



Sunday Noon

My darling,

He went to the woods this morning, Bonso, Laro and I. We have found so many delicious little trails, way off the main road, so that I don't have to take my tiger by his chain when people approach. And my tiger just loves his freedom. He comes running back to me and whiffs his wet snout over my hand. That is the way to say "thank you". So for it has been quiet to-day and I wouldn't mind if nobody came for the rest of the day. The week-ends are sometimes horrible, people running in and out, some nice ones, some less so, but I have to attend to them, whether nice or not. The new big work shop for the boys is finished. It's almost 3 times as large as the old one - light, airy and spacious looking. Now comes the job of dismantling the looms and putting them together again. Next week we are starting on the shop - tearing down old walls and putting up new ones. Then, eventually, I shall have the kitchen there, where I now have the tables. Having the kitchen outside is a literal pain in the neck and causes too many colds. We're also going to make the garage a little wider as it is doubtful that I can get a suitable station wagon as small as the little Austin. Still quite a lot to be done, but pass a pass.

To here: then the door knocker started and then I gave the dogs to eat and Dippy needed to be loved and fed and then I made myself a drink and had a cool of onion soup and



some more knuckle at the door and now it's 6 o'clock. I sent Isidro home to get. The girl Jovita has her day off. Dippy is still on his branch, overlooking the sunset. In a little while he will start his urgent whistling. When he wants to be taken inside over the fire place, for his drink and crashes. All in all, it has been the first quiet Sunday for months. My desk is an indescribable mess - but it doesn't matter what if I had everything in its peccable order it just wouldn't fit in this crazy world. The record player is down stairs with all the latest treasures. Alfred Bellor, the Segoria and last but not least Mario. The cover has been handled so much that his dear face & me are no longer visible. I know the whole recording by heart and love it so one day I shall lead the ensemble produced on the new tape recorder. It sounds exciting. And so are your letters. They are sheer joy, bursting with love and being in-tune. So many letters from you - so many gifts from you - and not a word from Storie. Yesterday another joyous letter. Mother and Mario showed in at Villa Serena. What more could one wish for? I must be quite an experience for Mario who has seen such abundance of snow. You gave Mario his package (the collar should be turned toward the inside - not outward.) So I gather you had not yet received your jacket, which Jeremy Cooke took with him to be mailed to you. I am sending you something else by

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next opportunity. But nothing as forgone
as the rascally Mandarin Coat you gave
me - and the nighties - and the Creams
and lip stick - and the boots - with all
the loving thoughts behind and with it. I feel
like a Guller when I put on the Mandarin
Cloak. It is just the thing I love so. I
can put it over my daily uniform
of pants and top and feel completely transformed.
Thank you my darling. One day you will see
for yourself what it does to me. Because
I know you will be here again one day,
probably with Nani. I just know it will
happen. Just like I shall be at Villa Lorena
again one day. No paper yet, but plenty
of work done once more toward getting
them of course the whole performance is so
utterly crazy and unjust - and everybody
agrees, but I have closed making myself
miserable about it. There was a time when I
only prayed and prayed that I could make
things go - and nobody thought it likely. Now
I have so much work that the big head-ache
is in lack of production. Ray Cole, who
owns Villa Montana in Morelia the attractive
and famous inn, sells anything I can send
him, but I can't send him enough. He
suggested that I move to Morelia with my whole
set up, & do things together, but big. That NEVER.
Then he suggested I set up a workshop there
for the production of Copes - for males
and females, if I would come

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Padre Corona loved it so. Hence, I gave him
one. He said that Padre Manuel Villalaz, who
is now Professor, will use it much in his teachings.
I think the whole Congregation of the Espiritu Santo
now know NEU. Every body talks about you -
and their Mario - and what you did and
are doing for him. What a miraculous life
my darling.

Yes I do so vividly remember that first Sunday
I drove out through the snow to Villa Sereva.
It was on a January 2nd when a new life
began. So rich in joy - and love - also sadness
and sorrow - but one cannot be without the
other.

My darling. Now it's Wednesday. This has been on my desk
because I wanted to write so much more. It will come again.
I'm a little swamped with work. But whether I put words
on paper - or not - you are always on my side, whatever I do.
You are always there with me. I am sending this off. It is
inadequate. There is so much to say. And I need to talk with
you. Bless you and Mario. I shall come one day.
Love you so. T.