

1925

STUDIO
49 WEST 12TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

May 12th -

Launie Darling:

I must write you a line tonight, even if it makes me late for the Sculpture Society meeting.

At 6.30 this evening I met Mr. Bame at the Beethoven Association, & we reverently opened the portfolio, after he had admired the charming little label with its musical decorations.

"How beautiful!" he cried.

Then when he saw the first picture he didn't say anything at all for such a long time I could hardly contain myself.

"But - but -", he stammered, "This is a great work of art. How is it possible that she could have done

such a thing? Such depth, such luminosity, such gradations - such modeling in the half-tones - it is marvelous."

The "Beethoven" was the second one. Again he was silent, just looking and looking. I watched his face. His mouth quivered, he flushed, his hand trembled, and presently his eyes filled with tears and he had to fumble round for a handkerchief.

You made him cry, Laurie.

The left hand in the "Bach" particularly delighted him. And the "Schumann" made him beam all over again.

I tried to explain the intricate processes involved in making such prints. "Of course, I know nothing about all that," said he, "I don't understand it. All I can appreciate

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is the final achievement."

The up-standing profile against the window, with clasped hands, quite thrilled him. I spoke of the masterly way in which you had broken the straight lines of the window - with the head at the top, & the hand at the side, etc. etc.

"Yes, yes, I remember we worked quite hard over that one. She told me she was trying for just those things you are speaking of. And look at all she has got in the face. Why she has given what I was thinking about, what I was actually feeling. It is amazing. No other photographer has ever achieved anything like what she has accomplished in these."

The fine thoughtful profile with
the sun striking the one hand
(thumb in waistcoat) impressed him
tremendously. And he got great joy
out of the "Faun".

Again in the "Brahms" he spoke
so appreciative of the hands —
the left one just lifted after
striking a rolling chord.

In the "Chopin" he was afraid
he was too rigid. I tried to
make him see how wholly
characteristic it was. "Yes,
I know I do do that sometimes,
but I'm afraid that just the
effort of holding such a pose has
made me rigid. But then, of
course, one is not always conscious
of what one does when one is
playing, so perhaps I am not a
good judge of that."

I said you were working on a

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"head" of that. "Ah, I believe that will be fine."

We looked them over again - backward - . "Which was the one that impressed me so deeply?"

"The 'Beethoven'?"

"Ah - that's the one - but really, they are all so fine.

O, I have no words with which to express what I feel. I am experiencing that emotion which one feels only in the presence of a great work of art. How can I ever tell her - how express my appreciation of such a marvelous achievement? What can I do for her? (Here he blew his nose violently, and looked very flushed and perturbed again). What can

I do?! Of course I shall want
to order some prints of these -
but no amount of money could
pay for this. I - I assure you
I am deeply touched, deeply
grateful, and very humble. She
is indeed a great artist:

There, Laurie, that is what you
have done. I left the portfolio
with him, as they were having
a committee meeting and I
would have been "persona non
grata". But I warned him that
he must not let the others, (Brooklyn,
Hutchinson, & Dethier
came in then) - see and handle
them unless they had clean hands,
and would be very careful to
keep the tissue-paper between
each one.

"O you may be sure I will take

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every possible care of these precious things," said he. "I shall write her tomorrow".

Here it is midnight, & I got to the S.S. meeting too late to prevent their putting me on the Council for the next 3 years.

So I guess it was to be.

Am having one hectic day after another. Today, just as a sample, may give you a picture of all of them. At 8.15, before I've washed my breakfast dishes or made the bed, comes a write-up lady getting publicity "dope" for the new Club house of the Nat'l Ass. Women Painters & Sculptors. We confabbed until 10. At 10.15 comes the gentleman

who is buying my last sun-dial -
pedestal and all, for a friend
of his. At 11 he goes, & I dash
uptown, first to both banks,
then beat it to the Art Centre,
where I have to inspect the
bronzes of the "Vamp" cast for
Proctor & Gamble. Thence to
the Teragirl gallery to arrange
about casting & delivering a
bronze for them; then up to the
foundry to look at the bust
of H. B. Stowe, & change the
dial & gnomon of the sun-dial.

Back to this region to market,
and back to the studio to
work (!) at 3.30. At 4 comes
Basley with samples of marble
for the Coolidge tablet. I go
out with him to a firm in
the neighborhood. Back at 5,
after seeing Heinway about repairing piers,

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When Katharine Meyer comes to try on a dress she's making for me. At 5.30 in comes Mr. Goddard (remember him?) who wants to tell me all about his Mexican trip. At 6, shoo him out the door, dress hurriedly, & go up to the Beethoven Association. At 7.30, back for a snack of supper, while "Poudy" calls on me and wanders around the room eating more marshmallows than I should have given him. Then a try at the beginning of this letter. In the midst of the second page - "Zing" goes the door-bell. The publicity lady from the Hall of Fame, demanding photos of bust & me for West Sunday's Times, etc. also

a brief outline of Mrs Stov's life,
& likewise of my own - etc, etc.
Shoo her out at 9 - dash
up to Sculpture Society, &
got back at 11.30. Have been
scribbling to you ever since.

And all other days are like
it!

Tomorrow I lunch with A.V.F.
whose dear Mother is in town.

And in the evening the Hervey's
and Mr Burwill are coming to
dinner with me to meet each-
other at last.

After that I'm making no more
appointments, for I expect to go
up to Shirley on Thursday or
Friday, if I can get the Coolidge
tablet far enough along for
Basky to carve from it while I'm away.

Shirley; at the hospital, but

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only so as to be under Dr Titus' watchful ~~of~~ eye, keep down her bloodpressure, & stay in bed. She says she's feeling fine, & writes me daily such happy letters. I do hope the babe won't arrive until after I get there.

My address, until about June 1st, will be "The Elms", Revere Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

I want to make this a book instead of a letter, but really mustn't make you read more. Only the first few pages of this really count, anyway.

But there's one thing I must ask you without delay.

Dear, now that I've sold this last sundial, & shall have the big relief of Howells done in the fall, & have been paid for my

best of H. B. Stowe - I'm rich -
(rich, for you & me). I expect that
Katharine Lane will be working
in the studio with me next
winter, but of course not living
here. So my rent will be practically covered.

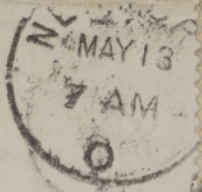
Will you come and be my guest
for the months of October, November
and December. On any other three
you'd prefer. I choose these
because I think there are less
chances to "get" you at that season.
And also, & mostly, because I
just can't live without you
much longer.

Do say you will, & make this
summer one of happy anticipation
for me! I don't think it would
interfere with orders out there, and
I believe those Bauer photographs
ought to land you others in the
same field. So it might be worth-
while financially.

am so awfully sorry about your mother.
Please keep me posted as to operation, etc.
Does seem too hard!

At 12.30 - I'm dead -
your own proud
Brandie

Will write later Mrs H! & my own enthusiasms over the Bauer photos.



Miss Laura Gilpin
6 East Willamette
Colorado Springs
Colorado

FEE CLAIMED AT
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO

COLONIA
MAY 15
4:30 PM
1926

COLONIA
MAY 15
4:30 PM
1926

ERIE
MAY 13
10 PM
PA.

