

Pensione Isola -
Via de' Serragli, 109 -
Firenze -
April 25th - 1927

Laurie Darling:

Your splendid letter of April 2nd was so good to get. I feel really quite caught up with you at last, and am so grateful for all the time & thought you gave to it.

But look here, Old Thing, I'm not going to have you worrying. I'm not. I assure you, dear, that if I didn't honestly look forward to seeing those two in June, I wouldn't think of it for a moment. Plenty of excuses as you say, and no need whatever to let myself in for anything unpleasant. But - I wonder if I can make you see how I feel about it? You'd have, I think, to stay over here as long as I have among these alien people, to know the real

this it gives me to get in touch once
more with people you really are fond
of - Anglo-Saxon people - clean, sweet
wholesome people - Of course, my
great find this winter has been Eva.
She is a very remarkable personality,
"infinitely lovable and trustable," as
Lithely puts it. Yet there are barriers,
even there, partly religious, partly other-
wise, and I often feel remote and
uneasy, even with her. But I assume
you I shall enjoy these two naive
and broadminded people no end. I'm
looking forward to it tremendously,
really, dear. And don't worry about
my being hurt. I can't say, naturally,
that there won't be a stab or
two - but My Goodness! All this
winter I've been having everything so
easy - so few worries, so few distractions.
I'm getting fat, and rather lazy,
and that is not wholly good for my work.
Can you see that? Of course it is good
not to be rushed to death, with nerves

Unworn, the real joy of it, - a joy I wouldn't forego for anything, will be to see him happy.

in a fizzle - but as I am here, I really feel in a way so remote from life itself, it will do me no end of good, spiritually, to grasp reality a bit closer, nettles and all. I need it - my work needs it.

And I promise you, dear, that the moment it seems too hard, I'll just stop. Of course I don't intend - never have - to be with them all the three weeks, as they suggested. I'll just see them about Florence a bit, & possibly go to Assisi with them, for a few days. That's all. And if I seem "de trop" at that - I'll cut it even shorter.

Please trust your Brendie to "see clearly" in this matter.

I read your Mesa Verde Mas., & think it extremely good. Concise, yet gives everything of importance, & suggests the feel of the place. I made, as you see, a few tentative suggestions, not as to matter, but as to manner of expression. Don't adopt unless you

agree. Consult Betsy. I do hope it
goes splendidly - this book - and will
have steady & increasing sales. Will
it be ready for this summer's tourists?
I hope so. Am returning U.S. p.d.g.

The report of the Gilpin Publishing Co is
most impressive, and doesn't discourage me
a whit - except that I don't see that you
are getting anything out of it at all. But
that will come - Art is long, and any such
venture as this is bound to take time in
catching on. I only wish I had a few
thousand to put into it. O, don't I!

Am awfully glad you've made such
pleasant and useful contacts in Denver.
Much will come of it, surely. And I'm
proud of the way you put over that
talk about Mrs. White. My brave Laurie!

So relieved that Fran is pulling out.
A horrid experience, but we all have
to have something of the kind, if only to
make real human beings of us. Fran
will be a bigger man for it - as well as
a wiser. I've been to know how the
Manitou Park project develops. Keep me
posted, won't you.

Must be off to catch some American friends
before they depart. More anon —

"Anon" is now after lunch. The shops will all be closed until 2.30 so it's no use my saffling forth just yet - as I must stock up for some people who are coming to tea. There's not much to show them in the little studio - but the garden is heavenly - dripping purple wisteria all over everything, rambling roses bursting into bloom, little fruit trees flushed with pink blossoms, and all sorts of nice green things swelling up & covering the brown garden beds. I do love the place. And if I'm here next year, I shall have an even nicer studio - bigger than this one, & right in the garden, instead of being tucked in behind the back door. But there are so many pros & cons to that if, that I don't yet feel quite sure. Paris, for example, with Shirley, Eliot, Desmond and "Little Brother" will be a big temptation. Did you know, by the way, that they were hoping for their second? I

forget whether I've written since the
great tidings came. Sometime in
August is the date Shirley sets.
She won't hear of us coming home.
Not that we could do much if we did!
But I should like to catch that
youngster at the very beginning.
However!

Dad is sailing May 14th, & will
be in France & here about a
month and a half. It will be
good to see him. He's put through
a tremendous winter - some of the
results of which you may read about
in your paper. But for the present
I mustn't blab. The change will
be excellent for him, as he's worn
to a frazzle, but if he's like me,
as I think he is, the let down from
all work to none will be pretty
difficult. He promises me at least
a fortnight to my self - so that I
may show him my beloved Florence.
After that he'll be joining Mother
somewhere on the Italian lakes, &

think, & I'll join them later. I do want to do a lot of sketching in France this summer. Maybe we'll even get up to Brittany again. How the memories will come crowding, & how homesick I'll be for you! Don't yet know what the Hervey itinerary is to be, but our paths will surely cross somewhere. I'm quite hungry for a sight of that dear man. He & she have both been perfect brics about writing. His letters are a joy. Whimsical, almost to the point of incoherence, unless one knows him well & can watch the workings of his mind.

Mother was here until last Wednesday, when she again went off with Mrs. Perkins, this time to the Italian Riviera. She and I did get to the Laurentian Library at last. And how I wished for you! It is marvellous, & I shall go again and again. As it was, I couldn't stay as long as I liked, as the place was very chill, & Mother got tired standing round. But

O, those wonderful books. And the illuminations
I couldn't resist a book of photographs
of some of the most beautiful, so I
extravagantly indulged. I was going to
wait & send it to you next year, but
now I think I'll send it as a reward
for your proofs, when they come. Of
course, the color is missing, and that
is one of the chief glories - but it
will give you an idea, at any rate.

My other recent extravagance has
been a glorious great book on Architecture
& Fletcher - the great authority. It was
really a necessity, to me, and I should
have had it long ago. But at the
present rate of exchange, everything
seems extravagant now. The lira is
soaring every day, and we feel poorer
& poorer. Don't know if I'll be able
to manage another winter of sheer
unproductiveness. But we shall see.

Meantime, this letter is outgrowing
its envelope. I must stop. Won't
mail this, though, until I go & get some
prints of the snapshots I took at
Ravenna. You may like 'em -

Eva sends her best - And so do I
dear heart! You Bessie -



PP
S

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