

Wednesday.

Dear Maurice,

A week or so ago I wrote you a letter. Fortunately, before I could finish it, I was interrupted. And when I took it up again I was made aware of just how foolish it was. There were so many things I wanted to talk to you about in New York, and did not, that it would be stupid to start by letter. However, there are times when I am sorry that I have lost respect for the kind of advice that priests are able to give. There are situations in life where one feels unsure of one's own judgment, and it would be so good to have some one to turn to, some one whose advice would be based on a knowledge of and an understanding of the human heart, and not on a lot of outworn and sometimes positively evil formulas.

Today I had lunch with Clyde, and told her of a dream I had the other night. It is the most remarkable dream I ever had, that I could remember, and I was wondering how much of it came from within, - or rather if any of it came from without. She suggested I write it to you. First I must tell you that I had spent the day at some excavations, - Indian burial mound not far from here. Naturally, I was in the mood to think of Death, and in particular, I suppose, Ceremonial Burial. With my upbringing, it is natural that I should think in Catholic symbols, subconsciously, even if I no longer do so consciously. I must also tell you that when I was at the convent, one of my favorite nuns died, the Latin teacher, and I saw her in her nun's habit, in the coffin, although I did not look at her face. I am telling you this so you can judge if the dream was all out of subconscious in this life, - or if any of it is older than that.

I was dead, in a Church, in my coffin in front of the altar. I seemed to be looking at myself, although I was in the coffin. I was dressed in Nun's habit, I was terribly old, thin and wrinkled, and I seemed to know that I had been a nun all my life, but the knowledge did not affect me much. The priests on the altar were chanting, and at first I thought it was a regular litany, and did not pay much attention. But soon I realized that they were chanting about me and my past lives. I do not remember all the litany. It was very long. I do not remember one thing they said, - but I hate to repeat it! At any rate, they all agreed that I had atoned for it, for it seems I was a great



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saint as a nun. They chanted the various things I had done,- I remember these, - the mortifications I had practised, all about my hair shirt (maybe this is one reason I can wear wool next to my skin without it being irritated, as so many people's is!) and the fact that the very day I died I flagellated myself ten times. Well, there was a break in the dream, and next I saw myself in a large room, whose walls I could not see, although I felt it was a room. Some old priests were there. I was young, younger than I am now, but not much I think. I had on some loose flowing robes, and the old priests began to speak to me. They said that for centuries I had indulged the body, but that by my life as a nun I had atoned. But they said that now I must learn that whether you indulge the body, or mortify it,- you are still concerned with the body. They held out to me some clothes, and told me that the first time I wore these garments, I would be with people that I could trust, and that sometime I would learn that the spirit was the thing to be concerned about, that as a matter of fact there was no difference, that everything was One. And when I looked at the garment, -- it ~~taen-~~ turned out to be a new black suit I bought just a short while ago, and did not intend to wear until Fall,- and I woke up.

The thing that intrigues me about this dream is the element of the purely natural and familiar, coupled with the unfamiliar. But I am afraid that the natural predominates. What do you think?

How is your health? And the case? We are all well here, and enjoying the brief Spring days which will all too soon become unbearably hot. If you go to New Mexico this summer, I shall be with you for a short time, I hope. Will you please tell MME. Shachovskoi that I have not written to her because our plans are so uncertain. Paul wants to move to Texas to escape the dust, the cold, the heat, and the taxes here. I do not know yet what we will do, but I have not forgotten her and her sister.

Remember me to Sina, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Rita Raigorodsky.



May 15th, 1937. 226 3

Dear Maurice,

The enclosed letter came very near not being sent to you. I have written you several times, but for several reasons have not mailed my letters. However, this time I am taking my courage in both hands, and shall really put a stamp on this one.

I think of you very often, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again this summer. I do hope that you go to New Mexico. I am leaving about the fifteenth of June, just I and my girls. I am going to take them on a slow trip through Colorado and northern New Mexico, ending up the thirtieth of June at Paula's Camp, which is at Eagle Nest Lake, New Mexico. She will be there for two months. After depositing her at Camp, Leda and I will come on home. Possibly too I shall go back after Paula, the end of August. So I hope to have two chances to see you.

Not much news with me. The weather is still delightful, not hot as yet. The flowers are gorgeous,- I have been working all day at our annual Flower Show. It is such a joy,- the place smells so sweet, and is so beautiful, overflowing with flowers, that I could stay all night, and do not mind the really hard work attendant upon staging such a show. The children are well and happy. I have been doing a lot of weaving, have finished the rugs for the room I did over for Paula. At present I am working on a copy in tapestry of Hoerich's The Bowman. It is very hard to do, and I am a little disappointed in that the technique itself makes it next to impossible to reproduce the very fine lines of the bowstring etc. However, it is my first attempt in this medium, and perhaps I shall improve.

Please do not wait as long as I have to write.

Sincerely yours,

Rita.