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ONX. NY  
VIA AIR MAIL



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#1.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.

53220

Rev. Angel.

Sept 27 - 73

It is 1<sup>st</sup> am - the first day of the Jewish  
new year (Rosh Hashana). Although I  
cannot join (as you alone know) all the  
blind followers who suddenly tonight  
enter the year 5734 after creation when ~~we~~  
have known buildings ~~for~~ 10,000 years <sup>old</sup> and  
and skeletons of coelocroaches or dinosaurs  
of 200 million years old etc. But one  
New Year is as good as others to wish you  
all the best and send you my Love (or,  
those words) Have been thinking of you  
continuously - am still dangling in a  
lopsided angle. I don't know, maybe you are  
so busy you may not have time to look <sup>at</sup> or read  
what I airmailed Tuesday. Mrs Tibroell is back  
in N.Y. and picked me up to drive to the Brooklyn  
Museum to see the El Amarna (Ikhnoton-Neferiti<sup>etc</sup>)  
show which had most enthusiastic visitors. When  
we got there - it was closed. But she stopped at a  
post office on the way which gave me the chance  
to mail the 2 envelopes. We had to drive back  
to the Museum of Modern Art to see something  
Her boy (12 years) is a real grandpa almost a mental  
twin. She (Sally) has a new friend named ELIAN, (French)  
It's 3:30 am. Good night, Could you suggest a time for  
mental communication?

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S.O.S.,

when I received your biog. list  
I had just started to glance over  
it when I was suddenly interrupted  
window cleaners came without  
warning, I had to move all papers  
away from table at windows etc  
and throw everything into a  
mountain of papers. It is always  
a panic because they would not wait  
10 seconds: so I have to spend many hours  
to find something. Your biog. was  
caught in the dust. It may  
be weeks until some of the papers reappear.  
Could you be an angel and send me one  
or 2 copies again? And more pictures of yourself  
My apologies. I looked at your letter  
in daylight and it is not baby blue but  
a most respectable Quaker coat green which  
is my color.  
I must not bother your time with reports about  
present events although my mind is continuously  
thinking of you. So is the heart in spite of Goote Schuur.