



POLAROID CORPORATION

CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

February 3, 1959

Dear Mrs. Dorr,

Even though letters have not come your way from me I have thought about you daily since your last greeting at Christmas. January slipped away with a bleak passing of winter colds and my bad wisdom tooth which came out at Christmastime. And I rewrote and rewrote the little text coming at last to the enclosed which I send for your perusal and advice. On the back of the book the colophon will contain a small statement about the actual making of the book and there I will acknowledge its fairy, Godmother and others to whom I owe my Thanks —

It has been a hard month because I have strong reason to doubt the actual making of the book. Dr. Land cannot seem to see it in terms of the Company budget and certainly the Sales department cannot see it at all for it doesn't sell anything in their

Terms. I may sound a bit sad but this is only because I have been to The Sales Department and felt as a lamb in a wolf's den. Money, money—even here it is a stumbling block.

At present I sit with a book completely ready for printing except for the final writing of colophons or actual detailed layout. I have met and had the delightful special pleasure of spending time with Mr. Blumenthal—a pleasure I owe to you. He is a fine and splendid man. I would so like to work with him. I have had proofs (which pleased Dr. Land) taken at Photogravure + color and even had estimates geared down to the bone. He also is a fine person and I like the whole company. This was January—and then estimates sat and discouragement set in—I caught a bug and just yesterday was back in work after a long weekend in recluse—partly for my sighing self. It has been only a week since a decision has been needed—the weeks prior to Jan 24th were full of bright activity—



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There is nothing more I can think to do except to try and convince some publishing house to buy the book. I don't know how to do that anyway. I am blank on any sort of sensible plan for a positive business arrangement. I have discussed the possibility of a new series of books but Dr. Land hasn't as yet responded. It was my idea that each year (or so) there be a book put out by his Research funds made by a young, medium or old, new or experienced photographer in the Polaroid Land Medium - like a fellowship in photography. The author-photographer would receive copyright on his pictures and the company would have a beautiful book - Photogramme + Color + Spiral Press would put them out in limited editions and I think, the whole scheme has possibilities. If I could do this book,

The door might open. But, Mrs. Dorr,
 I am not anxious to worry about
 years of books when I cannot get one
 into being. Mr. Land wants to make
 The book saleable to his great public
 and have everyone make books - he
 doesn't even recognize the artist in
City on a Hill. To him I am a "person
 with feeling" proving that all people
 who feel can create. It isn't as easy
 as that and I cannot deceive myself -
 I have loved every minute of the creation
 of these pictures and their surroundings -
 because you opened the door and
 released my eyes from their narrow
 sight. My love of this work has been
 a very personal feeling and the work is
 very much a part of me. For these reasons
 I feel cut about work that took all
 my time, thought and sight when it is
 taken in the manner of "another experiment
 to put aside for now" - I'm not strong
 enough yet, I think, to face outward



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failure but I am strong enough to support the book as I want it not compromising on its small beauty or its underlying simplicity. Maybe one strength will lead to another.

Mentally, I have written you a hundred letters over the last month, telling you of my supreme happiness with Mitchell; as we have been together more often since Christmas (more time-consuming - less time for letter-writing) and of my increasing realization of myself. I have decided to continue in the creative arts with a totalness I have never allowed - Through the graphic arts - Through photography. I made etchings at night all autumn until February and I know that each creative medium supports the other. (I will send you one when I have it matted.) Just making this

book in my mind and Through its pictures has brought me a new humility about art and about the new sights I want to see and learn of. But I want more than this camera - I want to learn of all photography and to make and handle my own negative - I remember your thoughts and feelings, so beautifully expressed, about a darkroom and enlarging pictures. There is so much to do! Next winter I plan to be a student with Mitchell and to do as much drawing and photography and learning as I can with him, together.

Just Thinking of you and of the precious friendship that has grown brings me great strength. In your home there is a light and a release more radiant and more free than anywhere. You and Mr. Dorr and the family I know from your books form an atmosphere tingling with such light.



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I don't know what I have done to deserve your friendship and the privilege of knowing your home.

It has taught me more than anything and, as in all such learning, it is from the example of experience and the inspiration that a life, lived, can be a work of Art.

I hope your work is coming along smoothly on Mexico pictures. I also hope that Mitchell and I can see you and Mr. Dorr before the end of May — which is a reunion that is foremost in my mind. It is a wonderful constant picture to have — the hika Serena and the cottage, the meadow and the peace.

I will write soon again; certainly, I will write instantly on the outcome of the little book and on plans for the

spring.

with fondest wishes to Mr.
Dorr.

love,

Margaretta