

Dear Dorn,

Your letter arrived ten minutes ago. I am so overwhelmed with joy and gratitude I can scarcely contain all that I do feel in this one heart and head and body. I feel like soaring over the Brooklyn Bridge and indeed my spirit is soaring to you. It is I who feel humble, I have so really few talents and yet I have so much that fills me with love.

I too think we can make a beautiful book, not because of me but because of you. Let us try. I agree with all you said and am ready any time any place. Oh heavens! I'm really so excited I can hardly think. You say the word, whatever is convenient for you.

Love Joan

P.S. It might well turn out to be a real Islandia in photographs!