

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

Letter # 5 - Check on these deer - I don't know if you are down the Keys or staying in Miami or where - mail to yachts has a way of being indefinite and I like to know that my letters lay in your pocket and in no one else's.

Your letter today sounds a wee bit restless - but tomorrow's will probably be all bonny again. I know it is good for you to get away from pressure, I wish I were along to enjoy it first hand! Bobby said "you mean John has gone down there by himself - well, why?" I told him "you were writing a book" (- but I

can't tell you what he said) —
 Well, I do hope you get it well
 in hand ——— it will be good
 to have it off your chest.

much improved

I am feeling much better to-day — cold
 The bed & bath for J.V. N.D. is
 beginning to take form in my
 mind — but not ready to
 tell you yet. I promise to show
 you the first tangible plans —
 (remember the bath-room we did on
 my bed-room floor?) I also promise
 that it will not be pink camellias!
 However, I can see that pink camellia
 room with its soft silvery-green
 rug and hangings of silver and
 coral color — some day it will
 be a famous "Camellia Room".

NELL KOONS

400 EAST 59TH STREET

NEW YORK

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feel it! Now I must be quick as
 sure of your room before I am ready
 to begin. Be patient - Please - the
 artist has to have her labour pains -
 before the child is born. It is such joy though -
 I wake up in the night and think and
 think into the dark. Some things
 so beautiful yet impossible by
 camera — how I wish I
 could follow my thoughts with
 my hand instead of a camera -
 but I must fit my dreams to the
 medium - and I can.

I feel strangely happy today - am
 inside happy - and for no apparent
 reason. Spring is in the air clear -

such a floating softness that
 wafts you up over the earth's
 troubles — and makes you
 fight — fight — like a song!
 all you can hear is a sweet
 humming — a tinkling and
 eternal calling and answering
 going on above the day's business.
 My little room is such a haven — the
safety of it against the world
 outside — how I love it! — And from
 it I emerge all quiet and
 strong and well. — —

I wonder if maybe the same magic
 that is beginning to stir in the sap of
 trees doesn't stir in us also — and
I always wonder what would

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happen 'if' I suddenly burst
 out in pink blossoms?? I can
 feel them on the inside right now -
 and it doesn't seem right somehow
 that the outside of me should be
 just a brown suit! Maybe we both
 have the same "beautiful inside"
 feeling! Why haven't we wings to
 soar with? - to beat against the
 south wind and out into the
 blue. What is it all saying to us?
 and does it say anything to you -
 I hope yes. To a "yes" feeling toward
 life - yes - yes - yes - there
 are no "noes"! Will this is

a rather mad sort of a
 letter to be coming from this
 very upstanding apartment
 house on this rather cold and
 maybe colorless March day. The
 streets, dirty - with old snows -
 where is the freshness - the
 newness? Where are I? Which
 is the me - the real - the free? -
 For women to surely - and I
 fly to you, there - can you feel
 my thoughts break over your
 face? and touching your ear -
 round and round your ear
 picking up your thoughts and
away we said!!

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It's all such glorious fun John
 dear — sailing out. Like
 the pine cones into the
 great river — I must stop
 this and be sensible. This may
 reach you on ~~one~~ one of your
 sensible days (I hope not!).

You may get it in with a lot
 of sensible letters — among
 sensible people — heavens maybe
 I'd best not send it. But no,
 blessed — you know all my
 mad — and
 all — I need hide nothing from you.
 and I'm glad dear.
 Bless you —