

1922

STUDIO
49 WEST 12TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

4th
~~October~~ November ~~2nd~~

~~Dearest Doctor:~~

Laurie Dearest:

Forgive this messy heading.
I can't afford to waste it, and you're
the only one I write to who won't mind!

A fine letter from you ~~three~~ days
ago, and I wanted to answer it
immediately. But I picked up a
bug somewhere, and have been in
bed since, barking & sneezing & being
generally disagreeable. Don't worry.
I'm on the mend now. The Doc

was down here yesterday and having
followed her excellent directions to
the letter, I'm now rid of my
"temperament" and most of my cough.
Tomorrow I'll be back on the job.

But you. That's what I don't like
to hear. And I have horrid remorseful

memories of the Chartres Towers, & Mont St Michel, and the hill at Yintern. I was a callous & hardened wretch to egg you on to those. And I can't see why I was so blind at the time. I have such a way of driving at things it makes me selfish & unsympathetic. Give me a good scolding please!

I do hope you are taking that week of complete rest with Betty. You evidently need it, for all your letters since you got home have sounded limp and below par.

Of course there are lots of things I want to hear about your work when you do get at it. About the rest of the Netley pictures. Whether they were all fogged, or only those first ones. How the ones of ~~East~~ Lily proofed. If you managed to get anything of me here at the studio. Whether you've tried making any enlargements of your best negatives - Chartres - etc.

Your post-card books sound too

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wonderful for words! Mine would be
a measly assortment compared to yours.
And O, how badly I did write. I
didn't give the flavor of anything.
Indeed, my letters don't go into any
book. They'd go into ~~the~~ scrap basket
if it weren't for the picture on the
other side. No Mam! Thankin' you just
the same, though.

You've no idea how free & leisured
I feel today. It was partly the desperate
dive of the last two weeks that laid
me low, but the work is done, and
the burden lifted. The Woodseys
(rather selfish, I think) insisted on
having the wall fountain sent out
& put in place before the first, the
day they both knew my sundial had to
be sent to the Academy. The result,
of course, being that Baillie & his
men had to take three whole days
off the finishing of my pedestal. And

that meant that when they finally did get back to it the time was so short & there was so much to be done, I had to commute out to Closter three days running & cut that damned turtle mostly myself. Believe me, one needs elbow grease for cutting that stone! But we just got it done in time.

Also the skeletons needed much attention in New Haven. It took sixteen extra men a day & a half to get the thing through the doorway, up some stairs & up into place. And when I went out last week to see it, I found that the sunlight, striking up from below, wiped out almost all the forms. So as soon as my sun-dial was finished, Baillie & his men hurried back there & have been cutting deep grooves around all the principal shapes to make them carry at a distance. In fact, they're still at it today. I was to have gone out yesterday but clung to my pillow instead.

My small class is now in full swing, & though they're not such awfully hard

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workers, they are quite enthusiastic, & I have hopes of them.

Am just starting to build up my small model of the life-size figure I'm going to try to get done for the big Sculpture Society show in April. It will take some doing to get it done in time, but I believe it will be a fairly simple job without the series of apparently unsolvable problems I had to contend with with both the sun-dial & the skeletons. And it will be fun to do it just to please myself, & with no need of adjusting to suit other people.

I am proud of you and your dieting. Am glad Betty is with you to uphold you, & hope you win out. Of course it hurts your mother at first, but if you just stick it out you'll find that in spite of her resentment at your seeming lack of

appreciation of her housekeeping skill,
she will almost insensibly come to
have a new respect for your power of
will, + self-abnegation. You'll see!

Is your Dad still home? And what
about that ranch they wrote so
enthusiastically about last summer.
Any chance of your ever owning it?

There's lots more I'd like to
write about, but this is about my
limit today. As soon as I've "hushed
up" a bit will write again.

Give my love to Betty. I know
her through her letters, even though
I have only just met her. And
I'm so glad you both have
each other -

Bye-bye, dear.

Your Brendie