

28 July '85

Dearest Jeanne,

What glorious memories we will treasure, always, of you and Fritz.

In New York, you were among the few and first friends to welcome Sydney and me as a couple. Perhaps I have never told you how much that warm and wonderful luncheon meant to us. I can still taste the fabulous soufflé - visualize your accepting smiles - recall the good talk around your elegant and relaxed table -

And the wedding feast you gave us in ~~the~~ Provincetown - a joyful romp of a luncheon with champagne and shellfish and love, just days before the actual ceremony. We always think of that weekend as the beginning of our marriage -

How many moments come back - looking at Fritz's drawings, paintings, sculptures, collages; at your windows. Fritz's generous

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openness in talking of his work, in opening it up to us — in speaking of books, of Graham, of Gorky — you both, with Bob + Abby, introduced me to a world of art and ideas and creative people which changed my life, in ways I'd only dreamed of.

I remember sitting on your bed in Provincetown, getting totally lost in your mushroom book. I even remember hearing of you from BH before we met — of the quality, intelligence, coherence, continuity, Fritz brought to his work; of your extraordinary beauty of body and soul, your unique commitment, talents, reaching out — all of which, and more, we came to experience and cherish.

Oh Jeanne, we are thinking of you so much, and mourning with you, and wishing with all our hearts that we could help. Please know that we are with you and love you and hope very much to see you as soon as you are in NY again —
with many hugs and much love — Flora + Sydney