

Hotel Louis le Grand,
Rue Rouget de l'Isle,
Paris -
April 23rd, '28

Laurie my Darling.

Your splendiferous long letter of various dates, the last being April 1st, I believe, reached me Saturday, & my! Wasn't I glad to get it. Also to see pictures of the house I am so soon to occupy with you, dearest. O, I can hardly wait. But wait I must, until about the middle of July, as Dad has to take his vacation early, & pines for North Haven & the "Alga". So I shall go up there with him about June 22nd, for at least a fortnight. Then out to you! Will that fit in with your plans all right? I hope & imagine it will, for you mention the possible trip with Mrs. Rutter in June. Get out the modelling stand, open the piano, beat the big drum, & shake me down a cot in the corner of the living-room. Also put out a couple of large kitchen-aprons, for I, too, intend to peel potatoes & grind the grease off the soup-kettles. The trees around the house look delectable. I shall revel in them. No need

to plan motor trips for me. I'll be only too happy to stay put, in a place that looks like home.

Am writing this on the one day when I haven't commuted by the 9 A.M. train to St. Louis & Landowska. The bust is almost finished (needs must be, as I must cast it in three days), but I've had to work under such appalling difficulties, it won't be anything like a masterpiece. She has no idea at all of sitting, & is so busy I count myself lucky if I can work in the same room where she is dictating to her secretary! Oh well, it can't be helped. Besides, I'm sick to death of portrait heads, anyway, & am dying to get back to figures. Nice big figures, ample in form. "Hoping you are the same."

So you, too, are indulging in a wisdom tooth! Well, well. Hope yours is sound & not decayed & naughty as mine is. All right, I will wait until I get out to you, but I think for poor Bet's sake, we'd better do tandem rather than team-work on that, so she isn't completely surrounded by incompetents. Am dreadfully sorry she's been so bothered with that hiding complex. Do hope it soon responds to treatment, & that with it cleared up her whole system will build up very rapidly. Give her my heartiest

sympathy, please, also Mother's, for the latter has good cause to know how beastly a misbehaving kidney can make you feel.

Mother, by the way, is leaving for Spain in a couple of days, with her friend Mrs Perkins. And two days after that, the 28th, I am going to fly to London & Eva. My noble & over-generous Mother is giving me the trip as a birthday present. Won't it be exciting? And speaking of birthdays - I'm ashamed to confess I've only just remembered yours. Yesterday, wasn't it, dear? So sorry! Life's been pretty mixed & hectic over this way, too, & I've lost track of much that should have been remembered.

In what odd moments I could spare from St Len, I've visited lots of small galleries here, trying to familiarize myself with the names of the more outstanding moderns. But O, their name is Legion! Kisting, Forjesta, Flamink, Pascin, Asselin, Zach, etc stand out against a mixed crowd of weirdly fumbling incompetents, it seems to me. As for sculpture, there's hardly any about in the galleries. I did go to Bouchard's studio (remember our little

is coming up to meet me & we'll have a day or two together at some hotel.
Will let you know as soon as I have an address there. all love to you - Brenda

Archibute"?). He's been doing even finer work recently. Nice man - not high & mighty at all, & much younger than I'd expected. I've written asking Bourdelle ~~today~~ if I may see him tomorrow or Wednesday, but haven't yet heard. Do want to go to Despiant's studio if I possibly can before I leave. But as he's not in the telephone book it's hard to track him to his lair.

A welcoming note from Eva yesterday. Am impatient to see her again. She's been working too hard, poor child, & has a right lung that won't clear up. How I long to bring her back & out to Colorado with me! That's the place for her, if only she could get away. But I know she can't, so that's that.

Am delighted that your Chartres pictures have come out ~~so~~ well at last. The interior, especially, must be superb. Did you know the Hervys were planning a whole book on French Cathedrals? The text, & the photographs? He's just had a big raise in salary, which encourages them to embark on the venture.

Must be off to walk with Mother. Practically our last day together. I shall certainly write you from London, & ~~off~~ of course, when I reach New York. Dad