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May 9, late at night

Dear Ellen,

(2)

This was a terrible day - nothing dramatic but very sad - I started out nicely enough at Berla's birthday. I gave her a white Volkswagen with new upholstery, anyway, a 5-months gift. She spent half an hour practicing in the Bois but the gears did not shift. Even the mechanic who assisted had blue knuckles in the end. We crossed Paris without bloodshed and Berla got her first parking ticket. The point is, the day started quite idyllic. Disaster befell me when I fetched the first developed film. Of 40 exposures 26 were blanks, or rather blacks. William Klein, the great photographer, sent me to his repairman who diagnosed the Miranda a lemon. It must have been bad from the start, he said. The repair job would take 3 weeks and I gathered from his very technical French that the chances that the Miranda would unbind were only so-so. (Jim C. had asked me in his generous way to keep the camera and when I protested, he said I should turn it over to the M.M.A. He did not want ~~it~~ to see it anymore but he did not indicate with one word that it did not work.)

I was far too sad to be furious about the whole thing - all the horrible time waiting for grants, for renting the apartment, the decision to buy a car without the assurance of reselling it, and now the prospect of doing the long trip with my old Leica only - with impossibility of taking color pix or long shots. If I had thought I had left the U.S. safely behind, I was rudely brought back to reality. Anyway, a few hours later, I returned to the shop and consigned the Miranda, to be ready (perhaps) in time.

Thank you for yams of the 6th. Yes, we did depart on schedule, had 2 hours of sleep - dinner at midnight and the sun rising 3 hours later. Paris not distasteful but indescribably beautiful. No tourists on the left bank,

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Monday, May 6

(1)

Dear Ellen,

The first day of back-breaking work is over: Phototèque, Musée de l'Homme, bitter cold, in coat and sweater and neck-piece. Outside it is spring, chestnut trees in bloom, soft air — went with Berta through practically the entire photo archive — no air fix (I was referred

to the Institut Géographique National  
3e, direction photogrammétric  
2, Av. Pasteur  
Saint Maurice).

I did not order any photos, made only notes but want about a dozen African pix: Sudan, Guinée, Niger, Maroc, etc. Tomorrow the museum is closed. All museums are closed on Tuesdays.

Have't seen more than a dozen tourists since arrival. But at restaurant was approached by an English-Canadian couple and asked — in French — what wine they should drink. Answered (in English) and was complimented on my fluency. Howtache is good camouflage.

Miss you. Wish you were here.

Je vous embrasse,

Berta

Love, Berta

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Barcelona, May 15 (3)

Dear Ellen:

We are just leaving, after 2 days in Barcelona, pampered with gran ligs and smothered by the love and friendliness of the Codercs and their friends.

Thank you for your Amstel letter with the enclosures. I ordered 8 pix, 12x24 cm, brillo, each 45 pesetas (a.75c) sin derechos. Publication rights cost 55 pesetas more.

Mostly Porticatos and one Honreo on 44 columns.

Both Amstels and Mas disappointing. Went <sup>to a</sup> shop that takes orders for aerial pix:

Eduardo de BATTLE HOLGADO,  
Trabajos Aereos y Fotogrametricos, S.L.  
address: Maestro Nicolau 6, Barcelona 6,  
Ordered 2 <sup>existing</sup> pix (Aerob de la Frontera and Península).  
Each photo #4.50 (con derechos).

The real discovery was a friend of Coderc's about whom you know already: Luis Marsans. He is a young editor, sophisticated and ambitious. He showed me the dining of a book on Spanish vernacular architecture for which he commissioned Lucien Hervé to do the photographs. He wants to exchange any of these for my Santorini pix. I left the question open for later - after I have photographed the South.

LUIS MARSANS, Av. de Vallvidrera 14  
Barcelona 17

As you can well imagine, "Arquitectura sin arquitectos" and Ellen Marsch are household words in Barcelona. Everybody assures me that 6 months are not enough for my Spanish itinerary.

We shall proceed to Tarragona, Alcañiz, Teruel, to Valencia and only then take the coast road. The W runs fine but the roads are miserable. Pray for us.

Love, Bernd

If possible, please type <sup>and number</sup> your letters.

Afternoon

Had to stop in Tarragona because the Maestral (NW) threatened to capsize the car.

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The few of them crowding the souvenir shops on the right bank. The weather fine but we froze stiff in the library of the Musée de l'H (not bigger than the MMA library). What distresses us is the affluence of the French. The cost of living is frightful (for us). Absolutely everybody seems to be able to spend 4 dollars for a lunch. The streets are so choked with cars that it took Berla 50 minutes to find a place to park (1 mile from the hotel). I never felt so poor in my life.

May 10, early morning.

No desire for sleep - In a few hours we'll leave for the south and without much of a purpose. I can't bring myself to buy a new camera, simply because I don't trust my luck. It might turn out to be another lesson. In any agony I am returning to one thought only - to get hold of the Leica at home. I remember you declined having anything to do with it but I never imagined this ghastly situation. I simply leave to ask you to send me the Leica now, please, make rip-roaring package with lots of stuffing - let the experts in the basement help you and send it air freight (charge it to the MMA) Go Excuse Sr. Don G. Nieto, etc. Madrid was not on my itinerary but now - damn it - I'll have to go there. I expect to get there there around the 23rd of May. Maybe you can figure a cheaper way of sending it.

I hope that your love for AMH will conquer all obstacles.

Yours,

Berla

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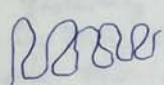
5

Cadiz, May 27

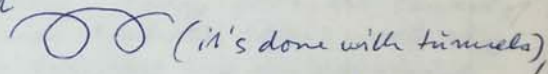
Dear Ellen

Thought I might find a note from you but all my in- and outgoing mail is probably <sup>being</sup> processed in the Espionage Section of the Madrid Pentagon, ~~waiting~~ waiting for higher orders. (By the way, I haven't looked at a newspaper since Paris. Today, I did ask for one but, being Monday, there aren't any.) Everybody is suspicious. Whenever we stop in an inhabited area, people ask What do you want. Yesterday, in the middle of Cadiz (100,000 inhab.) I was stopped by a soldier from taking the photograph of a postal. Anyway, he prepared to bail me out from some Spanish dungeon.

More bad luck. For the past 5 days it has been raining. Fok-blue skies, electric storms, great cold. We put on every single piece in our wardrobe. Moreover, we travelled over excruciatingly bad mountain roads. Not only are they WINDING, sometimes like this:



Sometimes like that

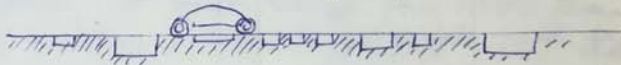


(it's done with tunnels)

but Berta has to wind her way - possibly - round the holes in the road:



For some unknown reason, the holes are not only square in surface, but cubical in space:



When all four wheels sink simultaneously into four different holes, our interest in the countryside naturally flags. In Malaga we collapsed into a 16-hour sleep.

If the weather ever clears up, we shall cross the border and, maybe, go to Lisbon. In any case, please send me to American Express, LISBON the address of the people we corresponded with (The Popular Architecture Book), or any office, museum, university, that might be of some use. In Spain our next postal address will be

CÁCERES, Lista de Correos.

Adios,

Benito

2

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⑥

Cáceres, June 3 (forward from

Dear Ellen,

got here in the early afternoon but Cáceres postal lunch hour lasts until 6 p.m. Found your two letters ~~to~~ (Cádiz) of May 24th. A postal miracle. Many thanks (#3 and 4 are probably in Madrid.) Touched, as always, by your great concern.

Why I did not go immediately to Madrid? Feels so difficult to answer as: Why do I spend my best years in the profitless pursuit of AWA? I simply cannot pack into a letter, or even several letters, all the happenings, mishaps, anxieties, disappointments, still less the revelations, lessons and pleasures of this trip. The simplest answer would be — we wanted first to find a dry spot — anywhere on the Iberian peninsula — and some warmth. In Cádiz we waited for 3 days for the sun to come out. Not that we sat still. We went — on ghastly roads — to neighboring towns and villages that are not on your map. Then, to San Fernando, Xerez, Sevilla, Huelva, Niebla and others — but no sun. Furious rains alternating with drizzle. And so cold that we just ate most of the time to keep our blood circulating. (My idea). Crossed border to ~~at~~ Othón, Faro, Serpa, where it was worse. Gave up Lisboa. Back to Spain — yesterday Mérida, in continuous rain. Today from the towers of the Castle in Trujillo grand view — from under umbrella (torn) — of six simultaneous thunderstorms. Would have delighted any meteorologist but no good for AWA hunting. We are wet to the bones, our clothes have become rags. I shall never mention acacias etc. again, even though we travelled today through jungles of blooming mimosa.

Please do not worry about Peter, Leice, Awa or me. Everything will turn out alright. Just pray occasionally and be faithful. The book is taking shape in my mind (no writing so far); it will range far wider than you think. The trip was absolutely necessary to come to grips with the subject. I shot 13 rolls in 36 exposure. Nothing sensational or spectacular, but, I hope, a few very useful pictures.

We may go to Madrid soon or not so soon. It is so terribly cold that the oldest people cannot remember etc.

I forgot to tell you that some parts of the country we saw were incredibly beautiful.

Please write me news to MADRID, AMERICAN EXPRESS.

Love,

BFB

June 4

Rain. Our tentative itinerary: Tonight Placencia; tomorrow Avila. Thursday Madrid — probably 3 days. Then, from Segovia in a straight line to Pamplona.

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⑦ Madrid June 5

Dear Ellen,

This is a late night letter, just to tell you that we did get to Madrid and almost left right away because all hotels are dramatically filled to capacity; But, since I simply had to find a place to change into my Sunday suit for my visit to Nieto, Fate did provide a room for us and, when in the evening the sun came out and we saw a most gorgeous multiple rainbow in the dark sky, I knew that this was a turning point in our wanderings (2900 miles so far).

At the Bellas Artes they said, come back day after tomorrow. Not that any of the 4 secretaries spoke any language in my repertoire. After much coaxing they handed me your letters - all opened by mistake - and one hour later I was in the possession of the Leica, together with your hourly bulletin of the wrapping operation. Thank you ever so much. May May 13-14 live forever in your memory - such heroic acts help to steel (or is it temper) one's character.

Berta is going through similar ordeals. Since it rained in Cáceres and Plasencia, we hurried on in murderous weather, crossed a mountain pass in heavy fog - winding our way endlessly in first, blind as bats, Berta stiff with fright. In good weather she would have been afraid of the abysses - no railings - but we could not see farther than a few feet. Encountered 2 cars in 4 hours. Down to Ávila whose altitude is about 3500 ft. Pouring rain. This morning the puddles outside the walls ~~were~~ were frozen.

Thank you for the enclosures. Vive Brisson! I did not call Sheila Hink. I did not even call my oldest friends in Paris. Every day, I was worn out from looking, obliquely, at photographs, skimming books at the M. de l'Homme. Far more uncomfortable business than N.Y. institutions. And the indoor cold! And I have to go through it again.

Can't understand your gripe, May 20, last paragraph. How shall I know whether I <sup>did not</sup> missed one of your letters if you don't remember them? What is wrong with typed letters - I want to be able to read every word you write. Have you never written personal and semi-personal letters on a machine?

