

Pensione Isola,
Via dei Serragli, 109-
Firenze -
November 28th - '27.

My own Laurie:

I did a foolish thing on Saturday, & am now rueing it. I impulsively went & bought you a Christmas present, & had it sent - and now I'm thinking it would have been so much wiser to have sent you the equivalent, & gotten you to choose something you really needed & wanted.

However - it's all done now, and all I can hope is that the gift may have its uses, if not in one way, perhaps in another.

You see there are one or two shops here that specialize in the

reproduction of old fabrics - medieval²
tapestries, etc. There is also an
extremely fine photographer here, who
occasionally exhibits her portrait work
in the windows of the more recherche
shops. Her name is Gita Carrel. Ever
hear of her? She is an artist! Well,
to the day she had a stunning
portrait of somebody, taken against
a tapestried background. Of course
that in itself is nothing new - but
that particular background was a
joy. So says I to myself - why not
send Laurie a bit of these stuffs
to make backgrounds out of? So
I went into one of the aforesaid
shops. But Alack & Alas! All
the ones I really wanted were so
staggeringly high in price that
I had finally to content myself
with some not nearly so gorgeous,

not as quaint as to pattern. First I got some of a pretty blue, partly because it is your color, & partly because I thought it would "take" light. Then I got some of a sort of deep coral rose, (my color), because I thought it would "take" dark, & give you a darker ground. I almost got a black & gold - but feared the pattern was too strongly marked. Well - anyway - the stuff is gone, & when it reaches you there'll be some duty to pay, & the enclosed ought to cover that. Let me know if it doesn't.

I'm afraid I was very hasty about getting this, dear, & you may not be able to use it at all for your work. If so, cut it up into coats, dresses, doormats or what you will.

I guess I just got into a sort of panic realizing that if I didn't

send it right away, it wouldn't reach you by Christmas.

I doubt, by the way, if the little Tauchnitz edition of the Maxwells book ever did reach you, for I see on another Tauchnitz edition which I have here, that it must not be ~~introduced~~ ^{imported} into the U.S.A. The other one mentioned only Great Britain & Colonies, so I thought I was safe - ^{your book} but it was probably confiscated at the Customs. Sorry! It's a nice story!

I keep thinking back over the Willa Cather one with keen enjoyment. But what puzzles me more & more about that is its title. Why "Death Comes for the Archbishop"? It seems to me that Death is the very last thing he is concerned with. He discovered how to live - hard & gloriously. The whole book is a sermon on how to live. Why then, stress his death - which was merely the comparatively unimportant

final event in a beautiful life. You'd think, from the name, that it was an ever-present dread constantly hanging over him & ready to swoop & carry him off. Nothing was further from his thoughts. No - I don't understand her giving her book that title - unless it is either to preach us a sermon on how to grow worthy of death - (a rest -), or else just a catch phrase to attract attention & start the queries. And I can't believe she'd descend to that. Now what do you think?

There's so much to answer in your last letter that came - I'm ashamed to say how long ago - Written Nov 2nd, it was, & told ^{about} the two interesting "technical" jobs - the Y. B. Seals & the Portrait "albums". Fine! Do hope you get well paid for it all.

I've been rather done up with a heavy cold this past week, & had to spend a couple of days in bed, which should

have given me a grand opportunity for writing letters. But somehow I felt too stuffy to write. And then, as soon as I was up, Veril was down - has been sent to bed for a week or ten days with a chill (of the bladder) & possibly hindering complication, so I try to give her whatever free time I have after working hours. She is such a dear girl. You would love her. She must take her old father and his cough off to warmer climes in a few weeks, so I shan't have much more of her. But I shan't have time to get lonely, for Aunt Edith promises me a visit soon, & Mother will be here by the 12th of January.

I am wondering where you have found a place to go to after Dec 12th. Don't dare send this to any street or number, until I hear what the latest move is.

How are the Rabbit Plans progressing? What do you mean by "the Mestovic drawings"? Is there a special exhibition of them in circulation? I

remember with a thrill those at his
exhibition in Brooklyn. Are they like
those? If so, I'm sure I'd think
them marvelous. So Denver has
purchased a Maillol! Well, well!
Personally I can't see much in Maillol
except just that. He can get the massive-
ness of a heavy young woman. But
has he ever got anything else? And
if not, is what he has to say of such
vital importance that he is today
the most talked-off sculptor in France?
I don't get it! Andreotti is miles
beyond him spiritually - every way,
I think, & so is Bouchard - our
friend who did the dear "Architect",
& has recently done some superbly
massive & "modern" war memorials
& such. In fact, the more I think of
Bouchard the more I long to meet him
& see his studio. (I tried in August,
but he was out of town). Indeed, whenever
Andreotti is at his most "un-get-at-able"
(as he is just at present), I have a good mind

to write Bonnard, & ask if he'd take me
 into his studio for a couple of months
 in the Spring, either as pupil or as assistant.
 For I am frankly puzzled to know whether
 or not I'm doing right, here. If I could
 get at Andre, or watch him work, or
 get him to come to my studio, & have
 some real heart-to-heart talks with
 him, I know he would help me enormously.
 But I can't make the grade. He is
 utterly & entirely absorbed in his own
 work. I waylay him in the corridor,
 after I've worked a solid week without
 a word from him, & beg for a criticism.
 He says "Ah yes, very well, I will come
 this afternoon" — and in five minutes
 has forgotten all about it. His studio
 is a bolted & barred sanctum,
 into which none of us may venture
 to penetrate. I did the other day,
 though, when he was out, & some men
 were mending the stove, and saw
 such things as made those pictures
 in that little booklet seem trite &
 trivial indeed. He is great. I wish
 you could see his new Christos. It is

You Bredie
 soon!
 very soon!
 again
 !
 della Francesca!
 Like Piero
 yet so simple!
 Darling girl - I must write the letter now. Will talk to you again very soon!
 insignificant - yet so simple! Like Piero della Francesca!
 Darling girl - I must write the letter now. Will talk to you again very soon!



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