

March 4, 1949

My dearest Ines,

Receiving your letter was a wonderful surprise, which I must say came at a most curious time. I dreamt of you just last evening. My sleep has been troubled as of late, even more than what is normal for me, as you know. Each night has been dense with dreams, but such visions that I cannot recall upon waking. Yet as I sorted the mail, I kept thinking of Montreal. Then I saw your handwriting and knew it to be you at once. My dream of you came rushing back, a torrent of my night's foray into the ethereal. I managed to jot it down in my otherwise sparse dream journal before it fled from thought.

Whether it mere coincidence or fate, that you are set to leave Montreal implores me to convince you to visit, at least for a time. It's been too long. I would love to have you. There is an entire apartment sitting here, empty. It's what is called a "Mother-in-law" setup. I will have it prepared for you. At the very least, you may make use of it as a studio space. It will be yours to do with as you please. You are welcome here as long as you wish to stay. Great art takes time. La Femme Morte wasn't drained in a day.

I cannot wait to show you some of the books we have here. And I know that you are rolling your eyes right now, me assuming you are definitely coming. Well, I am. The house came with a full library that the previous owner, the esteemed Jon S. Ward, curated himself. We were told of their great worth, and I do not doubt it. The books are just incredible. Beyond description. There are several books of art you must see. They've inspired me to write again. Years of writer's block dissolved. It's a wondrous development; I feared my fiction days were lost. My incessant typing drives Vernon crazy at times, the man was always a light sleeper. I suppose I would also find it bothersome if I struggled to read street signs.

Having you here will be like those days in the apartment on Victoria street. Well, it won't be a studio with a broken heater and one window, that much will be different. But we'll be together. At last.

I can't wait to see you.

Love,

Stella

*Stella xo*

