

4. I am at the Press too, Mitch & I together, planning a little "Bestiary" for Anne. I will send you a few blocks already printed.

I suddenly realize that before long you will be in Mexico. When do you leave? How I wish that we could meet you there. I think that Mitch will have to do some work in archives but unless he can work quickly, I doubt that work would find us there at Christmas. But I shall keep hoping. How long will you stay?

And "Bare Feet"? It must be emerging magnificently. My thoughts are continually with you, Nell, and they are honored by that high place. What a great gift!

With love and a soft kiss
from Anne. Greta

ANNE

Sunday

Our dear Nell,

I have never felt you as close as I do these days which are as soft and promising as the days when we met. Suddenly I am seeing the world afresh. You whisper in my inner ear and I know what to do — The camera feels like my own eye and I am in a sudden stillness which has forced this last month's silence. Out of this silence has come an armload of pictures. They are yours. You will recognize them. Somehow the limits of my experience are burst and I feel as though I could attempt almost anything. But, such a strange welling up of happiness frightens me. And the world around us seems so uncertain, so insane, I want to hide from it and yet

3. some. Then you will know and
~~the words would be~~ ^{unnecessary} ~~inadequate~~ here
to explain. I want so to hear
you speak about your years
in portraiture, about how and
what you did and whether you
would see me taking the step. I
often think, from student days, that
one must try, even if it is not
right later - Because, it seems the
moment - I don't know.

In the circle of family all is in
harmony and in great peace and
joy. Anne is more a child of love as
she grows heavier to hold. She
recognizes all kinds of animals
and beasts (cars, trucks and bicycles)
and knows boys & girls and ladies
and bye-bye and frowns with con-
centration, and glows with health.
I have begun a little letter-diary to
her, telling of all her ways so that
she will know all about herself.

2. at the same time break through the
cold worlds to tell of peace and truth
and turn men's eyes within - I feel
so powerful and so helpless all at
once.

I look back on the summer and
see only whole days when we were
with you. The rest is a fragment
and it is on the wholeness of our
relationship that I stand now so
pleased inside.

I am at a moment when I need
more than ever to hear you tell me
what is best. ~~We~~ I want to take
pictures of people and yet not be
"commercial" and yet have some
"extra" money to help me with my
time in the darkroom (a wonderful
soft-spoken negro woman is with
Anne two mornings while I am at
work). It should be a closed
circle, sustaining itself. But I
am almost afraid to have people
see the pictures. I will send you