

Another dew-pearled Monday 1976? ✓

Dear Murray:

I'm sorry I couldn't be more coherent about my hesitation to accept your kind invitation, which it was my first inclination to accept. I really wanted to. I had two Islanders sitting on my sofa, listening in, which didn't help... You see, Dorothy Barnard, now on a crutch because of a sprained (or, I suspect, "cracked") ankle, weeks ago, is doing my chores here, taking care of ducks and cat when I am away for an overnight. With our terrain and the ducks' idiosyncracies, I worry lest she bite the dust, and so stay in as little as necessary.

I should get rid of the ducks, but I like them and know of no place that is equipped to protect them from coons, or protectors who would not probably roast the young drakes.

I do thank you for calling. For a fleeting moment, this was the happiest proposition I have heard in days. I guess the last stage play I saw was Strangelove at Little Theatre. You are dear and thoughtful friends, and have been so long these many years. And for that I also thank you.

I have given your letter to Rick to read and he will take dates up with Historical Society for the fall opening.

As for our plans, they are ~~at~~ the moment in limbo. If I can work something out with Roger, who is willing, but busy, he will be some kind of answer to bringing Earle home. The little violinist seems less and less likely and his mother more & more pushing. We suspect the elders' motive. Jim, who analyzes people better than I, will talk to him before we wash him out. I value privacy too much to want a stranger in the house. Do you know of any writers who might apply? I would prefer pen to violin I think, even good violin.

My love to Rosa, too, *Hazel*

RENOIR

CHILD IN WHITE

The Art Institute of Chicago



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