

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

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DEPARTMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY

January 7th, 1964.

Dear Fell:

Surely it is more than a coincidence that only yesterday morning I arranged to have ten copies of Infinity sent you, and learned that the A.S.M.P. is going to present you with an equal number, so that - hopefully - you should receive twenty some-time next week, with our very grateful thanks.

Meanwhile, your sweet note awaited me at home. Communication is a strange and wondrous thing, and I never cease to marvel at its mysteries!

I have a pretty story for you. Rich Hartmann's six-year-old Celia is giving ^{and} to soliloquies, and Ruth overheard her humming Christmas songs. Suddenly she stopped, and asked herself: "How could it have been a 'Silent-Night,' with all the Angels singing?"

Mr. Steichen gave us two beautiful hours here yesterday. He had just learned that when his glasses are ready, he will have 20-20 vision. I warned him that he would probably wind

up in the Navy once again!

Life is hectic, and I miss you and think
of you and your beautiful winter peace, which
is one of your greatest contributions to life and
to all of us -

With deep love,

Grace