

1) go to Henry's Mother in Göttingen. Then in January we get the little one, and take him right to Stuttgart.

Yesterday he was ex-rayed again and the result is: The last Symptom to worry about - has completely disappeared. We are so relieved and overjoyed, that I feel like painting the walls of Grand Central Station.

The birth itself was a masterpiece of the Director of the Clinic and 3 other Doctors. This Director is quite famous in Germany, and it was a great fortune that he happened to be there. It took twenty hours, where these 4 Doctors never took a minutes break. (I think 2 of them had to hold me down, as I could be given hardly any drugs the whole time, until they could operate.) The Child was then taken to the Childrens Clinic, and was for a long time under oxygen, had to have blood transfusions. When his life was out of danger, one thing after another was wrong, but

as in a miracle, - one after another disappeared.

Our new Address, after Jan. 1. :

Rose Alber - or Rose Mentzel - or Henry Mentzel
or both --

c/o. Neff

Stuttgart

List Str. 53

Already several years back, I began to wonder, if it may mean a failure, not to submit to everything; - particularly to the most important and miracles of all. This would mean, a lack in me, - and thus in my work.

Before myself, I always reasoned that I did not have the time and patience and so on, - and not the ability. I had thoroughly convinced myself of that. Untill I began to doubt. In order to paint, I thought I had to keep off parts of life.

But in looking at your life, which is the closest, - and most admirable to me: what you are, and your work. - And the lives of many, - Bach, with everything around him; Einstein, Goethe, Picasso -

3/ who just recently said: "I have an endless craving and curiosity, I want everything, everything real life can offer." Or Henry Miller, who all through his writing says, - that one must * put ones ego completely into the background, in order to become.

You can, in spite of this, imagine what battle I led with myself. And if this feeling would not have come up, - that I really am afraid to have a child - terribly afraid; - I may never have given up my old little theory, - but stuck to it. But again and again I thought that I am timid and fearful, and my "independence" false; as long as I could not proof it in spite of everything.

Several years ago, I was told that without getting injections, I could not have a child. I left it, and excused everything with fate.

Then I suddenly was pregnant, the battle came up again. - And now. But I wanted the child to live. And I have a feeling - that what I despised - timidity and

fear-, is out of me. Now when I think back, - the fact that this was a battle of life and death, - how much was this a symbol!

Actually, it is only since yesterday that I can think with complete joy of the child. Before there was so much worry and questions. But whenever I saw these Eyes - it was as if the whole universe and its secret were reflected. What a great-wonderfull gift - I don't know anything that is more beautiful. We will share it together, for it is you on the first place, - through whom I felt just this wonder. You will never know, - how in the darkest moments, I felt as if you took my hand, and it gave me all my strength. Dear, dear Nell. How can I thank you ever. -
All my love is with you -
ever - Rose.