<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Letters</th>
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<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1929 Apr-Aug</td>
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<td><strong>Container information</strong></td>
<td>Box 85, folder 1713-1722</td>
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<td><strong>Digitization Note</strong></td>
<td>Dates on letters are most often those of a postmark and are not necessarily the date the letter was written. Any typed transcriptions included with the letters were made prior to their arrival at Yale. Transcriptions are often partial. Not all letters transcribed.</td>
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Dearest:

I must write you just a little word before I go to sleep. You seem so very tired and I can not talk. I feel you are so tired to even want to hear me say anything.

It is simply that I want you to know me and not to forget me even for a moment that you are the most beautiful thing I have known.

Our being together has been the finest thing I have known.

I kiss you very kindly.

That will be my feeling that will be coming back to you as I go away.

Dearest ~
Dear [Name],

I didn't stand to watch you go... I just couldn't when I saw the tears in your eyes... and I came into the train wondering why on earth I even had any such idea as to leave anything as beautiful as you are... Once I have found it... I feel even though my heart knows I had to go... We both sat and wept... and had very quavery voices for a long time... Bed timers... Will we did yourselves by meaning that we... left of our own accord... nobody saw us...
The letters are not entirely legible, but they appear to say:

"I've finally received..."  
"sail on the river and..."  
"finally I look..."  
"the shady beds..."  
"as they burn my eyes..."  
"This may write better..."  
"The train rocks..."  
"The country has been beautiful..."  
"Hello all grey and serene..."  
"with the soft young trees shining..."  
"through every where..."  
"The flowers, mountain pastures..."  
"were particularly beautiful..."  
"There is a big flat pillow that..."  
"can lean back on..."  
"Almost lie down..."  
"And still look out the windows..."  
"of peach and pears and cherry..."  
"Trees are full..."  
"Of blooming..."  
"Trees and new grass..."  
"Are lovely..."
I am not feeling sick or averse today, although it is 6:20 – so I probably will not be at this time.

Little on — my heart goes out to you, and I feel very close to you even though I am going away.

I know this leaves me very sad, but I am with you close under your shirt in right next your skin.

I said to you a while ago —

— try to imagine what you are doing and what is going on in this room and I just know I can't.

My only can

All I know is that I have a great fondness for you and your understanding my having to
[Folder 1713] 1929 April 27

I don't mean to feel you are again very good to me. 

The food was good and we had right here.

We decided we must eat and when we eat this I am going to bed.

I am tired.

I hope you will be thinking.

I will be wondering in the morning.

God night my dear little one,

just a gentle good night kiss,

very tender,

[Signature]
Alfred M. Segalb
489 Park Ave.

New York N.Y.
THE WATER WORKS TOWER, CHICAGO
Built in 1867, 130 feet high. The fire of 1865 destroyed the pumping station but the tower survived. It stood neglected and marked by the fire until 1913 when it was restored. It is the oldest municipal structure that survived the fire of 1865.

Chicago World’s Fair 1933.

Postmark: 6 PM
1929

Address:
Alfred Strecker
489 Park Ave
New York
N. Y.
Good Morning Dearst at 8:45

I just finished breakfast.
Breakfast looks good this morning. The sky was a nice blue day and the sun is all the things for breakfast that she doesn't get at home.

I am not so sorry but I feel much better than when I got up.

I drank a bottle of milk and had black coffee and then toast. I slept the morning I hit the bed at 8:15.

I had a few lines and wondered how you are. There won't be that lot again this fall and I told about
Dear ~

I almost feel like telephoning you from Chicago but I will not.

I do so hope that you look after yourself and don't mind today with changing the exhibition.

It does seem so queer that I will not be there for that and that I will not see it.

Will you send me a dozen Dalechants when you think of it.

It is grey this morning and sometimes rains in prairie country.

Best wishes to struggle with the change of time ~ all the time seems urgent today ~ I don't care.
any thing about it I know I can't understand it and get it straight so I just keep my watch as it is

Delaveig 10 Santa Fe
when I got there

I have given Ken "Welles
Bloom" to read. Everything she had brought along had such fine print it seemed terrible to spend eyes on it.

I just asked the conductor about the time and my understanding of which I had decided was no good is right after all. He arrived
in Chicago 10:36 according to your time as it was when I left you.

Well—Mr. Beautiful—

I hope you are nice and quiet this morning.

I am feeling better now than when I started to write this as a matter of fact. I am alright.

This grey morning with the new feeling green of the fields and trees and just a little wet green on the surface of much grey feels like some thing soft and cool floating on you. You are always with me and I am always wondering how you are. I don't seem to pass the time.
It just seems 60 miles and miles of prairie and little patches of little woods –

Back has a grand line with her roses – the woods and panels about every fifteen minutes

Amissley kept upright in front of her between banquet case and the seat in

I will just sit and look out the window

A kiss inscribed – a very quiet on the will not disturb you
[envelope]  
Caption:  [Folder 1713] 1929 April 29 : [il]
Image ID:  1151906
7:15 N.Y. time

Mr. Altman telephoned 45 minutes and
waited for our train. Back to bed and
up and feeling fine. I have
been steadily recovering all day.

After my queer and a half of illness,
I seem to have been steadily
willing as my kids but her
wilted pink roses.

Here is Mr. Altman who drove us
about showing us Chicago and
saw to where they live. I am
scrubbed and cleaned up and I feel

for had a little over much of things

Mr. had lunch with Betty
father and mother and much
baby at a club a short
distance from where they live

It was good and I ate a great deal.
Then we came down and went to the Museum.

When they left us about an hour ago came out and was down up I didn't seem a bit tired so suggested walking over here to the station we took a walk around the town but I don't think it hurt for any blocks.

When blow was gone and we walked down the street alone I had a forlorn sort of look feeling and a wondering and wishing for you and wondering why I am away from you it seems so queer.

And little me I can only wait to hear from you and send back my love as this mail train takes me farther and farther away.
The baby is a very nice looking baby -- I would say -- quite a properly named baby -- and very nice looking.

It has been a beautiful day, but I had enough.

John -- Debby is better when she comes to New York.

Bette is alright -- I guess it is hard work to take care of a baby -- I am going to bed again as soon as we are on the train and I have eaten.

A kiss little one.

I learned a great deal today.
Alfred Steigler
489 Park Ave
New York
N. Y.
Good Morning! We have just left Kansas City.

Spring is in the advanced stage.

It is almost summer in the fields and trees — but the air colder than in Chicago or N.Y. We paced up and down in a spot of sunshine at the Kansas City station whereas we must have stopped for about
half an hour. Back is on the back platform in she wanted to go and was discouraged by some old women and a couple of bros. I made up to go anyway in she looked pale... I just hope she doesn't fall off... Sit here with a bed and the wilted roses.

It is beautiful out the window in nothing in particular but large light fields of mud or
or the same thing dried - ready
for corn growing - a man
plowing with four oxen -
several times we passed a wild
muddy looking river - willows
very green on both sides - the
green is all quiet, except one of them
and there are flowers -
lavender blue and deep pink

Zel Ziler said I expect
to hear from you that he is
wearing his pink shirt because
the flowers are blooming in Kansas
I was in bed early last night again

about a little after eight -- slept well

and waking occasionally -- took

a bottle of winey to bed with me

and drank it all during the night

and I was just lying in the cracks

of the real in the middle of my back

as I am very comfortable.

Everything is fea -- every

pleasant and I am all this space

and think of you in the room


I wish I could look in on

you in and kiss you man
en route

But I wish even more than that
that you could be here
by me — it is really lovely.
very quiet — only three or four
other people in the car —

and the space! dearest

It gets more and more level

I have been a long time
writing on this —

and never say anything except —

I wish you were here
Ten route

No hour had supper — it is almost dark — 8 P.M. — we are still crossing Kansas plains — It has been a lovely day — sunny
— it seems so different to look over vast distances of springgreen after what I saw out of my windows in New York — The day has seemed long and quiet — it has really been...
wonderful — I think Breck was a bit down a little — she quite astonished herself by sleeping a little

I looked out the window — read

read road folders — and looked

out the window again and have thought it was great all day — Breck says

I took a walk I have gained several pounds already

It has been warm this afternoon

really hot now — and I liked that too — It seems grand to be hot
3 ~ Well that the way it is ~

And now ~ at eight o'clock, I
was ready for bed again ~ he is reading
more now ~ the first in the car ~ I
will not be long getting into it and I
don't sleep ~ it's dark ~ just a
last light streak in the sky ~

... I am almost sorry that I
am liking it all so much again ~
Dear Mom,

So far everything is beyond my hopes — I can have the curse and it doesn’t bother me a bit — and I feel fine.

Goodnight little one.

I hope you have had a good day. I can’t help wondering often what you are doing now — and if you would like this a kiss — not a little one —
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1713] 1929 April 30 : [I]

Image ID: 1151922

[Handwritten text on the envelope:] Alfred Stiegely
489 Park Ave.
New York, N. Y.
We woke up and dressed because we were so excited over what we saw and the air was fresh and clean. We walked about 15 minutes and walked up and down— it was so cold we almost froze— spring cold— not winter cold. The green is just beginning to cover here— just the first little touches of it through the grey. The canyons, plains and mountains—and those green western hills.
with the pretty tree — also I remember if only something makes one feel that some thing is near gives something to add to what is near before — snow on the distant mountains.

---

In a few minutes they will let us eat — and James will look out the window.

I am feeling fine —

I will hear the roses — & morning fires.
The California Limited
Santa Fe

Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.

New York - N.Y.
PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

received at 621 Madison Ave., New York

NB 138 9=SANTAFe N MEX 30 1157A

ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
489 PARK AVE=

ARRIVED SAFELY EVERYTHING FINE TRUNK HERE SEND MAIL SAME=

GEORGIA O KEEFFE

THE QUIetest, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
Dear [Name],

We are back and we are both much pleased. It was somewhat time this morning. I don't know when I only know that by the time we had arrived over the two tales staying from was my doing. Back earlier wanted to stay at the other one. It smelled bad and didn't look good to me. Now she is much pleased with being back. It is nice and easy and we are each in a room of our own. Small but light and nice with running water - no private bath to be
had been ... but it is alright this way. I have just come from the roof
and a grand view - the village is just a little spot compared to what is all around it.

I had your three dear very dear letters - and your two letters - and everything by express this morning.
The post office is just across the street.

When I had washed and cleaned up some it was twelve so we ate our very good food and plenty for 85 cents dinner tonight will be 1.50
After lunch I lay down for over an hour — I was tired — went back wouldn’t declared she never lay down in the day time — I notice she is doing it more — and all but she is asleep — She seems to tire sooner than I do.

After my nap we took a little walk — it is quite cool — The grass is very new — hardly bright — the faint tree are blooming — the dew is flooding — the air fine and dry —

I'm so glad I came that I feel like bending — I see all sorts of things for work —

and I would like to kiss you.
I'm booked in a couple of small rooms of the old Governors Palace at Indian pottery — very fine pieces — I never thought Indian pottery so beautiful before — some of it has a holy look —

No only stayed a few moments — didn't feel like doing anything hard.

I am going to bed right after supper again tonight. My cure has been very kind to my arm I seem to get along with it as well as Beb does without.

Your letter are good to hear but I look forward to the next one that will tell me of your Sunday — ruling the show and all that.

We are really here for the spring. It isn't as advanced as N.Y. — Spring makes the air pleasant.

a kiss — surely.
Caption: [Folder 1713] 1929 April 30 : [III]
Image ID: 1151931

La Fonda
Santa Fe, New Mexico
THE HARVEY COMPANY

[Handwritten text]

Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Wednesday noon ~

Dear ~ your letter

This morning was so sweet that I just had to write over it ~ means both fine ~ it is a grand clean day ~ so cold I put on a woolen union suit ~ a thin one ~ and a fur ~-lined over my ordinary coat ~ and they had to walk briskly to keep warm ~ it is grand ~ the air is so wonderful and dry ~ the mountains grand.
Dark blue and sunny afterglow along with their shining white.

As I haven’t met any one we know yet and they seem to much prefer it this way.

I walked a little this morning in sunny little narrow streets—dust blowing—sun shining in fruit trees blossoming by the little mud houses and marsh houses in sand hills with scrub pines dotted on them just beyond and far away.
My shining white mountains and my deep deep blue ones with them.

I kiss you dearest.

and go and find some sunshine.
LA FONDA
Santa Fe, New Mexico
THE HARVEY COMPANY

Alfred Stachel
489 Park Ave.
New York - N.Y.
Wednesday night
just a little word as
I must get into bed.

This went to the wrong
conductor of some Indians
about 35 miles south of here.
Today, a few miles from
the place — there was a
two walking along the road.

The were walking in a Maple cay
along after we were all pinched
on top of an Indian house watch.

The dancer — He came back until
them and quitted them in the
morning to Laos on the other hand this dance will be three day after tomorrow.

This offers us a chance.

Well we will see.

Brett was quite pleased - she had been up in Santa Fe and hadn't told Charlie and while she couldn't understand:

Well the dance was beautiful.

but you would have a lot when they brought out their saint after the dance - holding a candle - made of a sheet with a ruffle around it. The Indians all fellowing carrying the saint to the church.

My country is just too grand.

A kiss - Goodnight.
Western Union

The quickest, surest and safest way to send money is by Telegraph or Cable

Received at 664 Madison Avenue, New York

TOAS TODAY SEND MAIL GENERAL DELIVERY EVERYTHING FINE LOVE =GEORGIA
Dear ---- This really isn't like anything you ever read in the papers and
so on who tells about it gives you any idea of it. Things are so fast
and there is too much to tell about that I don't tell anything down
to you. To both have bright pink cheeks from some berries and eat
to beat anything you ever saw ---- it is necessary to try to tell about
an Indian dance ---- it can't be told any more than I can tell you
what this country feels like ---- and about feeling that I had
the first year I was here ---- it is just the same again ---
only maybe I enjoy it even more because I think I understand
it a little better.

When Marble came along there was nothing
to do but follow her ---- It seemed that we arrived just in
time for the only two dances of this time of year ---- no music
until July and August ---- and one of the most important is
here at Race tomorrow. There rumors of pick pocketing
breakfast ---- I wait for the beginning of it at eleven. This
evening ---- Marble's place beats anything you can imagine
about it ---- it is simple astonishing ---- floors is no need to it
---- and money is really the crowning glory ---- He is very
good this year. ---- I sat beside him driving up from Santa Fe.
He drives this car and is a very good driver too ---- and you
should see him sitting with another inside - two profiles against
the window - both shooting for same done
This color Marble
has built is lovely

Please have a house - and a grand
studio - beside - the most beautiful mountains set for big
windows - white walls in

Well that is about it is

so I wrote the room filled up with people - all talking
- They are all staying here - only six besides us - Piercy
in the big house tonight till the other one is ready

Well it is all like an unimaginable dream

For driving up here 70 miles was wonderful - It is hot.
and I am not a bit sleepy - not even tired - I lay
in the room a long time this afternoon - the air is cool
and the wind - but the sun is hot.

Wind blows about

Spring is much later up here than in

South for it rains and snows yet.

This soap is too much - I will not feel in a little
- and kiss you good night - it all seems so unbelievable

I think I will be working down - you are missed - I hope you are
being good to yourself.
Darkest ~ such a day ~ up at dawn ~ then after rushing
breakfast round my conscience says it doesn’t will not be till
nine or ten select

Well I waivered up in bed in the
room where the friend is ~ there is also the most unseemly
pink geraniums you ever saw ~ a Max Weber and many
other things ~ far or six people couldn’t get in that bed
but only one woman came and crawled under the blanket
with me ~ a musician ~ singing modern songs ~ couldn’t
get a chance to sing in New York ~ it is in my nature ~ a feeling
about her singing that will have a hard time in New York

Finally Sony came in in a light blue sweater ~ he wore
a pair of colored riding breeches and high black boots ~ he
told me yesterday that his dress like clothes like that ~ doesn’t
think he looks well in them ~ his friends his looks isn’t in
his Indian clothes ~ long back hair and beard with string
on top on dry hair ~ He puts his watch by his arm and
always tells you this time when you ask him. Matches don’t
work in this altitude coming is very uncomfortable ~ Well

I came in and said it was time to go ~ that Walker had a
stomach ache and wasn’t going ~ I guess that was why we
didn’t go for our rice dinner ~ it is something about being
cage
feathers into the air as the sun comes over the mountain

thing we want is called the race and all the young men down to little boys that look not more than six or seven in race two at a time made except for a few cloth moarlin paint feathers ribbon beads belts pieces of fur or porcupines quills the race is divided by a river creek and the race is to keep up speed in this young men it was very beautiful and among them his old men and women live each side of the track so the men in blankets many kinds of a bed blanket or Mexican blanket some say those people his people formerly wars tribes they did not wear blankets the old men in their blankets are bare chested and the old arms free of the blanket is bare

women all wrapped in black shawls mostly bright dresses underneath this old man seems to be angry and if this young men and boys as they were others on to run with a queer sort of cry and it is great to see them run some run with their minds of some only with their bodies I thought much of you

I can't really describe it adequately to you but I must say that was picked one of the fighting men of this tribe one of the finest about the Indians is a kind of quiet melancholy quietness they all seem to have it there was much food where we got horses at noon
I don't know where to put it all up - I eat a most unheard of quantity of a limitless number of things - I started more and more at what people have been up we might be eating in New York for variety of food and when I look out at the desert and the mountains - prairies dogs right at the back door - it all just terrifies me - because you feel that the desert must win if you have it covered if the mountains must win - and Sonya's calm must win - Nothing but this most appealing persistence could have achieved what she has.

The day before we came much of the interior of part of our house called the log cabin - burned - every thing from a high post to bed - and a sacred cane to Sonya's favorite buck skins was ruined -

- and it seems to be just a drop in the bucket.

I went to the houseman yesterday after noon - today isn't the day destined to write this - Much wind and dust from young boys and girls dancing - I can't quiet it all - Sonya dropped on up the river pool the most beautiful grove
of cotton wood trees you can imagine — just a laugh of superb — very tall and grand — and some lower bushes that are a fine silvery red and green — it is like a dream.

— May 4th.

Valueless — it is Tuesday — I have been away a week in a few hours — it seems at least a couple of months —

Last night I was quitl somber for you —

I didn’t have a letter since your Sunday written one — I knew moving up from delays maid as it quite difficult to get up four — it quiet out of the way —

I was quite terrified at this idea that I have only been here a week away from you a week — and that desert and Mountain out there —

I am quiet afraid to let my self go out to it as on less to work with anything — it is as though I fell into something from which there is no return —

I asked Tony if he loved that Mountain — he smiled and remarked "That’s why I’m here." —

My love to you little dear one — I will go out to the snow —

We are writing by the fire. I’m not going to do anything today — Books is quite exhausted — every body is — except me — I feel fine —

Much is happening to us — the sea quite clearly under land —
Alfred Steghey
Room 303
Anderson Galleries
489 Park Ave.
New York N.Y.
dearest dear boy
such a place such a place!

really it is just too unbelievable

I seem to think i never
did anythigns in my day. you fumese was bad night.

we were all dropped about on Mables coach and beds
unnable to moor from just on thing after another all day
and very full of food? i had just read your letters of
last Sunday and Monday. they will come faster now

i Sony wanted us to go to a meeting of the old men of
his pueblo. they were meeting about some indians trouble
and wound all sort about and talk. it was so we one wanted
to go with him as far as i could make out - every one
was almost unable to move. finally Beck decided to go
and two others. they crossed the foot of the bed. i
tried to remember what you had written me. that would indicat
beck and Mable. Sony got up with a gown in his
light blue sweater, cartier, red blanket and boot -
and announced that he was tireed too. but he was going
away. it was the funniest thing you ever seen.

I just had to get up and go along that was too much for
my

his drive in the night was beautifil in a closed car

The indians and this country at night. it is certainly curious.
It was funny too that he wanted us to go because of course
I couldn’t understand a word that was said. That was that.
He told us all about it...

It was Sunday morning, just too beautiful—a wind—a hot sun—dry.

I am sitting in the hammock, on the porch of the little house. Back and I am to live in it, in a sheltered sunny corner—and I hear the wind all around.

Everything seems silver—light green—and dusty—mud—and I just feel like lying back in the sun.

I think I’ll start to work soon—a morning kiss to you. Boy, this morning one has quite alone if one wishes—it seems—

I feel like some one new here.
3 - Beck looked at me and asked if I saw the jewel on my cheek when I laughed.

"I asked her how she felt - and she rushed her towards and said - like a contented cow."

It is amusing the way people and animals both warm me against one another.

Red little boy - when I read your letters - of your reading and being good to yourself - and other things - you seem so far away - I wish you could feel this same - I wish I could see the Alps - give them my greetings - and remember little boy - the same far away - I am with you always - I feel beyond so high here - light separating into small bits - light millions of particles of dust - and just going out to this dimming - a very quiet morning rise goes to you -
Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York - N.Y.
Dear Boy,

This is Marbles paper that is on every table—everywhere. It is the first time I have written on it. I think you should see it.

It is such a beautiful still morning—very morning. We left you has been still and sunny. We haven't seen a drop of rain. But a beautiful morning here means a sort of a white morning. I can't say it any other way. It seems so still.

I wish you could see it.
I think you are probably right. Your health being so bad, I wish you would take a quiet summer in the country. It will do you good.

I wish you all the best of luck. We all think of you very often. I hope you will have a quiet summer. I am writing this just for you. You know how much I love you and how much I want to see you again. Hope to see you soon.

Yours truly,

P. [Signature]
olive I feel I really never felt better in my life 

Bick is amazed I am much tougher than she is

Day before yesterday Sunday we drove up to the mountains where there are patches of snow and through the woods Sony and another Indian and Bick and I Sony looking for some sheep that he thought he wanted to buy He really looked very funny to ourselves it seemed so funny to be out in the big car sitting in front with Sony big and complacent in his blue trousers and Bick the back with the Indian dressed up in a grey bed blanket they are really very fine servants Sony seemed to like taking us along the other visitors say they have never seen him so nicely to any

Well we are having a great time even if we went home tomorrow it would be worth while to keep coming Sony is much interested in your letters to me he can't read but he thinks they
am very sorry to look at

read them ~ and then read them again

I am glad you are being careful ~ I thought you would be

I dreamed about you last night ~ Many people were about and I was waiting for them to go because I felt when they would go you would touch the center of my ~ and I wanted it.

But this is all very good ~ I enjoy it all so much that I can't help wishing you were having it with me ~

I must kiss you and go out to the sun ~

It is nice that the mail comes at night ~ after supper ~ last night there were three ~

Again I kiss you

Tuesday morning ~
Tuesday night - May 7

Some sitting on the edge of the fire place - the fire is gone - but it is a nice hot place and black it.

Oh dear! Such a time - we had a wonderful flinsum - Sony drew us up to Brett's place - she went up yesterday - on the way we stopped and helped him draw a bunch of horses from one field to another - it is the most beautiful drive we have had and was a beautiful blue day - Brett was surprised and much pleased - it is a fine morning - the finest trees for bees and a very beautiful view - I was glad to go up with Sony - he is a very good driver and the nicest man of Brett. He wanted to draw horses up near where she is -

Brett looks as tho she will just sit down and bend with enjoying herself and I feel about the same - I went over to see Wible after supper - she seemed brighter - said she hadn't slept today - she is really quite a person and she is so pleased that we are having such a grand time - tomorrow morning early - that is - right after breakfast - somewhere between
eight and nine I plan to go out to my glory trees again.

I was just thinking to come here, I didn’t have any letter
tonight. When I go to bed I read for three I receive last
night again. I just wish you could see what a grand
time we have had —

I enjoy talking with Melba too.

There seems little to write except that I just feel

lots bursting I feel so good.

I eat at every meal as tho I never

had enough to eat before since Melba can’t come

our every day she asks me if the food is good

then she says — you know I want it to

be good. I always have to laugh.

Well — good night little one — there is much
talk of you — every one here because of your or has been you

or has heard of you — you represent a peak — and

they all seem so interested in you — you are here now this is

so wonderful — and I kiss you good night.

I know you are around.
Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York - N.Y.
Dearest — it is a most surprising morning — Sun's almost all day way down the mountains — great clouds trying to lift them — the sun rays of Mountain's that cast black backs with the clouds trying to lift the snow — everything will be wonderful sooner —

It is Sunday

Yesterday morning we went to the hot springs to wash our heads and take a bath —

— warm water — just the right temperature coming right out of ground — a little food to wash your head in setting on the steps — and a big one to swim in —

I never had such a feeling as I had when I came out — I was practically drunk — The water kept my up to such a high pitch — that I just felt the lid was off and I had spilled all over the place — all relaxed and easy

After that warm water — I was just crazy — we were all in great form — Nelson brought and said he didn't have time to wash his head and do all the things he had to do when he got home — he didn't want to be hurried.

