

Mary McNeill is 20 years old Alice is in the hospital, having pneumonia for the 9th time! If she pulls through the doc will undoubtedly try to send her away out of the 5th city. Would you, by any chance, consider her as a paying guest for a couple of months if I can find the money to send her out - if she should go? She's a lovely girl, & would I know, help with cooking etc, go about as she was strong enough - would I? Consider, do let me know as soon as you can. I might be bed-  
Dear Love - Bessie

356 West 22<sup>nd</sup> St.

N. Y. C.

February 26<sup>th</sup> '33

Aurice Darling:

Such a pathetic letter from you 't' other day! I wanted to sit right down & answer it p.d.q. - you sounded so blue and troubled. But this old exhibition has 'most finished me! I've had to be on the job at the galleries almost all day every day, both to see friends & acquaintances, and also to attend to any possible nibbles, for the galleries are so short-handed now they have only two salesmen for the 10 galleries, and just weren't attending to my show at all. And if there's anything more wearing to nerves and feet than standing around hour after hour looking pleasant, please; and staring at one's own work - I don't know what it is. Give me a hard day's work! Moreover, they sprung a surprise stunt on me last week, that meant extra strain. You see, from time to time this winter they've had "stunts" of some sort at the galleries, to try to raise money for a fund for needy artists. One evening, John Taylor Arms made an etching; another, Wayman Adams painted a portrait of Walter Hampden. They charged 25¢ admission at the door. But



no sculptor had volunteered, or even been asked, to do anything, as it was generally taken for granted that sculpture was too slow a process to get anything accomplished in one evening. But when I admitted that I'd done practically all of Gabrilowitsch in that first sitting — the fat was in the fire, & I was booked to do a portrait bust for the "Cause". Wanted to do another musician, possibly Spalding, but none was available while my show was on. So when old Dr. Arnold Genthe loomed into my exhibition, I gave one look & nabbed him for last Thursday evening. Notices had to be printed & sent out, & it was all done at very short notice, but the whole thing turned out all right, & we had a good crowd (over 150 people), and wild enthusiasm. I used clay, as being quicker to work with, but there was a hitch in its delivery & instead of having several days to knead it & dry it down to proper consistency, I had only an hour or so, & it was so soft & cheesy I kept expecting any minute it would drop right off the armature! Agony of mind! But it didn't, & I worked like mad for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. Then we had a 20 minute intermission for rest & refreshments, & then another  $\frac{3}{4}$ . He has a grand old head, & I somehow



managed to get the essentials in that brief time, so didn't disgrace myself as I'd feared I might. A number of painters & sculptors in the audience were rather terrifying to work before, but their generous praise at the end cheered me up. <sup>"George William", wife & Dorothy were there! He looks ill to me.</sup>

The strain of it all certainly played havoc with me, & if it hadn't been for today's fine rest, with Dad here for a bit to keep me company, I'd still be rather a wreck.

As for the exhibition itself - I've had really wonderful notices in the papers, thousands of people coming to the show & raving over this & that, & not a single sale. One or two nibbles - but I'm not counting any on those, believe me. Nobody can afford sculpture these days.

Gabrilowitsch & Mrs. came to the opening, & he was enthusiastic, not only over himself, but over the new bust of Bauer. He came in last Saturday - beaming all over his funny face. He asked almost immediately for news of you, & said that the last time he was in Colo. Spr. he wanted so much to come & see you, but that friends met him at the station in their car & rushed him about every minute until he had to board train again. The dear man looked long at the big "Hidsunnei", &



I was dying to tell him who posed for the sketch for it! He said "I think that is almost the most beautiful thing here. It makes me think of music."

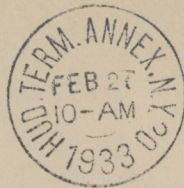
When I can collect my thoughts & settle down a bit I'll send you a few notices & photos. Officially, my show closed yesterday, but they are letting me hold over until the 1<sup>st</sup>, so I'm not yet quite free. The "Magic Lilies" you ask about is that little baby standing looking up, with a flower clutched tightly in each hand. Am sure you've seen it. "Death Valley" is a stone relief I started in Florence & just dug up & finished about 2 weeks ago. Yes, I did a small 12"x12" of the "F.R." last October - threw away the one I did in Florence. This, though tiny, is much better. And I couldn't stand that marble Baues, so chipped the face off & gave the lump to Joan Hartley to play with. And started him all over again (with your marvelous set of photos to guide me) three weeks before the show opened!

Now enough of me - it is too wretched for you to have had another bout with me. I can't quite understand how it gets such a hold on you in such a climate. Am terribly sorry, dear. But hooray for the almost finished slides. What a job to have accomplished. I went to Gauthier's studio one day before our stunt to get a really good look at him & he showed me several pictures he'd taken of the South West. Gosh! They couldn't hold a candle to yours! I noticed he called it Canyon de Yselly, not Chelly. Says it's pronounced that way. I'm trying to show him some of yours, & will, just as soon as I get a chance.

No, I didn't vote for Roosevelt - nor Hoover either. I voted socialist - But evidently Dad has great hopes of R. He has shown no cultural interest whatever in the Library - has indeed been very rude to Dad

about it (between ourselves, of course). I think the U.S.A. is in one grand mess, & I don't see any hope for any of us. I wish you, didn't I, that Piller Napster died? What is Edie going to do with those three lumps & no money?





Miss Laura Gilpin,  
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