

4. nourished by your presence and formed
by our touching in friendship. There
is a constant sweetness which, had
you not tapped it, would not have
known its expression. Our hands
held, hold yours.

During these next months I
want to read about birth and creation
and the great mythology of woman's
history. If you think of any books
in particular, name them and
I shall seek them out. This is such
a precious time and its quiet needs
such readings.

Witch is concentrating heavily
upon his studies, which make his
days long and often arduous. Too
many hours at the desk, in the library;
but this is the heaviest year, we
say.. and it will end in joy and
relief for us both!.. and, I should
add, accomplishment!

You are always in our shared
thoughts and hearts.

Our love for you,
Margaretta

The enclosed pictures were taken on Thanksgiving.

27 November 1960
2321 Valley St.
Berkeley

Our dearest Nell,

Your letter, too long unanswered,
is my favorite quiet place. I have
read and reread it and it brings me
to your hearth. I need but close my
eyes to be there.

Last night we ate in front of the
fire on a low table. It worked its
magic on us and we were taking
pictures before we had even finished
our meal. It was our most pleasant
evening since we've been here.

Your beautiful gift - the pictures -
are in a lovely antique folder which
I brought from Spain - surely meant
for them. I look at them often - and
they are ever new. Eventually some
shall be on the walls of the bedroom -
but it is so hard to choose!

These first months of bearing
our child have been sleepy ones. Never
before have I craved rest and quiet so
deeply and found them so gratifying.
For that reason the days have been

by a friend - for you.

3. its Truth. We wish we were closer, to watch it grow through your words - but then we wish we were closer for many reasons. You have been so good to us.

Each week the little horse smells deliciously of baking bread and I find the making of it the crown of domesticity. Somehow the day baking becomes a special day and my thoughts rise with the bread. Already, young friends want to know how and what and I can't tell them that this is really more than bread to me. So, I am glad that they want to do something so wonderful as make bread - but alas, they cannot learn under your hand.

How wide and deep has my life become upon knowing you. I sometimes try to measure the changes - but they are not to be encompassed. the very roots of our marriage, which grow deeper and stronger ~~by~~ the days that pass, are

2. shorter and my energy lessened. I worried until I found that this is "normal". Now the quiet levels off and comes without fatigue.

I am groping in the darkroom, a world that unfolds its wonders slowly to me. There is much to learn. I can develop the negative and produce a reasonable print but I am not yet ready to send you something which is really mine. Unfortunately I must return the borrowed enlarger shortly. Alas, I am impatient. I know what I want to see in tone and mood, but my timing and my hands are awkward. Soon, however, I shall send you something, incomplete though it will be. With your encouragement I will grow. I keep thinking that could I be with you now in the darkroom, be it only for a day, I would know, at least, what to ask because I know what I don't know. Patience, patience, I answer.

We await "Bare Feet" with warm anticipation, knowing of