

356 West 22nd St
New York City
November 6th 1932

Dearest Laurie:

You may still be in Santa Fé or
Mesa Verde, or up in Denver doing portraits -
but I must write you tonight, if only to tell
you I saw Camille yesterday. An elderly cousin
took me. Want to know my first reaction?

How much more interesting, intriguing, truly
French and romantic are the photographs than
the play itself! I wonder a bit why they
chose that particular vehicle with which to
introduce Miss Gish to the "legitimate". Not that
she wasn't charming - she was, most exquisite -
but so much of the dialogue, though it might
pass in French, sounds so forced and banal
in English! I believe it must be much better
as an opera than as a play. In opera one can
stand ~~the~~ triteness so much better! I kept feeling
"O, if only she could say the words that would
naturally come to her in such a situation, how
much more she could do with that part!"
But I felt she and all the others - excepting,
perhaps, "Prudence", were so hampered by their
lines they just couldn't let themselves go.

However, I was mighty glad to see it, and
kept thinking of you all through it, & longing

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to see your entire series. Some of the whole scenes were on bill-boards outside the theatre. Very enticing they looked, too.

The house wasn't very full, for a Saturday matinee, & I doubt if it has a very long run ahead of it. But I retain my admiration for Lillian. She's a lovely person.

By the way, I made a mis-count when I told you there were four of your prints hung at the exhibition. There were five — I hadn't included that very fine one of Helen ^{the man} ~~What's her name~~ as the buxom brunette — the one on the sofa — as French as French could be. You certainly have made strides in portraiture!

So they're to do Juliet next year? With Miss Gish? I hope she'll have a better leading man for Romeo. So glad you're to have the job.

And I do hope the Carnegie Pres. passes the sale of the Sou' West Slides. Surely he will!

I am gradually relaxing after a rather strenuous ten days. First, Dad came up for a week, & while he was here, Eliot arrived to get ready for his South American trip — came on a Tuesday & sailed Saturday. And Shirley came up Friday to see him off, & stayed until Sunday night. Then Monday afternoon Edie arrived, to sail for Ireland on Wednesday! The ancient cousin has finally

passed out of the picture, so Edie³ had to go over to claim that fantastic estate of Dillon's - over two thousand acres, & not a penny to run it on! She hated leaving D & the Boys, one of whom has been very sick all summer, first with flu & then with asthma. I thought perhaps the doctors might think it would do him good to take the ocean voyage, and begged her to let me send him along, too. But they finally decided it was better for him to stay home & continue treatments of diathermy (electric), which were helping a lot. So she came alone. On Tuesday Floss & John came in to dinner with us, & Floss spent the night, & helped E. with last-minute shopping on Wednesday. Then we had Jean (Walker) May & her Hal, & Polly (Robertson) Allen & her Huyler here for dinner & a send-off on the "Manhattan". Gee! I hope she finds some possibilities to be wrung out of that weird place! On Thursday the Herwys dined with me, & on Friday I saw another friend, an English one, off on the "Aquitania".

Meantime, between gasps, I've been working on some sketches for the Geological Society, of a relief of Spencer Penrose's brother - Dr. Richard.

He died a year & a half ago, leaving a handsome sum to the Society, & they wish to commemorate him suitably. Did you or your Dad know him?

What was he like? All the ⁴ material available is one terrible "professional" photo, taken about 25 years ago & with every line & bone carefully painted out by the photographer, — & one flashlight "news" photo taken when he presented a medal to someone. You'd never guess they were the same man! What to do? I think I shall just up & write the Benroses & ask if they haven't anything else — snap-shots or group pictures, etc. Do you think they'll remember who I am? Two other sculptors have also been asked to submit sketches, so I doubt if I have a chance, but I've just got to try for it — there ain't any other jobs anywhere!

Did I write you about Gabilowitsch? About my unexpected sitting, I mean? While Dad was here I got a "special" from Gaby, saying he was to be in town next day, & would try to arrange a sitting. He did — came at 11 & stayed until 1.30 — me working like mad every minute. He's a darling!

Perfectly charming & lovelier than any hedge-fence you ever dreamed of. Big Jewish nose, protruding under-lip, lop-sided face, one big eye & one small one, one ear that completely disappears from view, 'cause he'd had mastoid, & they hadn't set it properly. And

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that halo of bushy gray hair. You must photograph him sometime. The photos he brought with him are too ghastly for words. I'm going to tell him that if he's in Denver or Colo. Spr. this winter he must sit for you! He's coming to me again on the 27th, when he gives a recital here, though when he got up from the piano & looked at the start I'd made he said "Ah - it's all finished. I shan't have to come again!" It's far from that, but I do think it's a good start. Hope it will impress people more favorably than my Amelia head seems to. They mostly like the head itself - but we can't get a decent photo of it, so it must be wrong somewhere! Dear Bob Baillie insists on carving it in marble for me gratis!

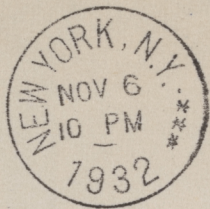
Before Gaby came, I had just started on a new sketch for a garden figure - a child of about 9 or 10 - running with a hoop - hair flying. Haven't had a minute to go on with it - but think I can get at it again next week. Think I'll see if little Elizabeth Hervey can pose for me on Sat or Sun. She has a lovely figure - & I know her ma needs the money. They've had a tough time.

To go back to your affairs ere I stop, I'm

delighted to hear you've decided to rent those slides. Am sure that is the most sensible thing to do, & at such a reasonable rate "no club can afford to be without one!" will be the slogan. Am going to suggest then to the Barton's for their Women's Club in Englewood, etc.

Had a letter from thoughtful A. V. H. a little while ago, saying there's no hurry about sending the "Two Kids" sundial down to South Carolina, - so I'll have it sent up from Washington for my exhibit. Date? I think the last two weeks in February. Maybe later, certainly not sooner. Will you be here? O Darling, do come! Let's pray to the Gods!

Yr Brendie



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