

4. secret! So I had to tell you!
It was right to be making these
pictures in the darkroom - the
first since Kate was born. And
perhaps the last before we move.

We shall be moving into a
most enchanting house, a swiss-
chalet-like house perched on
the hill, surrounded by tall
trees and vines, with wood-panelling
and fireplaces and a lovely
dark wooden staircase with
windows and balconies off the
landing. I found the house through
my pictures - a portrait of the
two boys who live there now. It is
almost too good to be true. We
shall be there for our last year
here - and then we shall come
to you. I dream of spending another
time - a pilgrimage - in Vika
Serena. Perhaps we could rent the
Octagon House? Maybe it is presuming
too much to look ahead. In all events,

XXX

15 May 1964

Dearest Ned -

Reading Grace Mayer's
article about you was as
much a visit with you as I could
have wished it. She is
within your span and seems
to know it, as much as I did
when we first met. You say
all that my inner voice
whispers - only more
beautifully - and more so
more you are my mentor
in life as well as art. Both
are one, as you are.
Thank you for sending
me the issue, which I
treasure. I had gone, finally,

3. to him next Saturday, the 23rd, when we celebrate our 5th Anniversary. As I went over some of those pictures from Villa Sereno, of us, the butterhouse, of you and those you took that "misty - moisty" morning, I felt overwhelmed by the fortunate path my life has taken. Next to marrying Frederick, knowing & loving you ~~has~~ stands as the most important moment in my young life. What could be more complete than to find ^{my} ~~your~~ self & ^{my} ~~your~~ husband both at once! I am brimming over with the joy of those days we spent together, both years - and keep myself absorbed in my gift to dear Frederick - while Anne & Kate sleep and the afternoon pauses. It is so hard, keeping a

2. to the library & found the address of the magazine, written requesting a subscription & had not heard anything - But I was on the track at last!

These days have a certain oneness all their own - Kate becomes more a jolly baby than a sweet infant - and not a week passes without pictures which are more & more precious as I look back upon those of Anne. I am never satisfied by pictures - I seem to need them as much as I do food!

I have begun my bread-making again - with a cry of joy to be involved with that kind of beauty. And with a full heart I am quietly at work making some old pictures for Frederick - to give