Please write me a supra-personal letter soon. ~~To~~ Try:

PAMPLONA (Navarra), Lista de correos. Keep a carbon for later letters.

b. g. a. +

Bernie

I could not put even into 10 pages all the things I would like to tell you. I hope B. is right about the rainbow. Our spirits are high and Madrid is wonderful after so many crummy villages. Love Berta

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Dear Ellen

⑧

Madrid, June 10

Today received your letter of May 31 (via Laceres with cc) and June 7th. Many thanks for everything. Sorry I bothered you with Lisboa but the Sindicato dos Arquitectos is probably hopeless. Of course, things take time hereabouts. Today I tried to find a copy of Echagüe's Castillos at the Biblioteca Nacional. They have never heard of the book. Instead, they got out for me 2 ancient pocket books on castles, a few silhouette photos and pencil drawings. I rolled my eyes just to cut short the procedure which calls for a reading pass with photograph of bearer, etc. Since there were only 12 (twelve) desks for readers, all occupied, a little extra table was provided for me in a corner. Forla objected to my lack of humility because I asked whether I would have to go to Lisboa to find the Echagüe book ~~but~~ but I insisted that they telephone around to find me a copy - an unheard of request - which they did and thus finally located "Castillos" at the Amigos de los Castillos, an antiquarian society that opens at 4 p.m. We shall see.

My new friends, the de la Sola, are trying to find a Leica instruction booklet for me and an expert on Castille and Navarre, especially on passable roads. We drove with the d. l. Solas to Utrichon and Colmenar de Ojós which, as you may remember, have Plaza Mayor that double as bull rings. I got a whole bag-full of ideas for the book - instead of the obligatory M.O.M.A. anaemic-aesthetic treatise on architecture, I shall write about the old fiction of the main square which was an outdoor open-house. No bleachers (or seldom). Instead, the benches provided for the audience. No St. Patrick's parades but hangings, burnings, decapitations, townships, bull fights - everything that ~~today~~ today is available only via Hollywood and "historical" novels. To make the point, I shall compare them to side-puerile contemporary forms as Greenwich Village theatres in the round (or is it in the square?) etc. etc. If you are restless, please look up the subject, perhaps in scholarly books on the theater, mystery plays, townships, etc, maybe at the theater branch of the NYPL at 58th Street. Try to find at least one or two examples - of course with the accord on anonymous architecture (in other words, no recognizably Gothic mansions in the background.) Preferably graphic pix rather than dense paintings. This is not a must - strictly for your possible enjoyment. If you find some oriental or exotic examples, too, all the better.

Answers to your letter of May 31st:

- Of course, I left the Hapsberg card with our mail man together with a covering slip.
- Tax refund, please send repintere to Mrs. L. L. Ponti, DOMUS <sup>outer envelope</sup> (address to her)
- Just let us know the sum of the Deucant bill and we shall mail him a check
- We do not owe Dr. Nathan anything. Just keep the his bills.
- Thank you for paying the telephone bill. Keep account, please.
- Yes, please forward interesting mail of DOMUS, Milan
- What do you mean - a lot of checks? If you mean cancelled checks, do not forward them.
- Do not forward any Healy mail.

June 11

Expect to leave tomorrow for Segovia and 4 forgotten castles, then, roughly, Burgos, Pamplona, Andorra, Perpignan, Arignon, Torino and, about the last week of the month, Milan.

Finally, got a (French) instruction booklet for Leica. The Amigos de los Castillos - which opens at 5th only - were just preparing a travel exhibit for London and Paris. Poor stuff. But I did find Echagüe's book.

Enc.

Reusing Table layout

Love, Betty

Love, Ben

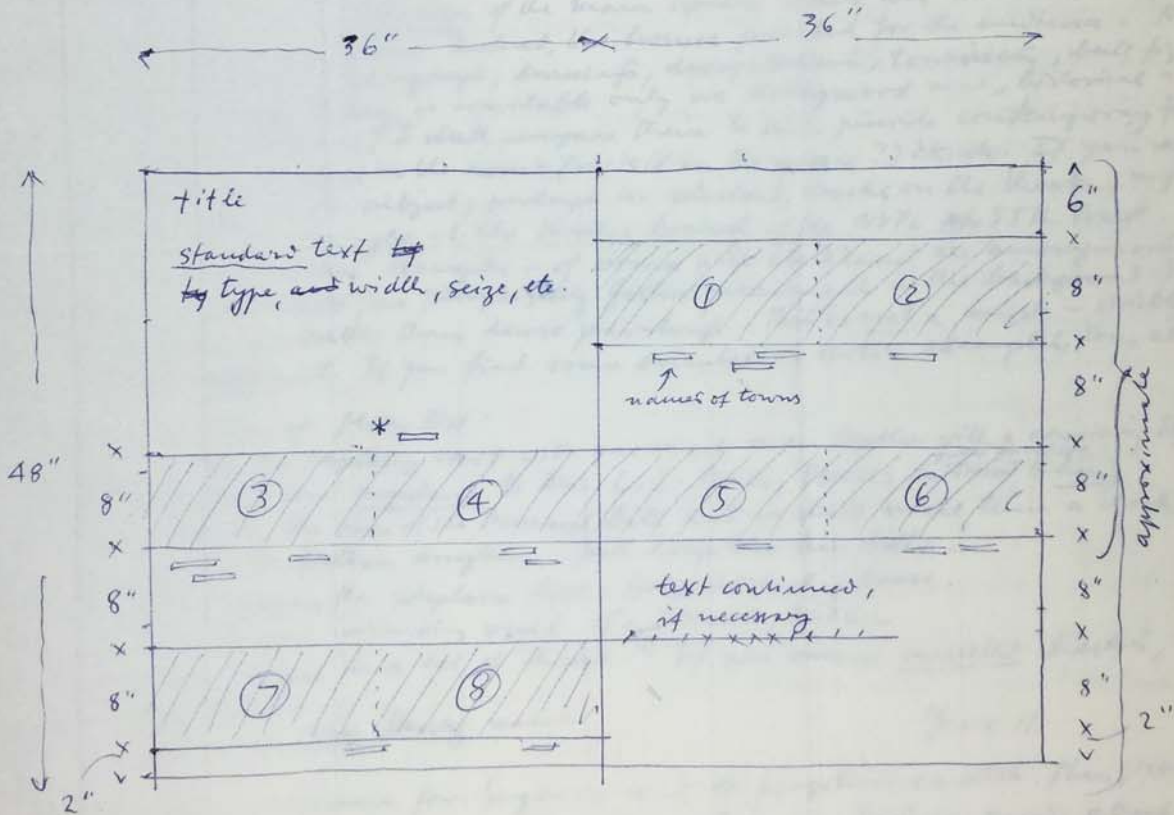
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Peutinger Table

4 photos. Each 36" (instead of  $2 \times 19\frac{3}{4}$ ") long  
and about 8" (instead of  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ") wide

Title and text treatment exactly as on  
other panels,

\* Note that names of towns can be passed also  
on top of photos wherever helpful



June 11, 1963

(8)

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⑨

Seo de Urgel, June 18

Dear Ellen

Finally we can see the sun again. The skies cleared up as soon as we headed for France. Segovia, Palencia, Burgos, Vitoria, Pamplona were paralyzingly cold. I did photograph a few castles — Medina de Campo, Coba, Torrelodón, above all, Montealegre, and villages in between. The difficulties are often considerable. Most castles are surrounded by fields, either plowed a month ago, with the soil jugged and hard as a lava field, or not yet harvested and therefore not to be walked through. Also got color pix of a troglodyte colony along the Ebro. Yesterday we drove to the capital of Andorra, an indescribable architectural obscenity. Kilometers of hotels, "hotels," garatges, cafeterias, snack-bars, filling stations, liquor and perfume shops and a traffic jam. Along the national river every accessible spot a piquenique area (for a fee). Tents, trailers, and we were naive enough to expect bandits and unemployed smugglers singing snatches from Carmen.

Seo de Urgel has double arcades but unphotographable. Every inch is taken up by parked <sup>trucks</sup> cars and motorcycles. Tried to explore the lesser known countryside but roads are covered with inches of dirt and road design is on the abysmal side (the original meaning). Tomorrow we'll leave and expect to reach Milano at the end of the week.

Did you ever hear from Jim Carmel? I had no word from him since Paris. I am still interested in the Portug. book on Popular Architecture — please get in touch with the Portuguese Consulate or Embassy and ask advice on how to penetrate the Portuguese mind.

Love,  
Ken

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(10)

Milano, July 2nd

(10)

Dear Ellen

Many many thanks for your letters #10, 11 and 12 and for all the enclosures. Berta is in love with you but she also fears that you have pampered me to the point where I have lost my faculty to remember things as well as to sort them out and keep them in order. We do miss you terribly. You are, I fancy, the only person who might get a kick out of this adventure. The trouble is that it turns out to be far more complicated and expensive than I anticipated. Besides, the wear and tear of two months of travel is showing on us. The continuous change - every night the search for a hotel, during the day for a place to leave the car with all the baggage and not to be robbed, for restaurants we can afford, for a photographic sun, is exhausting. Moreover, there is the running battle with the custodian of museums, exhibitions, historical sites, the ridiculous hours - anything between 8 a.m. and 11 p.m. but never suitable.

I shall try to answer your questions, stated and implied. Delighted to know that you'll go to Europe - you don't say when - and right away, some unrequested advice: Do go at least once to some valley 2000 m high or higher - in Switzerland or, better, on the French or Italian border of the Alps. What would you do in Belgium?!

Am disturbed by your sentence: "You discourage me sufficiently re grant application." <sup>Don't remember it</sup> ~~I never did~~. On the contrary, I hoped you would not lose interest in the bibliography. Of course I believe that since no book on the subject exists so far, your project would not be taken very seriously. I think that we both ought to apply simultaneously for writing grants - for book and bibliography, each project referring to the other. Please tell me how you would like to go about it. Do you want to send me a draft of your application so that we can discuss it by mail? Because time will be short in the fall. Can you tell me the deadlines of the Foundations you have in mind? Shall write you as soon as I have my films developed. Intend to stay to the end of week in Milan, then on to Rome with many side excursions. I wrote ~~at~~ a letter to Belluschi, Cambridge, who wanted to meet us in Italy. I imagine he left the States some time ago.

Have a good time. Love, Bernard

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(11)

Milano, July 6 (rec'd 7/10/62)

Dear Ellen

Yesterday night at the SOTSASS. He showed slides from his travels — you may have seen in DOMUS many color pages of oriental architecture, Alab, only color. Beautiful stuff from Egypt, all vernacular. Dovecotes, etc. If we could get ~~some~~ money for making black & white reductions, this would be a good source.

Ponti's son Giulio will put me in touch with D. DOLCI, near Palermo, who collects Sicilian AWA, has air pix. Shall visit him.

My 16 35mm white rolls and 5 Kodachrome rolls turns out to be alright, technically. But what I set out to photograph, I did not get, due to rain. Shall have to rely on some pix from Marsans.

Tomorrow we leave Milano; towards Ancona and Rome. On the way we may visit Spoleto. Nobuko wrote of her visit — "talked with Ellen (whom I found a cool-beauty, by the way)" Is this a beat word?

We still haven't had a swim or a sun-bath but at least here it is warm during the day.

Ellen, we miss you, I miss you. Expect to have a letter from you, re bibliography project, in Rome, Amer. Express.

Ciao,

Ben

I am afraid I have not thanked you adequately for all your letters. Neither have I tried to answer them exhaustively. But what can I say! I don't remember Ron Rest of Aspen — there were hundreds of them. Where, what or who is N' debele? Greetings for Sari — she made the July cover of DOMUS. The E-42 pix from LIFE costs \$20. — should the man call again; available end of September. Who is Kignator? Thank you, thank you. Don't give up.

