

Untill June 21.:

34-Göttingen-Geismar  
Plauener Str. 19.

June 10. 64.

Dear, dearest Nell: - today your beautiful letter arrived. - How is it ever possible, that still we are so far apart. - That I suffer beyond words because of this, I think you can imagine... I have been so run down, in fact was quite ill. It came slowly, - and on top (I think it was the reason) I was so homesick to talk to you, to see you -; I kept loosing so much weight that finally I was hardly more then bones. - Now I am not much more: but my spirit came back, - the knowledge in my heart that I can not be held here forever. So I am on my legs again, - actually since we were in Paris. If we had not gone there, I think I would still be



Heartbroken. - We were there only  
5 days, or not much longer. From  
Stuttgart it is not far to drive  
there. (No, we are not going to  
~~go to~~ live in Paris, - you know  
what where I want to be....)

Thomas was not with us in  
Paris, and also before he was  
with Henry's Mother, it was  
impossible for me to get up most  
of the time, for several weeks.  
But now of course I am taking  
care of him again, and painting,  
and everything. He is so adorable,  
and so healthy looking! I need  
not to describe him, - for you  
know him perfectly. Also you  
surely understand, that I would  
have done wrong on him, to try  
and keep him during the weeks in  
which I was ill, particularly since  
I started out with a virus. At first,  
Henry took care of me in one room,  
and Thomas in the ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> - but it was



11) really a good thing that then he was  
with Henry's Mother, who loves that  
Baby so much as any Mother would.  
Here in Göttingen the House is big, and  
a garden full of Flowers, and Dramas  
amidst them; but even in Stuttgart  
we have a sunny Balkony, with  
a green little Park in front of it.

I am so very happy about Robert  
getting married! And you will be  
there! Please send us a small  
picture, surely he will have a girl  
who is as dear as he is.

Just now I am painting a green-  
green world; there is only one green  
world: your green meadow, your  
willows and the lake. I wish you  
could see it, - it is almost finished  
and come with such ease - for I  
am there, it is all inside me, - I need  
not strain any part of my imagination.  
One is, where ones heart is.

Did you get my letter, in which  
I translated a letter Prof. Fikentscher  
wrote to me after receiving your



Book? I can imagine, that the one  
he wrote to you directly, is  
beautiful. -

Last Trebar is right now in  
Paris, this we found out 3 weeks  
ago when we wanted to visit him.  
But when he is back the middle of  
this month, we will see him.

You did not write about your  
work! You mentioned that you  
are doing something especial....  
what is it?? And who is  
helping at Villa Serina, and in  
the Dark Room? Since Chris can  
not, who can?

Henry's Book is now finished. -  
So now he is typing Copies to send  
to different Publishers, which is  
quite a job. But: it is all there, -  
that does sound like music...  
like a painting - getting framed -  
or signed. Please give it a good  
strong thought as it goes on its  
way into the world. (It is written in



2) German, but I will - as soon as he  
has typed it out - send you a  
translated part of it.) In any case,  
right now he is also planning to  
work in some architectural office,  
and all that brings us nearer to  
going home.

I want this to get to you quickly.  
Indeed I was not aware that I  
had not written so long! Never-  
never do I want you to worry!  
Nor does Jerry - nor does little  
sweet Thomas. Nothing more  
dreadful than not to know, -  
and to be out of immediate reach.  
(I still think my long, last letter  
got lost.)

Let it not concern you any, that  
I was ill; for it is alright now,  
everything. It all is nothing, -  
except the fact that I don't know  
when I can be again where I belong...  
this is what hurts - no matter how  
I try to think. Maybe I lack



patience. But how long can one  
be patient... and when there is a sweet  
little child... wanting also to be  
with you.

I should not say all this.  
For it will not be too long.

When you go to Texas, - take  
along my love, and my  
deepest thoughts. -

Always - always -

your Rose

and a little tiny fellow,  
and Henry.