The fields of Nables — all over the place

and I just seem to become a part of the largest

and it was grand after the bath.
After lunch Tony was going to help Dad and Mr. Jones. He had been driving about ever since we arrived, and we went as far as we could, and it was already when it started to rain—just a little—drizzle, drizzle more and more. He decided we wouldn't go any further, but we would just have a little drive. So with Mary and Mobile, the four of us started off. Mobile said she wanted to smell a canyon, so we started for a canyon—just rolling along very slowly, very slowly, and we went up the canyon, it finally began to snow—rolling along slowly, very slowly, snowing. On the spring time in the canyon—it was very beautiful—our almost feels doloreous with it all.

Well, our skull was rather broken. It stuck Mary and Mobile. Mary and Mobile phoned from the village that they would be up soon. They looked a bit irritated.

But they came—it was alright—only Mobile wouldn't have a room, fixed for Mobile, and she had to go to the hotel to sleep. Mary and Mobile is quite a quiet—about six or more. The house held quite changed colors. I like her but she makes me feel I don't want to be anything but just a woman. I don't want to become this sort of thing, my need to become strong through being anything else. I just want to be soft and kind.
I kiss you Boy. Life is so queer.

Noble gave me this enclosed folded paper last night. I opened it. I wanted to look in it and I wanted to ask him what was in it. But I didn't. I just sent it to you.

I am in the studio by the big window watching the light struggle to leave the mountain. Birds on side.

They sound so long here when the wind doesn't blow. A little stream about two yards across goes right by the door to the right. Lying to make a fire and sit at my painting.

This mountain is a great temptation.

I kiss you.

Breast is certainly wonderful and I feel so good.
May 11.

Dear Stephan—

I love having you here—

Mexico

R. E. J.
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 303
489 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Dearest Boy, Dearest Boy,

Such days - such days

Then you think of me think of me with hands like
dark brown gloves on very dirty fingers mails in
my

now is now on the top today from our barn - Sony says
it will come off - meaning that it will read -Nobs

looks at me and says - "I wouldn't believe any one

could change so much in a few days - I mean to just
fly about from morning till night - doing every thing so hard.

Too cool out to fly places when I am painting is so bad. That

it seems a terrible pity to get there - must we get there


I didn't write you yesterday - today is the third - I just
didn't have time - getting my things together to get out to the place
I wanted to paint. It was very completed and I wanted
to get there early to have a long morning. It takes off my waist
and just cooks in my own and works in. In the afternoon I came
over here to the studio to work - it is a box of cameras - grey

bread - going rather well - just as I sat down to write
you yesterday Back came and wanted me to go over to Bergh's
room - I hadn't been so I went - it is lovely
2. You climb a ladder to get to it — she has windows on four sides. It isn’t far away.

Marble is much out with her — but we went up into that. Bred and I decided not to be complicated in it. Marble is not well and carried on so that I told Bred not to come over for a while — we well go to see her — it is all very complicated and unimportant — Bred doesn’t mind.

Everything is going well with us. I am now feeling better in my life. So have nothing to complain of. I feel so good I can scarcely believe it. I should be in great danger if you felt as I feel — and you would be in danger if you were near by — no matter how you felt.

I think everything is happening to Bred — and I think Marble enjoys us both.

I just can’t get over this place — every little while I find a new part of the house — this, which I need & it — and it is all so amusing — Sony wears wonderfully —

He is really fine — and he & Marble together make a pair of life — ranging from simple primitives, through the charming, to the sophisticated.

Finishing off the same thing going her way — in another — going his way — & still they are very much together — I can’t get over being surprised at it.
Alfred Stieglitz
789 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Dear [Name],

I must know you straight from this bed.

Shanty got to a query who was threatened with aspiration. Two afternoons and Tuesday night in the end of the evening and Wednesday night because they decided Wednesday they say.

Well, when you could understand, we are drinking to the news in Rome. I wish you were happy as you can get a small drink in it. I read about and put wonder in it. I hope there is a window that makes itself in the middle of the room. The fire is in the west for the woman.

Dave know about us all your friends and feel.

[Signature]
S. B. 8-19-29
[Handwritten text]
This afternoon that it seemed black and Mabel’s white china rooster on the porch roof looked grand against it.

I kiss you a whacking kiss...

and crawled under the covers–gray covers

- it is getting cold setting here.

Mabel and I had a long talk tonight.

--

Much about you--and you and

and--and yourself and Tony--and herself

she is really a great girl--

Goodnight.

--

I do wish you were here

this is such a big bed.
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 303
489 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
May 15th

went to sleep and I'm still in bed finally out of that bed on the way over by the rows of plum trees in front of the house and my chief had to send out an order that was almost a dream so surprised me was good to have a good sleep and breakfast all day after such a good sleep in bed

That seemed so good and I had more time in bed got up almost my hand out of the window and great the sun as it came over the mountain and to sniff the air it smells so good

I watched the sunlight crawl about the room with its green tracks of reflection on the white plaster a first tried and tried to get through the green or glass of the big windows by my feet and I read one of your letters and fell off to sleep again was woken by the Indian girl such a beautiful girl quietly making my fire and it got warm and I just didn't want to move

Such a breakfast and such a breakfast a coffee cup like a bath tub and everything good in proportion and such a lot and such a lot

Mable came in and got into some part of the bed for away bumped her head on the huge barrel cage
that was over it. Our family was here all the time. All the doors are so low on must always bend. Except the door leading from Johnny's WOBbE's room. That runs unusually high. Tell Beatrice my brain is bruised. Will be cured under the cover of telling Bell. Read your letters to WOBbE. She liked them. She certainly has a nice feeling about you.

Tell my little Bird. I miss you. You couldn't worry if my letters don't arrive. The mail has been very unimportant.

You bade with WOBbE. I felt more and more that what you and I have had together is very rare, and some always wanting to thank you.
Dear

And it is another day

not much to say except

that Mable is cutting up again after

three or four normal days ---

I haven't seen her --- I finally retired to the studio

leaving Breck lookingSony in front of

the fire. He ate too many onions and drank

dinner and looked down on me yesterday.

I persuaded him to drink hot water ---

he had had about a quart when I left and Breck

had bottled a hot water bottle inside

his jacket --- He said his back had all

been him in the bed last night ---

Telegram and doctor and general

disturbance --- I came out from and shut

the door and made a fires and stretched

carpet --- Breck was here for a while,

By suppertime I imagine Mable

will have blossomed into another fine day.
cotton crimped dress with bright shiny buckles on her shoes I seem raised to add gloom to it all

Delivered the ladder to the nearest house and found out how they tar the roofs a couple of Mexicans and a very fine Indian working on it

(Tell the houses are made of mud you know — they dig the houses right out of the ground and build — it makes them every fine with the landscape)

So far Brock and I seem to be the only ones notailing as the first feel taller and thinner thinner and dumber every day — so that is the way it goes — I wish you could see my mountains with green alpfa with my brown one on it

and that I could kiss you
[envelope]
Caption: [Folder 1715] 1929 May 18
Image ID: 1151978
Dear [Name],

...after the small except of a page you sent me last night...I had your news a beautiful letter...they made me so happy...and...I was so happy...and...and...and...I was so happy...

He came home in an hour or so after supper last night and had such troubles...was all week in much worry and worried looking and his hair in shags...After this had his supper and put down by his feet and went to sleep...we all felt better...I feel back and much better...after dinner...I just thought...I could...I am glad to hear...he is so much...and...yesterday...

No all went fishing this morning...by a new road...in some of it very...I was so calm and relaxed...I felt...I just thought...I could...I am glad to hear...he is so much...and...yesterday...I lay down again after dinner...and...I feel almost...
Bedrand and I later walked out to a cross that we see from there —
the desert against the mountain —
slowing was bringing
all about
the mountains a far darker blue —
the trees around
shadows a most lovely feathery light green
in the distance —
my mountain is quite near and by that is the one I
see from my studio window — in other directions they are farther
away —
long stretches of desert in between —
for the cross does
against this sky when you get close —
then on the way back
rain was coming up from the south so that it was a strong wind
by the time we get in we didn’t catch us

I know that all of what is happening is to see —
we had quite a talk last night after the others were to bed
about
mostly —
what doesn’t seem to get that crazy because she had

I will not go into anything about the Frisch family because

except that I think it is alright —
I think you will —
I am glad the all that thing is settled now.

Dear [Name],

I didn’t work today —
they were tearing the roof
of the attic and fixing the doors —
too many foreign sounds
around over it —

This is really lovely because I am laying down
waiting for supper.

It looks like it will be very cold tonight.

I have been terrible to be away from you — and not to help you
now in this —

I wish you could see it here —

I hope you understand how I feel —
that is a comfort —

With love and miss

[Signature]
Such a time! such a time

Yesterday morning I was in the studio and morning

a fairbells — my only.

After lunch to the races — your name faced out at first — the whole town — particularly the

indians and Mexicans and (heres) two whites turned out

it was F. in our race ~ 2 horses — 200 yards

They went home 2 P.M. all about 15 getting started

and finally only one horse ran — I just have to

laugh out loud when I write it to you — — it seemed so

ridiculous — — and when they were of how interested every

man was — and the way they accepted being just one horse

run after all that running — and the way every one

was talking about the different races — of the whole thing

— it was really great

Well this morning Marks and Tony went off

Allmorning to see the doctor and got finally cleared of two

admissions and decided to find out about them — every one

in relieved

I have been in the studio all day — working —

on this big painting I started first —

I don’t know much about

it except that I felt like starting this day over when I shut.
This Studio is just to grand. I wish you could see it. It just seems the natural place for art to go to when I'm not writing or working. It is better for me than the other houses and nobody comes to see me. I didn't wish last night man as a matter of fact. I slept. It was one of those times when many things seem very clear to me, and I don't like it. Though it seems very necessary for me. Tony thought I would feel much and didn't give my letter till about half an hour after the other mail — but it just happened that I received your letter from Bally. I'm sure you had read mine to Chicago. He was much disappointed.

Brett is having his evening. We all walked out to the cress on the desert...
Every one a bit grey grumpy they all talked so much that Brett and I felt quite nervous. Marble and Brett being rather mixed up in a bit difficult
It's hard to put two sides to it and

And little I'm wondered today
Often what you are doing
And what and here another

It has been a beautiful day no wind enormous clouds and much rain shine. I lie on the studio door step for...
And a little time later, the air goes
Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York

N.Y.
From the Pink House—Sunday Night

Brett and I thought that as Nature is away so would try hanging in as she presided over this house as soon as we arrived but seemed to want us to play in this big old yard first so how come Brett and I came over after dinner to build the fires—un each have a fire place and we wanted to warm up and before getting into bed.

Brett has had a fire in his room all day so the house isn’t cold the night oil is beautiful and soft but cold enough to want a wrap—moonlight—we walk across a field that seems long a large green canvas it seems to dip in this canvas both houses are above it—In front of this little house is a row of plane trees in bloom—while in this moonlight we wander out to the wood field at the side of this house and carried in arms full of wood which is really lovely. My room—both rooms—are pinks with yellow floors and every thing about these seem so quiet and quiet and funny.

Right then Brett came in and he was so excited over this house all lit up that my writing stopped.
and here it is Monday evening

From right to left it's wonderful

I have been much after mice

I don't know — I only know that I slept like a rock

I don't think I moved a bit all night.

You more than two more pleased people better everywhere.

We had a good breakfast this morning, but decided to get our things together and move right away after breakfast.

It was most of the morning all it

They had some repairs in the village.

After lunch I lay down.

The bed feels so good and all the lines

The man having his flowers out side — and the soft food of

The Indian women more beautiful feet on the floor — she is

very beautiful — had mud and was plastering up holes

and cracks in the house — I heard her doing everything —

softly — didn't know what until I got up.

It has been a gray afternoon — the lead a burning sort

of light green against the stormy looking mountain and sky.

It is really a very beautiful place —

I feel so far away much more

far away where Nissle and Sony are gone —
3. It became more of a dream, an only woman and
besides us now. My sister is a singer and we just need
our heads and try to be patient. It is very different.

This is certainly a different life than anything I have
had in a long time. Sometimes wonder if it is even

and I know it is.

All this time I am discovering more and more
of Wesley's work here. In time, all would be needed and
serve to this place so that there are always discovering some thing
new. What has done here, persistent work
and thought? Yesterday I found a long path that I
hadn't finished following—along her irrigation ditches

After an orchard things pleased all along.

It seems months and months since I left

you. I think I am just beginning to hear some real things

I should have. I wish you could see the Pecos River

against this sky. Good night, dear.

It all seems so far away.
It is morning again --- Sunday North --- As a matter of fact it is almost noon --- Nothing in the studio --- in a big chair is, these new porch chairs Lee got last summer --- There is a fire in the office --- I just read Hailbloom ---

"It is blue gray --- or maybe gray blue would be better today --- the rain almost out --- but not quiet ---

Last night it rained --- This morning the washer could settle --- When I checked into the kitchen for breakfast, there was a new person --- Not Pete the Mexican that we often breakfast with --- not Marie the adopted Mexican boy who arrived last night --- still at my first glance it seemed some one familiar --- It was Fred Johnson --- in white corduroy and a light lemon colored duster ---

And that was that --- this uncertain weather makes us feel uncertain --- Just tonight two letters from you --- there is no Sunday mail here --- it must have come no go --- so last night two --- I wonder did Miss. Seibert say the same for the future as she wrote from for the Newport ---?"
I am very glad when the foolish small and strange thing is settled. It's a queer thing to have money for.

But it seemed strange to have money for that large, white flower of the same period.

It all seems far away to me --- they just referred some thing to me that I have lost --- my way to it to come back to me when I knew it was gone --- I am glad that they are gone.

It is difficult to carry new friends --- this big tree has been working on --- it isn't really of this country and it doesn't exist for this place and it isn't exciting --- the rain has made this work so bad that I haven't been able to go out to the places again --- it hangs here in front of my now --- I am going to work on it this afternoon again --- I like some thing about it very much --- I think it will come --- that it may not be anything for any one but me ---
I wish you could play with my dogs and my pony, and the gray dog, Queen, and the alfalfa field, ungreased, while the little goes on to you. (To be read):
As I walked through the north irrigation ditch on my way to town, it seemed so quiet and serene, and thought of the room and what you are going through. For two seem so different it seems quite incredible. This must be very good for you. I really can't imagine feeling much better. I wish I could imagine that what you are doing could be half as good for you.

About the writing machine. He asked me to let him know how things are going, and so did he. He should have come right away. The nursing is quite good, and I thought he would get a lot out of it. You and Miss Byars, and back home, by this time his child would be out of school. But it is so easy to get one.

If it disturbed him too much I am sorry.
Another kiss to you.

Saw Mrs. Hunt this morning quite well.

She said she had a motion that I might want to go to a woman's hospital.

I don't know if I want to go for that.

So... kiss you.

quietly.
Wednesday, 4:15 P.M. — It rains — and rains — all day in the studio. Finished my gray trees for the present — showed it to Brett yesterday — she liked it very much — for now it is better now — and I’ve painted all each and others funny little paintings that I started last week — I am glad of the rainy day to be rid of them.

When the sun shines, all takes a fresh start.

You would have laughed to see me run over to the other house in a white bathing cap with a black and white beard, white rug around my shoulders —

No one thinks it even unusual — they just pick up a rug from any where and wrap up in it and walk out — then the rug is always where they don’t belong.

Bob Johnson brought a friend for supper last night — a blossoming young man — well fed and satisfied and cared for looking — He is from California spent here for the summer to cure a bad sinus — Bob mentioned having a letter from you — and he asked immediately — did she mean this great photographer — everybody seems to know you somewhere or another.
It rained so hard he had to stay all night. Water had a road leading up to his house that flooded everything you ever saw when it rained — and when it is dry maybe it is worse — when it rains it is rivers of water and frightful mud — when it is dry it is so rough that you can scarcely believe anything can be done there. For bumps and slides over it and doesn't mind — this isn't house yet. Becky has taken over the house, lived with grumblings and threats — the housekeeper; the gardener; the painters — plasterers and roofers — all sorts of things go on here at once — she makes a fire right over it but I think she libraries it — feels important.

There is no news when it rains and our works — except that we eat an enormous amount of food — it is very good — a pregnant horse is eating alfalfa in the field; field out side, my window —
so and the man who has a studio over the garage, back of this studio got stuck in the mud with his car when he tried to drive out and slid and splashed and spun around most dreadfully. This mud is the dirtiest stuff you ever saw.

And there is new snow on top of this mountain.

Things go on in me that are rather difficult to tell about—a curious sort of rearranging of myself—or maybe it is just seeing what is there because of the way it contacts new surroundings.

At any rate—-it is all very good.

I sometimes wonder what our king apart will do to us.

Whatever—-must be alright.

I feel we both understand—

I think my painting is going to be quite different in color—-I kiss you.
[envelope]

Caption:  [Folder 1715] 1929 May [22]-23
Image ID:  1151998

Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.

New York, N.Y.
Caption: [Folder 1715] 1929 May 24
Image ID: 1151999
Yesterday I didn’t write — it was just too dreary and wet. First in front of our fire and then in front of another which it rained outside. — Paul Johnson — he was made secretary and published the “Laughing Horse” — brought his friend for dinner and we sat half an hour — religion — his boy and I — His was brought up a Catholic and was telling me about it and how he grew away from it — His name is Luis Callahan — He is 23 and so different from what the East produces —

Then Dabney and Dr. Nelson were announced at The Pink House — I went over — They played and enjoyed — everyone was depressed with the rain
Dr. Nason is very nice. He is very anxious to show us his paintings. We visited us to Santa Fe for a week and I have no desire to move from here. Some time later we will go.

At night Johnson, Beno and I got up courage, the rain had let up, so we walked slid, floundered. What was your want to call any sort of movement through the mud to the village. We found Colahan at the hotel and took him out for a walk. He got stuck in the mud with both feet and lost both rubber. It was very funny. He just wouldn't believe that these two rubber were alone in the mud. He thought there were two.

It was a moonlight when we came home. So we walked out to the Pueblo Cross. It is very beautiful day on night. And stood there in my moonlight feeling it. I felt how perfect it would be to be close to you. But of course you wouldn't want to be wandering about in the mud at night.

At both meals, a fire when we got home and went to bed with the light dancing on the ceiling.

Much love for you. I am so pleased over my course. All work I expected it and it didn't come.
May it will hold off for 28 days -- that will be Sunday.

There has been rain today -- a little painting.

Then rain again -- Johnson and Callahan went to lunch.

32 for a party -- Johnson hating to go -- Callahan in a perfect

frenzy over it -- good and I laughed and laughed and laughed

and decided we were never any two girls more sure about

a party -- it really isn't important anything you earn so

we all lie along here in Waber's house just as she owned it

and such food!!

Well I don't know how things like this can happen.

I wish you could be here and as foolish as we are.
An Indian called on me in the studio this afternoon -- he was funny -- I asked him his name a second time and he said he would like to tell his name a second time once was all -- but he did finally tell me when I told him mine and had to repeat it several times before he could get it.

Not feeling any more good today I sleep very calm and feel very good and laugh a lot but I miss you. I wish you would come to town and see me and have some coffee with me and talk about you.

Dearest and Dearest wake up for me

A kiss

love,
Alfred Stieglitz
484 Park Ave.
New York
A.Y.
Dear [Name],

I found upon the top of the house a strange thing where you can sit around every where ~ the top of the house and I bought the top of the porch ~ I wish your came home and beautified this time ~ and everything a fine green from the rain.

Last night Douglas phones and said we had to go to the movies and sit in rocking chairs ~ and after that to the dance ~

He and Nelson came in a car brief fortune and we all got in in them hanging on the outside ~ the roads so bad ~ this car so small ~

The movie was wonderful ~ it was a job that came before it ~

The ridiculous ~ and the dance and all anything you ever saw ~ such a combination ~ and we all laughed and laughed ~ and had a grand time ~ the dance had every thing from white blonds to indians with their hair in braids ~

Much color ~ much red ~ it seemed to be this color of the country ~ everyone dancing in their own way ~

It is really a great night.

Today has been a little of every thing and not much of anything ~

It ended by Johnson and I going over to Emma's room and playing

The violin ~ the guitar ~ and asking for the piano to lighten my head ~ it will be a very tomorrow.

Good night ~

Yours truly ~

In just a very little this
Sunday afternoon.

Every one was a bit off and morning was really funny.

Callaham walked over from Clifford with Mrs. Hayes; she was just passing through; we sat and had breakfast and she was so kind she might just as well have been rich.

No body a long drier — a couple of horses — the young queen is pretty but so brilliant! It looks like holes in the mountains.

The sky so blue it often seems black — very very beautiful country — sunny and windy with no dust because of the rains.

Bill nearly by every one had talked of their
groceries and their plenty.

By dinner time — when we all turned up — the old Irish woman — just returned from her first day at the ranch — every one was ready for dinner — and we all laughed at the way we all ate and watched what everybody else ate because

Mr. Johnson and I wound up to some room again.

The nieghbor — came to see what all those folks had

and otherwise records do to us. — I got under the blanket

and he walked around wrapped up in another one as though it was

fire in the place. — He is really a very nice boy — I wonder

if you remember him — When we came back another one.
had gone out to the Pueblo to have breakfast. I didn't want to go... My headache is getting worse. I want to be quiet. My dear & dear,

It is such a beautiful day

I wish you could see it

and I can't help wondering how

you spent the Sunday.

If you go a bit further north

away from here...
Dear [Name],

Just busy today taking my sail — more about what I said about the Club and things you do not need to write any letters about that. I think it is some of this things I understood.

I haven’t said anything about that it is hard to say what I understood is some of the things that seem to have been always in my mind for a long time — I didn’t write you yesterday. I didn’t write you yesterday. I don’t know if you are busy or not.

I worked all day and again today all day — and I can tell you how I enjoyed it. I was at work before 8 and again till 12. And again till 8 or 9 p.m. I had a good time working. I have had such a feeling of real pleasure in working in a long time — this morning —

But I thought where I hung up what I had been working on it seemed to belong in the studio so I thought it was coming and so then helped it. I seem to in such a good house ——

I see to in such a good house ——

In the house tomorrow ——

Mabel is not back yet ——

She is not back yet ——

P. [1]

Caption: [Folder 1715] 1929 May 29

Image ID: 1152010
Los Gallos, Taos
New Mexico

My studio was very big and quiet today — and out the windows the wind blew hard — very hard. On the opposite hand — very hot.

I miss you
And I feel very much, you

Don't think Mexico is coming tomorrow

Will only see you — I'm going to New York
Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York
N.Y.
Sincerely,

I feel as tho my brain is a beehive bosh not been working all day again and lay in this room all mooin and after 4 pet I fell cooked Marvin had come it seemed for whole country side collected Brett with a butchers knife hunting for worms to go fishing Callahan with his face all glazed his lay in this room too long and is turned red as can be Johnson doing odd jobs for every one filling cigarette lighters picking up tools for Brett threw in the road running after the dog etc other females with their hair cooolard for Marvin and all sat in this room and chatted about it.

Marvin says he feels he doesn't know where he is but he looks pleased.

He said after I stopped working a little after 4 pm.

It was up and at it half past eight again this morning and enjoyed it saw painting the back of an old church it is the quaintest chappel you can see and has me windowa on wall color against a blue sky have two of them one 36 x 24 and the other 24 x some thing less and another small one that is just a piece of it for color It looks lovely on my wall here I feel full to bursting for work and feel it is going to be good at any rate I enjoy it I worked out this morning and in the studio in the afternoon.
and all this wild going on that can only when I come from working don't seem to disturb at all -- I guess boys and I manage to pick up much of what goes on that has a road back to it even now it is beyond so high that no one seems like people in other places and they all hear about it at a great pace or something something looks funny and city likes oh he hasn't funny place to go and I will have to get them some Britt is going to take him fishing he regrets he didn't bring his fishing pole

Well -- we expect Noble and Son back tomorrow

Britt says she will throw a hammer into my working room I don't think so it is a very beautiful

still -- and such beautiful bird calls

It seems ages since I got up this morning -- I know my painting isn't different because I'm not trying when I just came didn't seem to belong at all and this one does -- My studio is so grand -- white and big and still -- and no one comes to it -- I will send you a picture of it tomorrow -- the picture is in the front of it -- outside and doesn't feel at bit like it feels inside
Johnson and Brad are waiting for me. We'll start to the coast.
It is such a lovely evening. I must go.

This—work the quiet evening you are so nice.
Alfred Streitz
469 Park Ave.
New York
Dear [Name],

I am happy to hear from you. I have been thinking about our trip to [Location].