Soon shall send the nice long letter you want. Please, be patient

(11)

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Dear Ellen

#12 Rome, July 15, Monday

Got to Rome on Saturday noon, Amer. Express closed, opened today at 8:45 only. Long before that I queued up, I think it was the first time since my student days when waiting 8 hours before certain time ~~was~~ for, say, Götterdämmerung, was natural to me. Then, I did a lot of reading when waiting but today I didn't even have a newspaper (still haven't touched one since N.Y.). Instead, I had to listen to such conversations as "I don't like those bird tours. At the honore the guide said ladies ten minutes only." She was from Kansas, I looked at her passport. I suffer, I sweat for my unconth comparit'ohs. Some women wear bathing suits in Rome on the street, "They think Milano lies on the Sea," said Mrs. Ponti. She told us of tourists camping on the P.zza del Duomo, admiring the dome while shaving. At the restaurant, women <sup>order</sup> a salad only (which is a side dish here), to the consideration of waiters and waiting customers.

By 9 o'clock there must have been a 1000 people waiting at the 4 mail counters, each clutching a dozen passports. Anyway, I got yours #13 and 14 and they were worth waiting for. You are a darling, we include you in our prayers every night.

Answer: We spent two hours in Spoleto (Thunderdom). Nobuko had left for Paris a few days earlier. No explanations. It rains at the Lago di Garda, at Mantova, Ravenna, Rimini, Ancona and places between. In Rome only a little. We'll leave at the end of this week for Foggia, the Gargano Peninsula, down the heel, and then decide how much time is still left for Sicily. Plans for a vacation are receding, everting fantastically expensive. I left photos and part of possessions in Milan. Still too much stuff for such a small car. Rome, as was to be expected, indescribably beautiful — what is not hidden by cars — but overrun by tourists who are cooling their feet in the fountains of Rome and try to do Italy on the spot — a day. At the coffee Rosati ran into nearly all our old friends (no help to AWA). Today worked at the Gab. Fot. Naz. 80,000 pix, mostly Madonnas. All in all close at 1 p.m.

Yes, grant application can wait. Nevertheless, try to put down a few words every day (don't re-read them). Having read 100s of applications I know how inaccurate their wording usually is.

Never meant to take the Olivetti along. The photo equipment is already too much for our modest baggage allowance. The nice letter has to wait, I am afraid. Besides, I would need an English dictionary by now. My Italian — whatever there was of it — came back rapidly and unavailably. Please write to TARANTO, FERMA IN POSTA (= poste restante). Love, Ben

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Dear Ellen

(13)

gravina (Puglia) 23 July

The mad voyage continues - the number of the letter is significant. Beata's demand for an immediate vacation was ignored; from Rome we went straight to the gargano massif, then down the coast, stopping at every town. Yesterday the blackest day, I came down with excruciating pains in the shoulders and what with a cough and hoarseness, we feared a double pneumonia but we also know that we can't afford such luxury. Probably just the ~~same~~ consequences of diving into ice-cold drink towers out of the sizzling heat. Beata very good at balancing photo equipment while climbing 30 story-tight towers on steep ladders. Continuous fights with hotel people, innkeepers, bank clerks (it takes one hour to cash a traveller's check). Here, they sneer at my credentials - extra-territorial permits not recognized in Italy; at the Geo-Society in Rome they threw me out. Boapa Sead, his successor on a vacation - and so forth. Bought some pix at the Gabriele Fogagnolo's, nothing exciting except for an early daubronist. Also got some routine pix at Euit (Please keep for me as personal property). Today found that film had jumped tracks, 36 exposures, the work of 2 days, unusable. All this will explain why I don't write you often. We nevertheless have you all the time lovingly on our minds. Don't worry, I'll bring home some exceptional photos. Now headed for Matera, etc. Will be in TARANTO on the first of August. Would love to find a letter from you there. Taranto, Hotel TARAS, via Falanto, 1.

At Near Matera, on the road. Had to stop because of blinding storm. Matera was merely spying (creaky?) did not take a single pix. Got up this morning at 5:30, rushed to Gravina, waited several hours for the sun to come out and left without results. Just now dark sky, everything dripping.

Same place, 1 hour later. Stopped near a fabulous quarry. After a while realized that it was abandoned long ago and now serves as garbage dump; the fumes must be poisonous because they seeped into the closed (steaming) car and poisoned Beata. She is laughing and hickupping and I think one ought to take away the driving license. When I could not stand it any longer, I got out into the rain but I would have needed diving goggles to find my way. I am constantly inquiring how you would have fared on this trip, dearie, if I ever could have persuaded you to undertake it. By the way, did Arthur ever mail the petition to Esso? At Martina Franca we are in a hotel not yet 100 years old, on top of a hill with a ~~lot~~ <sup>view</sup> of garden and trulli to the horizon. M.F. will furnish material for a special chapter called the Labyrinth, provided I succeed getting 10 photographs. Alternates of leaden skies and electric storms. I ought to have become a meteorologist. Here, storms are phenomenal. Other day traveled through one, bolt thundered ~~into~~ into a tree only few meters (feet?) ahead of car. No time to be scared, but when we alighted from it, were told of young man who did get ~~hit~~ hit - tutto carbonizzato. I decided to wait for the sun even if it takes a week. At the Municipio ordered a plan of the Labyrinth.

Alberobello is a tourist town without tourists. Did not bother to take pictures. In the countryside, however, the trulli look rather pretty. At Locorotondo we found a trattoria where we go for meals. Everything just daily except for the lack of light, the WESTON registers 50 (ask George Barron). Will you write me from Luxembourg or other Operetta countries, say, to:

PALERMO, Rome in posta? (around August 15)

I need some pep talk and tender words. Have a good time in Europe & take care of yourself.

Un dolce abbraccio

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Private #: RE 7-5108 Panarea August 7

The date is of no importance; the next mail boat leaves only day after tomorrow

Dear Ellen

Your 28-hour endurance test answers no doubt my question of how you would have made out on this trip — physically, that is. There still remained the matter of morals. Right now I would need your girl scout self-reliance and abnegation (or is it self-abnegation? No English left; last week an Italian friend joined us and now only Italian is spoken.) After a very trying campaign around the heel and along the (ticklish) sole of the Italian Boot, we realized the impossibility of going any farther at this time of the year and fled to the Aeolian Islands. The last part was gruesome. August is the vacation time for Italians and all 45 millions seemed to have converged on Reggio di Calabria, standing in line to be ferried to Sicily. At Messina we took an aliscafo, a cross between a motorboat and a water ski, but the human load was too much and we limped endlessly through a glassy blinding sea to Lipari. There and at Vulcano no chance for a room. On to Panarea where boats of locande with altogether 17 rooms. According to Michelin there are 6 categories of hotels, but a locanda is not among them. Still, we were lucky to get the last 2 rooms. Very high ceiling and little else. 2 iron beds, 1 chair, 1 blind mirror. The only other piece of furniture a string, fastened to 2 nails across one corner of the room to serve as clothes closet, so to speak. No hangers though, no wash basin either because water is precious here. I almost forgot to mention the candle, or rather a string of a candle. There was a full moon but unfortunately on the other side of the house.

The communal dining room — eight tables — under an enchanting pergola with a continuous fringe of enormous bunches of pamarolelle, tomatoes the size of grapes. (A reasonable facsimile of these are sold in New York, bigger of course.) Impeccable food, excellent wine. The mineral water is too expensive for us.

Next day we moved into private quarters with our own pergola, a trickly shower and the privacy we need above all. Otherwise, same amenities, minus string. On the plus side a little cat, red stripes, green eyes, cuddly. The island — apart from its volcano-mythology — offers undreamed-of advantages: No roads (imagine!), consequently no vehicles. (There is a prehistoric village nearby, 1400 B.C., our next domicile, no doubt.) No electricity, which means no wires or poles, no radios, television, juke boxes or electric shavers, the only sounds come from cicadas and outboard motors. This, people are able to talk to each other long distance without telephones. The rest is rocks, cliffs, coves, deep green water, mostly motionless. It is only a few hundred feet from our house to the shore.

The nicest thing about Panarea are the people. Perhaps because of the lack of all tourist comforts, only the young come here. These foreigners are, like us, mostly from Milan or Torino; no foreign languages are heard. I don't know how long we are going to be marooned here — passage to the mainland is sold out and stipon has set in. I think I'll skip Sicily (forget about the Palermo address) and have a look at some Calabrian places instead. The rest of the time Milan, Zürich, etc. Be good and send me a list of unobtainable material for the British Museum library — the Asian monuments spiked with poles, and the like. Also could you please get me Hedda Sterne's present address. This is rather important because she promised to be on the look-out for AWA on old paintings. Her N.Y. address is 179 East 71<sup>st</sup> Street. She got a Fulbright for Italy and intended to make Venice her base. If Saul St. is not at home <sup>who probably knows where she is</sup> you may leave to write to the Fulbright Commission in Washington. Forgive me. My address will be PANAREA, ISOLE EOLIE, FERMO IN POSTA. I just heard that somebody is leaving in 42 an hour for Naples who may take this with her.

Love Berta

Love, Berta

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(15)

HOTEL SCANDINAVIA  
Panaricia, August 15

Dear Ellen

Welcome to Europe! According to rumors it is snowing in northern Italy. At Aosta the temperature is nine degrees Celsius. I hope that you were forewarned and took your winter things with you. We wish you good luck. If you crave sunshine, try Puglia. There (and here) the temperature is in the hundreds.

For the past week we have been wrecking our heads about how to get off this island. Not that the sea is in uproar - on the contrary, the weather continues to be splendid. The trouble is with the shipping lines, a pungent term for these miserable enterprises. (The better kind of summer people come by yacht, which also solves the problem of lodgings for the night.) Tomorrow we shall make an attempt to get back to the mainland - via Lipari Island - provided the weather holds. Since mail arrives here only occasionally (the post office is still out of stamps) I have no hope to receive your letter of ~~post~~ presumably August 11. Anyway, I shall ask to have it forwarded to Domus.

Here is a sketchy itinerary - from Reggio di Calabria we intend to drive along the coast, via Naples, to MILAN (about Aug 29, address: c/o DOMUS); ZÜRICH (about Sep 3, poste restante); Frankfurt; Tervueren (about Sep 9, address: c/o Musée du Congo); PARIS (Sep 11, address: c/o ROBERT FABIAN, 54 rue de BOURGOGNE, PARIS VII); LONDON (about Sep 17); Idlewild (about Sep 26). But, as you know from other experience, my itineraries are flexible.

I noticed - too late - that you sent me a letter to Taranto fermo in posta. I shall try to recover it.

Have a good time!

Blessings,  
B

Lipari, Aug. 17

On leaving Panaricia found a letter from Sari Daniel, nothing from you.

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HÔTEL SCANDINAVIA  
27, RUE DE TOURNON  
PARIS (VI<sup>e</sup>),

September 16, 1963

Dear Ellen

We are back in Paris and have reservations for a flight to London, Sep. 18; return flight to Paris Sep. 25, and a flight to New York Sep. 27. I imagine that you are back at your desk but I do not dare to think what your 3 weeks in Switzerland were like. By a miracle your PANARÉA letter reached us here at the Hotel (it was the only one we received since Tarant) and your request list has helped to refresh my memory. Thank you very much. Still, our ordeal has not come to an end, and, I am afraid, neither has your. Our greatest headache is the car. The only two offers we had were \$700, or slightly less than half of our purchase price. (Explanation: The license plates we have are good only for foreigners and there are not many around at this time of the year. Frenchmen — who like the <sup>the</sup> way mine — have to pay the equivalent of \$480 custom duty. Therefore, the low offers.) Since we dread the idea of leaving the car with a Paris dealer for eventual sale, we now think of taking it with us to sell it in the States. I am writing a letter to EUROPE BY CAR (where we bought it) for instructions on how to get it to New York. Please, my love, do call them up (LT 1-3040, JU 1-3043), or drop <sup>in</sup> at the office (45 Rockefeller Plaza) and see whether they (Mrs. GAIL GREENBERG) have answered me promptly. What we must know is a) the cost of shipping from Paris to N.Y. (about \$100.-), b) the cost of registration and insurance necessary to get it home, c) the approximate amount of custom duty (after 5 months of use). d) Does "shipped" mean from Paris rather than from LE HAVRE or some other port? e) to what agency does the car <sup>have</sup> to be surrendered for shipment? I hope not to find a gray-haired Ellen and that is about all I can say without being indiscrete.

