

city* - and have a spacious house or even an ordinary house. So I feel trapped - and cheated - and I blame Frederick because I tried so hard not to blame him during all the Ramparts stuff - when I was terribly lost. Now that I have "given" him publishing - and gift of Place did work that miracle, I seem to have given it all away - and all my strength is ebbed away. I can't seem to decide about anything -

It is very sad to have to write all this but you more than anyone understand the corners of my heart. What part of the summer is

BIRDS IN CHERRY TREE

Detail from a linen bedspread with crewel embroidery in colored wools by Mary Breed of Breed's Hill, American (Massachusetts), dated 1770

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Rogers Fund, 1922



* Frederick didn't want to move back to Berkeley.

which has not been of my own making and ⁱⁿ which the choices have painfully narrowed - and where I find myself disillusioned. And I don't want to be. All of this erupted when our "chalet" became available last summer. We bought it, because I wanted it, but we questioned moving back to Berkeley (which has changed intone from when we lived there). During this year, we were to decide. I have discovered that living in indecision is destructive - and during this year I tried to decide and mainly discovered that, while Berkeley wasn't perfect, or really even exactly healthy, we couldn't afford to live in our area of the

Easter week

Dearest Nell -

Your letter came and I take it to my heart. This has been such a difficult year for you and I feel so far away in time and space, so unable to leap across all and do something. Keep well - and take our love and thoughts - if they can help you.

My silence has been really a part of not wanting to complain. In such a world as that around us I have so much, and yet I seem to be caught in a pattern of life