This SAC (Social Administrative Committee) business got to be a bit tiresome.

Of course, you did not tell me what happened. I was not sure if you were...

If you were not too much disturbed by it, I feel better saying to give him back...

all his things and let it go at that... but as you were not so particular...

I suppose it is foolish to hear any sort of an opinion...

I suppose I ought not to write about it at all as much can happen...

by this time you got this.

Our coming here is so quiet after our hectic living day... the town makes itself a red-blond whirlwind by the first baying on a large piece of real ground... Mabel lies on a little fat cushion reading... Tony plays sailboats or sleep... I tear on an undergarment... while in this Mystic Irish lady measures... paint...

goo in Mabel's several cases that were almost ruined in this fog.

cabin five... it is all so quiet... after our mad days chasing...

about... they all think no 'rage to tear as well as each one seems to enjoy their own way of much... After the others go back and sit... and talk... they are handed off to bed...

with no particular desire for sleep...

You should be careful of your food... eating our... sunshine and sausages... I wonder if your digestion is good... I suppose it is... it usually is when you get excited... things as you must be now...

I am feeling so good that I just keep wondering if it is me now and I certainly don't...
fair that you should be having such a nice time

Well — I kiss you goodnight —
Samuel — it is very still out-side.
I wish you were here today, to see it up close — it is a bit cold.

But, I'll get under the covers and be alright

—only I will b thinking of you.

A quick little kiss, — may be, you see.

[Signature]
It is Sunday morning --- nearly lunch time ---

I worked all afternoon yesterday ---

from lunch till supper ---

and have one of my crazy paintings ---

The kind that almost breaks the roof off ---

but it feels right at home on my wall ---

one of those things there is no reason but that I do anyway ---

I showed it to Fred this morning ---

she likes it --- she would ---

it is crude and raw and hot and cold and doesn't you down ---

she is funny now --- we got on very well --- she is really a worker ---

but I don't mind it now --- and it passes off --- she got to resentful now ---

for queerest thing --- usually thing ---

that she brings about herself ---

I seem to be so unloved by ---
The things that would ordinarily irritate me even because I can almost just turn my head and things is far, distant 20 feet from this door it would walk right into the house and burn it if you left the house for many hours and there is something so wonderful for me out there that I don't mind any thing as minute as human beings.

The most beautiful person I have ever seen is I left you is Paul Johnson he is a rare creature if he goes to N.Y. you must get to know him you could give him much they are not back from the party yet as he goes out to his hours and look around every day and see that we are home away with it.
This lunch belongs to me I had a new bath made after the soapbrush this morning.

I feel as at home with the wind and the sedge and the granite lying naked out there makes you feel you fit in better with it all.

This Box

Don't cry
Dying in this room... Not enough cholesterol and have a camera delivered for tomorrow.

But no rain tonight so probably will not be able to go out.

Well where we got over to the big house? - From 6 P.M., all duties. --

a news car ahead and in front very ground -- Maple up in her bed looking very pretty and all duties. -- Johnson had been in to see me in the afternoon to say his was off for work and party that means Callahan too. So the household is all made over -- Maple House to is change of life so many worries go -- Beckham and I spent the evening playing Black Jack with Tony got tired and came over here in the later in having lost everything there was to lose.
Supper had rung while I was writing so I put my letter in my envelope and went on.

I haven't touched today till late this afternoon, but just started on a little flower when Bell came in. I hadn't given her much time since she starts as it is very difficult to balance any other work around. I seem to have nothing to say. I showed her my friendship and I was well surprised, and pleased, so Bell all mixed up what she is going to do, and it undoubtedly will not do much. Does Bee and Norman come this week? Norman liked my church better than the real one as I got and what I have done and showed it. I was really surprised myself. I had just set most of this morning waiting out the door.
3 - so that is the way it goes.

Goodnight, little one.

This way it all comes and goes.

Is quite startling.

Lindell

A little less.
Dear [Name],

It is raining again. I was out and managed to feel wet. Just before it began to rain, I wanted to write you and didn’t think I would be able to write in this rain. It is so nice here. The floor and woodwork sound very nice and open. The walls are white. The window facing north looks toward the Holy Mountain. It is too big and this place always feels big and wild.

I was up at 6:30 this morning. It wouldn’t be too muddy to walk to the woods but there I had breakfast at seven and then started across the road to look for the early morning light on the cows. The walking was good though my feet were heavy with rubber and snow. I kept on going toward the East in the mountain—lowest hills in sight. I have never had a more beautiful walk in the mountains and the scenery. The cedar trees, cocoons and warm colors seemed to come right up to me and touch my skin and when I got way up in the hills and looked back on the

Los Gallos, Taos
New Mexico

B.26 Thursday
Drowned with page speech seemed left. The scent of the lilac grew around. Much else, and the distant mountains. This Holy Mountain near, to this quiet, I know now. Now comes on in life. It all has a glitter. The whole uppears - and at the same time it is like the most glorious flower garden. I seem to be searching for something of myself out there. - some thing in myself that will give me a symbol. For all this - a symbol for this season of life.

I felt like I felt when I first came and there.

I think I was twenty three years. This difference is that I understood the feeling now, and that makes it all seem very rich.

I wanted to dress of my clothes and lie down in the sun naked, but I didn't dare.

I was good for three hours and it was as perfect as any hour I have ever spent with the sun down.

Now there back. Woman was not back of the house, said, only I will look later. Oh, she has so many things where are we to find that alone.

It is the most wonderful to bring all of you. I feel almost relaxed and let down from it. My thoughts, partly bright blue and red and yellow flowers. Have grown in the garden. And - I lay on the floor in my studio door. Close your eyes.

When I get home - I had a letter to tell you of last Sunday, it was write. So you could quickly form a bit on this. You need not. - but I know that if I write you would probably be very much interested with me.

Where are you planning to go?
"Los Gallos, Taos
NEW MEXICO"

"I don't know. Bob means you will never be able to tell him
an absolute again. He seems physically stronger than I am,
but I feel much more than I can.

I have been watching a
snowstorm on top of the mountain.
It is almost supper time and getting cold.
It is too late to build a fire here so I will be moving
toward our... I wish you could stand here during our just for a
moment or two. It is such a different world..."
[envelope]

Caption:  [Folder 1716] 1929 June 1[?]
Image ID:  1152029

Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
June 1, 1929

In bed in the tent - hard, stiff, uninviting, white walls - poor fire in the first place - flickering - millions of stars above me - I brush my teeth on the front porch every night and look at them. Last night I sat on the yard several nights and complained of the cold and made up a present of a chair and cover. Mrs. Madge Johnson bought it - He is really an unusually nice person. Our walks to the cross tonight was nice. I wish you could see how beautiful the sage breath is against the mountains - it looks quite fresh. Morning I have seen - but it is so difficult to have to yield at last on such a beautiful evening - and the overalls rub and I make such a mess - and her boots clump a loud sound - Anyway it was a beautiful evening.

Back and Marine and the others set by.
Had a nice letter from Walter with your very nice son. You will find it enclosed.

Your letter is very dear tonight, and

Sunday letter

I am glad you feel close to me.

There is something close that can

mourn be broken — no matter whether one or

the other of us goes or not — at any rate it is

that way for me.

When my letters are scratchy

you must forgive me.

It is because I am hurrying out

into space at such a pace that I can not recall

myself to a sheet of paper

And it is all rearranging so many

things in mind that it is quite impossible to write

about. They are always on my mind and I

can't keep up with them myself.

So — I kiss you good night and crawl

under this cover — I only have a candle for

light — I wish I could smuggle it to you and

smell you —
Decoration Day

Evening...(the day has been great and
unbelievably beautiful) last evening when I worked at six I was
just too tired to get up so I didn't tell after receiv - Then took
a warm bath on the floor of the front porch.
Tuesday.

Dear Georgia,

every day makes me feel a little more solid & I hope Whitehorse to -
more that I am leaving it home Thursday. Your letter came this morning & I want to tell you that it confirms the strange, strong feeling I had about seeing you in Taos & that I had when my eyes fell upon you at San Felipe. For it was like a lightning stroke to see you there, in the realization that of things that had happened recently, by for quite a long time. Your appearance there was the most significant. And in different ways too - that I could see & couldn't at all - fiction. Important it was anyway - to you - to me to life - around in - or last somehow.
and I have just almost like holding my breath over it ever since lest I, by my egotism, or even by my good-will, shared color, active influence or change the event into something different than life itself intended. So when in your letter you say said to life what I most deeply wish to wish to wish, no matter how I may ache or how I may act. And this is especially true about you, Georgia and the strange, strong, mysterious faithful event that goes afoot in Taos means. We know it—yet I don't—it doesn't...

In the hatter's own spirit are making across the time. It is so often as though oneself watches, (or tries to) the predestined steps that this creature one calls oneself is taking - in an impersonal or interested, anguished or ecstatic mood. I suppose the nearest one comes to being right in action is where one is mostly the observer.

This is almost too obscure even for me - so I won't continue! Enough to say I love what you are & only hope anything I can do or not do...
will contribute to that.

yrs.

Mabel P.
Alfred Stieglitz
459 Park Ave.
New York

New York
Good Morning. It is Saturday morning. Guess what? There is such a sense of well-being in all my skin that I must say a word to you before I begin to work. I left early this morning and went to bed at 7:30 last night. Sunny much disturbed... I would beat Jack again in this and Beat again. I was just too happy. This morning I have had a cold bath, much breakfast and a new bath today. The Pueblo house is in order, and I look our laundry. The people, and here I am in the studio, lovely still sunny, new birds, and such wonderful bird sounds. Maria slept till Beck woke him after breakfast. I always read your letters of the day before first thing.
in the morning before I begin to work. Yesterday I started off what I had intended with yesterday and the day before --- I'll make a fresh start. It is too muddy to work about.

---

Skies your way and get at it.
Caption: [Folder 1716] 1929 June [1]-3 : Mabel's House
Image ID: 1152041

Gable's House

Los Gallos

Observe cocks on wall.

Gallo Spanish for cocks

Post Card
Captions:
[Folder 1716] 1929 June [1]-3 : What we see of Mabel's house from our house.
Image ID: 1152042
What we see of Mabel's house from our house.
Caption: [Folder 1716] 1929 June [1]-3 : Front of my studio
Image ID: 1152044
Another monotonous day has gone — just nothing particular except that this morning Sonja & Rebecca brought me my belt and I washed our heads. They climbed way up high — a very difficult place — and had a sunbath which I dried my hair and waited for the others. This one is certainly grand & not made in The afternoons mixed up — Sonja asked Beck & Osl to go to Albuquerque with him — Nebb didn't want to go — so we didn't. Beck was much frustrated — didn't care — He might be gone for two or three days —

He left us and Maria and Miss Young on a beautiful drive yesterday — to a ranch he has up in the hills — for two up there are barely out —

The pine very big and untouched
feeling — Maxine found a tree that she made a great fuss over — she tried to feel it was an insult to paint —

I wanted to stay all night on a field of under great bald rugged pines — looking up toward a mountain covered with soft gray snow — still clear from the winter.

It was a very wonderful place —

Maxine looks better and is very pretty —

Her eyes is so fine, he almost wishes he hadn't come.

Kiss you both — and maybe consider a canvas to remember —

It was a beautiful sunny day —
Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave.
New York M.Y.
Los Gallos, Taos
New Mexico

Just as I was about to go on an excursion... I just wanted to say... it is the most fascinating feature of the village that one would see. A tree that grows completely of itself... it is a feature that has been there for a long time... it is just made out of... All the green hues and... the... this afternoon...
On any way home we went out to Johnson's place -- he had
been working all day and it looked so much more and nice
than it was all astounded. He saw little primitive place and so in
we quickly. Didn't know what this little dun house is left his hands and
is going to be doing primitive things -- he will wonder for himself primitive
jobs -- it is very little and very nice.

Hurry and into a clean dress for supper -- first bath
on dinner Thursday and the weekly bath

I have no letter from you tonight.

A kiss -- pos for donuts
Caption: [Folder 1716] 1929 June 5
Image ID: 1152052
Saturday night:

No mail goes out from 6th on Sunday — but I will give it to Webb as Tony of mail tomorrow night from Sands St — Your last doctor's examination has been made and Webb had herself examined more thoroughly.

The result is that she should tomorrow night for Buffalo for an operation — The instrument used was not called off — the house had to continue for its benefit of Miss Young — Marie — Beth — Tony

and Mr. — No offer to leave for they wouldn't have to it — her houses are all rented or gone except most of the big ones — Most of that is empty — Beth is to be Room Keeper — I tried to have her as she manages very well — Webb was in the studio this afternoon — she was much surprised at it — and remarked — 'Yes — it looks just like you' — She liked what I have done with it.

This morning was a colorless morning —

No real sun and a steady wind blew up Early so I didn't go out to work — I was quite disappointed — I spent this day in the studio — Stretching and something came up — and thinking much of you — It is your first day at the Labs and I wondered so much how every thing is for you — I almost telegraphed to ask you —
Court is in session from noon every one has gone court closed.
Beck has been there all day. A murder case of some sort. I
decided that was an actually I wouldn't take part in. Wabble
says the court session is the Opera Season of 1929. It had
the judges for twenty murder and judge and judge lady
and expressman they all hadn't nothing else also.

The federal court is in session trying some Indian cases around
Indian land. Same case he is busy with for the Pueblo
same he lost 16 Indians and is on trial tonight. They have
court day and night while it lasts. I laboured being in the studio
alone all day am glad to fill the camera fixed.

And thought and thought about you.

After supper when they went
back to court I sat with Uncle a while. Then walked over there.
I'm out here around the orchard say brush on one side
for mountains beyond. Apple tree on this other
and a border of flowers here and there a little patch of
garden. The moon over it all. New green paint on
the gate to the fence. Of course I got my hand all green
and they have been irrigating the alfalfa field for two days. Beck
walks through it and all. I walk around. It is
remarkable to see the way they put water from any place, they would
have around everything.
Well I must be getting into bed I didn't have any dinner again tonight Nor was there last night and now we'll not have mitl Monday night

I am tired and sleepy

A kiss good night to you My night is so different from yours I just wish you could see it It teaches something in me that I can't express it teaches something that seems strange to me

I wish too that you could have seen the press around the supper table It was a curious company

Winston is just sparkling Has 16 water colors bottle had them all spread out looking at them as one of her ceremonies before leaving

Yours truly —
Lois Gallos, Taos
New Mexico

Dear writing very wonderful and noble writing friends,

I've never in such a life - I just have. The curse - the first time, I hope no back is much relieved that I am not pregnant. I feel fine.

I painted all day - doing over and I started long ago.

Very foolish - one of those things you work on a lot and nothing much comes of it.

And together with Ralph Matthews and his husband - and brought her over here -
It won't work.

But is why this is scrapping.

A kiss.
Sunday evening - almost supper time - not much rain.

Mr. Brown having his course.

Ned some letters yesterday.

Real wind all till night.

Johnson took me with him to a printing shop about four miles from town. That was easy - they just print Xmas cards - a man and woman and my child.

People come in the day time to work for them but the shop

has several rooms and different little houses all neat and orderly and lookting would delight you - I wish you could see it. He said we about some printing he was doing.

This afternoon walked...
She has been rather shy of my driving and hadn't gone other times. She did as usual as any one. She is feeling better this part with. We have had some great talks and I think they did her good. She wrote a letter and gave it to me to read concerning some of her troubles yesterday. I was so entertained with it that I asked her to let me copy it. I wanted you to see it. It is such a document. I will not read it to you and will keep it and await see what happens of it and show it to you when I return.

We had a really beautiful dinner this afternoon. Got out and walked...
ome at the end of it --- it was a very beautiful place
--- tall pines and green carpeted tree and a very fast
little stream teeming along and winding about.

Eric and I got on amazingly --- it is really
fine --- I wish you could walk through the hours her
some evening --- I didn't realize how colorful and
extraordinary it is --- I brought Blanche McNeary out
it the other night --- and momentarily saw it as a
stranger would --- I am really having such a good time
and feel so good it seems too good to be true ---
It is another day — I don't really know what day — I know that I didn't write yesterday — I don't remember this morning. Oh yes I do —
I got up early to paint with light to go to the pueblo wasn't good so I walked with Nabbe from 8 till eleven — this is certainly an extraordinary person — honest with her self and unable to do anything which 25 in 06 —
It was a great half — and then I got with Pink House — talked on with Pink mostly about my —
Afternoon —
faulded except when the boy came over and John Goodwin —

Mrs. Hares ever brought each of us a silver hat — Boots with blue trimmings on mums with red —

They were too small so he trotted back with them and brought back a lavender one and mines plain and wide with a black band — They are very amusing — Mrs. Hares had invited them all to supper so Brock and I dressed up in white — in white — in white — covered with a big red shawl and red poppies from our flowers —

Garden primed on my hat —

It was a great sight — it seemed to give everyone a great time —

I wish you could have heard it.
conversation that we had on the way home. The largest catch was Louis Johnson.
John Goodwin and 1 all circled like a piece of pie. Our feet going to one corner and the
Goodwin began talking about his mother and father and family in general.
It was one of the funniest things I can ever heard and told all time.
Remember Mrs. Haas to myself and the fact she would have made if she
could have seen her son and heard him talk. He all the time.
But the time winding and unwinding himself in
a corner that is yards and yards
long. One of Alabas daughter
sitting what his family expected of
him and what it was evident
they didn't get about the fashions.
dogs and polo ponies and record with
from roses - this portrait
by Sagilo and what a - it
went on and on - and we all
just listened with amazement and laughed
and laughed and laughed. He is
going to Ireland in two days or so -
but I think liked it so well here. That
he was very low about leaving - He is
only 11 — and a rare one.

Well — my painting came
there on the wall — another one that
seems to belong here in Iris the
Penitents Cross against a
blue — blue sky — - - - - -
it today - — what I will
think about it later. I don't know
with John Goodwin and I walked and
6-13-29

It didn’t happen last night and I decided it was all the wrong shops so I must do it again. I liked it.

Today

Well today I have only two birds — I didn’t get up till late — had my breakfast in bed — for no reason at all except that I was sleepy. I got an Indian girl to come and clean up our house and she has been cleaning the studio — it hasn’t seen a broom since I saw her.

Her job is to do our laundry too.

She rides in from the Pueblo on horseback for half the day — brings in our wood and water — fires our fires — the water is pulled out of a well with a bucket.
for half a day work and then having my breakfast — and it was grand not to get up for once ~ I felt so fresh. This afternoon we took a long drive ~ the soft gray of the aspen leaves on the mountains is turning green ~ it is very grand.

When we came to Denver I had a message that Blanche Mathias is in town ~ I have dinner with them tomorrow night.

Tony is back from Albuquerque ~ he has a new blue reel of film very grand.

no letter from you tonight...
It is all right. You have certainly done well, as I didn't write yesterday. I think it probably makes me feel better about it that there is no letter from you tonight.

It has been a beautiful running day again — beautiful color.

Maria has been out all day. Has slept much, I think.

Good night little one. I feel so sort of off my ears that I can scarcely imagine what it would be like to see you — but I really feel it would be nice.

Kiss, I would like to feel your warm little arms.
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 3003
469 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y.
dearest: It is night... really dark... but I am not afraid... a new moon... I cannot go to the ladies to bring a large bunch of clean brushes to... I had gone to the kitchen to wash... and I wanted to come to a place alone to read your letter... there were four of them... tonight... and the Satined paper... my study is clean as can be tonight... all cleared and scrubbed by our little Indian girl... I only have a candle to write by... the inside of the desk is red... my red sweaters thrown around my shoulders... a little yellow... now in my button hole... the room is big and dark behind me... and I hear the water of the irrigation ditch on stream that runs by the sides of this building... the letters are nice to read... one of them is very beautiful to me... I can't help wishing you could be here in this room... They will undoubtedly be looking for me over at the house... maybe di... but these complications that Mr. and Mrs. have just... I'm just sharing people about as the 3... playing a game of chess... it doesn't always win but some times it does... Sony is back today... a very serious face... smiles this morning... bare headed... in the playing room... and while I open cards... Camp in white, warm at lunch looking very black and handsome in a faded blue cotton shirt... white sheet tied around his hips in Italian fashion... riding boots and breeches below... sparkly and white cotton... tied in his hair... very tall with tie... I really am a good sight...
and a great asset to this house. When I grabbed the dinner (and that is always on the table) you left the hardest thing to feed me.

He had had much bad luck and was glad to get back. Right after lunch, Back - Marie - Miss Young and I got into the car with him and he took us off on an Indian Rabbit hunt. We headed again driving all afternoon. I don’t know what his head is made of but I really envy him. The way he can stand the sun — from the place he took us to the mountains was the most beautiful I have ever seen — and about a hundred indians on horseback, chasing their jack rabbits through the sagebrush in the distance is quite a sight. He usually hunts with them but wasn’t back in time. They started early this morning.

I was still painting this morning — a shout on others to start their work for another summer tomorrow. Yesterday afternoon I was out painting so should say getting my drawings. Back to my house and written you so I let it go as I was tired.

And we got so hilarious during this morning that we almost wrecked Marie and Marie and Miss Young nearly died. Laughing.

I had to go off into my room by myself and lie down on the bed and come up to reason.
Well I have a notion that Bell and Spud Johnson are looking for us to get the hell to some sort of Indian dance or some sort of a canoe dancing.

So in hell yes.
Thursday night—really lovely—just a bit of gray light left to work by.

There's another wonderful day—still seems to be a wonderful—

This morning I went out to the fields—a little after nine—walked about

there hours may painting walks on Zony's canoe (past the studio and)
came in for lunch—I showed it to him—He was quite surprised

that it was — as he says "just like it" — and this liked it — the

he has told me several times that he doesn't like painting —

and he always adds — doesn't know anything about

painting — He is really a remarkable person — in many

that it is quite impossible to put into words — very simple — and

honest — and real — and kind — very wise in his way — a

rich kind of simple knowledge of life — and all times a bit crafts.

And after lunch every one went a different way — they usually

as — Do the same in this house — Maria dresses gentle women

near by — in this way on houses all cars of going or anything and

just feels satisfied in heart — expecting & disapprou of any mone

— When I was about gone — just a small object of us left

along came swinging Ears — hadn't seen him in days — all in which

and such a picture of flourishing health — He sat

and looked at me a long time — funny old fellow — if —

finally sent him off with Maria — and I went hunting for Brooks —

and we finally landed out in the pueblo
again — for an Indian Corn Dancer —
That was really beautiful after noon—this pueblo pueblo pueblo
—by wind—against as perfect a mountain as one could imagine—and the dancing—rushing mountains
—moving on from one place to another—Carry on in colors of such rich saturated pigment—much like black—much long and straight black hair—this brilliant sun and
blue sky. It went on and on—till finally realized that I was the only white person left—no monstrosity of it.
the brilliance of the color—her blue eyes. It is terrific existing—and at the same time quieting bits for some—I had
a great sense of quiet and peace—and at the same time a
very living experience. Beck was dead and
ready to come home long before I was ready—I wasn't so bit
tired. Whether I would be there yet if she hadn't dragged me away
that place has the greatest fascination for me. When I get back
I just want to stay.
Her Indian girl had come to help with supper
so I set the table and made Pueblo toast, and I want to wear a
skirt with zony was and reeks like her Indian one that came tearing
through the Pueblo girls in a bodice—advertising like mad men. They
have a real man life woman remarked: it—Santos who had
joined us supposed—"Oh it would beat your own enough."
And then I thought of you and your letter of last night — and began
talking about it — that it was a real man letter — I may
read it to them — it is so beautiful — Sears agin remarked —

"Well — you must have a wonderful husband — I must hear
any woman talk about her husband this way you do."

So that is that.

It has really been such a beautiful day — and
I can really only tell you such a little of it — I made a
row of daisies — they must float in space like a perfect thing —

So I kiss you —

See you in the studio — with my candle

The mountains so black and large — the stars
high and bright — the moon will be shining on the
big I walk across the little avenue when I return to the big
house.

They will all be talking about this fine
outdoor places — where I go in —

You'll think I didn't realize till I
read your letter last night that I must read it to take care
now sending this is more — from — seems so queer to me —
I just felt so like expecting her way out to the horizon
and up into the sun
and out into the
night.

I can feel you feel how right it is for me to be here.

It is really terrible, right?

So... I wish you good night again.

you are very kind to me.


Dear [Name],

I just have your two letters, so I look forward to the day when we can sit and talk. I wonder when this season of the year will come.

I have been sick with a headache all day, but I am almost better. I feel much better, but I feel like crying. I want to write to you so I made a fire and took a bath and ate some cake and tea. I'm feeling better.

