

May 22, 1963
Mexico

Dearest Nell,

How often when I think
of you can not be counted —
And now that we prepare to leave
for Oaxaca on Friday we have
you more than ever in mind.
There are so many questions I
have and more I will have about
your experiences there, in the
villages, the valleys, and the
markets. We shall be there in the
area for five days, allowing
one day travelling each way.
It shan't be enough but at
least a beginning.

With patience our arrange-
ments here at Mrs. Plummer's
have worked out and Anne can
stay behind while we go off to
ruins to the provinces. She loves
Esidera the maid, and it is a
mutual affection, I'm glad to
say. We shall stay here until
we return to Berkeley.

There is so much to tell you.

for I have let too much time pass since I last wrote.

We spent a delightful weekend in Valle (at The Brontes) over the 3rd of May and were simply enchanted with all the festivity and the faces. We lingered on the streets and around the church just silently watching the families, the dancing, the women and their children, each one wrapped a different way in the rebozo. The clothes the women wore were intriguing, especially the underneath petticoats + blouse which had a rich border of embroidery. I wanted so much to ask more than just "Did you make it yourself?" ! Of course, Tine was very sweet to us and gave us two more happy evenings at her hearth - but it didn't seem at all right without you.

Before May we spent a most interesting weekend in Taxco

I must tell you before closing that Anne had a delightful Birthday and is so grown-up, suddenly, as if the "Day" (as she calls it) did change her age. She can answer "How old are you?" with a serious "two" and any quantity of fingers raised. She talks about all sorts of new things, draws pictures and is very gay in school, playing cat + mouse + bird games happily with the other children. How I wish you could see her radiant self now in contrast to her sick self in Valle. She is so sweet and gentle and more responsive than ever. I cannot resist adding that (cross our fingers) she is almost completely trained on the "potty" - Every-one is excited over that!

this has been too brief, too stuffed. I shall write soon with all my bursting thoughts -

Love forever from your child^{even}

Which we liked because of the circumstances befalling us - From the very beginning we warmed to the pueblo; stayed at the Casa Humboldt due to advice from Mrs. Renouf and we had it to ourselves. Our dear little room was lighted by one large shuttered window and greatly beautified by trailing bouganvillea and the picturesque view of domes and towers and tile roof behind. Mentally, we never noticed a tourist; we were living on an enchanted isle. We also had the great good fortune to make friends - first of all with a Mexican family with four sweet girls whom we must visit when we return (with Anne) and Wm Spratling, who is a most fascinating gentleman with superb silver, magnificently designed jewelry (all made with good as it was beaten by the ancient Greeks & ancient stones he collects), and

P.S. Of course, thank you so for
your letter. Please let us know
more about the new school in
Washington ... It would be
a dream to be that close ...

4.

an endless collection of pre-
Columbian Art. Mitch came
alive under the spell of this
man's fore of history, of Art,
of the Indian Part of Mexico.
It was such an important
encounter for him. We are
going to give Mr. Spratling your
Bare Feet and you must have
his book More Human than Divine.

All the way home from Taxco we
talked about our very blessed
state - How can people be friends
at once who never ^{before} knew each
other? It was much the same
conversation as we had together
in the Posada San Angelo before
you left.

My camera has been "ill"
for a month now and I feel almost
armless when we are in the country.
But I have promised myself that
in Oaxaca, with Mitch's camera,
we shall bring back, if nothing
more, at least happy memories.