

Titel: BREV TIL: Vibeke Hjelmslev FRA: Svatja Jakobson (1962-01-12)

Citation: "BREV TIL: Vibeke Hjelmslev FRA: Svatja Jakobson (1962-01-12)", i *Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds*, s. 1. Onlineudgave fra Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds: https://tekster.kb.dk/catalog/lh-texts-kapsel_025-shoot-workidacc-1992_0005_025_Jakobson_0210/facsimile.pdf (tilgået 02. maj 2024)

Anvendt udgave: Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds

Ophavsret: Materialet kan være ophavsretligt beskyttet, og så må du kun bruge det til personlig brug. Hvis ophavsmanden er død for mere end 70 år siden, er værket fri af ophavsret (public domain), og så kan du bruge værket frit. Hvis der er flere ophavsmænd, gælder den længstlevendes dødsår. Husk altid at kreditere ophavsmanden.

January 12th, 1962

Dearest Vibekke,

your letter was a great joy for me as always at Christmas, something warm and smiling and quiet in the envelope with the danish kingl on a evening-sea-blue background. The pleasanter it was for me because I had a very bad and long and depressing cold just over Christmas. But I myself was unable to write to friends - just to think about them only. It was the winter, but the Charlottenlund spring -frangrance was also in your letter. And we thank you both for your wishes and I hope you do not mind much this delay in sending ~~our~~ our best wishes for the New Year to you and Louis.

The time goes so fast that I have the feeling that nothing at all really happened in the short term we refer to as 1961. Some teaching, some reading, some articles written, some colds, a few go-ings out, a few dinners at home, a few movies and very few concerts, much morning-readings of the strangest events all over the world in the newspapers, many cigarettes smoked... and the days are full to burst and the nights are short with very few dreams squeezed-in, well, I wonder about Time. I guess it feels like that when one does not travel far away, and I did not go anywhere this summer except a few times to the beach around the corner. Roman, at the contrary, was again everywhere in the spring and summer, and ~~xxxxxx~~ like, the home best when he is recuperating from the fatigued and such, and plays with the caleidoscop (which I gave him for Christmas) walking around this place in his pajamas. This year he does not plan to go anywhere far and I am set to fly to California to deliver some lecture and jump from there to Mexico, and then to take a tour around the Slavic settlements on this coast to look for their folk songs and fairy tales especially on the farms, and, the best of all things this year; I have a free term

with no teaching obligations and am decided to do something very active and positive with the Time so I feel it more when 1963 comes again, and have more to write to you at next Christmas. In any case, we are, thanks God, healthy in body and mind, on the whole.

Yes, the time flies. There is snow again and I am going skiing. And yesterday, a student of mine asked me: are you s t i l l skiing? It made me think of my own gaff in Norway, when I asked - when we came to Norway at the beginning of the war - the same question Mr. Raestad who was then perhaps younger than I am now, and learned that my question hurt him. Well, as you see, I am still in that New Year's day mood.

The most joyful thing I did this year was much dancing of the Balkan Slavic and Greek dances with I like very much. And listened with delight to some electronic music compositions of my students. And saw two wonderful exhibitions of the Dada Art and Max Ernst's in NY. And am preparing a series of talks with Serbian music for the local broadcast - which makes me feel once more enchanted with my experience in the Yugoslav and Bulgarian villages. And there are a few books that I enjoyed: Picasso's Picasso and Max Liberman: The artist in his studio. And there were many friends whom I was happy to meet and kiss.

And I wish much I could see you both soon and kiss you also.

Your

Louis