Bliss you. Don't abandon me. Yet.

Please get the <sup>(W)</sup> booklet with comparative prices — U.S. and abroad, shipping costs, etc — tear out the page and send it.

Sept. 17, 2:00 a.m.

Met Bobby Fabian at midnight who just drove in from Greece and gave me your airport letter of Sept. 12th. You don't mention the <sup>weather</sup> ~~weather~~, or is it that (est-ce que c'est <sup>que</sup>) I can't read the handwriting?

Happy to see you soon.

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Hôtel Michélet-Odeon

September 22 2:00 a.m.

Ma chère Hélène

First thing, I'll have to take a refresher course at Berlitz to brush away the débris of languages that still cling to us. Congratulations to your new assignment. Take some knitting along - the hours in the waiting room are interminable. Thank you very kindly for your prompt answers to our car-transportation question. Nothing ever works according to plans on these shores. We did not go to London because we tried, day and night, to sell our car in Paris. We did get rid of it but have no idea how good the cheque will be when we deposit it in New York. The details of the transaction were, and still are, agonizingly vague. We just made another reservation for our return trip - Tuesday the 24th. Why do you ask for our flight number? For meanwhile we may have to postpone our departure half a dozen <sup>or</sup> times. We will not be glad to get back but I shall <sup>be</sup> happy to embrace you.

Yours,

Ben

P.S. If this should reach you before I do, that is, on Monday, or Tuesday morning, please call Kipob and have them turn on gas and electricity. (I did write to the telephone company). A million thanks

P.P.S. On Ben's request - flight number 007. Leave only 13:00, arrive Idleside 16:00.

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#11--Avignon  
 (#10-A is waiting for you in Milan)

18 June 1963

Dear Bernard:

According to my calculations you should be well out of Pamplona as of this date. How much dawdling you do between there and Avignon I can not tell. It just seemed to me that Avignon would be the safest place to bet on, on shipping info price list

This afternoon a professor named Hart Leavitt called to ask your permission to use one of your E-42 photographs in a textbook he is authoring: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "Creative Writing through Pictures." It may be best for all concerned that I know nothing about it. If the title is not only baffling but repugnant to you, I have my answer. Anyhow, the view in question is one shown in LIFE and according to his description it shows "8 or 9 pillars and some steps, and a field in the foreground." I mildly enquired as to whether there were sheep, too. He said not that he remembered. I never saw the LIFE story. Do you know the view he wants? Will you let him use it? If so, you can either tell me where the neg. is ~~in~~ (typewriter never was my friend) or wait until your return to supervise its removal from the vault. It appears there is no hurry only for your o.k. Secondly, what fee would you ask? I was tempted to quote \$25 but for once I kept quiet, very quiet. (THAT is character-building, not Leica-sending) Do you want to say \$10 or \$15 or plain "no." The gentleman is to phone me by the morning of June 27 before he leaves on vacation. He just needs to tell his publisher whether or not the photo will be available and affordable. Do let me know by return mail, though, because in going to Sicily I went up high into the mountains and managed to get a superb. It was all your idea, and But of course I am enchanted with your view of the square as play ground. I shall do nothing about looking for material until you come back. I'm not bored, just hideously fatigued from low morale. If you find me a nice two-year overseas post for September 1964 I will do my best to be angelic, dutiful, resourceful and energetic in all matters concerning your book and exhibition enterprises this coming fall, winter and spring. You discouraged me sufficiently re grant applications, but I can compete for a job. All I want is to be out of town when the Fair comes in.

Following your advice, I am battling French through novels. I might just as well be reading at 9:00 p.m. with sunglasses on.

Be glad you had only plants to think about before your departure. The Rutan's cats are living in their apartment and wreaking nearly unmentionable havoc. The whole place is ~~knice~~-deep in Siamese fur. They practiced scaling the diningroom curtains and succeeded in pulling the pleating and stays to shreds. They appear to have eaten the mail. As you might expect, they are fat and beautiful.

Love from your New York agent,

E.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	MoMA Exhs.	752.4

#20--Hotel Scandinavia, Paris  
enclosed: xerox of #19  
Volkswagen shipping info  
price list

19 September 1963

19 September 1963. Mrs. Gail Greenberg will be away from the office until Monday, 23 September and nothing in the way of a letter of inquiry from you is in her file. So I asked the questions you asked me to ask. Here are the answers from a Mrs. Sales:

Is this reaching you in good time? You are at the Hotel Scandinavia, aren't you? (It occurred to me that maybe you'd stay elsewhere and have to make a special trip to pick up this letter.)

The less conversation about your car, the better. You are undoubtedly sick about the whole matter. Sari Dienes phoned this morning and asked that I send you bon voyage wishes. I mentioned the car business and she said you'd probably have less difficulty unloading it here. I have no comment other than that I will add yet another prayer to an extraordinarily prayer-filled summer.

\$199 TOTAL

Why should I mention the weather in Switzerland when I've had months of reports from you? I was lucky, though, because in going to Sion I went up high into the mountains and managed to get a sunburn. It was all your idea, anyway, going to places over 2,000 meters high. Thank you.

If you have one spare minute before you leave, tell me what airline (you see I am forgetful) and what flight number will bring you back to New York. You are wise to get back before the weekend. How long a recovery period do you expect??

d) Shipment does mean Le Havre  
You two can't get home soon enough to suit me.

e) Paris agency which will handle shipment is Continental Car Shipping, 36 Boulevard Perdreau. Europe By Car says you should notify them (EB3, that is) so that they can make arrangements for you with GCS ahead of time. You can still make your own arrangements with GCS yourself, I am sure, but EB3 would probably expedite matters.

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#19-c/v American Express, London  
#18 W Paris, c/o Fabian-no co)  
enclosed, #17 xerox

14 September 1963

*Dis. by this letter returned insufficient postage - + I tried it not, E.M.*

Dear Bernard and Barbara,

19 September 1963. Mrs. Gail Greenberg will be away from the office until Monday, 23 September and nothing in the way of a letter of inquiry from you is in her file. So I asked the questions you asked me to ask. Here are the answers, obtained from a Mrs. Sales:

a) The cost of shipping from Paris to New York breaks down as follows:

\$139....freight charge	
25....U.S. Customs clearance (to be paid in NY and age of car not an issue in determining amount)	
35....Paris to Le Havre shipment	
<b>\$199. TOTAL</b>	

b) No extra charges necessary for shipment home; Europe insurance is good for 30 days in U.S.

c) Customs duty reported above.

d) Shipment does mean Le Havre

e) Paris agency which will handle shipment is Continental Car Shipping, 88 Boulevard Pereira. Europe By Car says you should notify them (EBC, that is) so that they can make arrangements for you with GCS ahead of time. You can still make your own arrangements with GCS yourself, I am sure, but EBC would probably expedite matters.

Hurry back now.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

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	MoMA Exhs.	752.4

#19-c/o American Express, London  
(#18 to Paris, c/o Fabian-no cc)  
enclosed, #17 xerox

*orig. of this letter returned (insufficient postage) - I forced it out, E.M.*

18 September 1963

Dear Bernard and Berta...

Apparently you haven't had terribly good luck getting my letters. I wonder if ever you received the one in Paris. You left Panarea without the August 12th notes reaching you. Impossible to do anything about it until now, so I fervently hope this is getting to you all right.

New York is full of cold and rain. Maybe it will all be done with by the time you are due to return. I am counting on that being around the 26th as you indicated. I am glad to be back but not half so much as you will be. I do not understand how you have managed to hold out for such a long time, but then you're Rudofskys and they're a superior breed.

James Carmel writes that he must have his Leica just as soon as you return. He has a project going in France for which he will need it and before he goes overseas he will need to run a few tests with it. He will be at the Carlyle (76th and Madison) for the first week in October. I will not be around then. I have been called to my first jury duty stint starting on September 30th and will not be in the office again (unless I get bounced the first day) until October 14. Carmel sent you snapshots of the pool and a fine tear sheet of a photo essay on G6reme.

Slowly we've been getting the pictures you asked for. It will be better that you see them yourself than have me tell you about them.

The Museum looks much the same as ever. What news? All that filters down to me is this: Porter McCray is to be Director of some newly-formed Rockefeller foundation. I haven't seen any write-up in the papers, so this morsel is all I can offer now. Second, Connie tripped on a rug in George Barrows' apartment, was unconscious for about 3 hours and got a badly bruised right eye (hidden behind large dark glasses now). That's as much as I know.

The number of questions I have to ask you will wait until you're back in New York, and I'm sure you'll answer most of them without my even having to ask you a thing.

Hurry back home. During the last week in August and the first two in September I shall be in Luxembourg, Switzerland, Belgium and possibly in France. You will be on your way to Fuigo. I have little hope of running into P.M. Just as well, perhaps, because I don't see in such of a need to do any work.

If you have the time and the inclination, send me a pretty postcard.

All the best to you,

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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8 July 1963

11 June 1963

Miss Nobuko Uenishi  
30 Avenue du Président Wilson  
Paris 16<sup>e</sup>, France

Miss Nobuko Uenishi  
Dear Nobuko: , Mala France  
Siena, Italia

You and I share a perplexity for neither have I had any word from the Rudofskys since their arrival in Italy. This is a most unusual turn of events; Bernard has been diligent about writing and I am accustomed to hearing from him at least once a week. Now all I have in my hands is his last letter, dated June 18, in which he said he planned to arrive in Milan at the end of the week. (That would have been June 22 or 23 or 24.) Milan. This is much better than I had hoped; it means you will have more time with

It is not in my nature to worry about such things. Bad news travels most swiftly and none has come. But you and I are both perplexed and you, particularly, are disappointed. If you meet, I believe it will be quite by accident -- walking down the same street, going into the same restaurant. I am still hopeful for you.

I hope that your flight went well and that you are now having New York has been almost unbearably hot. At one point the sidewalks were on the verge of turning liquid. Now that we have been steamed like clams, we are being cooled by gentle and fresh breezes. If one moves through all at the right pace, it is really not too difficult. But how many New Yorkers know that?

Have you ever been to Jones Beach? If not, I should like to have you go with me next year. I was there on the 4th of July. For all the people, it still was not crowded and the sand was fine and the water icy cold. You can walk for miles and miles and it is immensely restful. I found a bus that travels there early in the morning and returns early in the evening. One is permitted to get off the bus at 60th Street and 2nd Avenue on the return trip--ideal for us.

During the last week in August and the first two in September I shall be in Luxembourg, Switzerland, Belgium and possibly in France. You will be on your way to Tokyo. I have little hope of running into B&B. Just as well, perhaps, because I won't be in much of a mood to do any work.

If you have the time and the inclination, send me a pretty picture postcard.

All the best to you,

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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14 June 1963

Miss Nobuko Uenishi  
Villa Salais, Mala Fresca  
Siena, Italia

Dear Nobuko:

First, let me tell you that I have a letter from B&B dated the 10th of June: "Expect to leave tomorrow for Segovia ... then, roughly, Burgos, Pamplona, Andorra, Perpignan, Avignon, Torino and, about the last week of the month, Milano." This is much better than I had hoped; it means you will have more time with them!