I will be alright in the morning, I just don't like to write a day this way. I want to see you soon. I know well your looks, but I can't help feeling that you're not too well. I hope you're well and I wish you were here. I wish you could see how much better I am. I'm out all the time and in the morning I sit in front of the fire and talk. I wish you were here.

Love and kisses again about you.

[Signature]

Mabel and Beat are dead of... It's an impossible situation. If only I could hear from her! They are both gone and I can't do anything about it.

Good night, little one. I have no news and no letters, but I'll be back tomorrow and that along with my lovely stomach makes me happy. I wish I could kiss you goodnight.
dearest

I was out painting all this morning---til three o'clock---I thought I would finish it today but now it seems I will be at least two more days as long as today on it and then I already know I am going to want to start to do it all over again.

After that we went for a walk around the house---next the studio for about an hour---watching half a dozen people---hanging curtains---making beds---putting down rugs---covering fellowes---while washing---putting chairs and whatnot into place---I went to the springs with Beck and another woman---the judges wife---they live in another of Travis's houses---we had a bath and just got back in time to get straight for supper---Every one but Nelson---Beck and I...
was late for supper?  After supper I had your letter - two -
this mail is queer - connecting your mail to get here -
- the letter of your last two days in New Yorks - they made
me and you as usual have somehow ache - you haven't told
me a word about your heart, I wonder if that is what keeps
you awake might be - I know how you feel about my going away

There seems to be no other way. It all seems to with nothing to say

I have missed writing you these past few days - some days I don't
seem to have a moment when I can sit down and write.

Georgie tonight - I just know how it all looks and smells

and worse - I wonder - is Margaret going to fix your

Thank you - it seems queer to think of you getting into your
little school bed alone - and I hope you - and all the other

you probably hear that - some way feel I have a bit worse if you do

around a bit. Tonight is the first night I have a real deep

lonely feeling - that it isn't right for us to be away from you -

but in another way it is the only thing I can do. - I have been working a bit

so glad I go out in the morning to work - I do hope you are pleased

- I don't think I can enjoy working more - that doesn't mean that

I think what I am doing as wonderfully good - it only means that
It interested me, I enjoy lots of other things here but I don't think I enjoy anything more than that — of course there are many things I want to work on — and the days fly.

Last night was moonlight and we had a long drive — out past a querchurch that I haven't seen. I wish I could do what I saw last night — in the queer little worldless mass — and fix it. It's a field of stars —

The detail stretching on and on and into the ocean of darkness.

Good night, Billy —

This seems to be my world — and I can't help it.

I had a letter from my Goodwin boy today — and some pieces of cloth for you — He left for New York today from Colorado Springs —

Goodnight — I'll be going out across the apple field to the pink house in a moment — in this moonlight, and send a kiss to the moon for you.
Los Gallos
Taos New Mexico

Alfred Stieglitz
Labr George

New York

Rec'd June 19-29
Dear, I must write all that's left of news from you. I was glad to write from Liverpool. It all sounds pretty bad and I know it all so well. There is nothing for me to say.

It makes me feel I'm bringing near and trying to keep care of you. But I know as well what that leads to too.

So don't feel it is a beautiful moonlight night. I sat in the lounge for a long time looking out at the night, over the yellow roof. Such thoughts and thinking of what your might may be. -

Don't just had some different way tonight. - I quiet and alone... and I liked it.

Wife had asked me to write her for sorry —— so after supper I asked him what I could write. He had told me I must be very careful —— his every much mind not being able to write —— and all he told me about what he had been thinking and feeling and doing was all like what you or I would have written. —— I was very sorry for him. He looked so big and dark and handsome and said so —— he sat there on a little wooden railing in the evening light.
She had told me he would probably refuse when asked him but he didn’t talk right along.

We got on very well, a curious kind of understanding she said. I don’t understand just what I like him very much and I wouldn’t like Mabel nearly as much if it wasn’t for you and I wouldn’t, of course, have any contact with him as I have if it wasn’t for him. Something between the two is very close and very important.

Good night, Little Din.

A kiss goes out into the night air for you. So hope you receive it warm and close. It needs to be warmly held.
Tuesday night
Painting all day
and it's going well

I'm pleased as can be

A kiss
Alfred Stieglitz

Fare George

New York
Wednesday afternoon

I sat beside my fire in
my hand wondering what to write

It is my wandered
day so far - fruit is dry and free

Last night was

a rare moonlight night - I didn't hardly kne

It was so clear and sharp that every thing you

looked at seemed to hurt - I made sure it was new moon

or maybe I was wearing from having worked

all day - I don't know - I thought it was

the quality of the moonlight - it was wonderful

but I seemed to be looking away from everything
After I was undressed I went out again in my night gown to look at it now and it still gave me the
shivers on. I was up at six in rare grey to the studio
in my night gown and wrapper to look at my paintings
in the day light. Well it didn’t look so good
so I went back and dressed and had breakfast
and started all again.

When I came in at
2 I found every one and various automobiles
just inside the gate. I was planning this afternoon
I went on to the studio — the others to various
places and what not. I went on in a different
way. When I hung my paintings on the wall
again — I felt myself on the back again
I really surprised that it was so good
and will not give up until I think
something.

I went back to my flower again
Will I don’t know where that is now
I finally left it and lay down for three quarters.
of an hour — then came over here to meet Sony and
Bob — to go down there — I don’t know
where — Neither of them have come in here — is at the
Indian court — She is at the other end — Marie and
Miss Young some other where.

Will — I’ll go back to the studio

I had your first letter, George, letter last week, but
it sounded natural — Maybe it helped a bit to make our things at this moonlight.

It is moonlight from — and Dad.
George is a dumbthought but — and wish you could be here — really — I just feel
so good I can imagine any one feeling any better.

This is surely really causes of this fear. I have
for work — Marie is at it every day too

It is a very busy place — worry me going all
these — and all it all has this feeling of leisure.
Los Gallos, Taos
New Mexico

I don't know how that came to bed it is the way it is

Dear dad, take care of your self and don't let
Lizzie share yours and don't let her feed your

I just don't like your being there

with them a bit now

How is your heart?

I kiss you when the airm

and when it is dreamy too.
It is right again --- dare I try to live dying in the hammering beating of
the heart? thinking of you and of things I ought to do --- and not doing

I know so I came in travel
to visit me and droop --- a wonderful
right --- a beautiful drive up a canyon --- in on place bath
outside the bed back --- why it seemed higher "bed
tell dark" it was very wonderful --- then a finally show upon front of
the house --- gone with five sheets over fire and under gathering man \the sheet
looking very well in the moonlight --- fine feet very dear R --- "learned
and remarked --- nicely mostly per standing miles --- 3 to had
poof at a lake up in the mountains --- it was certainly a wonderful night

This morning ask and
out to field for a run both and after that worked all day --- 7 hours. incoming
I don't know --- he tried --- but wish it worked in morning

I have been reading your tonight --- that makes me sad --- I can
picture to myself every little thing about you ---
I was finding myself wondering whether it
in right to stay away or not --- and same as wonder --- though
--- Good night ---

With a very tender kiss to you ---
Alfred Stapeley
Lafe George

New York
Saturday

I didn't work today and didn't exactly loaf and didn't do much of anything. I drove out to the friend's tonight.

Just after the moon came over the mountain, reflecting on the little stream as it came up. The Indian boy on their cheek was blanched on the little bridge, jumping from quiver to bow. As some of them came up to the car to see who was in, it was amusing to see them slide away when they greeted them.

I don't seem to have much to say about. I feel rather dumb.

You know you write much more easily from here and sometimes from there.
6-29

[Handwritten text]

I can understand [illegible].

I speak of your ailments.

I know I would have ailments too, if I were in your shoes.

Here I feel so good, wonder who I am—

I have never been much concerned with how I felt the last week. It seems.

Goodnight. 

I am no good tonight.

Maybe it is because I need you.
Sunday - out for just over -- another beautiful 
evening as most of the evenings are beautiful 

The days are getting quite warm -- already 

It is impossible to tell of the things 
we do -- for instance -- this morning 

I looked out the kitchen windows and there 
was B - his wrist off only a 

brazen and slender -- squalling in the 
middle of the back road with a bucket 

--- a cup and a pan -- washing 

his head --- it was just too funny for 

anything -- later did mine on the 
back of the truck -- all day we tinkered 

--- for making a dress and just at 

old jobs -- and they lay down a
which

Butl was around a while --- she says the only thing she was ever jealous of in her life is my painting.

She had two new ones --- Butl said she had stolen our pea --- they are so much like... 

I've just had a time here in front of the studio to get a horse to cross the streets --- there are horses about here always --- a lovely flannel white --- a black one --- and a colored... 

Well --- good night...

I am slow again today.

The evening sky is very lovely.

Send you a kiss --- a pink cloud ---

I miss you --- I want to be loved near by with a bunch of touch --- real warm --- Give touch
I am in bed, for almost all, and out sides the most beautiful white moonlight you can imagine. It draws again, but not very far. I was late waking this morning. Pete was irrigating the flower beds. He was concerned over our wood chips. He asked Nola what the Mexican was doing something. I don't know what. Then Pete began fixing our screen. The little wind seems to have come early a little when I woke up. Back was up and gone to breakfast. Sasa brought me my morning paper. I got up and went over to the studio. I finished my flowers and I rakes like it.
it is cleaning up yellow and two flowers - Woman two eyes

Helen my Quebe.

Brett came down from the ranch this afternoon and was lying on Brett's bed and looking very lazy, I guess - and she remarked rather casually that of course I hadn't painted any of the flowers over, and showed her all I have done. She was much surprised - and they were looked rather well to.

I probably won't do any thing for a few days now. I feel fed up with working - it makes my
slomach feel up and down

2. It had a pawed cat out in the
sage brush. I am feeling quite
black. Steer looks tonight?

look like a black shrimp

Your letters was nice tonight

3. Your note tempted to just die so

very thing and I'm tired to you.

Tony is funny. He remarked
tongue. Why don't you go for a walk

and then come back. I had to laugh

Well.... good night. Tell on

and show a dies through the finest in

you ever thought of it. It's really
It's quite unbelievable, you know, when it is moonlight...

Just had you wanted to crawl into my bed...

Wouldn't it be funny if you could come in the night and find your way into our room...

Goodnight.

A kiss.
Sleaves

I wish you could see us and could hear them as all day. Sony is taking us to Moses Ford and it is a real party. I didn’t tell you we were coming because I wasn’t sure till our finally drove off. It is a wonderful day. I was all day today and the things that happened along the way are so nice and so funny and so amusing as we are. The country varies from desert to richest greens. On the mountains there are rare and other mountain trees that are almost bare. The weather all had a grand time. It was playing snow. He won’t have any on this trip with us. He gets better after the first day. I felt more than worth the price. He is so pleased to make money. He is really a remarkable, nice person.
6-25-29

But I'm in bed now and I guess
The place we are sleeping is the
funniest you ever saw.

Well you probably think

I'm crazy, but I'm feeling

remarkably alive over

I won't be back in week if all

good we'll kill Saturday or Sunday

Mail will not be forwarded as we
will be moving all the time

I wish you could have seen

what we saw today only to hear at
times the sheer edges of things would
have made you a bit uncomfortable

A kiss to your dearest

from your crazy one

A starlight night

with a strong northern wind around
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1717] 1929 June 25
Image ID: 1152110
PRUCE TREE LODGE
ODOME L. JEEP, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

Married him yesterday afternoon at about four.

This morning I was out in the daylight at 4:30 trading
down to a cliff dwelling -- they
down the canyon and back
for nearly three hours.

After a bath and breakfast
we drove around the ruins --
climbed down to a larger cliff
dwelling -- they are really
remarkable -- some beautiful
Spruce Tree Lodge
Oddie L. Jee, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

view no galvest
died on the way up
yesterday — it was so grand
we are going down today and
will probably die again

Book reads: LOVE

No make a great party — they
say he likes to travel with us
no don't make any fuss — I
might add — we don't make
any plans — we just start when
we can ready and we all have about
SPRUCE TREE LODGE
ODDIE L. JEEP, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

The same speed... 

Playard under

The stars last night a long time... really till I had been asleep several

times... I would have stood out all

night but was too tired to make a

trip. Back soon More love

Loyd camp in round

Big Love

Bigan Mesa Feeds

Musical... will start home
PRUCE TREE LODGE

ODELL E. JEFF, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

6-26-29

a longer way after us
PRUCE TREE LODGE
ODDIE L. JEPP, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

Return After Five Days to

Alfred Stieglitz
Labo, Georgia
New York
June 27

Well I can't tell you exactly where I am sitting because I don't know and I am out of breath.

Married at Mesa Verde at about four yesterday afternoon after a nice wonderful dinner. The last sixty miles quite unbelievable winding up and up.

I was going to write you down in the canyon this morning when I was walking up but my ink ran out. Since then I wrote you at noon while waiting for lunch.

Well all afternoon we drove in the hottest heat you ever felt but it was a hard dry wind and I seemed to think it was grandest heat.
I never felt so just crazy — it felt so good — and we went over miles and miles of desert with queer sheered rocks / sticking up out of it and sometimes long delicate cliffs / that was grand — but no speed limit — only ours who went at will interested — / we went for miles and miles and miles and miles / finally when we came to a little town — the first place with trees on both sides we had a drink out — Tony wallowed in the road in the dirt — I washed my feet in a brush wall by the fence — Man waiting for the train —
Such a lovely Bay —

It no certainly grand — yet
all think it the best trip we ever

Tork —

All is ready — must go.
Alfred Stieglitz

Sue George

New York
Good morning

Well — the way

After a little dried raw unsteady brown

cooking in the rain is just too

redundant — there is a good one in the

grey dirt against a rocky ledge

and inside the window —

must say that all three of us were

glad to be a Santa Fe Hotel last

night with real beds and hot baths —

Then I woke this morning

— I said to Bette — civilization

is pretty good —

and we had breakfast

in bed — Sony would say like snakes
Yesterday we drove almost all afternoon through the Navajo country. It is grand and desolate, and hot and dry. After our futility we had supper and found the hotel impossible. So at sunset we started on for another hundred miles for this place Gallup. It was a great night—very little light—almost moon singing. No monstrous soothing part of Hi yi yong. Green rocks shapes looming up out of the desert of times—This sun set glow lasting hot and
burning for hours — and a good road — nor if we had knew over it before — we just rode into the night. On with a large flock of sheep on a pass — and their eyes as our head light came along were like a moving mass of phosphorescence.

It was a great night.

Nearly 11:30 when we got there and Bob couldn't get someone eating liver and bacon at that time of night and going right to sleep on it.
Hello,

it is a great trip we are having. Looks hot out this morning.

But I like to feel the hot wind blow around my neck.

When I saw myself in a real mirror in a real hotel room I realized I looked pretty black.

I need some sun trying to catch up with him for color and he tells me he's doing pretty well but I see his beard shades behind him yet.
It will be sunshiny

That wind takes you
a hot kiss
in May

a star — and a hard hard
wind like we had last night
Alfred Sturgis
Labr George
New York
Good Morning Saturday

Just in a big hotel again a blazing hot day but it is cool here.

Yesterday I didn't write had no time and no chance and what a day we had.

This day before we went to the San Manuel reservation it is a Spot of fine 
landscape and the friendliest most friendly Indians we have been with and after 
that went on to a place called 

"The Home of K.G.G.M."
7-3-29

FRANCISCAN
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

The cliff formations remind shapes in the distance, led us came to the rock. The Bald Head rock in Maine seems quite small in my memory to what has formed. These — and — as — in that plain — and I found a place where people had dug holes in the rock and obviously lived. Many scraps of pottery — it is so far away and difficult to get to that I think not many people go to it.

"THE HOME OF K. G. G. M."
There are Spanish inscriptions dating back to early sixteenth hundred and drawings in the sandstone evidently Indian. It was quite a place, and I had decided not to go to it but Tony was quite persistent. We had never been there and so we went. When we left it and went out into the unknown again we crossed miles of lava field and finally came to timber. "The Home of K.G.G.M."
and roads went every way and all seemed to end in nowhere.

I had to stop twice and last this till we were getting into the car to start off again.

Sincerely,

With love,

I wish you could see all 4 cars standing and others waiting to go.

"The Home of K. G. G. M."
Alfred Stieglitz
Labz George
New York
Dear [Name],

I might read this letter like this: I have a Shirley with a large black storm and a few bunches of blue hearts. I am sorry that you are feeling unwell. I hope you are feeling better. I also hope your health is improving.

May she have a happy birthday!

I have a strong belief in your recovery. I have been hoping for your recovery ever since I heard about your illness. I have been waiting for you to recover.

May she have a healthy life in the future.

Yours truly,
[Name]
Red my little one

with my morning

This is the last scene

So reason didn't until
you about these birds and that
and that hasn't held an ever.

If we'd been going on a
new world kept it hanging
in air.

It will probably be
here soon. I don't think.

and so

a very tender dear one.
[envelope]

Caption:  [Folder 1718] 1929 [June 29?] - July 3 : [II]

Image ID:  1152128

Alfred Stachelz

Safe George

New York
Sunday afternoon — San ~
No bull or cow — safe and sound ~
Every cow says we are looking fine — and we wanted ~
Marie was sick when we left — He is alright now —
We wish on the way here ~

I started a letter to you yesterday morning —
But didn’t finish and have misplaced it ~

Three nights ago
we got lost in a wood where the timber was being cut —
every road seemed to end nowhere — We finally slept in the car and on the ground with a fire when we got too cold ~
I didn’t sleep at all ~
This night was so grand ~
it was one of the first parts of the trip ~
No bad nothing for supper and breakfast ~

oranges and whisky ~

It was funny they can tell you ~
Sparke kept saying he was so “shamed” ~
when the gendarmes got too late he didn’t dare wait any more in the dark —
and next morning ~
when we were on the road he told us he was so “shamed”
he almost cried this night before because he never was so lost before ~
It was very funny ~

The next morning
with only whiskey and our trays of pies ~
under our huts ~
Underneath the most featureless desert there came with a blinding sort of white hot wind—It was wonderful—sort of unbelievable—When we got to food at about A.M. elevated it insisted that every one go to bed till late afternoon—then we got up and drove some thirty miles out to the Atsuaque Pueblo—it is a great sight—the mud village on top of a high—sharply mile—you climb up through steep grass and high places—then through a crack in the rock—stone deep cut with places also cut for you to hold on with your hands—the finest thing in there is a church—a high very high large white room—rough board floor—dell pink border about three feet high around this bottom—a gay wooden alter—it was very impressive—and as I stood there—I thought—this most beautiful room I ever saw excepting 244—the sky clouded a little—just as we began to climb up the mesa—so the head and wind was not as bad as it might have been and the sky was very fine.

From there on to Albuquerque—this night and good food—and yesterday from there up from clouds and rain in the distance made it cool.
and made us all very gay — and the scenery grand —
It was very fine and dark in color.

I dropped at Santa Fe to see Elwell Scott for a few
moments — he sends you greetings — and to see Walker.
I feel the same about Walker's paintings — you didn't
see the best — let me run through them all —
I think it is the sort of thing you would like to show if
you had the room — I told him I felt that way
about it — He was much pleased — His wife is a
very sensitive lovely little person — He goes on a
painting I liked very much —

The trip was quite perfect — Tony is certainly a
rare one — Bed and I agreed today that we didn't
desire any one who could have gone through his such
days with us more beautifully — No bringing wild
gay — and enthusiastic — — and at other times so
hot and tired — It was a great trip —

So! I guess you think I am crazy to go off and
hear about like that for a week — but I liked it very
much — it seems to add a grand part to my life —

My only wish from your letters I had on from Utah and the
for long — I just had to lean up against a tree when I read them
to you — I will tell you of it later — It was all awful
crack on my head — It was a bang —
I read his letter when he came out doors after his a few moments later and then un
stood he said he did not want to talk I had told him
in a word I -- could I -- after a few moments
he said yes it was a wonderful few moments ~
I wish you could have been here ~ I have never seen a
more beautiful expression or a more beautiful way of making
understanding He is a strange person ~ Just ~

Just last night pages and pages trying to tell
him what I feel about it all ~ he asked me to ~

It made me very sad

Then they were your letters

fifteen of them ~ and you wrote me
other that you did not need ~ you should send them and
whatever they are ~ what I feel you going
through mad seems very sad too ~ Brooke mad was bad too

I feel there is something almost wicked about your
being alone these days ~ you told me also that you will not
have the room for certain ~ that you would like to talk with
May I ask to see you.

The thing I want to say you must

Put all these things about our out of your mind ----- don't feel sorry about things we couldn't help. The best thing all this is doing for me is that many of these old things are slipping away ----- I don't want you to feel hurt or disturbed over anything you have done to me. And that is that you let the things that I have done to disturb your peace away too. You mustn't be wearing ourselves out another and with all that.

It is just too foolish.

And remember ---- when I came away you promised to let me know if you really wanted to come to you ----- even if it is only to talk with you. I am really to feel free of so many things that I feel good to almost anything. Do there a chance to have exhibitions in the Anderson building if it isn't torn down and shall we look for another place. -- as what have you in mind ---- you and I are together close and not to be worried about. -- you put yourself on anything else you want to do.
Twist to wish you and come back to help you anytime you say so.

Do you understand?

Kiss you.

I hope I get to work again tomorrow and feel full of it. It is a grand feeling.

You must just feel all that heart ache in your pocket and just let down those things aren’t so bad. I think you need me to feel you a little.

I have a notion you wanted to write to Elsa. I wish you would if you want to. I know she would like it.

Thanks. Thanks for all the letter.

You are very very kind to me. It was nice to have them even if they did make me sad.
A long long kiss

And I touch all your skin

somewhere
Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George
New York
Dear [Name],

It was Monday night and Dave and I were just talking away when we heard a letter from you. The three boys - Johnson, Campbell, and Collier - came up to us, laughing, and you would have laughed too if you could have seen their faces. It was very funny. They seem to love us very much and never cease to get even being surprised at us.

I had been getting ready to paint the morning and painting all afternoon. It is finished I guess. A 30 x 40 ft. wall is a black cross against a bloody red sky and three black mountains. It was so dark when I left that I am not quite sure what it looks like. I went over with a search light. I ran an hour ago and looked at it.

There were letters from Sony and Mr. and Mrs. Water. He was at an Indian meeting. It was 3 a.m. when I saw a light in his house. We went over and I was afraid I might miss him. In the morning he came out in his pajamas and was quite unconcerned. He had on a fur coat and really a nice warm room. What a Human Thing!
Your letters Dear what letters Dearest

What can I say

There is nothing to say but to feed you up in my arms and hold you close and kiss you like a baby

Just warm in my bed and feel quiet and blind about it all

I will just go to sleep I am very tired

You must know that I am careful a little part of my heart is with you that I am thinking of you in my dearest treasure

A long long kiss when I love all of myself to you

Good night
Greetings from Santa Fe!

Tony just left us — Beckins in the bath but — and I’m going to get in — It was a beautiful ride down the canyon — but we got there at dusk — a little after eight — a cool breeze drove me —

Tony, Beck, and Don from front seat of Mr. Calders and four singing indians wrapped in sheets — all but their faces on the back seat —.
THINKS we both grand in our black

satin shirts in only Brooks it is
to look so black it is to see

but just the same he want

a shirt just like it so we will all
look black

Bick says both

is ready and we must

get to bed that long road

That is star light send your greetings

and a black star light shine.
Good morning — 5:30

There is heavy dew outside the room and the air is cool and vibrant. The sun is starting to rise and the sky is painted with shades of orange and purple. The sound of birdsong fills the air.

As I sit, I think of you. I wonder if you would like to come to see me. I must tell you something else I have done that I haven't mentioned.
LA FONDA
Santa Fe, New Mexico
THE HARVEY COMPANY

July 3-29

I you before we spent two days and wore our backs and back roads and proceeded to teach me how to drive. More Ford.

Well I am ready but I can tell you I almost died laughing at it.

Four or five days later I got a few and after much struggle and much rough talk from Beck, I mastered it. I have been driving by myself for about four weeks now. It is very good to work in and a fine feeling to be able to do it. I am not very wonderful at it yet. I am very careful now. Beck is pleased with me. I am better equipped for the job.
When there is a thing happen
I didn't want to tell you till I felt
quite safe about it all. Of course
we go on with Song a lot now, but every
morning I ride to work and I couldn't
ask them to later me out to work.

Anyways, it is something I
wanted to do. I made up my mind
to it last year and now I have done it.

Bob paid half the insurance and

so we are quite free to
go about where and when we choose.

You will probably feel as you
know I was going to do it now. Well,
I have done it now. Thank God

you about the worst thing for don't
since I can away. I said about the
worst then I just should have said
it was.
Now that is the way I am. If I had been alone I would have done it years ago. I think you should be glad whether you are or not.

