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Dearest Dick,

It seems a very long time since I have heard from you. One day in Stonington John, Trudi and a slew of their descendants suddenly appeared, while I sat with a friend at an open air dinner trying to manage a very unwieldy crabmeat roll.

They said, you found China too populated. Did you? How did it go? Have you lots of beautiful pictures? Are you well?

I just looked at some old contact prints of '39 or '40. Jonathan a toddler. You putting up a bird photo equipment with a big lamp.  Christine wants me to enlarge more pictures of my American life. I am not sure I find them good enough to inspire me. Gerd is still working at the sale of the total Yffis. Christine will bring out the portfolio of my Bauhaus days this

weekend at a fair of Photo galleries ^{from} all over. Yom Gallery is also named.

Goggi painted a powerline before his house (I mean in front of) and got such a shock, that the convulsion broke his upper right arm bone. So his planned trip to Germany and on the way back to N.Y. has to be delayed. I still work 2 days with children.

This is mainly to say hello and
send you love

Ellen

How is Aline? Give her my love.

Rudi had at the Moma "An evening with Rudi Burschardt" where he spoke (mumbled) and showed 2 or 3 very extraordinary films. I liked them.