

Dearest Nell; - I just read and read your last letter. How comforting and all-imparting it is, - to know that you understand the communication without words. It is the secret of our lives, it is the seal on an eternal friendship and love. -

All these months, when I had to take Antibiotics, which in turn made me catch all other things such as Flu, several times the past weeks - fever, weakness, etc.. Then, unable to ever make telephone-calls etc.; - I realized, how all the rest of people simply assume that I don't care !!! You have been the only person



that I felt closed to, that  
I felt well about, - and  
not guilty for not writing.

But -, as I felt guilty  
about other -, it also  
makes a bad dent - it  
separates me from them for  
having felt that way.  
(This kind of "dent" in me,  
is irreparable :-)

That you would love  
the little Fotos from last  
summer - I just knew.  
There are a few more coming -  
all I have to do is: get  
them in the Camera Store....  
they are ready since about  
6 weeks! At last, I will;  
now that I am healthy again.



1.) The Exhibition in Ulm was very good; the papers brought many pictures and wrote very good things. Also a few paintings were sold, to very special people, which I am very pleased about. With other Artists here I have ~~had~~ very little contact, because there is very little in common. They are so egocentric; - I have not yet met any equally as human and understanding as the few I knew well in N.Y.. This year Christmas to me is not - as it is on the 24<sup>th</sup>; I am sure I will not be ready that



moment.... More and more,  
it is at moments rare  
and secret, that I feel  
the eternal rebirth - of the  
spirit - of the Christ, - of  
the all enclosing hand of  
God. And it is when I  
am ready and pure  
inside - that it can be  
understood to me. When  
you were there, at Gilla  
Serena, - that moment was  
born. And also at Christ-  
mas, was it all there.

When I relive Christmas at  
Gilla Serena, or even at  
Alesthrach: you brought  
it to life, the whole  
mystery. But there is no one



3) else who can do that.  
And not the 24<sup>th</sup> of December;  
or all the people I know  
who are so well prepared to  
celebrate under a well pre-  
pared Tree. All that is out.  
- I am suspected here to be  
an Atheist because of it  
by some people here ... it  
worries them. It is funny.  
They have no idea - how  
much we love to have a  
Tree and Thomas under it  
and Music, - mementos of  
having you and just us;  
- but nothing else.

Margaret Lilienfeld in  
all seriousness married  
a Priest of the Christian  
Community. For years he



escaped always from  
getting too close to her.  
And now he escaped  
again, which was to be  
expected. He passed on  
in November; before, however  
they had a honeymoon  
in Spain. Then she wanted  
to buy a house on  
Lake Geneva (to - to  
fashionable for my taste!)  
to live with him. The  
whole thing was kind of  
childish - or like a movie.  
This man was nothing, and  
had nothing to say; -  
except second hand philosophy.  
This is true of the last 6  
years that I knew detailed  
what he stood for. - It is



3.) alright to be that way,  
but why all the Fuss.  
Marriage becomes idiotic  
as a formality, unless  
it has to do with Children.

Anyway, Margacta now  
is making this into another  
melodrama, not realizing  
that this ~~was~~ husband of  
hers was unable to live  
really, since a long time.  
But in ~~her~~ there always  
was the possibility of  
changing into another level,  
- completely removed from  
reality; and then believing  
every time that it is pure  
truth. This is russian  
in ~~her~~. Henry is  
making a whole house to  
play for Thomas, in secret,



out of little old pieces  
of wood. - It is magic;  
Thomas will be beside  
himself on Christmas over  
it. -

Dearest Nell -, now  
I will go to Bed.  
- We got such dear Christmas  
Card from Alvin!! Please  
tell her - How I love  
it. It touches me so.  
All our love to you,  
always. -

Your Rosa,  
Thomas,  
and Henry.