

96. PLUMMER
Begonias 29
Villa Obregon
Mexico DF 20
Mexico
April 30, 1963

Dearest Nell,

On the wake of a delicious weekend in the picturesque setting of the ancient Casahuate in Taxco, I write with a new calm - Mitch and I went off together leaving Anne behind with Esdra, the maid (the lady of the house, Mrs. P. was not at home for 2 1/2 weeks so that we have been in charge.) and Mela, the sweet 20 year old American girl who lives here also. It was not a greatly anticipated weekend but a fine opportunity to go!

There in a small, sweet room overlooking ~~the~~^a patio of Bonganiska smells, and village sounds below, a church tower in the picture - and just us and rambling tracks on the cobbled streets. No schedules, not Anne's tummy to think of; just serendipity of the best kind. Mitch bought me some gay dresses, "the kind Nell would like" and we shared experiences in a way that recalled our ramblings in European towns. Besides us and Taxco, we had the great good fortune to meet some people who have opened the window to a Mexico we want to know.

2. We met a charming couple, the Castillos, he Mexican, she Swedish, and four sweet daughters - On their advice we drove to Aguila to visit William Sprattling who founded the rebirth (if one can say that!) of the silver industry in Taxco. What a surprise - We never expected to meet him. We went to see his silver and perhaps, his pre-columbian sculpture. He did that and more, spending more than the morning in fine and good talk, learning a great deal about much more than silver. He is an amateur historian and loves the history of his adopted country as he does its art. Mitch vicariously met a fine independent thinker, a lover of history and a rare kind of person in Mr. Sprattling and already we have made a plan to return. I had wanted this for Mitch so badly and I can only hope that from this friendship and its enthusiasms that Mitch will be able to find "his" Mexico. Documents are not enough to light a flame within. And we both knew that we came to Mexico for more. In a sense this is Mitch's pilgrimage, a search to find himself. Up until this weekend we have felt somehow trapped. The City, its confusions, the web of Americans we have fallen into

3. because of Mrs. Plummer's family here. It has been comfortable, easy, but less than ideal perhaps because of that. Underneath it is more difficult because of several natural problems. The fact that I must manage Anne and want some help from Mrs Plummer's maid worked out simply and easily while Mrs. P. was away but now a great adjustment must be made, and besides being a spend-thrift and uninterested in food, Mrs. P. has changed her mind and not remembered initial agreements. Alas. With patience and more patience all will go well for I know that the light of meeting Mexico in Tarco will eventually come to our lives here in the City.

This weekend we want very much to go to Valle to see the Indian festival of May 31st. Let's hope we shall! It will be splendid to see him again - but Valle will be wanting without you.

I shall write again. How often we think of you could not be counted - in English or Spanish.

Our love in great measure -

Greta V. Nitch
or Anna as she calls herself.