

356 WEST 22ND STREET

NEW YORK CITY

December 28th '32

Dearest Laurie:

When I got back from Washington last evening, there was my precious photograph awaiting me! The lovely sand-dunes. You darling, to have made it for me. I shall treasure it, you may be sure. That curve of the sand against the cloud-flecked sky is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. It is music.

I'm so wondering how your Christmas went, & whether Francis

got home for it. How are things with him, now. And your Dad? Are the place mines materializing?

I suppose you were busy up to midnight Saturday with portrait orders, etc.

I sent you that record because:
Two weeks ago Hilda Stave (Lyman's Hilda), took me to hear "Tristan". Unfortunately, we had to see it, too, & my state of exasperation over the hopeless "acting" and looks of the two principals — in spite of that ever-marvelous music, was such that I rushed off to Schirmer's next day to see if I couldn't get records I could hear & not see. They were just getting in

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a shipment, direct from Bayreuth, of the entire opera. It wasn't yet unpacked, but they had one small sample I tried out, & it seemed to me so good, I just had to tell them to send both of us the Liebes-Tod.

I've just been trying out my record, & I can't say it quite comes up to my expectation. But they so seldom do! Of course, you may have it already - in which case, pass it on to some one who hasn't. I won't feel hurt! But what a glorious thing it is!

Did you have a "white" Christmas
out your way? We had nothing
in Washington but gray clouds &
rain & muggy heat. But the
children, with their tree & presents
made it all very gay, notwithstanding.

Shirley had her hands full,
what with the children home for
a two-week holiday, housekeeping
for us all, and keeping shop
in addition. She has a corner in
a little shop on Dupont Circle
where they sell lampshades, etc.,
& there she displays her old
jewelry, laces, embroideries, etc.,
culled from abroad. The shop
kept open evenings until Christmas,
so we didn't see much of Shirley.

Shirley was so charmed with her card from you.

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until Sunday & Monday. Eliot is sailing down the West coast of S.A. to the Straits of Magellan & back. What an adventure! He'll be home some time in March, I think.

I started today trying to improve that old head of Bauer. Not much one can do with a marble, but I must do what I can.

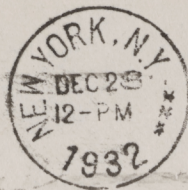
The little figure of Elizabeth is almost finished & will have to be cast before long.

But Lawzy-me! (as Aunt Carol says), I was looking at those

Grand Central Galleries the other day, & I don't see how my stuff can possibly fill one of them!

Even "you", big as you look in this studio, will be lost in the centre of one. Guess I'll have to fill up the gaps with greenhouse stuff! I'm getting awfully cold feet over the whole thing. Almost wish I weren't committed to it.

By the way - did you get a letter from Ma Hervey, & have you written her, & what do you think about having a show in Brooklyn? She called me up, fearing her letter must have strayed. Sent it to Wood Avenue. I told her I'd ask you next time I wrote. So now I have, a happy New Year to you, dear - Brendie



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