By now I expect that they have my letter giving them the details of your travels. One way or another you shall get together, I am sure. It will be the highlight of their trip.

I hope that your flight went well and that you are now having excellent weather and a still better time.

When you return to New York (after many months and many adventures) please do not forget that you promised to stop by the Museum and have lunch or tea with me.

With all good wishes to you,

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Ellen. !!!

I thank you profusely for your kindness to have let me know so promptly when the R's would be in Milano,

BUT! --- I never heard from them --- although I wrote two letters, and have waited till July 4 in Siena.

They may haven't received my letters, may be. Or, maybe they're still on their way up to Italy. Any way with a broken heart, I'll leave for Spoleto and then to Paris.

"Palio", the ancient pageant and horse race, took place in Siena July 2, and it was really a thing of miraculous beauty and excitement. I expected that B.B.R.'s would come to see this, but --- they didn't.

Since I missed this seemingly the only & the best chance, I imagine that we'll keep going around in Europe, missing each other.

Well, Ellen, we tried our best and so. I'll wait till I see you

all in New York again.

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and I do hope their trip is safe and with a lot of success. Till I write to you again, ciao, and have a cool, nice summer in New York.  
Love Nobuko




Miss Eiko Marash  
 15 West 53rd St.  
 c/o Museum of Modern Art  
 New York City  
 U.S.A.

AÉROGRAMME  
 PAR AVION  
 VIA AEREA

Nobuko Nemohi  
 30 Ave du Président Wilson  
 Paris 16<sup>e</sup>

AMTENTE

Europe, this year, was frozen till the very end of June; I was trembling because of the nasty, cold weather. I can well imagine how the R's suffered earlier --- but now the ever-so generous sun is with us

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#12--Milano  
cc #11  
cc Kamada letter

24 June 1963

18 June 1963

Dear Bernard:

June 18th letter received. To answer your questions: yes, Jim Carmel did write; yes, Sindicato dos Arquitectos wrote, too, reporting price of their 2-volume ARQ. POPOLAR EM PORTUGAL as Esc. 1.500\$00; Saul Steinberg's address is 3 Washington Square, N.Y.C. To elaborate: I gave Carmel your Milano address, advising him it was the only reliable one. The frustration of not being able to accompany you on this trip seems to have collapsed him. In my summer rôle as F. Nightingale I promised to read him choice excerpts from your letters if he would come to New York. I will try to locate the Portuguese books here in N.Y. You will know the state of the budget, so I hesitate to purchase them. Can we wait til your return?

Original Kamada letter accompanied by photo (snapshot) which will await your return. The Xerox machine went wild this morning, hence the two punk copies enclosed, products of that antique in Circulating. (#327/R, stamped 30 May 1963, good for July 1-October 1)

Connie is in Aspen this week with one of her daughters. Arthur leaves for one month of vacation in some A-frame cottage far out on Long Island. The blonde and most decorative addition to Arch. & Design is leaving. My understanding is they need a functional model next time around. Waldo is in Japan, will go to India, will then proceed to Latin America. Anne Hecht (she's the one you can't identify) is going to France. Kynaston has to revisit Trinidad. Helen Franc is in Greece. George Barrows is going on an Art Nouveau tour, with all the trimmings (i.e. boating it to Europe). I am going to Switzerland and NOT for the fanciful reasons which you dote on. Maybe I'll go to France and maybe to Belgium. I must be in Luxembourg because that's where I land and depart. I waive all the disapproval which I anticipate meets this news. I have to be back by the middle of September to welcome you and Berta home again.

Wieliczka salt mine pictures have come. That is, microfilm which I'm having printed in usable form. I'm feeling optimistic enough to believe that we may even hear from China by Christmas.

Your apartment appears to be in good order. The management, or some such, loosened the fuses and left you a note to that effect. If you return at night, bring candle or flashlight. Will air out the place on next trip down; it's rather stuffy and smells like NY Times.

After you and Berta have given yourselves over to the care of Ponti, house and board, and after you have sunned yourselves, write me a nice long letter. for Pontinger Table plan. Perfect, as usual. Hope you never see it in final form; doubtless I will play havoc with your design, spirit, etc. Inevitable when one gets down to the realities of panel production.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	MoMA Exhs.	752.4

6/14/63 4/0 Ponti, Milan: State + Nat'l tax refunds  
 11 June 1963  
 18 June 1963  
 #10-A, to Milano *Pamplona*

This is to inform you that revitalization is on the way, in the form  
 of one N O B U K O.  
 Dear Bernard:  
 Welcome to Milano, until July 7 you can get in touch with her at:

Transmittal: May 22 letter from L.L. Ponti  
 Con Edison bill  
 Dr. Demant bill  
 5/29 EM to BR note and attachment re London matter  
 short list of persons you may want to visit.  
 letter of introduction for Belgium  
 letter of introduction for Germany (to, Milano)  
 letter of introduction for Italy (she knows about)  
 picture-taking permit for Italy (fabricated specially for you)  
 an official pass for museums, etc. in Italy (#327/R, stamped  
 30 May 1963, good for July 1-October 1)  
 NOTE: In Brussels and Italy when you use your official let-  
 ters, you'd best make it clear that you are Guest Director,  
 lest the word get around that Waldo has fled his post.  
 Paris 16  
 envelope from Connie.

Phone calls: Sari Dienes--the usual how are you, where are you, is.  
 Ron Resch--met you at Aspen the year of the sunburn (my  
 dating method, not his). reports you were  
 interested in his folded paper structures.  
 traveling to Italy with portfolio of 50 and  
 wants to show them to you. you may have seen  
 him by the time you get this note. Having  
 met her, there is no doubt in my mind but that she is perfect for  
 your needs.

Mail: Carmel thinks you ought to visit N'debele and sent me a  
 tear sheet. I gave him a few addresses for you.  
 Will deposit home-type mail to your apartment which I  
 check every once in a while.

Thank you for Peutinger Table plan. Perfect, as usual. Hope you never  
 see it in final form; doubtless I will play havoc with your design,  
 spirit, etc. Inevitable when one gets down to the realities of panel  
 production.

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11 June 1963

#10 - to Pamplona  
(copy of Hazzacher letter, too)

This is to inform you that revitalization is on the way, in the form of one NOBUKO.

From June 12 until July 7 you can get in touch with her at:  
Keep up the good work.

Villa Salaia, Mala Fresca

Siena Kobako will phone or stop by to find out all I know of your adventures and your plans. We missed each other on Friday. I suspect she may be planning a trip abroad. That is wishful thinking.

From July 7 until July 14 (when she must be in Paris):

she will be "floating" around Spoleto, Milano trying to find you. Of course she knows about DOMUS and may write to you there.

from July 14 until July 25 she will be reachable:

c/o M. Kitahara  
30, Avenue du President Wilson  
Paris 16  
(Kléber 1789)

First and/or second week of August will also be spent in Paris.

September will see her in Tokyo. instructions it will be sent to you, unopened. I think I will wait until July 1st before sending you all accumulated mail--in one large packet. You will want to dispose of most of it, but better you do it.

She is terribly excited at the prospect of seeing you both. Having met her, there is no doubt in my mind but that she is perfect for your menu.

Finally, Uncle insists it's because we didn't write the request in Polish. Everyone is full of varying and useless counsel. I am entering the lists with our reluctant dragon, the U.S. Air Force, sometime this week.

The blasting that has been going on daily jars one's molars. With one gorgeous last heave we are all going to plummet into the rift when our precarious island finally rebels. Every day I feel nearer a farewell letter to you both. You live dangerously by car and I by sitting still in an office.

Berta, thank you for the little note. You have such a clear handwriting--how about a letter?

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#9-to Pamplona (copies of #s 6&7 enclosed)  
(copy of Hammacher letter, too) 10 June 1963

Dear B&B:

Now that the Madrid incident is behind us, let us hope that you and the Leica will be happy together. You have been seeing rainbows, have you? Keep up the good work.

Some time today I expect Nobuko will phone or stop by to find out all I know of your adventures and your plans. We missed each other on Friday. I suspect she may be planning a trip abroad. That is wishful thinking. Wouldn't it be fine if she could join you in Milan for a while? That would be worth many rainbows.

Knowing what it is like to cross railingless mountain passes in the blinding rain, I flinch for you and Berta upon reading your account of June 5. I think Berta should write the book on roads.

You are absolutely right about the numbering of letters; I should not have been so stupid. You will also get ALL letters typewritten. As to my first two letters to you, handwritten, do not cross me; you ought to give yourself a little vacation from questioning.

Almost every letter tells me how cold you are. Do I send blankets, hot water bottles, mittens, dry logs? Somewhere you must be able to borrow adequate padding! By the end of the summer you will be telling me that you are suffocating from the heat.

Much mail from Hentz. According to your instructions it will be sent to you, unopened. I think I will wait until July 1st before sending you all accumulated mail--in one large packet. You will want to dispose of most of it, but better you do it.

Finally, some pleasant pix from Nové Mesto. No word from Jagiello Library. My Polish uncle insists it's because we didn't write the request in Polish. Everyone is full of varying and useless counsel. I am entering the lists with our reluctant dragon, the U.S. Air Force, sometime this week.

The blasting that has been going on daily jars one's molars. With one gorgeous last heave we are all going to plummet into the rift when our precarious island finally rebels. Every day I feel nearer a farewell letter to you both. You live dangerously by car and I by sitting still in an office.

Berta, thank you for the little note. You have such a clear handwriting--how about a letter?

Love,

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Peutinger Table

*BPD rec'd this*

#8--American Express, Madrid during 19 3/4" long and 8 1/2" June 7, 1963.1  
run of 158".

sheet bearing text, 10" wide.

plywood drum was made to width of 9".

Dear Bernard:

I must write to you again. Two matters and no more: one delightful, one bothersome.

(1) Enclosed, a letter from John Keats. I sent a brief reply saying you were in Europe, that the letter would be forwarded, and that he could expect another postcard from you. As you will see, it is time to use his Canada address.

(2) CAMINOS and ESTRADAS: what to do about the Peutinger Table? Fond as I am of the drum you designed, I would like to forego its duplication for Latin America. It is unwieldy, it is expensive, it requires another packing case, etc. On a separate sheet I list the information I think you will need in order to make another sketch. Can you figure out a way of putting it on 35"x48" panels -- or maybe a long run of narrower panels? All panels in show are of a standard size, as you remember. We could, of course, drop it entirely (no one suggested it) but that would be too sad. While you are squeezing the rain from your marrow one evening perhaps you will give the matter some thought?

Another?: we enlarged captions and text to a 7" inch line. I faintly recall our deciding it was too small. Is this correct and will it bother you if I have it enlarged to 8" for Latin Americans?

May sunshine and mimosa re-enter your life.

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Peutinger Table

8 strips of stats, each measuring  $19 \frac{3}{4}$ " long and  $8 \frac{1}{2}$ " wide. total run of 158".

sheet bearing text, 10" wide.

plywood drum was made to width of 9".

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Orig. forwarded to Bn. Gladue

Dear Bernard Rudofsky,

I have just re-read your charming book, Behind The Picture Window.

Where are you? A postcard under the glass top of my desk says that you are in Japan, but that card was mailed years ago.

Best regards,

John Keats  
after 8 June:  
Rockport, Ontario  
Canada

meanwhile:  
403 W. Stafford  
Philadelphia 44

~~to Bernard Rudofsky  
Project of  
Philadelphia~~

~~Best regards,  
John Keats  
Rockport, Ontario  
Canada  
meanwhile:  
403 W. Stafford  
Philadelphia 44~~

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(Letters 4 & 5 enclosed)

6 June 1963

#7--to Madrid, American Express  
(copy of #6 enclosed)

Estimado Señor:

Dear B&B: Letter ripped open, read and now being answered. The gods were being kind to you if you found no letters from me in Cadiz. I sent the one which reached you in Madrid. The rain is not only for Rudofskys; we have it here though in sparser deliveries. At least you did not FORGET Madrid; that is all I wanted to know. I want to know that Rudofsky is not the Spanish equivalent of the one who occasionally and be faithful." I do and am.

