread-
ful ways. - I often warned her
of them, - but for reasons I was
not sure of, she could not keep
from them. And she never thought
they were bad, no matter what
they did. As it is, - Well, - I am
very lucky and should thank
the Lord to not have been in
N.Y. when all this happened.

For I would not just have sat, -
but would have got right into
it, - and not been able to get out
of it. In '56 Tom Shea once
said, - stay away from Fay,
she is in strange company and it
is not safe. It all is tragic,
for she herself was indeed as
innocent as an Angel, she lived
in such a dream. - I think that

there is nothing that the right judge-
ment would punish her for, and
that this passing brings no
pain for her soul. - I don't be-
lieve that death exists at all.
Only life of various stages.
Continually one has to shed-
spiritually as well as physically,
only to grow further and to
become.

Just recently we had visiting a
Painter from N.Y., with his wife
and Child, - he ^{was} ~~is~~ on a Fulbright
Scholarship in Germany this
past year. Well, he went from
one Academy to the other, al-
ways moving, and he did get
nothing done. As result he
was completely disappointed
and so depressed -, it was
terrible. He tried everything in
order not to have to go back
to the States, but could not
get a job because of language
trouble. I tried and tried to

3. encourage him somehow.... But at last, this did not work, for he is so nervous and upset. I ended up getting depressed myself -, so much that I had to stay away from him in order to protect myself. - I thought of myself, - and what it would have been like -, what would have happened to me -, had I not had the blessing of meeting you. - - My feeling and love for the U.S. makes it impossible for me to attach myself to another country. - Whereas this Painter has nothing that draws him to the States, in fact he does not know anyone there that he wishes to see again. - How can it be, - for he is truly a fine and sensitive young man.

He claims that in U.S. nobody cares or helps one, and that this ^{real -} interest he only found while in Germany; that everybody is

in U.S. only helping themselves.
Yet I could not even try to think
who all helped me, - of course
everybody was practically
someone I met through you.
but I believe that these people
would help in any case.
Or I would have to think,
that if I had not met you, -
I would be in the same state as
he is. - You can see, now I
simply had to withdraw from
these discussions.

You must tell me how the
Bare Feet are doing. - It gives
us so much, - to look at it,
to touch it. All I have to do, is,
turn my head, and there it is!
Can Harold stay also over
winter?

Dearest Nell, stay strong, and
let us stay closed. - Henry sends
his love also.

As always your Rose.