

July 29th, 1942
Long Cove
Vinal Haven Maine

Dear Mrs Mitchell,

It was good to hear from you., yesterday. I finally got up here a week ago ready to shout home free I was so relieved to be here, and in the past week I have gotten all the health I lost over the winter back and a lot of other things. I was delayed this year by a week in the hospital, one of those minor breast operations that might have been rather serious and thank God wasn't. At present I am so relieved and grateful for my returning strength that I feel like offering myself as a propitiation to Life itself and starting a brand new life at twice the reality, since it isn't speed that makes anything. Then after writing about New York for a week after getting out of the hospital and not being able to find anyone to brave the wilderness with me this year, I just came anyway and got an old fisherwoman to come out and cook for me and act as a left arm, since I am not supposed to use my own for another week. So I carry one bucket of water up from the stream instead of two and if I want to row the boat I have to row with one arm in an endless circle. But fortunately or unfortunately readers get written with the right arm so I will tackle them this afternoon.

Isn't it strange what complete faith one can have in a place itself I suppose wisdom is to know ones necessities and not to live without them. And this huge silence, with the woods and the ocean together, and the air full of kepp and the sound of fish hawks and seagulls and nothing else, seems to be something I perish and get parched without. I skipped it one summer, and it has worked with such sureness this summer, so I know. There has been a wonderful quiet fog the past two days. I love to work in a fog. And today the fog has lifted and the place seems incredibly beautiful again for the change.

Now as for the readers. without vocabulary check, I will just forge ahead ruthlessly, and what is useable with the check, use and the rest, skip and ~~everleek~~ discard. I want to get some word to you on the fishing boat that goes in with a load of lobsters this afternoon. So I will send this and however much is done on the stories, and the rest will follow by the next boat.

I have missed you the last part of this year, so for heavens sake lets get together for lunch free of readers next Fall some time. I am in transition, one never knows towards what until we get there. But am trying to read and not write for awhile, only it is hard to sit still as long as it takes to read, sound by sound and image by image and word by word with an echoe if I like it. All very unprogressive, and not a page at a glance.

Please remember me warmly to Mr Mitchel, and to yourself, always

Brownies.

— They get more + more plural,

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