

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

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1. November 1959

Darling Lucile, -

your invitation to the opening on November 16th came as a sharp reminder. Not, as if I had needed any reminder - I have been thinking of you a very great deal and was most grateful for your letter of June 14th. (Please forgive me for being so pedantic on dates, but I have to hang on to certain mile stones that remind me of the awful swiftness with which time passes on and on.)

Your letter caught up with me in Hamburg exactly 3 days after the director of the "Buddenbrooks"-Film had collapsed with nearly fatal heart trouble and whilst we were minus any director at all. But once the giant wheel of the moving picture industry had started grinding away there was no stop in it, and we had to find another alleged "top-man" all but immediately. The bloke whom we did find wasn't any good at all, and I went through three and a half month of unmitigated disgust as well as perpetual labour. In the end I may or may not have averted disaster. I'll know by November 11th, five days before your opening. But for you, there is no possible disaster in store.

I am so glad, Lucile, dear, that you kept working which is surely the only salvation. Are you going to sell the house or have you sold it? In a way I should think it might be a reasonable thing to do. Because, as you say: "There is no use going over and over the past..." and a house you shared with Rimsky would be bound to force you - or at least to invite you - to do just that.

Besides, I think you are wrong in believing that "his happiest days must have been... in the 'Peppermill' and with Jos...". He was awfully fond of you, Lucile and most proud of you and most enthusiastic over your work. This you must know and certainly do know. That he never quite found his complete fulfillment may be tragically true. But it holds just as true for his time with Jos and myself as it might - possibly and to a lesser degree - for his live with yourself. He wanted to be creative and certainly had a lot of "creativity". Perhaps not quite enough. I don't think he was unhappy, although there is no death - no death at all - (died by somebody very close to one) that doesn't leave us with the most terrible regrets at things done or not done, I am convinced that your regrets are less solidly founded than those that most of us harbour. So long, Lucile. Please do come to Europe and please do remember to call me.

Yours as ever affectionately:

