

from Anna Holdroy — Dear Mr. Teller

④ Face as she broods over her nursing  
child — The nurses quiet movement  
about the semi-darkened room —  
all is a picture. I sit in wonder  
before it. Mayo at eight, with the  
clock I brought him all opened  
up and its wooden works spread  
out on the table, while Mayo's  
surgeon-hands put it together  
for the sheer love of seeing how  
it works. Now it stands back  
over the fireplace, serenely ticking.

Teachers feel as deeply rooted  
to rebuke or strikes or movements  
or sermons as I do to those things.  
If I can say anything, it must be  
with simplicity and conviction. It  
will come — already I feel it. Yes  
the Sweet House is the place. It is close  
to "Voices" — and God. But it will take  
time. March and April are not enough —  
it must wait. Mean while I go a journeying  
with you and Burn & Phillips and open

my heart to the day as it unfolds. I would be happy to go over on the

Darkest — Yours two letters and  
Kays arrived on a cold and blustery  
morning, when it is almost impossible  
for the mail man to walk up the icy  
street. To think he takes all that trouble  
just to bring my letters. I feel tempted  
to give him a kiss.

How dear you are with all  
your ideas for the next novel. I  
myself have been thinking and thinking  
in the long nights. I believe Swiff does  
more — and is able to say more.

I smiled at your remarks which  
Goldthwaite made on The Singing Earth.  
It would be a little incongruous to make  
the male look like a lawyer, or an  
engineer, or a business-man. It must  
have the symbolism of masculinity  
for the poetry and the theme (which)  
choose. Also the girl resembles the flower —

3.

My chief concern is to attempt in my own small way to say things in Dance form in the movie. I think it is needed - besides it is natural - besides I have to think that way.

The children's play of Kay's sounds intriguing and did have to read it and think about it. But I think without a play, I could do a movie right here - The Doctor's car coming in and out, the nurse, the mother - the newly-born - and as my hero - the young Robbie.

He never speaks of the baby as a girl - but always "the little creature" and the way he looks with Tenderness and wonder is enough to make any actor give up and quit. Barby's gentle

4.

And her "ruffles" are the petals. Since these are as difficult to define as the musical sounds - then it becomes a mere matter of seeking to express your own ideas. I would hardly expect to understand legal Terminology either - but by usage it has become intelligible to all who study and seek to know.

The dance is so old - yet so new to modern man. To our women resemble flowers, men satyrs - although I have never particularly thought of it before. What a satyr you are! You my flower - moon too!

It would be foolish for me to try to do the usual, accepted, conventional - or even the sensational. All of these have been done with millions of dollars behind them, anyway.