

compromise, by meeting in a Spanish
hill town;
It is cruel of you to write me
to visit you, but write number one
(I can only write some childhood)
to that - I never stay with friends,
but insist on sleeping at a man-by
hotel. On the last occasions (and you
remember one) my reservation was
more than ever, strengthened; I
leave once was lovely to me, but I
was mentally ill at ease. Forget me!

April 20, 1969.

Well dear:

How sad that you are afraid
of the City, and that I who never feel
alone in New York, become so lonesome
in an open field that I am close
to tears! And yet, we love so many
of the same things and the same
people! Why is it that I can spend
hours before El Greco's "Toledo," and
you hate museums? Maybe we can

I do miss you, and I think I
could teach you to love "illustrious
cities" (of which New York is certainly
one), just as you might show me the
way to adore Nature (except that I
am slow, and it would take a day
and forever).

My best love to you, and
write soon to

Trace