

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

of this ill-gotten gain I shall make a trip to that sinful city of New York. I arrive next Friday, the 16th, and will stay there for about two weeks. Of course, a part of this time I will have spend visiting my family, but it will leave enough days and night for the activities I like so much. So, you see, the evils of capitalism do have their nicer side. If I could only come to Havana on my way back to San Juan! Maybe I could smuggle myself aboard some little ship calling at Cuba. Dreams, dreams!!

I would love to see your new film. You are fortunate indeed to have an interest to ~~me~~ occupy your time. Maybe, someday, I will have a chance to see some of your work. Not now, unfortunately. As for myself, I work and then work some more. Our business is growly slowly, but steadily and although it occupies much too much of my time I hope that shortly I shall be able to enjoy some of the fruits of this labor. In order to fill some of the time, I've taken up painting again. I have absolutely no talent, but the brushes and paints take my mind off many things and it is wonderfully sothing.

The films we see here are restricted to the most popular Hollywood products and those dreadful productions from Mexico, Argentina, etc. Several days ago I went to see an incredible movie called "King of Kings". This is the most fantastic blasphemy ever created. It surely cost millions and millions of \$ and undoubtedly will make for its producers millions and millions more. The film caters to the desire of so many Americans to associate painlessly (soft seats, air conditioning and popcorn) with god. This will probably not be shown in Cuba, but to give you an idea of the idiocy of this film they have portrayed Christ as highly effeminate, complete with shaved arm-pits. So, when I get to New York, I shall see all of the films that will never, never appear here. Nothing at all from Russia will ever be shown here and I do not know what is currently in N.Y.

I still haven't gone to see your friend Oscar, but I shall do so soon. Thanks again for your letter and please write to me soon. Say hello to Marcos and remind him that I think of him always.

Yours,
