

NEWTON KINSEY

February 9, 1962

Dear Nestor,

After a very hard, late day it did me a lot of good to come home and find your nice letter waiting for me. I do look forward to your letters as they are not only my only contact with a very good friend, but also (in a certain way) with Cuba too.

When you told me about your friend I was very sad because it reminded me that life for people like us seems to be constituted of an endless procession of loves found and lost. Your experience accounts so much for the sadness you feel now and, although the feeling will recede, it will not go away. Each time we go through something like this it seems to leave a mark which is rather like a wound overgrown with scar, but there nonetheless. Events which we cannot control and about which we care very little always seem to intrude to kill our heart's desire. It fills me with sadness sometimes, but what can be done?

Some weeks ago while I was at the beach I broke my usual rule of not speaking to anyone. The person I spoke to was a charming young man, an actor on local television, and, as I found out later, rather a good painter. Right away we "hit it off" and we've spent some perfect hours together. A kind of pattern has been established. We meet only on Sundays at the beach and then go on to the apartment of one of his friends for the early part of the evening. He wants to rent an apartment and the two of us will live there together. I'm very reluctant to do this as right now I have not enough strength for another disappointment. I plan to let things go along as they are for a while and see what develops. Maybe it is true that with years comes wisdom.

When I resigned my job in N.Y. one phase of my contract with the company came out to be very beneficial for me. I have been receiving small sums of money each month, but this month the amount was very large. With a portion of