

1920

49 West 12th St

Monday, April 19th

Laurie Dearest:

A long letter is due you - first about the exhibition and little memorial meeting of Mrs White's at the Art Centre last Thursday; and second, about the Beethoven Association last night.

It's late and I'm too tired to write decently, but tomorrow promises no time for a letter, so I want to get this off now.

The exhibition is, as it must be with Mrs White's work, lovely intrinsically. It is in the first gallery at the Art Centre. On one wall is grouped the Library of Congress collection. Knowing your loyalty to Mrs White, I hate to make criticisms, but I think that if she had allowed some of his co-workers, like Mr Home, for instance, to help her select & mount the picture, the result would be more satisfactory, and more as he would have wanted. As it is, I am sure she has

unearthed many prints which, from a technical point of view, he would have discarded. And then has mounted them in a rather haphazard fashion - some large mounts, some small, many uneven, and altogether rather motley.

The Library group stood out, of course, but I found myself wondering how closely she stuck to your selection. I heard her say that she had had the final choice of what should or shouldn't be sent, and several of your friends up there think she has probably deviated considerably from your original plan. Which is a pity - if true. Here's the catalog - is the list the same one that you picked out?

She was there - looking rather wan and, well, futile is the only word I can think of.

About fifty people assembled afterward in the rear gallery, where Mr. Drew presided, and introduced four speakers.

The first was the President of the Stowaways (forget his name), who told

some rather irrelevant anecdotes. Then
nice Mr. Goudy, who spoke much better and
more warmly; then Mrs Purple Hitchcock,
who sentimentalized rather sickeningly;
and then Mr Hervey - whose address
ought to be printed and broadcast.
It was perfect - a beautiful blending
of humor, pathos, character analysis,
and inspiration. I'd give anything to
have you see it. If he's written it down
I'll try to persuade him to send you
a copy. The poor man was beginning
another of those heavy colds he's had
off & on all winter, and his voice was
very deep & a bit husky. This didn't
detract - it rather added poignancy
to the mood & the occasion.

But the meeting was hopelessly
incomplete without you.

Upstairs, they had a little group
of photographs of Mr White, done by
his colleagues - but by some slip-up,
Mrs Kaselvier weren't included. They

had asked for them, & promised to send for them, & she had them all wrapped up & ready - but no one ever called for them, & she was too proud & too shy to pursue the matter.

She, by the way, has been having a horrid time for weeks past with a skin infection which has made the whole lower part of her face a mass of angry blisters - She's at last condescended to see a specialist about it, and he expects to clear up the trouble in time.

She asks about you first thing every time I run in there, and always sends you her love - though I'm afraid I sometimes forget to forward it. Sorry.

The Annual Meeting of the Beethoven Ass. took place last night instead of Saturday. I slipped up there early, and placed the two (framed) photographs on the wall of the big assembly room upstairs, where the supper was to be held. Mr. B. knew nothing about it - only Mr. Lomack & I were in the secret -

after we were all seated at little tables,
+ Mr Bauer had made some jovial
+ felicitous remarks, Mr Hutcherson
began wiggling so in his chair that Mr
B announced:-

"I don't know what my friend Hutcherson
wants to say to you - But evidently
nothing is going to prevent him from
making a speech. - Go ahead - Hutch."

Mr H. got up:

"I have always thought that Harold
Bauer's heart was in the right place.
I know he has a tongue in his head.
And I believe his ear is fairly
accurate. But I am convinced that
something must be the matter with
his eyes, if he hasn't yet seen what
is on that end wall there" - and
he pointed to your pictures, & everybody
craned their necks to see.

Retorts Bauer:

"Ah, there you're wrong, my dear friend.

I have seen them. Why, I was present when they were made! Though I confess I don't quite see how they got here."

It was up to me. I stood up at my table & Mr B. rapped for silence. I said:

"I think some explanation is due both to Mr Bauer and to the rest of you. ~~What~~ Many of us have long felt that we should have a portrait of our first president in these club-rooms. But knowing Mr Bauer's extraordinary modesty, Mr Souncks & I realized that if we were to ask his permission beforehand, he would probably refuse it, so we had to put them up without his knowledge." Bungling put, my dear, but I wasn't prepared at all, as I should have been.

Then Bauer answered:

"I don't object in the least, I assure

you. What I'm wondering is, why you show only two! (Loud laughter & applause). Then - serious - "These wonderful portraits were made by Miss Laura Gilpin, a great artist. She has made a whole series that are quite extraordinary. I want you all to see them sometime."

The conversation became general again. But when dinner was over, everyone flocked to see the prints, and there was great enthusiasm.

As you & I know, most musicians never dream what a really fine portrait can be, and they were quite awed. I acted as showman for a while - explaining you and all the circumstances.

When we started to leave & went to bid goodbye to our host, I said:

"You're not angry at my putting that over on you?"

"Angry? I'm delighted. Please convey

my deepest thanks to Miss Gilpin. And
by the way, I've been expecting to hear
from you. Don't you want any more sitting
from me?"

"Don't I want 'em?" I echoed.

"Well then, call me up a week from
Wednesday; (I shall be free after
that) & we can arrange for me to
come down and we'll finish it up
brown."

So that's something to look forward
to.

There, dear, it's midnight & I must
get to bed. Lots more to write about,
but not now. Pray for me on Friday
when the Hovells is unveiled. Did you
see yours truly in the Times yesterday?
Even my butcher cornered me with it
today - "Sa-a-y, wot you doin' in
the Times, hey?"

Mother's still away, but will be
back Thursday -

Nighty-night, dearest -

Your Brendie

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