

Pensione Firenze
Via del Cresto di San Martino, 7,
Firenze
January 10th, 1927-

Laurie my Darling:

So rich I feel, with your two
fine letters of Dec 12th & 27th! Caught up
at last - but you speak of so many new
things you're to do in the near future,
that I shall continually crave new letters
telling me of their accomplishment. And
so it goes.

I'm so interested to hear that Louis
P.'s Yehudi is to study with Elsaye.
Even though that master's playing power
may have waned, he must still be a
most wonderful and inspiring teacher.
But Louis will miss him - and I fear
that once the boy gets the reputation
for having been a pupil of Elsaye, some
of the great credit for starting him so
magnificently may be taken from Louis,
who deserves so much for what he has done.

Yes - send all your letters here. They reach me quickest this way. Will let you know
in time, of any change of address.

Your descriptions of your Dad's work fill me with hearty admiration. How fine of him to have accomplished so much! I hope orders will continue to stream in and swamp him to the point of making him realize that it really is his career & his art. He'll soon have to have a big atelier, and train apprentices to help him with the least critical part of the work. How much I see your hand in all this, Laurie dear. The daughter furthering & encouraging the art of the father. One often hears of the reverse, but your case is rather charmingly unique, you know. Too bad your dear Mother has no such outlet, especially during these hard and worrying times. I can well see that your hands & your heart must be very full.

I'm quite thrilled to hear that you think you have Ship Rock at last! Maybe if you do go into the movie business, & work on the scenario of Mrs Musbaum's

book, you'll be able to stick around there long enough, & get assistance (conveyances & what not) to carry you right up to it so you can get some impressive close-ups. Couldn't one of those tractor-caterpillar things creep right out over the desert? ~~It~~ sure wouldn't be fazed by those invisible brooklet-beds that would be so fatal to an ordinary car. O, I do wonder if you really will do some work for the movies? Why not? As you say, your training in "pure photography" (by which I feel sure you mean the getting of everything into the negative) will be invaluable there. And, dear, will you let me add my mite to the fund you're setting aside for a possible little camera? Or any ~~other~~ thing you really need? Do let me have at least a little finger in the pie! It's so little - but here it is, anyway. Mrs. Nusbaum must be doing splendidly, and I am so glad you're to illustrate the book. Stick 'em a good fat price for it now, and make your pictures as dramatic

as ever you can.

Eva would curl up & die if she heard me giving you such advice! She absolutely cannot bear anything in art that has action or vigor or intensity of pose. In a general way, she's very, very, right, but nevertheless I think that used occasionally, and in just the right place, action and drama have their legitimate places, even in the most serious art. One has the right, I think to laugh & dance with art, to thrill to the dramatic moment, in art as well as in life. Of course, the baroque and all its works are anathema to her, and in her reaction against its misplaced enthusiasm, she condemns all such spontaneous and not always wholly uplifting exuberances.

I'm afraid much of my work must be very trying to her, and I rather dread showing her the Bauer bust, which I've deliberately made as dramatic and vital as possible. It is due in the studio tomorrow, after being held up, in one customs house after another on the ground that it may be an antique which I'm importing for

sale in this country! But all is finally
explained & adjusted now, I think. O, if
only I can make something good of it in stone!
Pray for me! To go back to Eva — have
I written you since she & her friend Veryl
Birch have been making busts of me?
I tell you, I've had three weeks of stiff
training & holding myself erect! Maybe
I shall have added that magical cubit
to my measure by the time you see me
again. For the first ten days my neck
& back ached most abominably, but
they're getting used to it now, & I can
do it almost painlessly. And the results!
Veryl's is pretty good — a little on the thin
& weak side, — but Eva's is really
stunning. I stand quite in awe of her.
She's worked terrifically, & so differently
from the way I work, that it has been
a most valuable lesson to me. O, I wish
I were famous somebody or other, so some
one would buy it for a museum! As it
is, I shall bring a plaster cast back
with me, & perhaps can somehow get
her an order for it in bronze or stone. It's
a fine, strong and yet infinitely subtle &

sensitive piece of work, regardless of sitter. I'm awfully proud of her. It is absolutely straightforward, & she's certainly made no deliberate attempt to idealize, but - well, I rather wish I did look like that all the time. I've been to have you see it.

She continues to be the dearest & most delightful of chums, and we are very happy. I shall miss her horribly when she goes back to England the first of March. But I have learned a lot from her point of view about art & everything else. She's a noble soul.

The other day I visited with her, for the first time, the charming Bardini museum, with its choice examples of Romanesque & Byzantine sculpture, and some lovely mediæval work as well. I wonder if it can be Bardini you were referring to in your letter. He died recently, and left this lovely collection to the public. The whole palazzo has been entirely rebuilt inside to show off the work to the best advantage. How you would love it!

We've been on some lovely longish walks,

too, in the outskirts of Florence. All over hillsides with the most wonderful views in every direction. The higher ranges of the surrounding Apennines are gleaming white with snow, but we've not had a single flurry here in town. And the ilex (the evergreen oak) and the cypress, and nearly all the humbler shrubs & hedges of bamboo, stay green through even very cold weather, so it hardly seems winter at all, though the cold is penetrating. Green place, Florence, and fascinating.

So far, I've been completely & blessedly out of touch with the social world, but gradually friends are turning up & (kindly) hunting me down, & I see I'll have to make some calls, & take a few meals out. When dignified & delicate old ladies, (friends of Father's & such) ~~at~~ come way over to this dingy part of the old town, and climb five flights of stone stairs to call on me, one must return the calls at once, mustn't one? And so it goes.

But so far I've made one record at least:

My best to you Mother + Dad, & congratulations to Ruby. I'd love to see her properly -

I haven't been within speaking distance of a telephone since I landed at Cherbourg. How's that? I shall try not to break that record.

Sorry I haven't more to record about my own work. It has been in abeyance since ~~the~~ I've been posing for the girls, of course, but now I'll be buckling down to hard work. Have just about finished pointing-up the bas-relief & am ready to tackle the Daver, and the Y.R. in clay - $\frac{1}{3}$ life size. Can't do it bigger in our small studio.

Dearie, it's twelve o'clock, and I must get to bed. Dinner is so late here, (8.15) that there are no evenings left. I had intended writing half a dozen letters tonight, but somehow it's all gone to you. Hope you don't mind! I'm afraid I haven't given you much news, but one day is very like another here. Mother is down in Toronto, enjoying warmer weather & Mrs. Perkins. She expects to come back here in February, but after that, our plans are vague. I want to stay right on working here until the middle of April anyway. Then perhaps a trip through the Umbrian towns. And much sketching. O, if I miss you so now, how much more will I miss you then? I dare not think of it - Dearest love - Brendie.



N. 4, Battistero, Firenze.

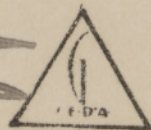
Florence is marvelous
at night - even the black
& white stripes.



FIRENZE - La Certosa del Galluzzo.

Will you come for a walk
with Luca & me?

GRAFIA - SEZIONE EDIZIONI D'ARTE - ROMA



Three horizontal dashed lines for an address.

62082



FIRENZE

Via della Morte (Il Tabernacolo)

You'd see these down
every little dark side-
street. Some of them
beautiful - but most all
sadly neglected.



Stampata
in Italia



Miss Laura Gilpin,
1215 Wood Avenue,
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Steam, to American Express Co, Firenze, Italy -