

away, but I'm not. You wouldn't get the best out of New York until concerts & exhibitions were in full swing. But as soon as they are — well — I can hardly wait 'til fall — and you.

I'm having a marvelous time at the school, Laurie. Archipenko is just the man for me, & I'm learning fast. Am having gorgeous good fun now making a sort of caricature of a fat female with huge breasts & tummy, spindly legs, & a tiny nut of a head. I feel more of a sculptor every day. It is exhilarating.

Now I must turn in as a hard day lies before me. "Andie" always gives his "crits" just before one o'clock, so we start fresh each morning with his suggestions in mind. Vale! Dearest —
Brendie

1923
356 West 22nd St
New York.
August? Tuesday

Laurie Darling:

Not another day must pass without my thralling you for the set of post cards of the church. A most beautiful set it is, and O, how I hope it will sell like the proverbial hot cakes!

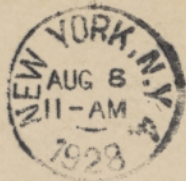
Do people appreciate what you've achieved in those interiors? So full of light and depth, with a glow from the windows that isn't blurry; and a charming balance of light & shade — upright & horizontal lines, in St Stephen's Chapel. Yes, O yes!

And I like the exterior, too - so firm
& definite in its form - so strongly
modelled by the sunlight, & so charmingly
variegated by the tree in front. Never
before saw a picket fence look so perfectly
a part of an architectural scheme!

A note from Lily Solly tells me you've
gone off for a few days rest. Says
you needed it. So soon again? Are
you very tired, Laurie Mine? And
is the combination of housekeeping
& work too much? I know you'll
laugh at the idea of New York
being restful, but I truly believe
it would be good for you. This
little apartment runs now like
clockwork, and I myself, am

leaving to take things much, much easier,
as I wouldn't be tempting you beyond
your strength, as I fear I have done hitherto.

I do put in a concentrated & strenuous
morning at the school, working steadily
from 9.30 until 1. But in the afternoon
I'm just a loafer - lying about, reading;
reading a bit, maybe; playing with the
children (yes, I've fallen - picked up a stray
& very miserable wisp on the "L" stair);
And the nights are quiet, & I can hear
the leaves rustle in the breeze outside.
This may sound as though I were trying
to tempt you to come on here right!



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