March 15, 1944

My dear Nell Dorr:

Well. Finally I have the address to which I could write. Do you know that when O'Keeffe and I were eating those marvelous cakes you brought around Christmas time and the other good things you brought I was ashamed of not having had the presence of mind to ~~asked~~ take you for your address. So I wondered and wondered often how could I reach you. Should I address a letter to your care of your publishers, or what? And so the days passed and I did nothing. Oh yes, I did think of you frequently. Think of your visit here. Thought of your book you so kindly gave me. Thought of the cakes which O'Keeffe and I ate and relished to our hearts content.

And naturally I saw you sitting in the chair, I lying on the cot and you telling me some things about yourself. All so beautiful, so sensitive, so strong.

And now you've been here while I was sick and away. And you left a book for O'Keeffe and a letter for me. And the clipping of Steichen's about your book. I wonder do you know how close Steichen was to me for years. We worked together as a team. Oh, for nearly fifteen years. He is one of the roots of myself. And I may be one of the roots of Steichen.

So it was good to read what he wrote about you, your book. So tender. So true. Possibly you are friends. That is, have met and have had a common feeling about life and about children. But whatever, I am glad he wrote as he did.

I have none of his gifts. So all I can say about what Steichen wrote I am in full accord with his feeling and what he said. I do hope that when you come to New York again I am at the

Place.

Once more heartful thanks, and O'Keeffe's too.

And my best wishes for the future.

Alfred Stieglitz

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