I'm going to get under the yellow blanket again and see if I can sleep a little. I was wanted to tell you about that and all along, but it just didn't seem the time.

I wish you could be here in this bed with me. It is very grand.

And

I wouldn't mind being happy.

I wonder if it is the altitude or not being happy. We are both certainly keep to a pitch to keep the roof off.

I kiss you.
LA FONDA
Santa Fe, New Mexico
THE HARVEY COMPANY

[Stamp]  SANTA FE  JUL 3  1:35 PM  1929  N. MEX.

Alfred Stieglitz
Sue George

New York
Dearest, dear me again almost a week.

I worked this morning after a good sleep and just couldn't help tears, you know.

Then suddenly came by my bedside and after that I remembered the song

a little longer so now that it just

touched the bottom of your soul can but I can't
tell much about that work that I feel terrible in terms with it.

Back and riding about in that big car

with our five Indians and back.

The best part of the spectacle in every thing is gay with flags and lights.

There is much night and many pairs of eyes that seem to look through your back form and

then on to the west.

But last night was the thing

was the every thing drops out of me when I remember it and I put my hand on my head to see if it still there.

The Indians when she fainted there after suffering and changed from a kind of quiet reserved but to some there so moving and abur
When we asked, Sony said they wanted to dance. Well after much consideration it was decided to go to a hotel and dance, and if they could raise some money, they went back to where they lived and in a few minutes, emerged with the most astonishing array of feathers and blankets and bells. But their clothes were not as astonishing as what had happened to them. It can't be told about except that it just seemed they couldn't stand or sit still. They arrived home through the town again to the dancing place and when we got there—and they got out—sheets and blankets came down around them. Two of them were practically naked but what they did have on was grand. He wrote out in ahead to ask with the other people and in a few moments Sony and two others talked.
in after us in their handwoven blankets

Song a burning red ~ for other man his
age in the same red and a black blue ~

for younger one in a sheet ~

They stood up against a counter and
began singing ~ and there for other two
came in ~

I'll just tell you about
it ~ the perfect one ~ one of the tallest

I had thought of him before
as beautiful like a beautiful woman ~
very fine long hair ~ and a very
beautiful face ~ not just features ~
but beautiful from the inside ~ and a
such a beautiful body ~ and what a
change from his ranking softness ~

\[
\text{all in every fiber seemed to go off}
\]

like fire ~ and such the way I enjoyed
it all ~ I just almost died

It wasn't just the dance ~ it was
for human thing that had force ~ for
transformation and for pleasure in it
and then laughing after it
Dear Milt,

It is stupid to try to write about anything like it. It cannot be

fed in the young Indian’s_INSTANCE nephews... as he cleared away. They can’t

talk with men after we drove them home.

They eat too much and noshing until

comparable, and they seem almost slutish when they get so terribly
close... and in between there were some moments when they

meet you with everything all at once.

Well, that was something that

couldn’t happen twice in such a night

because I couldn’t be surprised else.

That again.

It is certainly a rare time when one

having been back and I talked long into

the night. Today for the nodes—and I

think we two wanted to dance out Tuesday

night will see. It is the 4th.

My tears go through this new little town.
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1718] 1929 July 4
Image ID: 1152151

Alfred Stieglitz
Lab. George
New York
Dear Mom,

This day was so much fun and I can't help but laugh again. I can't imagine anything in the parade more entertaining to watch than the war with our fire Indians.

At first, we were nervous and after that, we rode. It was really a lot of fun.

I'm still in awe of seeing real men do stuff, and some of it was really funny. It lasted all afternoon. We'll tell you about it.

The parade was a real event, and by the time it was over, there were many large men halting around.

But their clothes and shoes were brand new. The crowd is something too.

I really had a great time.

The Indians were also a highlight.

The decor of yesterday is certainly a very beautiful creature. I hardly speak my English while with them. This way is very interesting. They are really lovely.
Hell — I want to thank —
Good night
With a kiss —

Morning — a good sleep —

very good sleep.

I decided to go home today,
but Tony can't find his other Indians —

Threw waiting.

It wouldn't surprise me if
all of us come back and said we stay another
day — He is very funny about deciding
what to do — Anyway we can't go till his friends

For boys —
A kiss boy — with a lovely morning
That feels like a warm day coming.

Back needs little ironing now —

7-5-29
Alfred Stieglitz
Labr George
New York
[Note: draft for telegram]

Caption: [Folder 1718] 1929 July [8]

Image ID: 1152155

[Handwritten text]

was away when telegram came - 1929 July 8

You'll find, dear, the best way to regain your health is to keep busy.

The most nervous are usually the most driven. Keep busy. I am glad you are keeping up with your studies.

I wish we could have lunch together.

So glad to hear from you.

Love from -

[Signature]

[Date: 20.7.27]
PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram, or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILEY, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

AB17 51 COLLECT NL=TDSF TAOS NMEX JULY 8=

ALFRED STIEGLITZ=

PHONE 207 LAKEGEORGE NY=

LETTERS MAILED AT SMALL TOWN ON TRIP MUST NOT HAVE

REACHED YOU YOU SOUND SO TROUBLED THAT I'M WORRIED I

AM VERY WELL AND THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY WIRE HOW YOU

ARE TODAY TAOS 57 W SHALL I WIRE YOU EVERY DAY OR SHALL

I COME LOVE=

GEORGIA=

726A

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
dearest

I am very sorry you worry so about me I can imagine why you haven't heard from me in so long time

I have never missed writing more than a day at a time and that only two or three times. Now our streets are back where I don't hear the funny little post office except when they happen to think of it.

It is Saturday morning now in late last night after a wonderful day drawn through like in a country that just teaches my heart and was in a wonderful neutral state all day it was very perfect, from visions of thoughts of life and a heart beat from the center of the earth and sometimes they ring wonderful things and their presence seems thing very clear and silent.

It was a very beautiful day when we arrived here in So I forgot our sufferings in the big white room big very big green fire in four tables on each and afterward we danced

Here in So and I in So and Tony in the way and I and Tony and I in the dancer in Tony getting all without a word and every one follows that way the dancer is on of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw and our cats played with them but what a quiet It is like a rich beautiful woman fair and innocent and tall and very stately and all of the same lines and you cannot see it and
Hi Joe, 

I've been thinking about the dance and in this foot

but for each beautifully just like he does every

thing else without freezing up kind of

manners... it seems like a beautiful thing that

just naturally grew... in made this own dancing

prominent... and they are really very fine

It is as real as a recollection of an artist... I have

ever seen... I wish you could see it

Then we finally got home... in Mabel's

big sitting room... under the big lamp we found the

maid... When I read Tony Dick fell into a lump

in the chair in front of me and announced that he

was going to go and get Mabel... Deek squalling

on the floor... complaining about Paul complaining

about you and some thing about his mother

Then I had your letters... six of them... really when I had finished reading them

I wondered where you a bit mad... I read them

again in the Pinter house... lying on the floor in front of...
I woke up in the morning and got out of bed and went till my nose wouldn't work and it seemed I'd never slept

I walked on the floor and came over the mountains of fear in a little while, got up quietly gathered my clothes together and stepped out and over to the studio to dress so

I wouldn't wake Becky

Everything smelled so good and Lisa had cleaned the studio very nicely and when I stood out in front of the studio dressed in my black cotton shirt I felt very clear and cool with the world unusually clear and balanced with my feet on the ground both of them I went to the garden to see if the Ford is well there and everything all right then came over from the big house walking down the long porch to the bathroom to wash my face I am sorry in a bed where I don't belong Mrs. Haygood came yesterday with her two daughters and in his house...
and I guess he didn't want to risk disturbing them - so just fell into the first bed he came to. He must have been dead or driving so fast.

Mrs. Merriam and Bay have arrived too.

I haven't seen any of the woman but Mrs. Housekeeper

For your two telegrams I will wish you as soon as I can get to the village. I'm also going to try and visit the village and Frances Foster a man mysteriously
died.

I am not going into your letters - I wish you had written
From your future - They would undoubtedly have been very important

From - That all I have to say is - I am feeling very strong

and hard - and if you can not get quiet and get yourself together

- I will be back to you - you mustn't write yourself as you are doing - I feel very sure - and very clear - it is as if the
donkey felt so firm on the ground - so I kiss you with
this morning - and with that feeling - and I want you to feel
I am kiss for your - every moment - every moment.
Captions:

[Folder 1718] 1929 July [6]-8 : [I]

Image ID: 1152161
Saturday

Dear, I saw you in bed again.

And in the church I saw your letter. I received a letter from you last night. May you have a good day.

I am glad you have some music that is very good.

And in your letter today, you said you were well.

And in the morning, after mailing your letter, I went to see the movies. We arrived in the town and then arrived to see the movies. They are all right.

Then I wrote to Mr. Smith. It was lunch time. After lunch, I lay in the afternoon in the sun and read some books. Then, I went to see Mr. Smith. It was lunch time.
Dear Peter,

I had a great time at the fair yesterday. It was a beautiful evening, but the air was quite cold. I'm still a bit chilly from all the walking and standing.

Peter, I want to tell you about my day... I went to the fair with my family. We had a lot of fun riding the rides and eating the food. My favorite ride was the Ferris wheel. It was so exciting.

But then, something happened. I was looking at the hot dogs when I heard a loud noise. It was the sound of someone screaming. I ran over to see what was going on, and I saw a boy who had fallen into the food on the ground. He was crying and very upset.

I asked if he needed help, and he said yes. I helped him up and cleaned his face. He thanked me and said he would never forget the kindness I showed him.

I think I made a new friend. I hope we can see each other again.

Peter, I want to tell you about my drawing... I drew a picture of you. I drew you riding the horse. It was so beautiful.

I hope you like it.

Peter, I should hurry. I have to get home to my family. I told them I would be back by now.

I love you.

Your friend,
[Signature]
I must say again that I never felt any better in my life. Back to New York was a sight this morning. A much trip and too much excitement. I felt fine, wonderfully balanced with the world. She was as cross as two sticks. I had to laugh.

Good night

with a kiss
Sunday Morning — 5:30

The birds are singing out-side, — I got up and
John went to the studio to dress as not to walk Break

I didn’t write you yesterday — this morning was a slow
I lost this Studio key — hearing had it all an hour before
and I couldn’t get in till almost noon — finally found it
in one of those lucky unexpected ways that I often find things
I happened to stop this Ford to talk with Caleb over in front of
the village garage — and right beside he saw my key lying
in the dust in his road — it was very funny — After breakfast
Charles Callier — he is madly in love with the beautiful girl Brett
brought to dinner with you — this one who wanted to kiss you in
the room — he came to the studio and helped me stretch the
canvas — I showed him how and he did it — a miss
boy — at least he had to go riding with Miriam Harford so
I talked about — Bill and Dick went in — forking
they missed my day all up wrong — but this night was
fine — As I ran through the brush and across the fields
or log that crosses the little stream, brent — for studio
— all Peters horses whinnied — tried to a post outside the
alfalfa field — had more sun than post before
quickly dressed in my studio and walked my horse across the field to the gate and we started off again across the sage brush and up into the frequing of the hills some times a very good road some times a path some times just across the brush. Pete watching us very carefully so you needn’t be afraid the horse is very good. The birds came out after the dawn of the dawn was from and there was a beautiful moon Pete is really fine.

Back to bed with us last night had help and we went talking to the people we have gotten to know pete boy caleb emerson nelson Mexican Edward tia borin the little indian girl who wants to stay in school has missed all school every body seems busy at something all day you feel very our at work but when you meet with it is free all seem to have a great interest in what every one is doing and in such a nice way when curious just read. Kneel to go back.

Last night my ride was perfect it was very warm when we got home we had a good talk pete asked me about you and I tried to tell him how much interested. I think you had been there it was very fine and such a beautiful night we will go again tonight.
When I got in, had a bath -- hot -- (do not put a bit "diff" -- only a couple of spots on my feet but really nothing)

Tony and Becky warn in the sitting room -- and at the time

we had some wine -- I got up and got some also. Tony started talking about himself -- his family -- the Indians -- Water ~

It was one of those times when "everything flowers" as Beek put it

Well -- or just can't tell about such times unless one knows Tony -- He is at times really remarkable. I tried to tell him things about us -- This Noel -- I can

describe it because it was one of those -- remove things such as

and in a way powerful and very beautiful. He was sad -- but very alert in his mind and heart -- his human understanding is uncanny. I think we were all very nice -- the three in very fine spirits, he would not let us come to us or go and tell us as he does if we were not two

It ended by Beek carrying the huge jug of water that I could hardly lift -- clear across the alfalfa field to our house because I was afraid Tony would get drunk.

We laughed and laughed -- on the way over -- but was quiet when the jug was deposited at the foot of Beeks'~

it had been such a fine evening...
Tell you...try to tell you of such a night...but there is no telling it...when I think back to being up in the hills under the stars it almost seems years ago...and today...and this back...I wonder if I didn't dream it...

...what I had written and asked one thing about him...in every time talking as tho he had read the letter and was answering her...I wish she could have heard him...

Fred...I trust that this will go early this morning...

I do feel like your dream child this morning...

It is all very much like a dream...a very beautiful dream...

...and it all makes me feel very quiet...very much at peace with every thing...rich and warm...and alive...and quiet...

I love you...it could not...no...
Caption: [Folder 1718] 1929 July [6]-8 : [II]
Image ID: 1152169
May 9th — Tuesday:

My dear Alfred — I did not get a letter off to you this morning because I overslept — it was a gray day and usually the rain wakes me up — It was after nine when I woke — Last night your letter put me in such a daze — I didn't want to have thought enough to write — June 7th when the telegram you speak of came, I wired you as soon as we returned — That is we got in late at night and the housekeeper gave me your telegram in the morning. I wired you immediately — asked how you were that day — you did not answer — I sent you a night letter last night — I really do nothing for me to do but return to you if you are going to worry this way. I don't want to wear you out with anything like that — I am as conscientiously careful in everything I do as can be — I have not missed writing for more than a day unless maybe that time packet broke to write — and then it was because I was working all day every day — and I think that now the...
Dear [Name],

I wrote you a little note after you went...

If you are uneasy this way I will not stay any longer... so you must tell me. Mail in these places is not very certain and on our trips I send letters from any crazy little place we happened to be... Betsy and Brice both laughed at me for writing so often... and we were not sure still when I could write...

I can't tell how sorry I am that you have been so distressed... it was entirely unnecessary...

Please pay if anything goes wrong... we wouldn't in six days telling you about it... you have just worn yourself out... doing more than you could this spring... and being tired got into a state of mind that you wouldn't if you were in better condition physically

As for other things you write of of the past things that have hurt you... and things that have hurt you... I have purposely not written of it or remarked on it because of the distance between us... the long times between letters... and possible...

I do not want to hurt you...
my hand to you so many times of late and more often than
not felt you turn away from me... in the room you usually
made me feel that you were just waiting for me to go...
you feel that I am mistaken in many things... going
into it all does not lead anywhere... I do not wish to blame
you for anything... and I do not want you to be having
any regrets... I think I understand it all better than
you imagine... in a way I am very grateful to you for
all of it... it makes me understand so many things
about other people... and makes it very difficult
for them to touch any place in me that hurts... in either
big or little things... it is as tho it has quenched the big
balance wheel...

it is as tho it has taken my heart...

and at the same time left it forms in a
usable form...

Maybe you will not like what I feel
myself working into... maybe I just imagine it is
different... I am not making an effort toward any
thing... in particular... it is nothing to grieve
over... it feels right... and so and alike
Dear friend,

Sony has done much for me—quiet
—saical—a warm warm heart—his hurts and his
lores—and his checking off my miscellaneous of
many kinds—What I see in him and Mathel?
—his way of handling it—

You really need have no regrets about us—

You see—I have not really had my way of life for
many years—When I felt very close to you—that
there was a hour for me really within you—I could
cry—But I will say—your way as much as it was possible
for me to live another way—

But when that seemed gone

There is much left in me—when it was always
checked in moving toward you—I realized it would
die if it could not move toward something—how
it seems to move in every direction—how it didn't
seem to move at all—it seemed only to go and cold—

Miss Young is here from Ireland

who is here looked at me across the breakfast table.
Yesterday morning and remarked — I was surprised anything like you — your morning to tired — you always live — how do you do it — Mrs. Friend goes up and down — some times feels terrible — you get up at all hours — you go on long trips — you play late at night — you do all the things everybody else does and work besides — Sonya gets all worn out keeping up with you all times — but you are the only one who seems able to stand it without their being any feeling of wear and tear — you seem to thrive on if always — Shall laugh — I got asleep when I want to — last night playing cards — I went sound asleep on the floor — covered up in a blanket at the feet of Sonya nephew — he drumbing Sonya's big drum in my ear — till they say he want to sleep he was almost buried under the big drum — and Sonya got up and removed the drum and suit him to bed — I had your name with your letters — and all this trouble.
That came in -- and the telegram I read you -- and wondering -- should I just pack up this morning and leave -- and just walk, as on you -- so I just got as close to the drawn as I could -- the Indian kid has a terrible persistence in him -- it just carries you -- so I went after I walked home across the alfalfa field -- I went off again into a dead sleep.

With this morning -- I thought I saw -- it showed him my work -- he seemed to like it very much -- thought that I had put down both the thing was seen in this country and the thing it does to you -- he was very nice -- seemed a bit sad as he left --

May be I pull myself up but I often feel that a kind of life -- life quality that my things have made then painter said sad because it is something they had and can't get -- and I just heard -- there no choice -- it comes I be right in my teeth --

Charles Collier is here too -- he is stretching canvas for me -- does it as well as I can -- and you know that is paying a great deal -- I taught him -- you will meet him. He goes to Columbia.
Dear [Name],

Now listen Boy --- I am alright. And what is between us is alright --- and I don't want you to worry a bit about me --- There was much more cause to worry about things when I was right here --- If you will just quiet down and be normal --- if you can --- I want you to tell me --- but if you can --- I want to stay here longer --- But not at too great a price from you --- So you must help me ---

I assure you --- there is nothing to worry about --- this thing I do maybe seem crazy to you --- I thought of not telling you --- only it seemed too foolish not to --- do not worry about anything --- it will work out somehow --- together --- I feel very strong --- just try to give your little body a chance --- you're
I know that if I had not come away you would be in just as much of a fever over some thing I would be doing from everything about we would have irritated you. Every summer you got ready to leave Sabre Jones because of something I said and do that you could stand me.

Standing with you today — Bech has a telegram from him. I wonder if he will quiet you a little...

You see — I feel — if I hadn't come away I would have irritated you — being away you worry.

There remains no chance for me to come out right.

And I choose coming away because for at least I feel good — and it makes me feel some growing every tall and straight inside — and every cell in me may live well and love my feet — but for me it seems to be the first thing I can do for you — I hope this letter carried me hurt to you
It is the last thing I want to do in this world...

Today it rains...

Please leave your regrets...
and all your sadness—and misery,

If I had hugged all mine to my heart as
you are doing. I could not walk but the door and let
the rain into my heart as it has me, and I could not
feel the stars touch the centers of me as they don't touch
the fields at night in the silence of the sage
brush way off into the distance as well as near by—

to touch my lips and my cheeks as it does—

A kiss little boy

I have not wanted to be
anything but tied to you—
but there is nothing to
tied to you if I can not be.
Not only ours belong, but anyone more than I have belong to you and no one even wanted so much anyone than I have wanted to hurt you.

I never slept well as this war by you
and kiss you goodnight.
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1718] 1929 July 9-10
Image ID: 1152180
My dear [Redacted],

I mailed that letter to you an hour and a half ago — then went in and had breakfast with [Name] in the kitchen —

The letter wasn’t what I wanted to read — but it was the best I could do — I would like not to say to you any of the unpleasant things I have felt or thought — if simply add to the files of waste.

So he had lay across the foot of Mabel’s largest couch for last night when I came in — lib; a log —

You be clicking out black and dead looking from under his dark blue flannel that looked black with the little light — his face looking dead — his hair very black — all dead and exhausted with worry —

Mabel was operated on yesterda —

This morning all breakfast — and groaned — still looking worried — but very quiet — and controlled — handsome — and warm with coming out of him — He is really a rare person — so human — Don’t know exactly why — but he does not much good — He was very funny — our morning a couple of days ago, when it was particularly
Dear my little one,

I cut the alfalfa—cannot
go now— but when I stay you can
see you camping when you can not get letters for a few
three days. I do many things.

Before we left we had planned to go camping this
month— she wrote us to go without her.

Well— we will see—I will write you if
you want will stop my letters to you.

For your big— big letter— son—
you tell me that you feel it is right for me to be here
you see— along with all the things between you
and me— when Big wanted to care for me again last
winter and I was weak— it was a strong decision
to work against such a doctor—

Mother and years
had gone by— and I could not get close to something
I had from close and touched in you— you did not
seem to need the center of me touching your center
this past year— and when I left
New York— it was really with this feeling that there could
nothing here for me. It seemed I just couldn't bear the months and months of half-bliss that came after an operation and I felt I was wrong.

What I felt they were wrong to both times they cut me and feeling with myself that they were wrong I made up my mind to try my own cure.

If I had felt you reaching your hand toward the center of me — that would have helped me — but I didn't feel it going away and moving in any own way seemed to be the only thing left me.

And now you cry for the center of me that has been pulled away for so long — so long — that —

to tell you the truth I am not sure that it exists any more — nobody else has ever seen it — or even will — I am not to meet people here with my skin — that doesn't mean anything when I say it — but it is this best I can see — Maybe I accept the human being in a different way than I could before
For 'thing you call Holy --- I do not feel any less Holy --- but I feel nearer like the roots in the bottom of the
stream and side my door --- Much water runs over me --- and I know it --- Every day there seems to be more things
I am conscious of --- and can just sit pass over me and be --- under it all is something next to you --- it will
always be that way --- I have no choice --- you have no choice --- it just is that way ---
I wish you could really get to work --- it is the only thing --- other things will follow --- I have no other plan --- you would not be
loving me if I had not come away --- it all makes me feel very helpless ---

I am glad you read me the letter --- it is good --- I wish you could be in a state so that you wouldn't feel
that way. You need not quarrel over anything you have done to me --- This summer I feel for the first time
that it has begun to add some things to me --- I feel beyond
a kind of suffering I have had — and you must get beyond it — so that we can be together in peace — and not in torture.

Seems to be in this world only for you.

But I must be here a while yet —

An unloved wisdom has been asked — maybe it isn’t a very practical thing to try to go through life with.

May our kindness be the pure thing after all — the thing you can not say —

Do not feel hurt boy — I can not help any

For you understand how much myself and every day I feel more and more on this earth — I have always lived both black and white —

Will be of much more use to you when finished — and I am holding you very tenderly in my heart which I am away.

You must not hold on to things I have said and done that hurt you — you must feel you can move freely toward me — it is the only sign of faith in you.
Your telegram just came -- this very intimate one. The man who phoned it to me almost gasped as he read it.

He will mail me a copy.

I had to laugh -- long suffered
so waiting to read an intimate message. I heard before she was operated -- He just couldn't telegraph it so

plum decided to write where he got her on the telephone
he couldn't say anything he wanted to -- I had to laugh when he told me it was raining and he had

been cutting alfalfa -- then to get such a wired from

you —— you are sure? ——

Now we are not going to argue and need about

all these things anymore.

You got to work — and help care of

your self — and don't get crazy,

and stay going about my business —

Don't get at it now

I feel like tearing this up but I won't
[envelope]

Caption:  
[Folder 1718] 1929 July [10]-12

Image ID: 1152187

Alfred Stieglitz

Sara George

New York
Saturday July 12-29

Yesterday spent all day --- Back in bed with a cold --- after dinner wandered with Peter again along the highway for some distance. Then a long ride over the hills from --- the hills a black waving line against a starlit sky with dark long clouds over the hills --- the moon in and still behind black and white cloud --- it was the longest, hardest ride they had --- and don't tell you again that Peter is very beautiful --- and that white horse --- very ear/footed --- I am not a bit afraid --- it is my finest thing I have had out here ---

When I got in at 7:30 --- I had my bath --- then sat in front of broom fire and read my letters --- two --- very beautiful --- I read them aloud to him --- he was almost in tears over having a cold and the last days here --- he will be leaving in two weeks --- these letters were quiet --- very beautiful --- in both of us --- I got into bed --- so limp from this ride and hot bath that I felt I might fall through the bed --- I slept very soundly and was well limp when I waked this morning ---
I sent my letter to you — then had breakfast with Tony and read him his letter from Madrid.

Washed my brushes from yesterday.

Went to the village on some errands — just as I returned Mrs. Hapgood was going to town — it was hot so I offered to drive her.

