

August 1st, 81

Dearest Nell; how is our dear, dear Nell, it is summer again, and how could one then not always see you. - Hear you in Villa Serena. We are not there and are there - both. Not being in Stuttgart right now, but at an old Black Forest Farm House, in the depth of the Black Forest on a 10 Day vacation with Thomas and Henry; it gives time for the first time in months - to write words on paper. It can only go to you, for you are the only one who understands and knows. How senseless would it be, to write about troubles not digested? only you understand. - others will condemn one for the silence that has to be kept in such times. Rilke knew also; and do you remember ~~to~~ how you

gave me all Rilke ever wrote, and it became like a Bible. - How could anyone doubt and misinterpret silence if he ever understood Rilke. I look at your beautiful Photographs, and it says the same, in a way as pure as Rilkes. It is eternal and with pure Art. But how are you? You must be in good spirits - and in good health, I wish it so; we must be together strong. - Thomas is now home always with us. It is not easy, for he needs help in very many ways constantly and I do get very exhausted. But his voice is getting more and more beautiful, it is hard to believe. With all the handicaps he has to live with, this stands supreme and complete with full learning capacity in the field of

1.) music and theory and technique.

He had to sing from Schuberts
"Winterreise" 2 Songs (the most difficult
ones) in a Concert of young people, -
and came out by far ahead of
all the others, as for interpretation,
musicality and voice itself. So now
he will sing in another Concert in
November, and also in a Church, Basel.

But the difficulties on the side,
by the School, and those who want
to close him up in a workshop
for handicapped people to produce
items for factories, and those
who want to save and develop
his voice for the Art of singing, ...
it is a pain in the neck. I just keep
him home and will not send
him wherever he gets too tired,
and let them yell. — There is
not much left that I can do, except

to reduce and simplify everything,
so that I can paint. For if I cannot
do that, everything goes to pieces.
Henry still goes to work at that
Government - Architecture Office
and writes and draws his marvelous
stories. - One must drop everything
which is not ones work. Things and
people which are ones work and belong,
yes. But all that which is only
superficial with people. - I know
you always knew that difference.
I was also part of your work - and
you never left me out; this was
only possible because you knew
what was your work, - and which
was 'nt. You never diluted! I
will only try to be the same way -
to be so dedicated. -

Dearest Nell, send us a little word -
which means everything, - How you are.
Always all our love, - Rose. Thomas, ^{first}