

intoxicated, as if possessed, as if wishing to drown the thunder, to illuminate the twilight.

Never have I heard anything so lovely. On the background of the alternately leaden and lurid sky, the song seemed to show like shafts of silver. It was so mysterious, so incredibly beautiful, that involuntarily I murmured the last verse of Goethe's poem, "*Oh, wert thou here!*"

Always your
Rosa

Wronke, June 1, 1917.

.....I know the different kinds of orchids well. I studied them once for several days in the wonderful hothouses at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where a whole section is filled with them. It was after the trial in which I was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Their slender grace and their fantastic, almost unnatural forms make them seem to me over-refined and decadent. They produce on me the impression of a dainty marquise of the powder-and-patch period.

The admiration I feel for them has to encounter an internal resistance, and is attended with a certain uneasiness, for by disposition I am antagonistic to everything decadent and perverse. A common dandelion gives me far more pleasure. It has so much sunshine in its color; like me, it expands gratefully in the sun, and furls its petals shyly at the least shade.

What lovely evenings and what glorious nights we are having now! Yesterday everything seemed under the influence of an indescribable charm. Long after the sun had set, huge rays of a vague but brilliant tint—a sort of opal—were still spreading across the sky; it looked like a huge palette upon which a painter had squeezed the color out of his brushes after a long day's work. The atmosphere was sultry; there was a slight feeling of tension, producing a sense of oppression; the shrubs were motionless, the nightingale was silent, but the indefatigable black-cap was still hopping from twig to twig uttering its clear call. There was a general feeling of expectation. I stood at the window and waited too, though I haven't the slightest idea what

I was waiting for. After "closing time" at six I have nothing more to expect betwixt heaven and earth.

Wronke, July 20, 1917.

Sonichka,

My darling, since my stay here has been longer than I expected, you shall have one more greeting from Wronke. How could you possibly think I was not going to write to you any more? There has been no change, there can be none, in my feeling towards you. The reason why I have not written for some time is because I knew that since leaving Ebenhausen you must have had a thousand things to think of, but in part also because I was not in a letter writing mood.

You must have heard, I think, that I am to be transferred to Breslau. I said farewell to my little garden this morning. The weather is grey and stormy; rain threatens, and clouds are racing through the sky; but still I was able to enjoy my customary morning walk.

I took leave of the narrow, paved path along the wall, where I have paced to and fro for nearly nine months now, so that I know every stone and all the weeds that grow in the crevices of the paving. I like the motley colouring of these stones, reddish and bluish, grey and green.

Especially during the long winter, when one has such a craving for something that is green and growing, my eyes that were hungry for color dwelt gladly on these stones, to enjoy the stimulus of their varied tints. As soon as the summer came, there was so much interest to be studied in the crannies. Wild bees and wasps make their homes here in great numbers. They bore holes about the size of a walnut, and excavate long passages underground, carrying the earth to the surface, where they make lovely little heaps. In the underground galleries they lay their eggs and store wax and wild honey. All day they are flying in and out so busily. When walking there I have to be most careful to avoid shaking their subterranean dwellings. Then there are several places where the ants have highways along which they move in endless processions, in such perfectly straight lines that one feels that they must