It was impossible to resist sharing your Cadiz letter with Arthur. You did mean it for both of us, I am sure. You might do better traveling by pogo stick ~~rather~~ than Volkswagen. How is the poor beastie doing?

Treehousing at the Met's print collection these past few days. No houses to be found. Instead, a tree tent. "They do not tip or swing, and are not a hammock...Four weeks of honeymoon life spent in this manner beats all the trips that could be devised...." (Courtesy of an ancient catalogue of the Suspended Tent Company, Chicago.) Again, you wouldn't listen to me. . . .

A bit of other work to do, for which I am grateful because it means I have someone to talk to once in a while. A Latin American version of ROADS.

It just occurred to me that the reason for my being so bothered about Nieto and the camera was this: I work at Mt. Sinai Hospital some nights and in the course of wheeling patients from one building to another I keep passing by a supervisor's office; his name, in large letters, is N I E T O. There's no hiding place any longer.

I'm not the only one who misses you. Marie, Anne Hecht, Berit, everyone in the Architecture Department asks about you. In order to keep myself amused each person received a different answer about your condition and activities. Do you think the Army would like to hire me??

Rutans are in England, their cats are at home, and I stop by once in a while to say hello to the plants. If ever someone should come along when I'm going down the corridor opening doors . . . The orange bush they rescued from the incinerator closet is doing fine. The oranges are still there and it's getting new blossoms. If I feel ambitious, I might go up to Boston (having free lodging and a fine kitchen at my disposal) and look any day now. Enough for now.

Abrazos, quiet altogether and I am getting quite daffy seeing us one all day long.

Sheers,

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5/31/63

Dear Bernard:  
 #6 (letters 4 & 5 enclosed) May 31, 1963  
 original to Cáceres; cc to Lisboa

Estimado Señor:

17th letter to Gage-Brown with sections marked for your attention. (CHINESE ARCHITECTURE by Arnold Silcock, 1931 — pic on unmarked pages showing towers of the China-Tibet borderland). I hope you will see Gage-Brown; maybe he will be able to help you. I'm  
 May 27th Cadiz letter ripped open, read and now being answered. The gods were being kind to you if you found no letters from me in Cadiz. I sent two (copies attached) which I really regretted sending because of their particularly hateful character. Now that I am faintly more peaceable ... no, really reinstated to my icy calm ... I believe all will be well. Only one more jab at you: DO call or telegraph Nieto to let him know that Rudofsky is not the Spanish equivalent of Harvey and he will, one day, come to claim his goods. Amen. (P.S. I did write to Nieto again telling him that you would be delayed but that he should continue holding pkg. in safe place.)

You didn't send in the little raspberry-coloured card to the post office telling them to forward your mail to me here at the Museum. When I finally got around to enquiring about your mail, a flood of it came through. You're having such rotten luck getting mail from me, what do you suggest I do with your New York State Income Tax refund and your bills from Drs. Nathan and Demant? I shall call both gentlemen to say that your bills will be forwarded to you abroad. If you can determine a safe receiving point, all will be sent to you. Let me have your instructions soonest. (That's a TIME INC. term.) I am paying your telephone bill (\$7.85) as requested.

In Lisboa, we wrote to the Edifício do Sindicato Nacional dos Arquitectos, Rua Barata Salguero to find out about the availability of ARQUITECTURA POPULAR EM PORTUGAL. No reply to either March 1 or April 1 letters.

Both Italian and German consulates are re-issuing letters of introduction and I have re-typed your list of persons to be contacted, as best I can recall those of interest to you (you walked off with the cards for which I have no duplicates). Also a few other papers. How about my sending everything to you c/o Ponti & Cie.?? Or are Rudofskys (a notorious cloak-and-dagger pair) being trailed and investigated in Italy, too?

I fully expect to see Berta's face on the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED accompanied by glorious paeans to her prowess as Driver-of-the Year. Linament, laurels and Ace bandages await your return to New York.

We finally received a letter from Bulgaria saying the photo of the cupola of the 'Magernica' at Rila Monastery was being sent via sea mail. Maybe in a year we'll hear from China.

Bagnell hasn't called yet. My good friend in Boston is getting married on Sunday and will be out of the country for several months thereafter. If I feel ambitious, I might go up to Boston (having free lodging and a fine kitchen at my disposal) and look around Harvard, etc.

Life here is too quiet altogether and I am getting quite daffy seeing no one all day long.

Cheers,

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5/29/63

Dear Bernard:

Attached, my May 17th letter to Gage-Brown with section marked for your attention. (CHINESE ARCHITECTURE by Arnold Silcock, 1931 -- pix on unmarked pages showing towers of the China-Tibet borderland). I hope you will see Gage-Brown; maybe he will be able to help you. I'm sure this request is a nuisance. He went to the trouble of getting the blocks from the late Mr. Silcock's daughter, and even though I assume they are useless to you an official word from you to that effect would make him feel his efforts were worthwhile. Will do?

E.

Dear Bernard:

It is clearly quite stupid of me to write to you twice in the same day to the same place where I'm not even sure you will receive letters. I do it only because I am FRANTIC about you and the Leica. After receiving your letter of May 9th which I took seriously... I simply have to ask you to send me the Leica now... send it air freight....c/o Exms. Sr. Don G. Nieto... I expect to be there (Madrid) around the 23rd of May. If you ever arrive in Madrid and find the package and the letters I sent you, all will be clear. Put me out of my misery, will you, and tell me why you didn't go directly to Madrid after the call for help which you surely knew I would answer immediately??

Oh, for a Steinbergian hand. That would really get the message across to you. I love to you and Berta. Ask Berta to write to me, too, when she has a chance. I am going to a party tomorrow night and shall probably get quite drunk. You know who's to blame.

I am equipped to work with a Leica, and I am willing to take your letter.

I am waiting for an answer to your letter. It's all for you I have explained it to you.

I am waiting for an answer to your letter. It's all for you I have explained it to you.



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#4 (I think)

May 24, 1963

May 23, 1963

to Cadiz  
to Madrid

Dear Bernard:

Your letter of May 21st received five minutes ago. Really has me in a sweat (I do not politely perspire). If you receive this letter, it is really a miracle. I am terribly worried about you and the Leica and Sr. Nieto. The Leica was to have reached Sr. Nieto at the end of last week. All letters pertaining to its arrival were sent to his office. Here is his address:

Sr. Gratiano Nieto  
Director General de Bellas Artes  
Ministerio de Educacion Nacional  
Alcalá 34  
Madrid 14, España

I will do my best to make copies of those letters of introduction I had duplicated here, and I will also remake the list of places you were to have visited. For God's sake, tell me where I shall send it?? Where are you going to be checking poste restante? I didn't write to Granada because I didn't know when you'd be there. If you will just give me some idea of when you will be where I will make my own calculations as to when I think my letters will reach you. I do want to write more often, but I don't want you to miss the mail.

Kindly dismiss the awful typing; I'm really in a flap about you and the issue, Berta. It is plain to see that you need me around, even if stuffed under the baggage for occasional reference.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE do something about Nieto and the Leica. He knows you're coming. I wrote to him saying he should expect you on or about May 23rd (yesterday). I expect that the package is waiting in his office, and the longer it waits the more chance there is that someone will take it. I DID NOT indicate to Nieto the contents of the package for fear that someone would get ahold of the letter and walk away with the Leica. I just said it was personal valuable property of yours. HOP, man, HOP.

All the talk of oranges, acacia, roses and oleander is driving me to distraction. I am equipped to write odes to type cleaner, wool wastepaper baskets, be-doged sidewalks, file folders, chewing gum and Monroe Wheeler. Keep writing; I love your letters.

When you return, remind me to take you to the 28th floor of the Time & Life building for an incomparable view of N.Y.C. It's all for you; I haven't mentioned it to Arthur.

It is about 10:15 a.m. I am running out to a postbox immediately with this letter and prayers for its safe arrival.

Besos y amor,

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letter #3

May 20, 1963

To Madrid

June 7, 1963

Dear Bernard:

Your third letter received this morning. It's about time someone was nice to you, and I'm glad it was the Coderchs. Yes, indeed, I do know about Marsans--but very little. He didn't bother to identify himself but at Connie's suggestion (after his request) I had him put on the list Publicity maintains for recipients of information about MMA activities.

We received from Photo Yan (M. Dieuzaide) in Toulouse some smashing photos of Turkey, sent out of the goodness of his heart. I've written a plea to keep them for your review in September. Mostly site and "edible" architecture.

Futagawa wrote you another letter. Is the man dense, arrogant, supercilious or stubborn? He says we owe him \$10 per print and \$3 for postage (the NIHON NO MINKA photos, remember?). He also says we are to settle matters with his wife. She was to have been here in April. I shall write him, sidestepping the issue, agreeing, by all means, to discuss matters with Mrs. F. Bernard, I do not tell you this to worry you but to receive another lecture from you on matters Japanese.

Your bachelor friend, Augenfeld, called today to enquire about you and to charm 2 tickets out of me for the opening of AMERICANS 63 tonight. He sends his best to you.

By the time this reaches you I pray (I do a lot of that for you and Berta) that you have the camera and the necessary papers.

You can see that I don't have anything significant to report to you. Mainly, I will confess, I am writing to tell you that I am offended by your request to type my letters to you. If it wasn't crystal clear to you---the handwritten ones were in the nature of semi-personal letters; business letters I will always type. And you can number them yourself. What nonsense.

Still your devoted assistant,

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Home, c/o American Express  
 #13-RT1000  
 9 July 1963

June 7, 1963

Dear Bernard:

The dense blue fog which inevitably settles in when I haven't heard from you for some time has lifted. Your July 2nd letter came today, 7 days after it was postmarked.

Mr. John Keats

Rockport  
 Ontario, Canada  
 Dear Mr. Keats:

Bernard Rudofsky is in Europe, traveling through France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany -- by car. In his absence all his mail is forwarded to me here at the Museum. I shall give him your addresses and he will most likely send you another postcard.

Mr. Rudofsky loaned me his copy of THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS, and from that reading onward I have become your devoted fan. Sincerely yours,

Did you stay with Ponté for a long enough time to recover from your ordeal of the 2 months passed? You must take care of yourselves and not overdo basket cases. Please!  
 Ellen Marsh  
 Department of Circulating Exhibitions

I presently intend to be in Luxembourg for a couple of days during the last week in August. Then I will proceed to Geneva where I shall stay with a friend and her husband for about a week. After that there are questions. At this distance I think it would be just dandy to rove around the mountains and valleys at the elevation you suggest. I will have company of one or more persons which will make life far more agreeable than it was last summer. By the 14th, 15th or 16th of September I shall be back in New York. What would I do in Belgium? Recommendations for an objective best told to you and Berta in person.

So you are having your films developed abroad. If you get into the hands of a good lab I think it is the best possible thing for you to do. You won't have to worry about weather damage, loss, displacement, etc. You must send the prints on to me for safekeeping--and enormous enjoyment.

Bernard, I suppose you are right, it would do no harm to apply for a grant. I am quite unsettled at the moment and only wish it were possible to meet with you for an hour or two to explain just what is traveling through my mind. A lot of it is fiction, a lot of it is quite well grounded. I am caught between grant and job. Obviously I can't trouble people to give me support for both. If you can wait until you return to get going, very well. Let me say that after my trip a few matters may be better fixed.



