

Mitchell/Bohn Publishers

149 Ninth Street / San Francisco / California 94103 / Telephone (415) 863-6135

June 22, 1971

Dear Nell,

It's just on the eve of our departure for our Eastern trip for the year. The Bullock book has this minute come from the bindery and I want you to have one of the first copies.* It's not absolutely perfect, but it is a fair estimate of a man's work and we are proud of it.

I'm sure that you'll have hardly a minute to look at it. And I am worrying about that--about the kind of schedule which is facing you. I do hope that you guard your strength, even as you help Erica to guard hers. Life is like that--as I am coming to see--a sharing of small strengths.

Greta's high pitch of work and concern finally pinched a nerve in her back and made her lie in traction for a few days in the hospital. It was just what she needed, in a way, for she had to relax totally for a week. Her mind, as you can guess, raced ahead, but Mother Nature made the needed repairs on her body.

I've shared in some of your letters to her and they have been lovely. I noted that you worried that any word of advice from you might be construed as "interference" by me with the risk of my misunderstanding. That just cannot be. The agonies which must have been moving me two years ago have passed. I love what I'm doing and what we must now do--here--is make what we are doing. Perhaps a husband and wife aren't meant to be self-centered (in the good sense) as well as a Good Marriage, but we think it can be. Much depends on where we live and I think that we'll solve that problem this summer.

Meanwhile, I do hope that we can see you soon, though it looks difficult. A new edition of Mother and Child is crying to be born.

Love,

Fränck

*As well as some other things we distribute. (It's too late to be at the office.)

