4. shirts - so I should be very elegant next Fall in Berkeley.

I never wrote you of our very fine trip to Oaxaca. We traveled like gypsies, Anne happily at home with Isidra. We went to Teotitlan del Valle and found that somnolent world of weavers and pastores much to our liking. We also lived out the archeological past in several new ruins, at Yagul and Zacchila and of course Mitla and Monte Alban (which is so like Phaestus on Crete). We hardly wanted to leave Oaxaca behind and wished that we could have had more leisure.

Before we do drive north we are going to take a couple, dear friends from Berkeley, on a 5 day excursion, probably into Michoacan - we hope that it will be a good grand-finale to our stay in Mexico. For us the countryside holds all the allure - Our last drive to Valle was the Bare Feet drive. We think of you always.

Our love and a promise to write soon. It has been good to "talk" to you. M.

Mexico
July 8, 1963

Dearest Nell,

It is a damp, grey morning, the sun trying hard to peep through and improve the season. It is a Monday morning. Anne has the flu and we have spent a quiet weekend caring for her. She is not very sick but for us this is the most frail and meek we have seen her. So I want to do nothing more than tend her until she is well.

The last month, if silent, has been confusing. The ups and downs of it are illustrative of our reactions to Mexico. Moments of joy and moods of discontent and a general desire to be back at home.

First of all, secretly, we write that we are almost certainly expecting a child early next year! We have had to tell Mrs. P. because of my strange moods and cracker-eating. I find myself very sensitive. I dream about baking bread and being close together under our redwood trees. It isn't

3. Anne's room. I tried to join a weaving class in an artesania School but there were no looms free so I must be content with rest and reading.

And, Nell, it is as though symbolic of my detached state, my camera has been broken since that last day with you in Valle .. it has been in a Repair shop (the best run by Seimans) in Nex. City since we came and I am not at home with the one borrowed from them. It is an imposed exile and probably very good for me. Mitch plans to reward my patience with a new camera next winter, I hope, just in time to record the beauty of our next-born child.

Knowing that I am losing my waistline, I have had a delicious freedom purchasing some gay inexpensive clothes. Tine's cape is a whirl of golden wool - and she is now experimenting with a medieval-looking red dress-jumper which I hope will "work". She is also making dresses from the same designs as several of her wonderful

2. The moment for the exotic. Our best and most refreshing weekend was, of course, with Tine in Valle last week. She showed us so proudly your dear pictures of Bruzo and "the family". And it was so good to just be There. Tine has had such an unhappy time with Juan, and with he & Anastina gone she is more isolated than ever. But undaunted. How much we would love to be in Valle until we leave. The City, rain or shine, is exhausting Isolated or not, we find time's would inspiring.

In spite of the fact that we want so to be at our own hearth, this last month has a kind of structure to it which is so much better than the in-between sense of June. Mitch must pull his work together and conclude documents - have conferences and meetings with professors; I must find little gifts for the various children born recently to friends at home and find those little painted chairs for