When I got back, Mary Personi for lunch and the editor of the Geographical Survey. He wants a photograph of one of my churches for a Spanish report that will come out next winter. He remarked on how much they had helped my Sunspots that they had seen a long time ago. I told him we would see — you would have to stay.

Then the telegram.

Paul of yesterday. I did not get till after noon of today.

I wish you could see my new painting — it is always sharp and rich and dark around the edges and light in the center in colorful all.

I must work some more.
3.
With what I hear from you --- with our health you are quiet --- alright --- with the rest you are all upset ---

It disturbs me.

but what can I do

I know that all the things that seemed very precious --- very holy --- are gone forever ---
but I feel too --- that way down beyond that --- where you can not touch it --- where no one can touch it.
This is a bond --- that is my feeling for you --- it is deeper than any thing you can do to me --- that is why I know I will be with you to the end --- whether you wish it or not --- whether I choose it or not --- whether I am close to you or not.

I do not know whether that is what you want or not --- you have always told me you do not know what love is --- Sheer had to do with mine what I could ---
I think I must stay here a week or two; I must do it a while.

And even when I write that I must you must call me if you feel you must. I am coming on that is not yet.

Of all the things you say you have always told me. The worst, come first.

That has been very difficult for the woman in woman.

I am not going into it any more.

I am doing what I can.

My best painting is a new color. And I must go on, and you must go on. It is the only chance we have. I see no other way.

I cannot take more from my health. I will forget. And so far, and I know that yet.

I wish that you could be with me. I think of you every day.

I think of you every day.

I think of you every day.
good out of these

This is all just too destructive...

Please try to be a little bit same...

I will be back in a little while.

Indians are making hay all about the place; hear me good as it is. A million eyes are watching everything.

Some boy is out there at it with a pitchfork in his white shirt. Working as hard as any of us.

I don't see what else I can say to you.

I am doing the best I can, and even if you don't desire me now, you will find when I get back that my feeling is alright.

I have needed to break in my own way for a while. My love to your boy.

and a kiss and do be good we are alright.

and you know it. I feel so helpless.
But what is true is very right...
Received at

AB37 29 DL=SANTA FE NMEX JULY 14 831A
ALFRED STIGLITZ=
FONE 207 LAKEGEORGE NY=

SANTA FE YESTERDAY FOR DANCE AT COCHITI TODAY STOP RETURN TAOS MONDAY STOP TELEGRAPH SERVICE AT TAOS VERY POOR THIS EXPLAINS CONFUSION BOTH VERY WELL MUCH LOVE TO YOU BOTH=

GEORGEIA REBECCA.

207

TELEPHONE NO.

TELEPHONED TO

TIME

BY

TO BE

ATTEMPTS TO DELIVER

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
Dear [Name],

Again, it has been a long day, painting all day with interruptions and it sorts that this painting is one that I am pleased with but it goes... I think it will be a good one and a new one.

Your 26 page letter this afternoon dazed me so I read it... I put it aside after finished and went on with my painting because it is the sort of feeling that went to don some sort of all... I cannot go on to it very easily and felt as if he was going to send these horses - including the one I was riding - up to the ranch... I had to tell him I was riding it on boss, the horse... He was much astonished and said, 'I wasn't fair... I enjoyed his astonishment much... I don't know what he will do... one never can tell.' Then two other Indians came in to visit and one had made a pair of moccasins... The other was one that had gone on the big trip with us... They came separately. Their remark to about the picture I am painting would entertain you very much... They liked it much...
After supper I went out with Pete again and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it. He rode a
dancing black mare that hadn't been saddled in months
and for certain danced all the way. It was a grey
evening, for moon having a hard time trying to come
through. Pete is a good boy; half Indian, half
French English, and he is proud of it. It is a wonderful
night moving along friends, on, and as we first left
horses back in the alfalfa field he told me that I should
tell him anytime I want to go because he likes it very much,
may be. I would come and we'd have an early ride.
Morning many times two or three select. He likes
to ride early in the morning. It's too wet, I think.

I had your letters while I was at the big hotel
for my bath. It was 9:20 when we got to
Also talked with the New York office. I haven't read it

I am not going into anything you write of tonight.
I am too tired. I am not really tired. I just
wound up with too many things. Riding out there
in the sun and dust and night is just too
grand. I remembered to Pete. I don't know
whether I like his riding or being out in the night and the stars and the log brush — he laughed and answered "I guess you like both."

I must sleep.

I have a feeling you are more interested in my daily doing than in my arguing or writing of what you write.

I can't talk about this letter until I read it again and think about it — and the things I wish of you your night now.

Good night

A tired girl with a whirling head cramps under this cause — your letters — the indians — pets near the rides — this night

Brick is knocked out with a card but she hits so I kiss you a good hard healthy kiss and go to sleep.
I am at home to read this.

Many birds singing.

As soon as I read it and have my breakfast —
and do what I can for both to keep him in bed — I am going to the studio — to your long letter — and to my painting.

Some of the things in your long letter I knew of

—and always concerned if you asking me to give myself to your career so strongly because I haven’t begged you — in with you —

Tell I you felt I wouldn’t worry you any more — and now all this — it all seems queer — I have always wanted to be with you in don’t you know that — it would rather be you or this sort of thing.
I find out here now if you hadn’t come first all these years I would have come to this thing but these continual spoilful summer at Tah George and I would it just seemed I had thrown some fresh air and feel like a real human being again. I though well I couldn’t.

I said I saw in spite of all that I would go back to you now but I just can’t bring myself to mourn myself into that family feeling I can’t eat my meat with beans and biggie and digest gone and to have no desire to do closer to any one who is apt to jump up and scream at me I havent done enough work here to satisfy my having been here I have much feeling to work here and where I think of Tah George it just seems to stir all the breeze out of my body.

Same being honest with you that I am gone and I couldn’t stand it unless I had a place of my own and when I asked for that I knew I was giving up any chance of ever having anything like. Same having this summer but it seemed the nearest thing to anything I could do to offer you any satisfaction. It just doesn’t seem human to try to live as they been living at Tah George. I must wait this or it will not go.
I don't like to write you these things — it is entirely unnecessary.

I must be what is best now — it is the only way I can be of any use to you or any use for me.

And it is so nice then to feel good that I just almost do.

Here is my kiss with the most witness of this moment.

You must know I am not far away from you as you are coming I am.
Alfred Stieglitz

New York
Sunday Morning

Good Morning

We are all again in Santa Fe

We didn't intend to come — No
intended to go to Raton — had started
and about twenty minutes
up the road changed our minds and
came back — as there is an Indian
dance 25 miles north of here today

As have so far made all our
long trips with Sony and we wanted
to make one alone — and wanted
to drive a canyon road we did

I drove the 75 miles down the canyon and when I got here
was so proud of myself I wanted to
tell every one I met about it

I had driven ten or twelve in
the early morning but for us started
down here besides -- I haven't
do it -- otherwise I just
simply will not be able to drive
anywhere as I want to --

Harry and my truck is here

for a dinner dinner that
was last night and an Indian dance
today -- I feel like a spectator

almost every one bud Buck and
3.

I was a little bit drunk — just a little. I only drank one swallow of whisky, it made my stomach feel warm. Sorry she was funny and we just laughed and laughed.

He wasn’t at Binnerns house today before dinner — then after the play. He has some of the most beautiful blankets I ever saw — his first proof room for keeping them would interest you — I just lost my head over some of his black and white one. His house is interesting too in the way it has grown room by room as houses
I must have a way of doing it. After dinner at night we all went to another party. I don't remember the name. Just local people here. The Bank president thinks I am glad we came. It was very amusing. We lay here this morning in bed telling one another all kinds of things that everyone said and did. We laughed and laughed. The drive down was very beautiful.

No one had breakfast and must be off to the Indian dance. How human that thing that happens through all this is very clear. I am sure that if you could watch us you would feel that it is all right and good.
and I am sure it is adding much to
you and our together.

I must go little

Miss you-

You are always near

and many ask after you

With much love...
LA FONDA
Santa Fe, New Mexico
THE HARVEY COMPANY

Alfred Stieglitz

Later George

New York
Back in Taos thanks for last telegram everything is all right in every way much love =

Georgia.
I think trip in the heat very foolish for you stop if you believe in my feeling the best physical care is the best thing you can do for yourself and me. I had planned to go camping three days in the morning will come very soon rather than have you make trip am writing love.

Georgia.
Western Union

PATRONs ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

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J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at
AB97 10 COLLECT=TAOSJUNCTION NMEX JULY 16 355P
ALFRED STEIGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

ALL YOUR MESSAGES DATE DELIVERED PERSONALLY TO GEORGIA OKEEFE

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
I've just back from Shalako ~ Did you edit again your beautiful poems on the mountains and mountain man, again. ~ I have read this year as many letters from you as the telegram notes, many times ~ I have read this year as many letters from you as the telegram notes, many times ~ Petoske and asked you what had a good time with you, I said yes ~ He looked at me and laughed and remarked ~ "You don't look it." ~

I feel a day ~

Some happened last night on the shore and your letters today came a continuation of it ~ I will tell you when you ~ I was something and a year of life before ~ Terrific ~ Can almost paralyzing only one close without seeing through madness ~

I went to the dance yesterday ~ Started down at eleven in the morning ~ Sombered through white heat ~ desert ~

A long, unbelievable walk about half way on the last five miles along the sand, valley of the Rio Grande ~ Then we got down ~ Beat and I went down on another launch by the roadside just before we got there ~ Every one west of the Mississippi ~ Mississippi that we saw around to be there ~

...and each hand ~ and so many Indians and Mexicans ~ was this dance ~ It is all as many things mixed up together that it is quite impossible to tell or ~
much for this ear — they all the people on board and the size of
aros current running around through them. When I arrived
in the coolness after this rain — and recall yesterday, it all seems
almost impossible. We were invited to spend this night and have
dinner at a house about a third of the way between Santa Cruz
and here. We had been invited the day before and didn’t go — but
last night we went — Wabel said we should go once —
— Three more fifteens for dinner — 13 guests — No town
morning — our town came just as we were finishing — Our
morning was much more fun — many people came to see our
first exhibition — in Los Angeles. Our friends most definitely
had this out of mind passing apples. —

Every house was quiet and moved beautifully all around.
Trees — these a book seemed to go off — and it all turned
in a flash to lunacy. — I went to bed between two and three
— I don’t have anything but it. I had a good sleep — was the
first one dressed and about — we had breakfast and drew
up from — a very beautiful drive in those sunflower
butter. — It had been a strange three days — very interesting.

— with all my love —
Tuesday morning.

As for your letters... So much time elapses between your writing them and any answer I can make..."

The sum of it all is that I feel you have done what you could with what you are... I do not wish to find fault with you... I would not have come away no matter what you did... probably... if I could have stood this strain physically... but I couldn't... and I regret very much that it upsets you... as for the feeling of separation... between us... I feel that nothing but my coming away would have made things clear between us... I didn't do it for that... I had too much respect for both of us and what we had had together to feel it possible to continue as we were going... Everything in me seemed to be disconcerting to move... principally because nothing seemed to be permitted to move toward you... It was all making me sick and dead...

I have too much respect for my body to keep it to pieces this way I had born... And how much care little ones bring...

You wonder when I will be going back... I really have no plan... I had more when I came... As I have told you... I do not care about being at the balls with the and
I have always had the same feeling about a man’s living place—it is like a cold damp cellar to me. I felt it when I first went to Waukomis. They brought it to Lick Springs and have it in any other place where they live.

I just can’t bring myself to live mixed up with it. Life is too short to spend it that way. Drearily, I have no desire to live—but if I am going to do it, I see no reason for torturing myself with it. I would rather go out in the desert in this rain—and just burn up.

They all ask why I ride at night. My God, this night is theirs. The country is most wonderful then—and is more alone—why not ride at night as well as the daytime?

I am sure you would not have wanted me to ride at night if you had been here. Most of this thing of mine can as easily as that, it all makes more just wish I could blow away with the wind.
Buck rode with us last night — she spoiled our half of it by complaining about everything like a grumpy woman — but when her horse had shaken this left out of her she got normal and enjoyed it very much — I was glad she went. She’s a bit mad at Tom for the fees she made.

Again about my returning — I must repeat. There’s no flaw — I think I go tomorrow for three days camping into the mountains if I may well let me have the white horse — that is. It’s only flaw I have.

August is usually a great family month at the lake.

You see, I have had such a lot of these summers —

So little doing this thing next —

You know you want me to stay here — I must say that you made it rather difficult — It looks many many things to bring me to this because seems to want to give up my good to you.
It was my feeling that it didn’t mean much to you anymore that brought me away. My body couldn’t digest that you weren’t feeling love — and didn’t feel love — I must recall this;

in I still not go

Boy — don’t you know

Dear brother for your anything

you want me —- but

I can’t be举例 all

of your help, if I can

help it. I must stay

a while yet if you are

really in need of me please

be good to your self. I

really will turn your help to you.
It is a perfect morning — still — clear —

There will be no letter from us for three days after this — I will be where there is no post office — but Buck will send any urgent messages by Donas back—

My love to you — much much love

we will be together very soon — very close

and I know can work out same thing together

and for the only if you can be quiet

— and I know you can —

I have ordered box to ship furniture —

Much love

[Signature]
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1719] 1929 July 17 : [I]

Image ID: 1152221

[Image of an envelope with a stamp and postmarks]
Dear [Name],

When I came out with my letter to you this morning it seemed a very satisfying letter to me. I wanted to come right back and say writing - - - - I got ready to work after breakfast but all day have been running over telegrams not only yours but Abb's - - - - second from him to - - - -

I have had about ten today. I almost feel I have looked with you - - - - I have wired you that it was my intention to go camping in the morning - - - before this writing began - - - - I finally gave up thinking of painting today and washed my head.

I have decided as long as you want so much to see me that I will take these three days as I had planned thus - - - pack my things on Sunday and leave on Monday.

It seems to be no other way - - - -

I can understand have you going on in this way - - - - but I must have room nights without the smell - - - - if the place
I am glad enough to stand on one.

I feel the long trip for you in the heat—ever just to Chicago is too much—especially in your excited state—and I feel that in such a state coming to this altitude—in spite of doctors—is too much. You know I don't always agree with doctors.

I am sure I am right about this. Albuquerque is a ghastly hot place. Raton is nearer here and more apt to be cool, but it is too high. I know I am right about all this. So give me up taking those three days in the mountains. I will be with you as soon as possible after that. It will make it a box for my family while I am away, so packing will be easy when I get back.

It will be nice for you to miss me any more.

I have made up my mind. You are getting on good from the summer and will be fit for nothing in the winter. This can't go on—and I am quite sure that if I go to Chicago or any other place to meet you—if I see you I will not come back here—it is no use to learn any more.
3. I had better clean it all up.

3. I had hoped to stay until some time in August anyway. Mr. and Mrs. will be back the first week in August. There will be things I could attend to about the place that Mr. Back is attending to now. But I can not stand the idea of the state you are in. You should know that my only wish since we have been together has been to help you with what ever direction you take. I know we will work out something for next winter if you will just give your self half a chance — but you will not be fit for anything if this keeps on.

Maybe I should go to you with out those three days in the snow mountains — but it seems I just can’t — it is much just with the outdoors — and I seem to need it terribly. Mrs. Hofgood is a good girl and Charles Collier is going and two Indians.

Please have patience with me — I hope it doesn’t seem heartless to you — I wouldn’t have been any use to you at all if I hadn’t come away — please — please.
be very careful of yourself and be good till I come...

I need you very much...

and I know you need me... and all this carrying on is just too terrible...

I will be there very soon.

This human carries you... from a long quiet kiss... holding you close till you sleep...

Good night.
Thy letters make me feel I must go to you. Florence's illness makes me feel I must stay and work.

This division is very difficult.

I almost began packing to go this morning, but working all day makes me very much want to work more here in Florence.

Jul 20, 1929
AB15 44 COLLECT NL=TDSF TAOS NMEX JULY 20

ALFRED SITEGLITZ=
LAKE GEORGE NY=

BACK IN TAOS STOP TIRED BUT VERY WELL STOP RODE THIRTY FIVE MILES TODAY STOP EVEN MY MIND IS STIFF AND LAME STOP WANT TO REREAD YOUR LETTERS AND TELEGRAM IN THE MORNING WHEN I AM CLEARER WILL WIRE YOU THEN MUCH LOVE=

GEORGIA.

908A
You AM

I have your wish and feel exactly as you do.
I know we are closer now and your need
work and rest and take care of yourself
and come when you must I am always ready
for I always need you but need you only
when you feel you must come I am very much
and very well I shall work as at your
cloths and I am as much as you do.

McConigal

(1929 July 21)
JUST FINISHED READING STOP YOU WILL RECEIVE NO LETTER TILL THE ONE I MAIL TOMORROW MORNING STOP I FEEL THE RELATIONSHIP AS I FELT IT AT ITS BEST ONLY STRONGER AND SAFER STOP FEELING THAT I WISH TO WORK A LITTLE YET IF YOU ARE HONESTLY QUIET STOP TELL ME HONESTLY STOP WILL BE COMING IN A LITTLE WHILE ANYWAY IF THE WORK DOES NOT GO WELL I WILL NOT BE STAYING I FEEL VERY VERY CLOSE AND LIKE IT VERY VERY MUCH==
Good morning dear! It might have been mid-afternoon or after supper—many times I seem to have lost all sense of time. We get up from in the mountains at about the edge of the timber line—sheer rocky mountain tops with very little green on them and patches and ridges of snow all around—a very clean hill. Mountain lakes, lovely flowers—queen ananias and bees and many dead ones. We rode thirty miles and more yesterday. We passed all of it. Walked about ten miles through a snowing rain—much of it through aspen forest—millions of queenish white tree trunks with their dark green woolly mosses locking leaves over head— in two places it was so steep we had to get off and lead the horses. It was a beautiful ride—off from many fine patches of snow. Telling about it just doesn't tell it. Two brave Indians and two buck horses—Charles Callier has been
The leader is a nice boy — just seems to get to counting — Hi and I talked all day by the fire last night — I guess we started to God and started lacking all over again — such a cool kid — and you wonder how they stay that way with all they go through — Hi and I walked back through a few pieces of wood we had passed just before we got back — the trees are a great sight — about a third of them magnificent dead white1 branches4 standing there.

Hi has not climbed all over the place — It pleases me that I can come nearer keeping up with Charles than any of them — you see I havent climbed about and walked much for so long that I wasn't sure I could any more — I find it very tough — It is good to know — the dull last turns of bright dark green in the afternoon — I hope if we didnt fret you too much that I came up from those three days before going back.
Another morning — it rained yesterday afternoon
— we were prepared — it didn't matter —
— the lake in the moon light last night was one
of the most beautiful things I ever saw —
stood out on a log along long after the others
had gone to bed looking at it — I wished you
could see it with me — I wish you could do all this
with me — I wish you

We all sat around after breakfast this morning
and thought what a nice family we are and how good
we were that none of the others came — but I
would like to be doing it with you — only I
can imagine you enjoying it — I have been this
first on up and the last to bed both nights —
— I just can't bear to waste time sleeping —

The night is so fine — such a tall white tree
in front of an equally tall dark one — right by the
fire is wonderful to watch as the fire burns
— it seemed I had to do this — and it

seemed so queer which where it was so cold.
and no trace of human life — that I will be on the train in three days — but it is alright — I feel a need to see you — like the need to come up here. I feel I must get you quiet — I wish I could feel sure that it is possible.

I can give you something any way — I wish you could sit with me on this old dead tree — our fallen across another making a perfect seat — it would be such a nice place to talk — and the place looks as tho no one has even been here before — it will probably be a long time before any one comes again — too bad you can’t fly here.

A bear — Camp mountain top near by — Though the boys — Stay in the tree on a big rock — and climb down to another long later on the other side of the ridge — This is all so untouched up here it seems quite unbelievable —

Don’t you a clear few days from it all.

David is with you soon — Much much love —
Dear Mr. Johnson,

I wish I could see you tonight and just end up by you and be quiet. I feel we would both understand everything and just be quiet together.

That ride down the mountain yesterday was a little much. We went to the top of Mount Wilson and rode about a mile and a half along the ridge to the very top. When I think of it now I don't see how we did it, or if I should say how we did it. Missions Haggard goes up long before the top. On the way down we were lost for about two hours and I went down a mountain side that almost makes my head today when I recall it. That is lying to myself. Forty feet miles is quite a few when on a good horse. It was dark when we got there. Mrs. Haggard gave us a supper and I came over here to my sister's and fed. Bred forwarded a telegram for me -

The letter I read last night - but yours was just in a day. This morning Bred brought me breakfast, and I started reading them all over again. Letter and telegram.

The thing that I came to is this - your suffering is just too terrible - in a few I feel I must go to you immediately. I understand your conflict over whether I should go.
to you or stay a while yet — I understand your conflict
over many things — and I want you to feel that I do
not less you any the less because of them.

I have decided

to stay here a little while yet — really because I want to stay
a little more — that completing trip seemed to complete something
for me. If you go to you tomorrow — it would be
with an unfinished feeling that I know would breed
resentment in you — and start anew that everlasting equal
that this country has for me.

I will see how my work goes

for a while — I have nothing of landscapes yet —

Toda. I had to show my things that I have travelled —
Caraubia and his lady were here for lunch and wanted
to see them — They are both fine — in particular, — but
I liked her too — They liked them — then Miriam Hapgood
and Charles Collier — They were buried — Charlie remarked
as the train had made a discovery — His eyes shining "You
know they have this sort of thing I like to find in people —
They are so definite — so clean cut and clean — You must
meet him in the fall — He is fine — Miriam has a lot
of her father — Leslie feels the fragility and blend and light
I have been reading the darkest and most passionate color...

and stands there with her arms shining...idealistic.

Then Scott and his lady...had invited me for lunch.

They came at 2:30...it wasn’t secure to me that they hadn’t eaten...my mind hasn’t been any too clear today...

They got groggy over some thing...both had words with the lady...I don’t know what about...

I was talking with Miriam and Charles...

Anyway...I was glad when every one was gone.

Mrs. Haas was in this morning too...she came while I was still in bed...I read your letters to her.

Mom had so many guests in a day before...

Scott said my things looked different from any thing of mine he had seen.

Nowadays from the camping trip...your letters...and all those people...

It has been a busy day...Beck and I just fell in a heap when the Scotts left...they went to get to bed.

Beck is riding tonight...while I am writing you a dream...

and Suze came over...the moon was just coming over the mountain...as sat on the front porch and talked...
They thought I ought to go tomorrow.

You see — I understand your wanting me to come to you — and I want you to understand and believe me when I say that I want to go to you — I want to be with you — I want you to feel that I am very close to you — and that you are by the dearest and most beautiful thing in the world to me — and that I am with you even though I am not there — that my doing something would be very important to me solely because it seems important to me for our going on together — don’t you understand Beg? — it is important for our going on together and I feel your caring for your physical body is important and necessary for this same reason.

Then I have said to you that I feel different and have changed — I think you understand me — for maybe I change again — your making me feel that you need me makes a great difference to me — and in spite of all you have written me I didn’t feel it in a real warm loving way until today —

Maybe something connected with that camping trip relaxed something in me — because as I read your letters today I felt myself drawn out to you with this self-soothing beautiful kind of feelings of love and...
for you and all that you have meant to me.
It was a great relief — as this seems terrible thing had passed.

I had four days letters — really terrible letters —
and at the same time very beautiful — when Charles
and Miriam came over I was tempted to give them a few
to read — it would mean much more than what
I feel I would like to give them to all the younger ones that
I like to read — and I like Charles and Miriam very
much.

In sequence of letters — coming all at once
was really like wonderful music that touched me with
terrible sadness and beauty, to the very quiet
But I don’t misinterpret or
misinterpret my feeling for you that seems to
come warm and clean and full does not come from pity
or anything like that — it comes from my feeling that
you need me — and I have wanted to be needed —
and wanted to give.

Please tell me that you trust me —
Seldom so that you have let down and are quiet — Do
not feel that talk is so important — so that thinking
is either — Charles and Miriam argued for hours around
The first day before yesterday, after noon and night till way late at night. He's a realist wanting to know everything, the realist wanting to know everything. My friend said it was all the thinking and arguing didn't really get us anywhere. All I cared about was that some one really loved me very much and that I could really love them very much.

I hope my Racing to stay a little longer.

Will seem right to you.

Dear you I only do it with this feeling of trust in you that you believe in me and my feeling about you — and will let down and be quiet. It is unfortunate that we have spent all this time apart but I felt it is bringing us together with many things close that could not have been close in any other way.

