

Laura Gilpin Memorial

Side 1

? - This is an informal gathering of some few of Laura's friends. I would urge all or any of you who have anything to say to do so. Richard Starr will give us a little harpsichord music and then (*incomprehensible*) Probably the most valid reason for any of our funereal tradition is for us, the survivors, to publicly admit the death of someone dear to us. We've been so conditioned to avoid any mention of ~~death~~ or any thought of ~~death~~ that's it's good catharsis to admit it publicly. Laura had a very realistic attitude toward this sort of thing, and always, with her marvelous sense of humor, would discuss it freely ~~without~~ but never brood ~~on~~ ^{over} it. On her last birthday she looked up smiling at me and said "Just think, ^{name} In twelve years I'll be a hundred years old." And she will be.

(harpsichord music)

Lot
Ann Nagel ((?)) - Laura Gilpin was a westerner. You'd know that if you'd met her in Paris, New York, or any other/country? She loved this country and she understood its myths and its rituals. She photographed as she felt: the melding of the land and the people and the sky. She photographed the generations, the children and then their children and in turn the grandchildren. All governments and institutions have to bestow more honors, certificates of merit and kudos than there are people who deserve them. Laura was one who did deserve them. And governors, and universities and presidents and societies heap societies heap accolades upon her. But we are the lucky ones. We who knew her -- like Betsy and Paula and Eleanor -- and Dick and Beaumont and Eliot -- all of us here, for she graced our lives.

? - I have to share with you all one very amusing thing about Laura. About two years ago I went to visit her and she was all excited because I forget which museum had bought a whole batch of her prints. And I said "Laura those were for \$500 a peice weren't they?" She said "Yes, 150 of them." I said "That's \$7500. What are you going to do with the money?" "I'm going to ³ve it for my old age." (laughter)

? - In 1971 Laura called me one evening and asked me if ^{she} I could come up. She said "I have a little something to give you." So she brought up a little something which turned out to be a print of her portrait of _____ of San Ildefonso which now hangs over my bed. And now I have the pleasure of looking at it and thinking of Laura and ^{the which} looking at _____ and ~~thinking of~~ the life they both knew. And I wrote this poem ~~about~~ that portrait and gave it to Laura.

How many years, _____, since you have been gone from us?
Yet you live still in this portrait.
The lines of your face like the lines of a concha ((??))
The mountains become rivers
The winds in perfect gesture
Behind you a corn field, stalks standing tall
The long leaves seem to rustle
_____ are made visible through the camera's magic
The leaves have the shape of wings
Long winged birds, sand hill cranes, the heron about
to rise in flight.
There is a cloud behind you,

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Side 42

What did you want to say about Laura?

? - At a show I had at St. John's about 7 years ago, she came to the show, stumbled over to me, and said "Roy, you are a photographer." And I said thank you, and I say thank you again. But I didn't...I don't have great courage to get up and say these...but these, I've known Laura for thirty years, ~~known her~~ ^{there} I was up when Betsy was still alive and I'd regale her outside of photography with my tramp stories. I was a hobo ((??)) for years. And Betsy would...and I used to live above her, up on the Camino. ~~So~~ So that's, ~~but~~ ^{but} I haven't come to see her too often lately because it was a little painful. I mean I saw her go down and ^{down} down. She was an amazing person ^{for} her ability to brush off the incidents of annoyance of everyday living. ...You're taking it?(referring to microphone).