

12.21.81

Dearest Nell; around this time there is hardly an hour when I am not with you in my thoughts. To be almost snowed under, as we are since one week, brings us even closer to Villa Serena. We went to several beautiful Concerts, the last was the Christmas Oratorium by Bach. Last year, Thomas sang there in the Choir. - Since, ~~he~~ he has advanced so greatly; that he sang solo in 2 Churches, accompanied by Organ; Bach "Out of the little Notebook of Anna Magdalena Bach."

When I saw the huge Church Room, I thought - will one ever hear his voice? - And then when they one evening had a ~~trial~~ try out, - I was only amazed, - his voice sounded clear and exquisite in the farthest place. - On the actual date - Thomas had to get up 5 a.m. to get his voice prepared for the main service

at 9:30 am. It all went ~~to~~^{so} perfectly
beautiful, if only you could have
heard it. - The other Concert was
in Oktober, part of Schubert's
"Winterreise". For this he had a 11 year
old Boy - who - with hardly any
Teacher - plays List's late works.
He is the most talented under the young
upcoming. His Parents have a
Laundry, - no idea what the Boy is
doing, nor any idea about music.
So, this Ralph accompanied Thomas,
the piano was tuned one day
ahead of the Concert. There were
numerous people who kept coming
till all places were gone. It was
really a wonder, how Thomas
stood there, and sang, and the
atmosphere he created with the
music he sang. - In Spring is
another Concert, with other musicians
from the Conservatory. There Thomas
will sing also Bach, it is a concert in

1.) memorial of a young ~~Oboist~~-player,
who took his life. It was a great
Tragedy, one found letters by him;
he could not bear the hardness and
cruelty in this world. This will
be in an old, small Church (12th Century)
outside of Stuttgart. Outside of
this - we took him out of School,
he is now home, and gets private
lessons in music, music theory
etc., etc. and works and loves it.

It seems, that nothing matters,
nor should one try to change any-
thing outside; but. that one
keeps an inner peace and quietness,
and that one can keep out of
outside matters and affairs. -
Almost everybody gets reckless
with ideals; or with trying to
make these ideas reality. These
idealists can cause the worst
distraction among poor, helpless
people. We have seen it in
Vietnam, - trying to put Democracy

there we did more harm than some
wars that were. - And in Poland
we knew it would come as it
did. - The reality there could never
have been able to bear what those
Idealists wanted. - Perhaps in
a 1000 years; if only they would
have been patient with less....
it would have been enough -
and would not have brought on
such a great tragedy. Recently,
a very big human being, said to
me quietly: "How important is it
that I can speak aloud what I
think, - when nobody cares?"
Since month before marshall law,
children in Poland were starving to
death, - and nobody felt sorry
for them, - just because it was in
the name of freedom...; - freedom
only for a few. I have friends
who saw everything there - it
was one tragedy since month. It is
as if you would demand to be
as far what you are - or to be

3.) paid for what you are, - It is
always only a few steps outside of
ones self where one can meet terror.
But also one can meet those who
understand, or who belong together.
The world is smaller as it looks.
The things that count are in your
Books. - You still must tell
us how your Exhibit in N.Y. was.
How you got there, who was
there, - everything. - The text
in the Catalogue ~~you~~ was very beautiful.
Is Barbey with you this Christmas?
You wrote once, how she is able to
cope with life, - as if Mayo is
helping her. I think he is. How
else could it be. That spirit
which he had, is the only thing
that lives eternally. As unbearable
almost, as it must ~~be~~ have been
for her, after the Transition it is a
new life. I don't think I could
have gone through something as this,

at that time. I prayed, because
I could have put nothing of
comfort in words.

When Spring comes, maybe
there could be little fotos made
of you on the meadow, and
Barby, and Alvin. - I can
almost see it. You are surely
pure Spirit on earth. -

We keep a few very quiet
days, - and after that a new
year, which will be a new
year with our hearts far each
other. I can so easily
reach you - time and distance
are nothing. Give our love
to Barbara, and to Alvin, Bill
and Chris with his dear Alife.

All my love, and Thomas'
and Henrys -
ever - Rosa.