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#13--Home (continued)

It is true that I have not once set myself down to trying to make out a proposal. I keep balking and, for myself, I am a failure as a taskmaster. One of my friends keeps telling me to get to it, but I move not. The Institute for International Education gives November 1st as a deadline for the receipt of applications. Coming back to you, I will give you whatever help I can in digging up information about receptive foundations. May we let the matter slide for the time being?

Dear Bob:

Viva Hentz! They should go into the Christmas stocking stuffing business. You will have at least a pound of Hentz by the time you return.

King Lui Wu sent a young Greek architect (former student, I imagine) in to look for your acolyte. His name is Alexander Tzonis and he is a very bright young man -- i.e., he recognized almost all the photos from our "confound the public" group, Hyderabad-Sind thoroughly delighted him, he suggested later reconstructions of Hagiar Khem. He also mentioned the Human Relations Files at Yale which no one has brought to my attention thus far. They are the province of the School of Anthropology, but the main library maintains them. You look up a subject--such as KITCHENS--and they've got them (photos, clippings, I guess) through all periods and in all countries. Possibly a one-day jaunt to Yale this fall?

There is a perplexity as to what to let lie in wait for you and what to tell you about in the midst of vacation. I shouldn't let it bother me, really. Oxford can't seem to manage publication of your book on Japan. Idiots! I am sure that the fact that it is their loss is no comfort to you right now.

If you are too overloaded with possessions, why not send them to me? I will put them in a safe place in the apartment. One more matter, do not worry about your September rent check; I will either mail it off before I leave or give it to some responsible soul for mailing on the 2nd.

May your travels be happier now that you are in your beloved Italy.

Love,  
I have a new acquisition, see Arthur hasn't got yet because he is still on vacation. Her name is Love, a play paper and she replaces the beautiful Para. She is most attractive and has one of those rare, dazzling smiles. I will arrange a formal introduction for you. / A third visit to Jones Beach, this time to have dinner (the best fish I've had in the New York area in at least a year) and to see "Around the World in 80 Days." The show was a delight. If they have anything in the way of a budget, YOU should do the sets and costumes. They have a double stage, one abutting the seating area and the other an island. Maybe you've been there already and don't need to be told about it. It looks as though Jones Beach is my discovery for the summer. (Are you making some unpleasant noises?) / This year marks a centennial celebration of Cook's efforts in Switzerland, I think (or maybe it's some other type of people), and there are many types of alpine investigation accessible as a result. For instance, for \$600 one can go up some balloon around Mont Blanc. (There it's another area.) For \$6 I'd take the trip. As it is, I shall be found on the land (no rock climbing outside of the U.S., thank you), hopping around in my most comfortable hiking boots. I have collected a large amount of material on the upper reaches of mountains south and east of Geneva. However, where I usually hike will probably be a surprise to me. If the weather is dread-

\*As ill-chosen a term for your exhausting and scholarly pilgrimage as one could possibly conjure up.

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#15--Taranto, c/o American Express

18 July 1963

Dear B&amp;B:

Whatever misadventures you have in Italy, it is comforting (to me) to know that you are in familiar and beloved territory. What does one use against bandits these days? sling shots? hex signs? By the time you read this letter I expect you will have had more harrowing experiences. / In Rome did you photograph all the tourists who embarrassed you? Your descriptions are beyond price. Fortunately, I shall be spared similar sights in the mountains of France and Switzerland. / What is this nonsense: "plans for a vacation are receding"? Why can't you just sit in one place for a while? If you find a tiny settlement with some fisherman, a few vegetables and a place to swim why can't you remain there? Not every inch of coastline has been invaded by the American Express gang. Maybe next year, but not this. / You are going to get embroiled in New York soon enough. / Since you have been trying to wiggle out of the nice letter I asked you for, I release you from the chore. You have been wonderful about writing, far better than I would be under the circumstances. You have been battling the elements and doing WORK while I sit in a noisily airconditioned office and shoot rubber bands at the pigeons. /

22 July

There wasn't enough to tell you about last week; that's why I let this paper sit around for a few days. Will it still meet you in Taranto, I wonder? / In the morning mail you have a note from Gropius. If it were not for the unreliability of the mails, I would send it to you. It is an acknowledgment of the birthday greetings you sent him, accompanied by a color photo of the celebration--which involved many pretty and healthy young girls, all dressed in marimekko (sp.?). It will wait for you in the bulging mail folder. / I decided NOT to go to Yale. The day is unpleasing and, besides, I do not want to pounce in on King Lui and the library unannounced. The fall may find me feeling more business-like. / Architecture has a new acquisition, one Arthur hasn't yet met because he is still on vacation. Her name is Shirley Teper and she replaces the beautiful Sara. She is most attractive and has one of those rare, dazzling smiles. I will arrange a formal introduction for you. / A third visit to Jones Beach, this time to have dinner (the best fish I've had in the New York area in at least a year) and to see "Around the World in 80 Days." The show was a delight. If they have anything in the way of a budget, YOU should do the sets and costumes. They have a double stage, one abutting the seating area and the other an island. Maybe you've been there already and don't need to be told about it. It looks as though Jones Beach is my discovery for the summer. (Are you making some unpleasant noises?) / This year marks a centennial celebration of Cook's efforts in Switzerland, I think (or maybe it's some other type of hoopla), and there are many types of alpine investigation accessible as a result. For instance, for \$600 one can go up in a balloon around Mont Blanc. (Maybe it's another area.) For \$6 I'd take the trip. As it is, I shall be bound to the land (no rock climbing outside of the U.S., thank you), hopping around in my ugly and comfortable hiking boots. I have collected a large amount of material on the upper reaches of mountains south and east of Geneva. However, where I shall eventually hike will probably be a surprise to me. If the weather is dreadful I am not sure what alternative to follow. / Take care and know that we are all thinking of you--particularly me.

Love,

E

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...and may be able to take me along. Then I can see that Human Relations File.  
Also will try to see kind  
As must be evident to you, the great thoughts department is shut down for  
the summer. I await your return.  
,8000 hns 87000

#14--Rome, c/o American Express

10 July 1963

12 August 1963

Dear Bernard:

To answer your questions: Ron Resch of Aspen never did turn up here, so I don't know any more about him than you do; Kynaston McShine is the young man from Trinidad whose office is directly across from ours; and this is N'debele, the South African village which gets gussied up by the ladies once a year and generally gets photographed in full color--with fat, kewpie-doll infants and a few hens in the foreground. I really shouldn't leave so much to your imagination. The man who wanted the LIFE picture for his book never did call back. I do believe that I am rather glad; the book didn't sound quite right for you. Rudofsky photographs cannot appear just anywhere. If I get more calls for your pictures I'll at least have some idea of what to say. Thank you for the answers. The nearest, Berta and Bernard are on Fanaros, Isola Belle,

where, though lacking certain mechanical and electrical conveniences. Please will you get out of the cities as soon as you can manage. You must locate yourselves literally, Berta to swim for miles and miles and you to rest under available trees. It is imperative. I do not want that long letter from you until you have followed instructions from New York.

For some time I have been meaning to ask you about the Olivetti. Did I or not see it next to your luggage, ready to accompany you on the voyage? Did you change your mind? Was it stolen? Or do you simply prefer to write longhand? A mild inquiry only; I prefer the handwriting.

Will you try to give me some idea of when and where I should send mail to you after Rome. Since your schedule has altered a bit I will need to know at what points you will be looking for letters.

An early attack of hay fever has descended, caused, no doubt by visits to the country for berry picking. At best, I am unpleasant to see and to hear. My only other mishap, a slight one, was stepping on a lighted cigarette--out in the meadows, no less. Fortunately, the soles of my feet have turned to alligator hide over the years. I am reduced to telling you of such trivial matters because it is very quiet here.

The Hilton Hotel across 6th Avenue is open at last. I have amused myself by taking a private tour of the ballrooms and kitchen facilities. Both monstrous, amazing and well worth seeing. There is space enough in the rows of warming ovens to cook the whole staff. I use the old library technique of walking in as if I'm a 4th Hilton cousin, with that awful look on my face, and no one bothers me. It's my answer to the moustache.

Mail from Europe is at a standstill. I think every place must be closed tight for the summer. I MUST get myself over to the Museum of Natural History for a go at their stacks. P.S. to yesterday's letter. Dotty Rutan is going up to New Haven for a dental appointment on the 22nd

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and may be able to take me along. Then I can see that Human Relations File. Also will try to see King Lui.

As must be evident to you, the great thoughts department is shut down for the summer. I await your return.

xxxx and oocs,

10 July 1963

Alfred H. Barr, Jr. / c/o American Express

Dear Bernard:

To answer your questions: Ron Rasmussen of Aspen never did turn up here, so I don't know any more about him than you do; Kyrstan Holmstrom is the young man from Trinidad whose office is directly across from yours; and this is N'debate, the South African village which gets guarded up by the ladies once a year and generally gets photographed in fall color--with fat, kewpie-ball infants and a few hens in the foreground. I really don't know so much about your investigation. The way you handled the LIFE photos for his book never did fall back. I do believe that I am rather glad the book didn't come out quite right for you. I don't think photographs cannot appear just anywhere. If I get some calls for your pictures I'll at least have some idea of what to say. Thank you for the answers.

Please will you get out of the office as soon as you can manage. You must locate yourselves differently. Better to swim for miles and miles and you to rest under available trees. It is imperative. I do not want that long letter from you with the instructions from New York. I did not want to see you at all. I am sorry that I have been meaning to ask you about the divorce. Did I or not see it next to your luggage, ready to accompany you on the voyage? Did you change your mind? Was it stolen? Or do you simply prefer to write longhand? A mild inquiry only; I prefer the handwriting.

Will you try to give me some idea of when and where I should send mail to you after Rome. Since your schedule has shifted a bit I will need to know at what points you will be looking for letters.

An early attack of hay fever has descended, caused, no doubt by visits to the country for berry picking. At best, I am unpleasant to see and to hear. My only other mishap, a night one, was stepping on a lighted cigarette--out in the meadow, no less. Fortunately, the soles of my feet have turned to alligator hide over the years. I am reduced to telling you of such trivial matters because it is very quiet here.

The Hilton Hotel across 6th Avenue is open at last. I have named myself by taking a private tour of the ballrooms and kitchen facilities. Both restaurants, amazing and well worth seeing. There is space enough in the rows of waiting ovens to cook the whole staff. I use the old library technique of walking in as if I'm a 4th Hilton cousin, with that initial look on my face, and no one bothers me. It's my answer to the mosquitoes.

Well from Europe is at a standstill. I think every place must be closed tight for the summer. I MUST get myself over to the Museum of Modern Art for a go at their studios. P.S. to yesterday's letter. Dolly Rubin is going up to New Haven for a dental appointment on the 22nd.

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Miss Hedda Sterne, Parents  
(125 to Ferns in Peeta, Toronto)

29 July 1963

Dear Bernard:

Racing to meet the August 1st deadline at Toronto, and it is a pleasure, I assure you. Your letter still bears unmistakable signs that you are getting a bit flustered around the edges. What are you doing to poor Berta? She has to be visited **12 August 1963** and afterwards driver all at once. My admiration for her increases with every report you send. Accidents do not disqualify women as drivers, so calm yourself.

Yes, you do not have to write to me often. If it seems to you that I have been making a fuss it is only that I love hearing from you. No one else can match you as a letter writer.

Miss Hedda Sterne  
179 East 71 Street  
New York 21, New York

Dear Miss Sterne: In this morning's mail I received a request from Bernard Rudofsky for your present address, that is, the one you will have for the next several months. I can only hope that this note reaches you before your departure for Italy.

