

356 West 22nd St -
New York
June 18th '33

Laurie Darling:

It was grand to get your letter and know what you're up to. Last time you wrote you sounded as though you were just off to Central City - but I guess I misread that, for it is evidently still to come.

I certainly am glad Betsy's with you, even if her job did peter out on her. How outrageous of the authorities to send out a teacher who hates the Indians. What are they thinking of? Glad Betsy's rid of her, anyway, though I mourn for her poor charges who'd learned to trust and love her.

I was sad indeed to hear of the cancellations of the slide orders! O dear, let's hope it's only temporary, and that as soon as business picks up (and it's bound to now), they'll come back.

Your account of Egon Petri was thrilling, and I'm that impatient to see some proofs. No, I never had a chance to hear him, but he must be wonderful.

Don't fail, will you, to send me some

pictures very soon. It's ² simply ages since I've had a look-in on what you're doing.

January, 1934 is the best news yet! You simply must come, Laurie. Hang the expense. I'll afford it, whether you can or not. As you say, this separation has gone on long enough - and then some.

A couple of weeks ago, I might have written you I was going to move - but now I'm fixed here until a year from October, anyway. I was fed up with high rent and no sky-light. But, beginning Oct, at, they're cutting my rent to \$85, (which is as good as I'd get anywhere), and they've just given me an electric refrigerator, which has placated me considerably. But I did a lot of dashing about town looking at other places.

Somehow, all the skylight studios were just that and nothing more. No decent living quarters at all - except at exorbitant rentals.

We've been in an awful mess lately. For first Mrs Ransom's ceiling fell about her ears, & then they discovered mine was about to do likewise, so

most of it had to be chopped down & re-plastered, etc. A devilish mess! Only just straightened out.

Work? There just ain't none! One or two nibbles that get me all agog, & then ~~two~~ vanish into thin air. I did sell the Pigeon Girl - to someone out West, but at such a low price that with the gallery commission out, the remainder is just enough to cover the cost of the bronze casting - Still - a sale's a sale, these days, and I was glad enough to get rid of the old thing. And there's just a bare possibility that this same individual who bought the Pigeon Girl may want some busts of famous authors for his library, and the Gallery is working hard to persuade him to have me do the lot. I've given them a bed-rock estimate, 'cause I'd love to have the job to do, even though I didn't make anything on it. But all this is probably just one more of those bubbles.

Shirley, Eliot & Co are already at Goose Rocks Beach, preparing gallery, etc for the summer of exhibitions and classes. Their prospects look fairly bright.

Dad and I go up to North Haven for a month beginning about July 12th. I'll

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probably stop a day or two at Goose Rocks on my way home, also at Cambridge to see Aunt Carol Horcross, who's been quite desperately ill, and I fear will never be well again. Angina and Edema at her age are pretty serious.

Alix Marchess may be turning up in Colorado Springs one of these days. She and a friend (pianist) have spent the winter caravanning about the South, giving concerts at out-of-the-way places. And now they're off West on the same adventure.

I really must get to work now, dear, before the light goes. Am carving a small group of two children & a pet deer out of alabaster. I laid it aside this last week in order to be really domestic, & make me a set of glazed chintz spreads & pillowcases. But I do want to get it done before vacation begins, so must buckle down again.

O, yes, I'm very fit, physically - so don't worry. Just sort of aching with the troubles of so many others. Mary McNeill, Joan, Edie, etc. If only one could help!

Adieu, Dearest. I'm glad you missed my birthday! I'm not having any more, you know! Dear love - Brendie



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