Good night dear! — Don't go to bed — Miss Young laughed when she saw me today and remarked that even that camping trip didn't make me less tired — well I know I am ready for bed — I wish I could sleep well.

Please get the notion of any change in our relationship.
out of your head as far as I am concerned unless you mean it has changed for the better... that we understand better and our closer... I hope you feel it that way... I can't believe that all this is for nothing.

Let us kiss you goodnight and feel the night when you get this... that Sam holding you very warm and even when you go to bed... wanting you to sleep...

Thank you very much for the two steps... they are very very beautiful... I kiss you again for them.

Goodnight!
Alfred Stieglitz

Sohn George

New York
Received at

AB94 12=TAOS NMEX JULY 24 1210P
ALFRED STEIGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=
CLOUDY OVER SLEPT LETTER MISSED MAIL TODAY VERY LONESOME
FOR YOU LOVE=
GEORGIA=
242P.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
I have your registered letter—and your telegram telling me you are quiet—and you have new Jerusalem here—I got it out and looked at it—you must mean that things are singing within you—but in the letter you write as tho you expect to die at any moment.

You speak of what happened three years ago—you see—I lost my faith in the kind of faith that one has always had conscious and unconscious from childhood—that kind of faith may be an illusion like a religion—but it was as though my back bone was gone—You laughed about it to the man and were very kind with this woman.

For something was missing—till I didn’t even dare put out my hand to touch you—it would only be shaken off.

I do not feel that my reaction to grow into a hideous growth as you say—my simple feelings were more and more of my impulses—discarded more and more of my feelings—simply that I wasn’t anything to you but a mild habit—often habitually irritating.

That is why it seemed logical to go away.
I wish you all my love - I had very few feelings left to laugh at trees and laugh at hard and I seemed to get back to what I had been to before I grew up myself & now - that is why I have had to do all the things I have done - to stretch some thing inside myself that had almost died - I have to love and laugh and laugh to hear the same thing on the air and I couldn't hear you - as I have often told you - the most best thing is the outdoors - it has been good to me - I feel as tho you had shut me up in a hard dark tight case where there was nothing - if I had stayed there you wouldn't be feeling about me as you do - you can not give me back that faith you took away - that is something I must live with and my lack of it horrifies Miriam Hapgood - but what I have taken in its place makes Charles look at me with
3 a deep childish sense of understanding — He wants to know
— He wants to believe — Charles is 20 —
Miriam 23 — They are both beautiful — Knowing is as
beautiful as believing — and with what I know I
think you can not hurt me any more — and my love
needs to have gone far deep down into me

Time is something
quite unanswerable about it to me —

I could just sit here and cry for wanting an
absolutely understanding with you

I worked this morning feeling you
almost pulling on you — and I thought I must get
up and back on you and but I was all ready to go out
to paint — so I went — went about with Ms and sat
and read on the front seat — I don’t feel in the back
— we talked very little — It’s just your own some man,
good point on driving — With all these people at work
on me I ought to learn some thing

I want so much to work free.
and you are fine — I feel almost pulled in two in
this middle.

The painting of this morning is no good — but I
was much excited over it — and knew some thing will
come — only I feel I could write that
spot at the sides of the road for the rest of my life
and not be thought with it — so it seems to me that leaving
it now or a week or a few weeks from now doesn't
make much difference — it is all ridiculous —

Living is so ridiculous

I can't think of anything that seems very

but loving and being loved

I am quite distressed with my desire to go to you

and any way to try to work

Dr. Walker was in this evening with two men
one of them an astonisheing creature — a scientist
I don't even know his name or where he is from — he
sailed for Japan in two weeks — he was a cross between a
sailor from a star — a little fiend — and much love and

I went with them to dash away for supper

and
His conversation was the first I have heard out here — like lightning cracking around — but lovely in feeling — and so funny in us laughed — and laughed.

The night sky was wonderful when they brought ours home.

Goodnight

— a long — long kiss —
very tender and warm.

I don’t see how you could be feeling all this time
that I don’t love you — what else could I love myself
more heartily than i have touched to her core like mine has been.

Oh boy — it is all too awful —

and too terrible that we are not together —

loving — wish to be

I may have to go to you soon.

Goodnight.

It is queer this way I am feeling to feel myself
the way I felt before I went to you — and you speak of
the same thing in your letter — only you have made me

warned & thank you.
Alfred Stieglitz

Sara George

New York
I slept this morning because there was no sun —

I woke at 8:15 instead of five as usual. I was much

irritated to hear my letter miss the mail. It was on of

the night when I slept hard and long. I was and working

every day, yesterday and the work is no good. But it

doesn’t matter — it will come —

Here is some news for you. I may not be able to

stay much longer. What work or no work. Will

be having to go to work, I think.

Some thing happened to our lines between

camps. I don’t know how or what

left. But much seems to have fallen away —

and little but you and me and our trying to

and I wish you could be here.

I think I will stay this week between these going

and matches coming — I wish for the quiet — and

it should be very quiet — Then a few days after

Wedel comes. I think I will be going back to you —

I am getting a great need to see you — it is only the
limitless — endless — thing that I feel in this country, that keeps me — I have a feeling I do some thing with the work — and I hope it will materialize —

But boy, do believe that Sam very very fond of you —

I bought a bracelet yesterday that has much in it that I feel true — you will laugh when you see it. It touches something in the middle of me and doesn’t look like a bracelet at all. Sony says it is very nice — but he doesn’t like it — and Charles doesn’t like it —

But Randi likes it —

I wish you could hear the water running past the studio — it is such a soft — quiet sound —

As if far closer to you again — there seems to be something all over the surface of me that I want to put into what I paint — it is something that makes me want so much t
Dear [Name],

I will be riding again tonight.
I wish you could see [Name] - you would like him too.
He is weird and lonely - and terribly alien -
and very quiet - no matter how lively. The fences
get the quiet show - just with a word or two.

I love you...

With love,

[Signature]
It has rained a good part of the day — I have been painting inside — It looks fair — but I must be at it again early in the morning — A white flower with a golden center — I have had it in mind for weeks —

your two Telegrams today — It makes me work terribly, go do — I shall be going soon — but I must work a little more — I didn’t ride tonight — it was too well —

Some announced to me all afternoon tonight that they were going to begin and ride every day now — I suggested that we go early morning — he said yes — we can’t do that — he loves his bed —

I must get into news — I wish you were in it —

Bert has been falling more and more and more losing — what goes on inside of her is quite terrible — so look —

I only guess at it — but it certainly must be this wrong way to have to go — Her mother must be a Teren —

Bert is down from the ranch — she was and digging women in the ditch — in her red pants — ringing at the top of her voice — it was very funny — — she
drown with me to the village to mail my letter to you ~
It is the first time I have driven in any sleeping car where
you skid all over the road ~ I quite enjoyed it and I was
much surprised that I did so well ~ Tony had told me not to go ~ that I couldn't do it ~ That I knew I could
He just seems to think I can't do any thing ~

And I have been sort of out for days ~
I guess nearly two weeks ~ today he is suddenly
friendly again ~ no reason for any of it that I can see
It doesn't disturb one way or the other ~

Good night little one

I wish I could kiss you and lie close to you
Jeep you warm ~
Monday Morning: "The wind blows and flowers and great
white clouds cross the sky — blue sky — and
dark shadows cross the desert and mountains.
Sands all morning too — just as usual.

I wasn’t the soul of day to want — for
what I wanted to do — so I tried to start other things.

I guess the wind and the cloudless sky under
my desk — and I just did what they did — I just
wanted to do so much here — and I guess too that I was
very excited this morning — for jealousy with the good years
for the child to satisfy her — I wandered about out in the
sagebrush by the cross — and — and I seemed
alone when I was alone — and I likes it —
I was left alone when I am that way — unless you are here.

I got nothing in what I was drawing — of the thing
I was feeling — I have wondered and wondered
how I could do it.

Finally back in the studio — lay down
on the coach and just stared at the flowers I had picked
— large pink peonies and red poppies and fevern

—
white things

My drawing on the wall and the windows for mountains and chasing clouds and shadows.

After lunch

So much lunch I eat and so rambunctiously and so long I lay in the sunning at the side of the house. Every one came first and talked to me from Tony to Mr. Hays Briggs and Pete the gardener. A short little Mexican about nineteen or so.

Breakfast was oat just home from court for lunch. No one else seems to likes to cook in the sun this way. I do.

After that I washed my head. It doesn't take long in the sun and wind. And there is an olf thing about that canvas again.

Mable got off yesterday and left us with all sorts of queer things to do. It is all of little nothing else that ever happened.
Betty and I have decided we are quite people-minded

We got so much pleasure out of such little

things to tell about them is just too

redundant.

She remarked yesterday, "I can't imagine any form of entertainment that I can think of in New York, not feeling utterly flat after this"

He had been up in the hills taking a

sunbath and walking about without our clothes

on. It is so far away and so deserted now our

would think of going there for anything else—just

out back of the house.

When one had left the plaza

so we decided to wash a very dirty automobile.

No pit on our bathing suits—hers red—mine

green—got a long hose and started to wash

It was great sport in the hot sun. Wear

walked up and down looking the other way and.
"remarking what a nice day it was — After
that was finished — we were pretty dirty and
hot — we went in one of the little factories and
took off the bathing suits and turned the heat
on us another — it was grand

Wishing such things
doesn’t seem amusing — but as certainly get a
lot of fun out of almost nothing —
I got a beautiful cactus up in
the hills — a queer greenish yellow flower

Tell — little one — you have a very kindly
feeling friend out here —

The wind carried your a kiss —

Wish the clouds to do

— Best greetings from Sherry"
Alfred Stegley
Labr George
New York

3 ace - Manzu Mexico
Gersona Chaffe
Class of Service

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

Western Union

Newcomb Carlton, President
J. C. Welliver, First Vice-President

The billing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

AB9 51 NL COLLECT=TDSF TAOS NMEX JULY 26=

ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
PHONE 207 LAKEGEORGE NY=

RIDE SEVENTEEN MILES TO BRETT'S RANCH SATURDAY MORNING
FOR NOT MORE THAN FOUR DAYS AND MAYBE LESS CANNOT MAIL
LETTERS NOR RECEIVE TELEGRAMS WILL BE ALL RIGHT AND
VERY CAREFUL YOUR LETTERS ARE BEAUTIFUL WHAT YOU TELL
ME IS VERY WONDERFUL I WILL WIRE YOU WHEN I RETURN OUR LOVE=

GEORGIA=
649A

The quickest, surest and safest way to send money is by Telegraph or Cable.
Wednesday 2 P.M.

just a word. Don't tell your — Dr. Baker of Yale was here for lunch and will be here for the right one cause I remember what he said in the morning — see a dance at the Rialto. I don't believe it is about half an hour I was up at six this morning —

painting all morning — Mr. White's flowers with the golden heart blooms quite beautiful.

Bratt came in with Charles in the middle of the morning Ama, he remarked "May I like it — it looks like this country up around Bear Lake?"

I was surprised? Of course it doesn't use Bear Lake in my flowers but his must have he is so normal and natural a human being as I was that I quite wonder how he could the connection

When Bratt saw my things day before yesterday he said: "It doesn't matter what you paint it feels like this country"

I don't know but I feel like some thing I feel it is alright -
 Brett wants Charles and Marjorie and me to go up and stay with
him for a few days. He plans to go Sunday morning. Let's
our sleeping bags and halfway camp. It is 17 miles.
Brett takes up baggage in his Ford and we intend to ride up.
We all laugh at this war caused feeling our hours about 17 miles
after that 35 coming down from Wheeler. I am going to
let's along some materials -- maybe work -- maybe not.
I can't tell.

Brett would be very sad if I didn't go up and
spend some time with him -- it is very different from
down from my

Somebody's down a few moments before

Jaunt out to the Pueblo.
Friday 26 - 6:30 AM.

Dear [Recipient],

I have beenumped since I met you.

Yesterday, after we wrote to you, I had dinner - and what a

with indians and chicken, and what riding.

And last night - such a time with

Book - I won't go into it all.

Book well by - and I had supper at The Happenings at about

Sam looked into a pudding and said he was so sad.

The day seemed a month long.

Your letters were very beautiful and warm and close feeling.

It is a bit cloudy this morning.

So that it would upset good plan.

I must be off.

Well tell your father

What this day brings

It will probably be what to

This place has a way of just leaving up all lines and carry on

His life seems to understand it

My best love - and your from all over me.

to all over you
Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George
New York
AB9 51 NL COLLECT 70 CTS FONE CHGS=SANTA FE NM EX JULY 28=

ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
PHONE NUMBER 207 LAKE GEORGE NY=

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT LOVELY UP HERE ARGUED AND SLEPT MOST OF THE DAY YOUR REGISTERED LETTER BEAUTIFUL I THINK I UNDERSTAND AND FEEL AS YOU DO WIRE ME TAOS JUNCTION I WILL PHONE THERE AND ASK FOR TELEGRAMS EVENINGS NO ONE IN THE HOUSE HERE WHERE PHONE IS VERY MUCH LOVE=

GEORGIA=

643A

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
dearest, I have just walked and dressed the garden with a canoel in my hand to light the way to usa send you a telegraph about going to Birch tomorrow morning. I have done a good thing for me today. Minnue had his niece so we drove to Schenley to the doctor. I drove the 15 miles down Charles beside me had a quiet leg. Minnue was 400 to drive that but I was driving the easiest 25 of the way and drove the last 20. I am proud of it in or of his small different drives around here am it was very easy for me I am really learning.

Well that was my day and I feel very good.

Tomorrow morning we go to Burley I must do the thing. Wabel attended his desk and now I am doing my check out job and she has house up there. I want to sleep out on the long table under the big thing tree.

Your letters tonight are very sweet and tender. It makes me feel that I want to go to all of your kids and just be loved.

I am so sleepy, I just can't keep trying to think and all I can think is that I want to be close to you and feel your all around me.

Then my mind wanders to the ladies and little Charles sitting there beside us. Giving me confidence in many things and showing me how to do things. These teaching were good but his is so sure and so quiet she left today. Now it was perfect.
in a way very sure. I will tell you about it.

Such a strange person, said as hell in a way, and also very sure.

Giving herself no peace, and doesn't know how.

It is rather sad.

Good night.

A long, long kiss.

It is nice to think of love.

I need it.
Alfred Stieglitz

[Signature]

Box 201

New York
AB149 22 COLLECT=TDSF TAOS NMEX JULY 30 530P
ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
PHONE 207 LAKEGEORGE NY=
WIRER DOWN FROM STORM AND MISSED HOURS OFFICE WAS OPEN WILL
GET YOUR WIRER IN MORNIN R EVERYTHING FINE VERY MUCH LOVE=
GEORGIA.
810P
Western Union

Received at

AB129 15 COLLECT=TAOS NMEX JULY 31 115P

ALFRED STEINGLITZ=

LAKEGEORGE NY=

HAVE ALL YOUR WIRES THIS MORNING MANY THANKS EVERYTHING IS ALLRIGHT OUR LOVE=

GEORGIA

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
Received at 664 Madison Avenue, New York

NA53 52 NL 4 EXTRA=TDSF TAOS NMEX 1 VIA LAKEGEORGE NY 2

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, CARE GUARANTY TRUST CO=
DELIVER 60 ST & MADISON AVE=

RODE DOWN HORSEBACK FROM BRETT'S THEY HAVE BEEN FINE DAYS
MUCH RIDING I RETURN BRETT'S BY AUTO TOMORROW FOR TWO DAYS
TO PAINT I NEED YOU MUCH I KNOW THE THING WE ARE TOGETHER
IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD FROM BOTH OF US
OUR LOVE=

GEORGIA.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
Good Morning—dearest—

I wish I could actually picture to you the details of all that has happened—
it is quite impossible—I wish you could be sitting here, tired, on
under a huge blue gum pine tree
on the side of the hill in my red coat—now imagine it—walking
to continue the same path that was
interrupted by a cloud—there is
scrub oak and small cactus and
sage brush about— and a sort
of feeling that no one will ever come
here—that I can sit forever—

No, I didn’t start up here at eight
in the morning on Saturday as
we intended in those missing
on the horses and other such
small details kept us from starting
til two in the afternoon --- then we started off in the rain with good crashes of thunder and lightning --- nobody minded.

it all had nice, greasy, yellow slickers --- had expected to be rained on --- so we rode along --- it was much pleasanter than hot and wet --- we all liked it --- the country is wonderful --- and you feels closer to it on a horse --- sometimes we ride for miles without a word --- sometimes felt --- sometimes we hung together and talked hard but mostly there is very little talk --- it rained off and on all the way up from the storms coming and going.
and occasional sunlight met the landscape very faint. I felt dead just started when we got there — 17 miles seemed nothing. Griss was much pleased to see us. She has two boys playing with her.

friends of Mrs. Harr -

No had brought a tent and sleeping bag — you would have laughed to see the procession of three boys bent with loads climbing the hill to the big pine tree where we were going to tent in.

And we slept up there by the big pine tree — a stormy sky — then some moon and stars — and finally, for me in the morning, I got up and went to a spring with a face of hot
After my short bath and breakfast, Brett and I went to ride our bicycles. The telephone house is about a mile and a half away. There are rocks up a canyon. Through nice woods till the rocks become sheer. All together I guess we rode six or seven miles. Found one of the horses and the rest swimming. I just went to ride; other horses watched us. Charlie
that Drift is just too perfect

Bretto horse is alright

were fun. No mist the two boys

on his way and brought back the

milk 13 quarts — it seems just

too funny but everyone drinks it

I was very tired last night so

Minna and I got into a big bed in

Brett sitting room right after

supper — the boy rather helplessly

went off to play cards and we had

a long night to sleep — Charles

came in this morning and offered
to bring us breakfast in bed

The two boys and Brett ran their

legs off for us all morning while

Minna and I lay in bed — each

with a huge cow bell that we
I sang when ever we wanted to sing things.

There was much laughter and it finally ended with a water bottle.

And when I was up and dressed and had a bath I went out to that

fruit tree where I started writing you this morning — everthing

out there smelled so good — I just sat and looked at the

greens in front of me for hours it seemed —

Maybe this all seems like

nonsense to you — Maybe I

am crazy that I enjoy it so much —

Maybe I am selfish that I
do it and leaver you alone —

I never way feel it is right for me to
do — It had been pouring rain — as soon as it clears Britt and I are going to ride again — Miriam and Charles are riding in the Ford — Britt Ford — at the foot of the hill — I ran down to them with a basket of lunch in the rain — nobody wanted it but I knew they would eat it — Britt tramped about in the rain in rubber boots and overalls — the really fit him in exactly just — it is all a haphazard thing — even the way the toilet paper hangs on a wire in the small outhouse — I brought everything up — but just being across so important just sitting out thus looking into space seems to
important

I don't know why

must be this way

but I must

I am going to ride another horse today.

She has a whole pencil full

tea or teacup. I just can't try a few more of them are good and some of them hers and it is so nice riding up here.

All wild but fairly good tracks.

I miss you too. I am very careful now. You need not worry about me. It is all very nice. It feels almost like flying in the air.

My very best love goes to you and all of us.
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1721] 1929 August 2 : [I]

Image ID: 1152285
Good Morning - dearest -

We go down the mountain
today - I have been six days
here - it seems like an awful
The same time last a million -
and I have ridden a lot - there
are 7 of us - Breit - her two
boys and us four - it makes
quite a string on the road -
We all went together
over - the rides are very
lovely - and I have gone at least
six or seven miles every day
I am nicely bruised in the
Knees - but I don't mind -
it is worth it - so just
and get around any other way.
... I have just had an hours sun bath ... you just walk to the edge of the woods a few feet from the house and take off your clothes and wander off clothing for a while ... A to lie down ... you feel so on was even here and no one even will come ...

... it is certainly a great place, I wish you were free ... I feel a great pull toward you, almost as if you had hold of my hand and are
drawing my toward you

But at this is

something that stretches far —

far into me — touchings

in my way beyond what

because I was before — it

in as the I thought I was

somethings and found I am

something else another

way beyond myself

I hope you really love our

some thing in our only seems

to exist in you

My dear — dear love goes to you

with my proudest kiss and need —
Alfred Steiglitz
New York
It is late but just a word must go to you.

Mabel and the one here -- she was just walking

in to suffer with Tony as I made up

this is not
to tell you that if you are well I am going back to Brett

Tomorrow morning just with Charles in the Ford


Brett and I hope are studying

Charles is in love with that girl who wanted to spend your morn

so he is quiet -- and he does a huge amount of

work with less effort and tells them any and I am

saw -- he will make it easy for me -- and it will

be quiet and I have a crazy painting (I think I want
to do -- I must start to bend)

but dearest -- please feel me very close to you

and let yourself think of it any other way

It is good to have all your letters when I sit down
Dear —

Your letter just came at all your big discoveries in management and
they marvel that any man would write so much — could write so much — I am always
amazed to feel how little almost any one man could understand you — us —

You must meet Charles in the fall — I think
your will mean much to him — and he will probably
argue hard with you — He is as fine a piece of
twenty years as I ever saw.

A kiss dearest
And much love too that holds your tenderly,
for quiet sleeping and quiet waking

Jane your woman

and I love the stars —
and your star —
Dear Jane,

I am in a bit of a wondering mood — in which I could tell you all the funny little bits of the last few days — about the adventures with the glad — and the way every thing is done and not done — without making it too funny — meaning being stuck on the bed — making a merry good time — it is raining no — I read a bit in the shadow of a quiet corner and looked at

...No recipe on this uncertain...

When we got down to Wabbe's yesterday after riding almost all afternoon in the rain — everything seemed soft and beautiful and peaceful — and the

flowers around my little house are so lovely — it was worth so inviting — so tempting — every thing welcoming — I only wish I had for about tomorrow — was told that it
go to see them at all but went any way — it looks so long to be able to read your letters — I got on the bed to do it — in the middle there came in — and Young
and finally Charles — He wanted to be sure — wanted to come back up for

...I am feeling fine — Charles promised to be back by night this morning.

I just now got the word to say two things out of which he was —

I was not sick.

I didn't tell you that after reading your letters last night I worked across the alfalfa field with a bucket of light the way and read you a letter saw at dinner on the way and carried back a bundle of clothes to

...I picked up a fight against this morning and washed

my head on the front porch and visited Stable and Charles and I am off tomorrow — to the sea — to ship two in the college and to get your registered letters and end your telegram — I feel so much with you today — all soft and warm and near almost as the dream feel the writing of your letters —

...Had a most excellent day —

Charles drawing — Just want to get tired and had breakfast of a

...
8/29

good to get Town -- Room to come down to Town of our own. I all

got to work. -- Charles went in a very convenient arrangement to help

my canvas last week -- asked some cleared out of the first for

me. I several my canvas from the down on the barn door to

read your letters which I dear you seem to be taking so

hadn't read them coming up in the car because we came to fast and

also I like to be alone and quiet when I read them

Dear -- I felt like paying less and everything you say to me work

my when it is moving forward -- you must know that

All day you seemed to be around me -- the boys had to go to

town and Brett decided not to go this and Charles and went

from along all day -- and we all thought it was quiet and so

quiet. -- Brett and I painting in different houses -- Charles
did some odd jobs. They wandered off some where and didn't come

back till time to go for the milk -- when he came back
with the milk. John, the horse and milk for half an hour.

It had supper—quiet—Charles and I doing nothing.

He told me about a wonderful idea he had for a building

a six-pointed star. I said it was a silly idea, they didn't

put it at the Grand Central or park.

Then the other boys came in with their adventures in town

All sitting around the table eating stewed cherries

My tumbling moved very fast. Tomorrow we will see

what it moves into. It sort of knocked my own head off.

I am glad we came up again—it has been so quiet.

quiet

and the feeling is such a queer one.

The feeling of this place is very fine.

Charles finally had to help Brett with his struggles with football.

His laugh and practical turn at work on Brett were very

annoying. He made out a bill for six to send to the father of

his two boys—and insisted that she write the father a letter.

It was nice—and very funny—Brett looking particularly red.

So particularly funny—Good night Littlecom.
Western Union

Received at

AB128 17 COLLECT=ESPANOLA NMEX AUGUST 5 245P
ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

PAINTING BETWEEN SANTA FE AND TAOS CAN NOT PHONE OR TELEGRAPH
WIRE ON RETURN TO TAOS=

GEORGIA=
530P

The quickest, surest and safest way to send money is by telegraph or cable.

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEY, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

SIGNs
DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

Telegram: [Folder 1721] 1929 August 5
Image ID: 1152297
Received at

AB 52 COLLECT NL=SANTAFE NMEX AUG

ALFRED STEEGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

BACK IN TAOS WEDNESDAY WONDERFUL LANDSCAPE HERE WENT TO INDIAN DANCE AT SANTODOMINGO WAS GLAD TO HAVE YOUR TELEGRAMS FROM NEWYORK HOPE YOU ARE WELL AND QUIET IM FINE VERY MUCH LOVE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET LETTERS OFF SO DO NOT LOOK FOR MAIL UNTIL WHAT I WRITE FROM TAOS=

GEORGIA.