At the moment, Berta and Bernard are on Panarea, Isole Eolie, where, though lacking certain mechanical and electrical conveniences, they are enjoying a rest and refuge from the torrents of tourists now filling Italy.

Bernard is most anxious to be in touch with you, so I hope you can give me an answer quite soon. Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,  
Ellen Marsh  
Department of Circulating Exhibitions

I had a wonderful sleepless night this weekend. Feloni and I lashed two bicycles to the top of a Volkswagen and drove out to Southampton where we pedaled to the beach (a fine strip of sand with no one around for miles) and swam ourselves and even for some 7 hours. The water was clear and clean and the undertow quite strong. It stayed near the shore for swimming. (I have learned respect for the ocean the hard way.) By the time we got back to the car it was near 6 p.m., so we immediately drove to the airport (Grand Central) and caught the train to New York City. After dinner we took the train again and went the entire loop through Central Park. At 7:00 a.m. we did another bit of cycling. And I joined the ranks of Volkswagen drivers, happy Volkswagen driver.

*Reply rec'd 8/15/63 Dept. 1 in Venice 90 Am. Express (Venice ledger for stay in Italy)*

Because I do not want to miss a single one of your precious letters, I am writing to me at the Museum after August 1st or before 1st. Please forward to New York any mail from you which arrives in the place.

I've and Berta are constantly in my thoughts and I am praying for a scales of justice balance out heavily in your favor from now on. You cannot stay at a hotel 50 forever.

Coraggio, abrasos and love.

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#16--Hotel Taras, Taranto  
 (#15 to Ferme in Posta, Taranto)

29 July 1963

Dear Bernardo:

Racing to meet the August 1st deadline at Taranto, and it is a pleasure, I assure you. Your letter #13 bears unmistakable signs that you are getting a bit fluted around the edges. WHAT are you doing to poor Berta? She has to be visiting nurse association and ambulance driver all at once. My admiration for her increases with every report you send. Hiccups do not disqualify women as drivers, so calm yourself.

B., you do not have to write to me oftener. If it seems to you that I have been making a fuss it is only that I love hearing from you. No one else can match you as a letter writer.

I want to write to you when I go on vacation. Can you give me some idea of where you will be between August 23rd and September 14th? That is my vacation period. You seem to be rushing me on my way. I shall write to you at Palermo from New York, not from Europe. If it will help matters in any way, let me give you my address in Geneva (ca. August 24th-September 1): c/o Mrs. Hans Juel Jensen, Avenue de Champel 23, Geneva, Switzerland. After September 1st I will be traveling around and I will do the writing to you. Is it too early to ask when you expect to return to New York. I suppose that's jumping the gun. Please be sure to let me know just as soon as your return date has been settled.

The pictures from the ENIT arrived, were duly acknowledged, and have been put aside for you marked "personal property." I like them very, very much.

Before I forget. I shall leave the apartment key and mailbox key with the Rutans before I fly away. I think they will be safest in their hands until my return.

Will you find it in your heart possible to forgive me for not devoting myself to AWA this summer? I have successfully evaded any attempts to get involved in other projects for fear that they might become all-consuming. I would really like to be busy, but knowing that AWA depends completely on you I have not wanted to go off on any chase without some word from you concerning the desirability of the search. / Whether or not Arthur has sent a letter to Esso I know not. I'll check on the matter this week.

I had a wonderful 28 sleepless hours this weekend. Friend and I lashed two bicycles to the top of a Volkswagen and drove out to Southampton where we pedaled to the beach (a fine strip of sand with no one around for miles) and sunned ourselves and swam for some 7 hours. The water was clear and clean and the undertow quite strong. We stayed near the shore for swimming. (I have learned respect for the ocean the hard way.) By the time we got back to the car it was near 8 p.m., so we immediately drove to the circus (Cristiani Bros.) which had pitched tent nearby. Dinner at 11:30, another walk along the beach, back to the city. After dumping beach blankets, etc. at my apartment we took the bikes again and went the entire loop through Central Park. Breakfast at 7:00 a.m. and then another bit of cycling. And on and on. (Tell Berta that I have joined the ranks of Volkswagen drivers, happy Volkswagen drivers.)

Because I do not want to miss a single one of your priceless letters, do not write to me at the Museum after August 19th or before September 12. Mrs. Jensen will know to forward to New York any mail from you which misses me at her place.

You and Berta are constantly in my thoughts and I am praying very hard that the scales of justice balance out heavily in your favor from now on. You cannot stay at a Weston 50 forever.

Coraggio, abrazos and love,

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some items you might try to search out at the British Museum Library. (I could really send you the whole AMA list, but maybe what you see below will get you started.)

compiled 8/13/63

GREY #17 - to Paris c/o Fabian,   
 notice shapes of houses (we have a few fairly good pix here)

Losses material (Shensi, Shansi, Honan, Kansu): at American Geographical Society  
 #17-Panarea: see British Naval Intelligence Geographical 12 August 1963  
 "China Proper," in which were bamboo water wheels (60 ft. diameter) in the  
 Red Basin outside of Chengtu; horsebeats of Canton; grove outside in Kansu  
 (vol. I, app. p. 73); losses areas (vol. II) -- what about terracing

Dear Bernard: I have one old and rather stunning picture for you which I can't  
 show you now.

Business first: Arthur did write to Standard Oil and is quite annoyed because his letter was never acknowledged. I believe he is asking one of his people to check on it. At least the deed you wanted has been done. As for Hedda Sterne, her phone rings but is not answered this morning. An attempt to reach Saul Steinberg resulted in information that he is at Amagansett. I have just posted a letter to Miss Sterne asking her for a quick reply. If none is forthcoming by the time I am to leave I shall try to get Steinberg again. / Sari Dienes called and I gave her your address in Panarea.

Re third line of your August 7 letter: I think it is my morale you want to question (not my morals). / Also on the subject of travel...how is it that you, who hate hordes of people, manage always to find yourself in the midst of them? / May you stay on Panarea until you feel reasonably yourself again. It sounds very much like the kind of place I've had in mind for you and Berta all along (this probably elicits a snort from you). A revelation: it never occurred to me that you might have any affection for cats.

New York has not been too objectionable, save for certain beastly periods of heat which even airconditioning did not help (the great shock to the system of moving from killing heat to piercing, stale refrigeration -- you know it all too well). I will not bore you again with the facts of 9:30-5:30 life, but I will say that I have done my best to make after-hours life a summer festival. This was another marathon weekend -- about 3 hours of sleep this time, sandwiched between a hike (this one really got the better of me -- great climbs, terrifying descents -- I am walking like a sick beetle today) and a night wandering around the streets with friends, movies on 42nd Street (superb Jean Gabin film), more wandering, etc. until 8:00 Sunday morning when I went out to Jones Beach for the day. I look forward to my trip as a vacation from my weekends.

Be a good soul and give me more addresses. I should like to write to you again next Monday, or as soon as I hear from you. How are you managing with Carmel's Leica?? He has not yet come to New York; when he does, I shall be quite hoarse from reading excerpts from your letters to him. Bill Bagnall finally got here. His news is that the collection of Elisofon material at the Peabody doesn't have anything for us. Further news from him, 4th addition to his family due in a month or so; he is pleased, his wife not equally enthusiastic. He wants you to visit them when next you are in Cambridge. No room to house you, but they would like to see you.

x x x to both of you,

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some items you might try to search out at the British Museum Library. (I could really send you the whole AWA list, but maybe what you see below will get you started.)

compiled 8/13/63

CHINA Han funerary urns in shapes of houses (we have a few fairly good pix here)

York ---  
loess material? (Shensi, Shansi, Honan, Kansu): at American Geographical Society we saw British Naval Intelligence Geographic Handbook Series, "China Proper," in which were bamboo water wheels (40 ft. diameter) in the Red Basin outside of Chengtu; houseboats of Canton; grave mounds in Kansu (vol. I, opp. p. 73); loess areas (vol. II) -- what about terracing of loess? (I have one old and rather stunning picture for you which Arthur hasn't been shown yet.) PES, STUDIES IN FIELD ARCHAEOLOGY.

John Bradford. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 1957.

an aside: Joseph Needham sent us a print (small) of "heaven in the shape of a barrel vault" which appeared in his Science and Civilization in China, vol. III, fig. 218. You will want to refer to the volumes again for other leads--maybe observatories. Persia. . . . .

We asked for these two illustrations, but who knows whether they'll ever be P.S. forthcoming: has Portuguese books for which we searched. I haven't seen them yet.

book "Lung-mên Shih-k'u" (Rock Grottoes in Lung-mên) For "what is Peking, 1961. Pl. 43, access by means of thin walk-ways along cliff faces. p. 626 by Bruno Levi.

In Zurich, look book "Mai-chi-shan Gaves" 1957. Pl. 68, ceiling. (c) 1963, Artemis Verlag (this is all the information we could get from book we saw at the Met.)

It is possible to get a copy of Colmann's HAUS UND HOF IN ALTIEN from Wa. Further information and illustrations of towers of China-Tibet borderland --around Cheng-tu, West China. See "Chinese Architecture" by Arnold Silcock, The China Society, London, 1931. The China Society is holding a few plates for you. You cite the towers as pagoda prototypes in your notes.

Sinchiang: Your "Asian mounds spiked with poles" refers to 'Ordek's necropolis' and the mound(s) are in the Lop desert. Ordek was one of Dr. Sven Hedin's Turkish servants (Hedin's 1933 mission on behalf of the Central Government in Nanking was to examine possibilities for motor traffic along desert trails previously traversed by camels!). The account won't take you long to read and is found in Archaeological Researches in Sinchiang by Folke Bergman, Stockholm, 1939. Maybe all this is beside the point for you, because I have the pictures!!

Bernard: which is going to take a great deal of time and will probably keep me hopping until vacation. There is much I . . . . .

I hope the British Museum has an aerial view of Erbil (Arbela), northern Iraq. Please ask them to help you. 's glad to learn you have now found a place with no electricity.

Stonehenge (Carmel has sent you a moonlight picture which I'm holding)

see Encyclopedia Britannica (14th ed.?), vol. 4, page 129, top for photo of street bridge in Kashmir (courtesy The Deutsches Museum)

cities (settlements) in Aden (Hadhramaut)

colonial records

*above notes*

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If you want to look at some of the books we went through here in New York ---

HISTORY OF FORTIFICATION. Sidney Toy. 1955.  
p. 18 - plan of the great Zimbabwe

ASIA MINOR. Maxim Oward. Thames & Hudson. 1957.  
plates 24 and 95

ANCIENT LANDSCAPES, STUDIES IN FIELD ARCHAEOLOGY.  
John Bradford. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 1957.  
plate 68

..... British Naval Intelligence's Geographic Handbooks, particularly the one on Persia.....

P.S. Wittenborn now has Portuguese books for which we searched. I haven't seen them yet.

For "what is architecture?" see ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART, vol. I, p. 626/ by Bruno Zevi.

In Zurich, look up STRUCTURE AND FORM IN JAPAN by Werner Blaser, (c) 1963, Artemis Verlags-Aktiengesellschaft, Zurich. Beautiful book.

It is possible to get a copy of Oelmann's HAUS UND HOF IN ALTERTUM from Walter De Gruyter & Co., Berlin for DM 80.00 / 1.70 postage.

Bernard: Please forgive the utter disorganization of the foregoing. Arthur has just given me an assignment which is going to take a great deal of time and will probably keep me hopping until vacation. ~~time~~ There is much I could add to the above, but I'm sure you can fill in the gaps better than I.

Arthur sends his regards and says he's glad to learn you have now found a place with no electricity.

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Rudofsky Corres.