

The Dearest one to me.

How dear it is to be your Valentine - in the midst of such conflicting emotions - to have one clear and sweet above all else - yes, John dearest we are blessed. This separation has made it all the more precious - what we have together.

I have suffered so over Sunday's performance - and have gone on my knees to Kit to ask forgiveness. It is a nightmare to me. yes, I know my philosophy - my poetry - my ideals - all should have helped me over even such an ugly place. I had fought so hard for them - only to see them treated as nothing - "I want something beautiful - see - I want the best you got - how long is gonna take you? - can you finish it tomorrow? - Wednesday? see that Rodin over my fireplace cost me ten dollars! - man made it in 12 hours! - that's the way you gotta work in this game! - you gotta work fast! - you gotta work fast! - you gotta work fast!" until my brain was a whirl. My real mind said "yes - that is all right but Rodin didn't make the original in 12 hours for 10 dollars" but I couldn't - I keep telling myself "Father forgive them - they

Know not what they do." - But to try to put one's ideal into form - to create a new moment of beauty against such odds as I have had - and with a determination to accept all the odds and not be defeated! It means not alone for myself but for the others - I simply can't fail them. Even David with all his lack of real understanding has faith but it is more than that. It is the Graffs with their chance and Jo with his music and the little group of struggling ones ~~these~~ these are the ones I just couldn't let down after I had built them such a bright new dream. It has to be finished tomorrow and we have not seen one of the photo's yet. (that is just one of the odds) - the more I see of business the more I feel the artists have the best of life - and the people who labor for love.

Kit is feeling so much better - she is sleeping until noon and resting and is a different person - thank heaven. I had visions of her going to pieces and even now I don't see how she can face her life squarely - the values are wrong. I will try to keep out entirely - I never want a repeat of Sunday.

Thursday morning 9. am.

Dearest - Here am I over at the Studio ready for our last day, No one is here but me. So much to be done to-day. To-morrow morning the "set" is taken away and they start on a commercial job - even To-day their minds are on the next job while mine is desperately and fondly clutching the old.

I see the first pictures I think to-morrow - will let you know - bye dearest

one - I so love you - all the rest is an accompaniment to that -
Ever yours, H.