

Cuba

Saturday 24 June

My Beloved John -

Here am I within sound

of the Sea - with the wind always to remind
you - should you forget. There was a bright
young moon last night and such stars -
and the Sea was breaking high over
the sea-wall - with a spray that
clashed you wet. And these dear ones!

Such innocence - such joy - such
fine intelligence and great hearts.

I was gathered up before I had
even set foot from the plane. Instead
of waiting - of standing in line - of
going through customs - no how
of this. Olga whispers a little secret
word into the ear of this one and
that one - and Lo a door opens
as if by magic and smiles and
bows usher us on our way. It
reminded me of the time my three
girls - Helen Rudol and I were given
the Hitler general in Munich that
Summer before the war. Everything
was ours - with a pleasure!

And so, we drove happily out to their house (Olga + Alfredo) here in the suburbs. It is not a great house but quite perfect to the last detail, as you can imagine. They have four or five servants - a Maestro for cook - besides a baby's nurse. But in spite of all it manages to be delightfully "wackie"! Everybody laughs - everybody sees the joke - whatever it is. I laugh too - I laugh at the old Black Nana. (who was Olga's nurse from the day she was born!) She has wanted to see this foreign god. mother - I know she could tell in a minute if I were false - but she seems to agree to the choice. Oh, John you must see her first - quiet - yes, powerful and possessing sureness. She knows and is not in anything confused by life. What pictures she will make - ~~that~~ thin, expressive face - her beautiful ageing humanity.

It was she who led me to the habano. He lays like in a royal chamber, with young black girls to sing him Cubanico - and the wind in the banana leaves outside his window. But he would not need any of it - he inherits laughter! His eyes dance already as if with secret mirth. The darling. He was put into my arms - I was encouraged to

hold and fondle him - quite
 contrary to American mothers who
 seem to have their fears always
 in focus on their child. Not so
 Olga and Alfred. Yet you should
 see their hands - how capable
 as well as kind - their charts -
 for after all they are Doctors.

But they are Doctors, who also
 are children - who have knowledge -
 instead of fear - who are not
 bound to rules and formulas -
 but who make them - who observe
 all with wonder - and who
 listen with great respect to the
 voice of the little black Nana who
 has seen much in this world too.
 Oh, it is sweet. The sound of Spanish
 spoken in so many keys by these
 little people, coming and going silently
 over the marble floors - it is like
 music - with flutes and oboes
 and piccalos - Olga is the High
 Priestess - Alfred, the utter captive
 slave. This will get tiresome if
 go on - you may even now be
 looking ahead (as in Leviticus) to see
 if it gets better. But it is

anything but that to watch. If I could but convey the freshness - The utter joy and song - but words are poor, wretched things.

I am beginning to realize how expected I was - and what an unforgivable thing if I had not come. It is like a Royal Baptism! My name is engraved into the parchment invitations with the gold and red illuminating done like the prayer books. The preparations are immense. It would have put them in an embarrassing position, if God-mother had not appeared, for the ceremony would have all been halted. I am the great god-mother.

... is the little god-mother. We shall see later how all the beauty of pageantry is carried through. This is no ordinary affair - and I am quite aware of it. The little one is a pet - or do I always say this? No, but he really is. He is so knowing and wise, and yet so gay - a little prince, Com to be King. I must stop raving - simply stop writing.

I am still allergic to aeroplanes! Give me all the Tiresome hazards of trains than one hour of such breath-taking heights. My heart beats - but I find I am not breathing - and cant! I want

4. and drinking orange juice - and making out of his. I have consulted with up to forty thousand without breaking and have again in the chest. Even now the very thought of the flight back is enough to open my vein. Silly I know - but that's how it is. I get nervous when I am able to move - not before.

and no one notices - and no one comes - but no I am in pain to cry out as I