July 24, 1966
Washington, D.C.

Mon bien cher Ami,

Somehow by now you must be back in Europe, and I just wanted to write a note to tell you how happy I was to hear of your evening together with Munz in Tokyo. He wrote of the very nice dinner you all had together, and of the tremendous reception you were having in Japan. No real "news", but so nice to hear, anyway! I can imagine how they rather mobbed you!

How did the children enjoy it? I do hope to hear about everything one of these days.

I am still living on the great stimulation of my trip and all the things I saw and learned and felt. How tremendous to go so far in such a short time, and to see really completely different worlds of faces, thoughts, atmosphere, every few days.

everything was fascinating – and special things were very moving. I will be a long time forgetting the sweet warmth of the Koreans; playing for completely broken and frustrated big healthy boys in an Army Hospital in Okinawa – being patched up from Viet Nam ready to go back –; an unbelievable family of real, old world Chinese in Hong Kong, with such an incredible refinement, elegance, taste and sensitivity that one wonders at the world that has replaced that on the mainland; and Hong Kong with only 37 more years to go before being turned back to it; (if everything lasts 37 more years!) Saigon, with the gigantic contrast of French and Oriental cultures overpowered by (US) Western frustrations and shocking activity (and lack of activity) in the midst, – all accompanied by a nightly lullaby of nearby artillery – touching confusion and beauty revolving in one's thought until words come to a dead end and one just feels the greatness of it all –; the unbelievable friendships made in Ceylon last year; and last of all, the country that really reduced me, – ~~and that is~~ India! I nearly died of the heat – 110 to 115 most of the time I was there – how can such immense color, grace + beauty coexist with misery and death? The faces, the

food, their music, their depth, the discovery of Tagore and the poetry and music in his verses — the coexistence of so many, many things, each day more and more interesting —

Your friends in Bombay wanted me to send you very fond greetings, they look for you again soon. They were all somehow moving, that staunch group of music lovers, Western music lovers —

Well, that's a tiny mitshell of all that will sustain me for a long time. What a grand privilege to have had such a trip, one feels so alive and a part of things!

It seems I will go to Russia November 10 to December 10 — so I will then stay in Europe, as I begin in Scandinavia early January, and end up in Hungary end of April. I wonder if I will ever see my apartment on New York again?!

I am working on Bartok and Mozart; and hope to have more time later on in the year to add two concertos in addition — I feel quite a freedom these days, each day a little closer to an expression one hopes is really one's own — perhaps it is an illusion and it will never come, but surely the search is the reality and the solidity of it all! How magnificent

that it should be a search in and around a center like Music! One can always turn and forget the confusion for a while and give - because you are compelled by an overwhelming impulse to sing! And each year the song comes out a little differently!

I send you fondest wishes, with hopes to see and hear you again before long - greetings to your family if they are with you -

Always,

Your very devoted

Ann

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

WASHINGTON D.C.
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