

November 28, 1955

Dear Jimmy dear,

I'm not too sure that I'll mail this letter to you. If I should try to realize that it may be a general impression of my stay and events or experiences there in Okragawa and Kayford - and of all it is late at night and it is very difficult for me to sleep and I keep thinking and crying for you. I feel so happy that you and my wife. Hope is not the word. You are my love, my life. Please believe me dear. I would not say these things when I'm (with) you, with you. You see how difficult it is already. We just left a party that was given by the so called Elites (poor) of Marjorie. It is the same sort of thing that the Museum of Modern Art or Guggenheim might perform. Clara Schmitt. My reaction was the same as you might have reacted. Because I was not really impressed. The people set their throats to please me, so I had to put up with to be happy. Bill was bubbling like Champagne. He was worked. Perhaps I was ill. So I told him to relax. There have been many moments that you (me) has to be above politeness in (just dumb or dumb) too much or too little reactions to these affairs - could have the same results.

Since you have been writing my letters didn't my spelling have you to tell. I don't want to go into long philosophical questions of my reactions and experiences. But, dear Bucka, I can say I think you can be proud of me. I had a hot shower at 2:30 am and got up the beautiful things I had to

2.

say to you how ^{difficult} difficult. I almost
cried at the thought of how much I
love you. I've damned women for
them insincere and servile.

To give you some idea of
my stay here in Poland. Maybe of
importance to you now, because my
love and feeling could go on and on.
I want you to know the thing when
I stop loving you as it would I can't
spell the word because I shall
always love you. I have you returned
my heart with it. I wanted to tell you
of my visit here. Poland.
June 21st 92

For ten days now for sun here
in Poland. For Warsaw there
have been no sun. Sort of gray
mysterious gray haze that have
hung over the city. Like some
strange mysterious being beyond
space. In the old city the true
spirit of Poland reigns. Part of the
old city had been destroyed by the Germans
and then by the 14th century operations of
the Russians. Part of the city is
being reconstructed by the strange
Victorian architecture of the early
19th century, the other part being
reconstructed by the early 17th
century. Poland is a strange country.
90% of the population is homogeneous.
Seeing Poland after Russia is
quite refreshing altho can be
sort of unfair to make an analogy
of the two countries.

In Russia the hospitality was something that was incomparable to any country even America. First of all we were the guests of the government and everything was for our asking. For a visitor to such a country, believe me, this is the only way we had the best of everything. Here we are sort of pulling the loose strings thru the American Embassy. We (I have had enough of experience to know how or just what this means, or its limitation.)

Here we are on Per d'cein and all of our contact have been arranged thru the Fine Arts Academy and Fine Arts institute, and the Artists Union. The artists and artless here have a very important part in society. In fact the artist is the top of society. The artist here are much freer and different from the artist of Russia. The Russian artist has more or less, more than less, conform to the policy of the government. The Ministry of Culture has the "General" say of the art in Russia. Bourgeois - Social Realism. There's much to be said about this. The art here is quite different. The artist have been more exposed to the western influence. The trend is toward more abstract and non-objective. But I feel because the artist has this sense of freedom they seem to have a compulsion to create or try in their (no sense) vision or concepts. It is a rebellion or should I say a rebellious expression. I'm sure they will grow into something good, that is in the sense of Corbusier.

4
We (Bill and I) have met many
Artist. The very tops in Warsaw
We have viewed their studios, talked
with them, exchanged ideas, and
etcetera. Their concepts are good and
some are bad. Like in America
there is that Bandwagon. But here
The personification is more glorified.

We have seen very little of
Warszawa as far as the photographic
angle. Somewhat like Iceland it is
dark about 2³⁰ P.M. Altho, it is
on the same latitude of Canada.
Tomorrow I shall rise early and
see what I can capture for you
to see.

We visited ~~the~~ Krakow
for three days and it is really
a beautiful city, 14th Century
Medieval Forts, castles and
walls all over the place. Walking
thru the city you cannot help but
feel you are many centuries past.
Our stay was made easy because
as always we were met by a group
of artist and critics and our stay
was always well planned.
One thing that was to our advantage
was the good weather.

Harling Bucha I would
like to talk to you all right but
as you see my handwriting is
going to hell. For this letter and
I shall decipher it for you
later. Give my love dear Shimmer

POLSKA



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