654A.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE.
Dear [Name],

I guess I saw you bad... but can't tell you how

I have been flying... I sat in my bed in a long, study room... under a big chair... in the sun... and saw the wonder. What has hit me... Kris is certainly an incredible country...

I have been going so fast... and somehow has been going on around. That writing has been quite impossible. I spent the two days at Brisco...

a crazy picture... a new one and different.

It was quiet and fine... Their Charles suggested going down to Coos by what is known as the Circle drive.

Making it some eighty miles down through the mountains... It was an army of a ride and we met Marie on the way taking it in the opposite direction.

We were home in time for supper and unpacked again... had a hot bath and packed again to go to the Sand Dunes for three and some hours for maybe a night... maybe two... I wanted to paint on the road out from here... a very fine Mesa... so fine that I probably can't paint it.

Sunday morning, (I was in bed at noon Saturday... had a fine week... was fairly tired)... we were off for the dunes... Munro... Charles and I on a hundred miles... it was 70... Charles the last 35... it was the most beautiful dune I have ever and the longest... His had sand... sitting on the edge with our legs hanging down... on a roof...
with a roof made of branches so as to keep the rain off. He
couldn’t have had it from a better place. They had a very,

few chores and it was about four hundred dollars. It
was fine — the chores was right at their feet.

Every one was there — many unexpected arrivals.
Matthew’s friend Frederick carrying a piano and all the

music wanted to buy the place. You must meet Frederick — you and he

would hear a great time. I asked him to come and we as when

he returned from Europe in October or November.

The Santa Fe train was only a large — the whole thing

was very fine.

From Smith’s on our return I went to Mabel’s

home with Mabel. I had been invited to visit here at Alcot: and

I could bring Charles (because they all knew I could)

on don’t drive alone long distances. Mabel was crazy to

come too. — The father and mother of Mabel this house was notorious.

but I just felt I shouldn’t bring two extra in so

Charles and I arrived at about eleven at night. Good

and all the savings waiting for us when we got there.

The place is quite as remarkable as Mabel’s in a way.

This woman is the friend of the queer Scott money

— and such a tale you never heard. I just found

this morning that she is also the mother of the young

Garland who would not accept the millions in inherited

a few years ago. — You remember much about it

was in the paper. She is sixty and married now to a

boy in his twenties. — I met with a great place.
8-7-29

Went down to the Pacific out Zara from the modern buckets - with the stars over head - the endless library when we dance - and a bigger Kelpie than any pictures I've seen & all the landmarks around. I have almost lost my head in yesterday and today. The two days I have been here I painted from 8:30 till one - then yesterday afternoon the husband went off to collect a party that we had cool night. I had company and I worked till four then.

Charlie took me on a three hour drive that was the finest drive I have had out there - no looks can - for beauty all the country - dreams as well as any one I can recall and I just wish you could have been along. I don't know why this country gets me the way it does me but I just get a feeling of bringing with it and I like it so that I feel I will die. Charlie likes it too - but he doesn't either than he does - but he just looks and drives and watches all around.

When we got back and dressed they were by party in on it was small - and amusing - very no ended by everyone going swimming in the Rio Grande at about 12 - everyone by me - I looked on too cool and too much work for me. It was after two when we got to around.

I was out fishing at 8:30 this morning - the woman friend among the other things she does - Marie, Zealand she is called mostly - she would work with me again this morning - she is very can - I am very good. My painting isn't much at
I couldn't be - what I try to paint is too much to get it right away -

I was going back this afternoon to work on it again but it rained - everything was so different - we were shared in by the rain - so I decided not to go out again as Charles went up with me - and I made a lot of drawings - but now and then - I see -

signs of his help - of a kind of little kid that I want to paint - if Charles says it is a little kid and he tells his

ya - but it is very big indeed - He makes me draw -

amps it is good for my eye and when I do things wrong - keep at my own and over again tell I can do them

--- I must tell you that horses in our telephone house - they go to Santa Fe for meal - it is 35 miles home and for same back -

and they don't go for it especially -

Human about 100 miles

I write you tonight - I am not leaving you here - because at first I thought I might only stay one night - this is the third -

that begins passing along in the night is wonderful

with just a few stars and cloud covering the

forest clear -

who crowded around - they great pleasure in my

pleasure in the landscape here - I may come back and spend a

work on this certainly a remarkable woman in old and wise

and young and vital - and at the same time -

This is just

a vague outline of what I have been doing - I read it over to you to give you no idea at all of what happens - for as it all

happens it all seems so terribly alien and warm and then doesn't.
I seem to be a moment to stop and think of my feelings another so fast.

Even the much seems to happen here there is a feeling of quiet about it for me much more quiet than at Madrid.

in a way I have been mostly with just one person Maria Garand or Charles and I like the landscape here very very much.

And maybe you feel I have had enough of this thing that I like that I should be leaving it and going on to you.

I write that then let and look at this word.

And the thought that comes to me is that what I have been getting out was upon me a kind of feeling of balance within myself that I never terribly need.

My kiss goes with this a few kisses to;

my love and miss you and a good night it is after two I ought to be asleep

instead of sitting landscape talks I haven't a good one yet not a single one.

A big kiss I forget till you how I laughed at your calling me a man brother laughed aloud at it and wondered up to it that I am beginning to feel a bit with me and that wild feeling made one mean sure I am one again Goodnight
Good Morning Dearest.

Here I am in the Pink House again - a rather cloudy morning - It came up from Tealdeer's yesterday afternoon - We all came with us as her husband had come in the morning to bring back the remnants of the party - She wanted to meet us on the road and returning with us to Tealdeer which she did.

But what a drive we had - in rivers of rain had run through the canyon that the road came up and in places you would never have any idea that there had ever been a road - Hill and Ditch you could have seen Charles tackle it and it is too long to tell when you don't know the road is insufficient to say that we got through and got here by about noon and it was hours before another car could get through - ever thing else was alright and neither also seemed to be able to get over the bridges that he fixed for himself - I think he had a grand time - it would be a game to him - He got a great kick out of it and by the time we had finished our supper...
at the hotel West of this place that had been at the house had collected — Haunora — before they got there she had the idea to take me on a trip — ten days to the Grand Canyon — and Navajo country — for her husband — and Huson — Charles and me — two cars — the Rolls Royces and a Packard — well — I just couldn't miss it — such a way to go — and they all knew the country — Charles and I and I drove down to the house this afternoon late and we plan to leave ten hours at first tomorrow morning — I hope you don't think me mean — I had rather planned to go home soon in four or five days — I wanted a little time to see Mexico — but I'll be off for this — I don't know what after what I said last summer about a Rolls Royce — I hadn't said anything about that to them either — It just happened this way — It was after the when I got into the big sitting room at Warden and got my mail — all your letters and copies of telegrams — Dearest — you couldn't doubt
Mrs. -- don't you know that all of me has always been yours -- when you wanted me -- but you haven't made me feel you wanted much of me for a long time till I came out here -- I understand it now -- and there isn't anything I would rather have than that closeness to you -- I know you know it -- and don't you know all these things I am doing that may seem mad -- I couldn't be arguing as I do if I didn't feel you there to feel my hand on and reassure me -- it makes me very gay -- in a very nice way. I think -- in any way -- I feel they all like me very much and some thing that I feel myself seems to give them all a lift -- like my paintings make the people feel who like them much.

I will be wiring you on the way -- and I will be driving either with Charles or Howard and they are both wonderful drivers unless they let me drive -- and I am improving a lot. Don't worry about me -- I will be fine -- Mary Gardner has a very motherly way of taking care of everybody -- I think it will be a great help.
I do hope you'll look after yourself with what you've found.
It is the nicest thing you can do for me.
I am glad you made me feel really sure you love me.
It makes me feel much more... flying into the new spaces...

Bed is so quiet, it needs a lot of it! I feel this is very little one can do about it. Only she can do any thing.

This must go for this mail.

With very much love from
only nice thoughts of us.

Kiss others.
Received at

ALFRED STIEGLITZ
LAKEGEORGE NY

HAD YOUR WIRE THIS AFTERNOON MANY THANKS CAME DOWN TO MARIE GARLANDS AFTER FIVE LEAVE HERE EARLY TOMORROW MORNING WITH HER HENWAR SPUD JOHNSON AND CHARLES

TELEGRAPH ADDRESS TOMORROW MONTEVISTA HOTEL FLAGSTAFF ARIZ WILL WIRE FROM THERE IF POSSIBLE BUT DO NOT WORRY YOUR FLYING MUST BE GREAT VERY MUCH LOVE=

GEORGIA=

653A

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
Received at
AB97 26=TAOS N MEX 8 945A

ALFRED STEIGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

INVITED TEN DAYS MOTOR TRIP GRAND CANYON START THIS
evening WILL WIRE DAILY ONLY ENJOY IT IF I FEEL YOU BELIEVE
IN OUR BEST LOVE THANKS=

GEORGIA.

126P.
My dear Affi: Swish I could bring arms around all of you and tickle you up and take you without it is true minutes before we are supposed to get up to start on this trip and I must just speak with you before we go.

That your two registered letters arrived afternoon also your telegram sent after I wrote you are going across being getting off had easel the letters find Charles and African fifty miles down the canyon in the evening light Charles driving so we came fast but with such a curious wheel hardly felt all the way down there was wonderful dinner.
I saw your letters when I finally got into bed and I can't tell you how well they fitted things that had been happening and my state. This was the letter when you called me your wife and it fitted - all sound. I do much like what feeling of you and all about you - it makes something in me feel so at home even tho I am flying about out from this way.

The casual way this trip has been started would amuse you. The way is too much I would like you to see and like it to tell you of in detail. I think I understand how the flying makes you feel and I come to feel I am flying with you.
Backs letter from left George was typical of her.

I'm glad you went to the races even tho you didn't know much or so much except that I was with you.

Just heard Charles alarum going off across the street that means he will soon be out.

I feel that saw your child and your wife this morning that it will always be that way that as I go out to greet the sky the dawn it also greets you too and that you touch me like the air on my cheek everywhere because all of us is together.
I seem more than two human together
Strewn all of everything the world rhythms have to understand
I can only be of it and let myself

Here it is a little rain

just beginning you say and others for that free
They will probably soon as the sun shine knowing that it will probably rain often during the few days

A long long kiss
you I will go up and get under that cover of a shower in the back room
And don't forget any day that the cooler touches
Alfred Steglier,
Ladies, Georges
New York.
Received at
ABA166 65 NL=GRANDCANYON ARIZ 10
ALFRED STIGLITZ=
PHONE 207 LAKEGEO GE NY=

WELL IT IS THE GRANDCANYON ALL RIGHT WE GO INTO THE
NAVAJO COUNTRY SO DO NOT EXPECT WORD OF ANY KIND FOR
SEVERAL DAYS MAYBE A WEEK WILL WIRE AS SOON AS THERE IS A
CHANCE IN THE MEANTIME THINK ONLY PLEASANT THINGS OF ME
AND TRUST THAT I AM HAVING GREAT DAYS THAT THEY COULDN'T BE
SO GREAT WITHOUT THE CENTER AND OUR LOVE=

GEORGIA
Hotel Weatherford

M. H. WEATHERFORD, Manager

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

9-10-29

Will - Fir a few - Saw you a
night better last night - but I was so
sleepy it probably didn't hear much news

He was so kind we would sleep in
Flagstaff last night (and endless) - and
giving him was quite a job.

All kinds of weather
- all kinds of roads - from dry hot
dryness & freezing rain roads litz better
and rivers of water litz thick enough to cross

It was fine - Had a grand day
Half the day with Charles in the back and
the other half with Hume in the Rolls Royce
and both wonderful drivers - and
what a car - It is litz velvet

- and to see him drive it up a grade
road in the night Melos had a time

It was a great day of all sorts of things Human not only drivers his can his drivers every body else to the place he is coming for

had a kiss

They are also in for breakfast

I am feeling fine
Sender: Alfred Stegely

Date: August 10, 1929

Address: New York
just try me into this heavy weather. So warm that I think it makes all of you head you know very surely that I am very very close to you - all of us. This is a great time. I am having and feeling - and very sure in a way humanly as well as what we see. Just want you to know that all of your is wish you all and my great wish is that you are getting very good care of yourself and quickly. Trust you for that.
This is what I am doing is all
very carefully arranged, so
you do not need to worry at
e all.

Every respect,

And be sure to please in your

true the most of anything

that can be for you.
Alfred Steglin

Labr George

New York
Dearest, it has been a great day.
The Grand Canyon is just as hot as we would expect it to be. It's big and grand and colorful. Yellow and reds, it is. I didn't expect or want us to just look at it.

But dear, this afternoon.
I went down into the Navajo Canyon, and from it, the Little Colorado River Canyon. I feel aquated that it was much finer.

There, I went crag on crag on toward what they call the Painted Desert on the left and on the right, a range of black mountainous hills that seem so far, as near to my part of there.
Things you can imagine. I got so
excited and crazy that I found out
Charles both got much more related
with you and got furious
with them. But we have a new
world of relationships that doesn't
really get much more when we agree
to... Have our days going to ride
either with Helen or Walis in the
morning. In a sense, your any thing
so stark and naked and simple
and beautiful. It would be a
good place to die and let your bones
bleach.
And we finally came to a trading
post. A place to have some tea
and other nice cabins.
It would delight your soul to walk sinks - comfortably - and a good natured man making it - and the furnished desert - colored
- stacks and green and brown
- I'll do much of nothing.

I have quiet lost my head.

Hepzibah and I worked out on the long bridge over the muddy river...
...but such beautiful mud...

...it was grand. Yet many people came up him. The roads aren't good.
So on feel almost alone with it.
Goodnight dear my. You certainly have a crazy child tonight.
Another day in our driving all day in the desert - sometimes red - yellow - brown - grey - white - cliffs - red cliffs - what they call the painted desert - it was very beautiful

Hardly a sign of a human being.

We went to Las Vegas. They wanted to go to Redwood National Park in the Nevada country. We bought a trail mix. The guardian was showed us the California-Mexico border. On the northern rim of the Grand Canyon and from there up into Utah and Colorado. It was finally decided to do this later.

I am wondering about you.

I imagine it'll all come together some day. I wish I could see you - just as well as my hand touching you - and feel your soft hand warm
Return After Five Days By
PRUCE TREE LODGE
ODDIE L. JEFF, Proprietor
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George
New York
ARRIVED NORTHRIIM OF CANYON THIS EVENING QUITE UNBELIEVABLE SUNSET ROADS IN NAVAJO COUNTRY SO BAD WE HAD TO CHANGE OUR PLANS I CANT BEGIN TO TELL YOU WHAT BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY WE HAVE GONE THROUGH AM FEELING FINE AND HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME WIRE ME CEDARCITY UTAH TOMORROW MUCH LOVE.

GEORGIA
Good morning dear at 5:45 and I am sitting and on the end of a point at the end of what they call Bright Angel Trail. No others were asleep. I only saw red people coming out – a bed by a workman and four horses and ten or more quite along from in place of its rising over into darkness. Sante Fe and I walked a long way along the path in the moonlight last night and I nearly died laughing when I had to sit down once because I saw I felt from my feet all up my legs. I was eating broom still my mouth watered and I had a sharp pain in my head – it is certainly a staggering sight and some seems me and to it. But every thing out there seems staggerd.

Woody with Hume yesterday all day and such a can and what country we crossed and what sea – but it is a kind of best so that your eyes feel as tho' they are firing – and you don't mind you unlike it.
P. 2

Caption: [Folder 1722] 1929 August 13
Image ID: 1152331

the very last of the road which it finally does but by that time the side mirror on the car is so hot you cant put your hand on it.

No sooner had the sun begun to set in the morning through desert along first soft gray sand hills—then red and pink cliffs—sharp and enormous — it is a cruel cruel country—terrible roads—and along with what one saw—which finally got to be so much that I just felt I couldn’t any more then can—being forced up and down those awful roads by that little blond woman—burnt very blackly—such a wet jaw and such a sore hand—

for and this can never be over—this can help a woman that I know for controls absolutely—there wasn’t much chance for me to forever yesterday till we finally climbed a frightening hill and began going into tree—for our two horses for went through through vines—little skinny ones at first
Growing taller and taller as we wade into the air cooler and cooler till we were all down in coolness - and we got there just for sure.

For three terrible hours we were sweaty and hot.

The most disagreeable feeling I saw - as we burned that it was funny - all have queer looking eyes - but we all feel fine.

We all rode with the tops of the cars down except for about 2½ hours - you can see so much better in.

Dinner - it is all too much to tell about.

When Fred and I got back to the hotel last night - we danced a couple of times and he remarked - "Fred guesses there is nothing left for us to do today - we couldn’t have done much worse."

I forget to tell you that we crossed the new bridge.

That was built at Sea-Berry - it is not very long but so far above what is below that you don’t quite believe it.
Charles and Harriett and Novie have all been through this country several times — but this has been through part of it — 9 am this only 9 am and all having a great time.

Do watch the moon coming over this — it just gets up to be too much.

Your quiet limp from looking too long.

So I kiss you and go eat.

I hope to have a wire from you today from Cedar Hill.
Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George

New York
Dear [Name],

This is more and more of it. What can I say? It was such a beautiful morning — the most perfect morning, so good and wonderful. I am so glad. And dear dear that can run off so well! There are several lines and remarks with a gain — isn't it fine?
Threw down into the desert again into blazing heat and wonderful color — and long stretches of very good straight road — the car just tingled — oh just got a feeling this shouldn’t be any other kind.

I watched him grease and oil it at Cameron two nights ago and it is really most beautiful in all its parts —

Well — I guess you think I am crazy — but it was certainly a most perfect morning of driving —

After lunch I drove with Fred and —
Charles — A day and a half in the Rolls Royce they decided had ruined me — it was beautiful country all afternoon — We arrived here about six — and decided to go down such queer things with this earth — it is like a weird Wild West with ghosts in it and in the moonlight seems really crazy — I begin to feel that nothing ever really came out of any romantic imagination but that every thing is really in the earth —

The sky tonight was one of those pieces
dear [name],

That seems to touch every inch of you and at the same time seem to be miles and miles away -- farther away than we can imagine -- the most beautiful scenery since we came out here.

Goodnight little one -- This is certainly a good trip to have.

And I want to assure you that I am feeling fine.

I need you a kiss -- out through this wonderful night -- I wish you could see it with me -- I feel very close to you -- I love you.
Alfred Stieglitz

New York

Sabo George
Class of Service
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

Western Union

Newcomb Carlton, President
J. C. Willever, First Vice-President

Signs
DL = Day Letter
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WLT = Week-End Letter

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Received at
AB202 8 NM COLLECT=COLORADO SPRINGS COLO AUG 16
ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
LAKE GEORGE NY=

ARRIVE TAOS SATURDAY EVENING FEELING FINE LOVE=
GEORGIA

905P.

The quickest, surest and safest way to send money is by telegraph or cable.
Dear [Name],

It seems that even the places I find myself in are more remarkable than the places I found before. At present, I am lying on a couch at the most perfect little hideaway — on the edge of a hill with nothing around — and looking out on what seems to be a vast and boundless world. In front of me there are two choices — the other is just a bit larger than this. The town are over there — Warner and Warner have gone to town — and we are getting the morning and night — having our car fixed and godown to sleep in the morning. This place belongs to a friend of ours.

It has a big hotel in the town and just comes out occasionally.

Well, it is certainly a grand place.

We all feel just a bit like seeing our heads and wondering if we can stand any more. The two nights I haven't written.

The day we left Bryce's canyon was the most perfect day I ever had in the morning. Through the woods with Warner.

In the afternoon we went through the most paralyzing desert, green sea, white with alkali, mountains and plains alike. It is a sort of country that would just eat your heart out if you had to drive with it on a dark, cloudy night.

Next day we went over Grand Mesa — a mesa with 350 lakes on top of it — Fine view.
sleet and hail fell on ground was white - lots of
flowers - and hawaiian fighting with this car is not the
best of my pleasures - the mesa was beautifully green
but we soon drifted down into desert lined with
rocky mountains - and at about five in the
afternoon we began following the colorado river with
its handsome / green mountains. there ever
been. at about ten we met a little hotel and
started on at seven. this morning was independence
pass 12000 feet high - green - snow in patches
very very beautiful - and here we are. It
has been a wonderful trip - all our nerves are.
feeling - but I wouldn't have missed it for a great deal.
It is the sort of thing that only hawaii and charles
could push through with a bit of delicate managin
from marie - it was dear for me and i never went
along - well I guess they all had a good time
they seem to have - we have stopped at all sorts of
places - from the finest to the simplest - charles
said this morning that we have gone over 2000
miles.
Dear [Name],

I must rest a bit - since one or other is coming for tea or whisky as some thing new and was just from here if I wanted to go over said in a little while - I must just have a little and send you a kiss on that cold breeze that came in.

8/17/29

[Black Hawk]

Bryce Canyon Lodge
Bryce Canyon Park, Utah
Patrons are requested to favor the company by criticism and suggestion concerning its service.

Western Union

Newcomb Carlton, President
J. C. Willever, First Vice-President

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

Received at
46 3 Extra NL LG 207

AB15 42 NL Collect TDSF TAOS NMEX AUG 18 = VIA LAKEGEO NY 19

ALBERT SIEGLITZ = PHONE RAVENSWOOD 7100
LAKEGEO GE NY = CARE CURTIS FLYING SERVICE NORTHBEACH
ELMHURST LI NY

YES YES YES PLANNING TO LEAVE FOR YOU ON THURSDAY OR
AS SOON AS I CAN GET PACKED AND OFF I AM READY THIS
LAST TRIP MADE IT ALL SEEM ENOUGH LOOKING FORWARD VERY MUCH
TO SEEING YOU VERY MUCH LOVE=

GEORGIA=

645A

The quickest, surest and safest way to send money is by Telegraph or Cable.
Received at

AB5 44 COLLECT NL=TAOS NMEX AUG 20

ALFRED STIEGLITZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

JUST FINISHED PACKING PICTURES HOPE TO HAVE EVERYTHING IN ORDER WEDNESDAY SO I CAN LEAVE THURSDAY NIGHT I AM READY TO GO TO LAKEGEORGE AND MEET YOU THERE UNLESS YOU WISH TO MEET ME IN ALBANY I LEAVE IT TO YOU MUCH LOVE=

GEORGIE OKEEFE=

TELEPHONE No... 20
TELEPHoned TO TIME
BY............. TO BE
ATTEMPTS

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE
A starlight moonlight night was very beautiful.

I have been packing today.

This afternoon a man's friend came in to see me — he was glad I'd let him in — with no supper — with no talk. Such is life. Such a real person — really was. It's coming true once in a while. You will have a good time with him.

The house has turned very cold lately.

Mabel — she loves to Albuquerque Sanatorium again. She loves the flowers and blooming really.

It all seems a bit unreal.

Hugs and kisses — very fast done.

Again and again.
I won't give up. It was only a bad day, not a bad me. I know I am much to blame for my troubles and I will try to mend.

End of the page.
(Typed) Stagg

Sister George

Rec'd Aug 23/29

New York
Received at

10 50 NL=WS RATON NM NX AUG 22=

ALFRED STIEGLETZ=
LAKEGEORGE NY=

WILL ARRIVE ALBANY SUNDAY MORNING FIVE TEN YOUR TWELVE LETTERS VERY WONDERFUL I AM SORRY YOU WORRIED READY TO GO IN EVERYWAY THIS HAS ALL BEEN QUITE PERFECT I AM VERY ANXIOUS TO GET TO YOU NOW DONT IMAGINE I DONT FULLY APPRECIATE THINGS YOU SPEAK OF VERY MUCH 

GEORGIA=

642A
Dear [Name],

Did you know what it felt,

and endless little things to attend to.

Yesterday a lot of people came around to see my family.

Just the morning, Marie and Howard drove up with a friend.

They wanted to see these and I showed them there too.

Frankaway -> He had shown them to me in the morning and I had a great time was really much wanted over there.

I had supper with Marie's friend and finally found I was persuaded to drive down the canyon in the moonlight with them. Marie can be just irresistible to me.

It was a beautiful drive. I slept as soon as I got there. We were up early and up there by 9:30. It was a drive after we went out of the canyon and such a thing a drive and it is some thing so soft and some where else so that you hardly notice it.

In the morning I go down and express my feelings.

Some actions to go away to you and sit down and is quiet.

by you — just sit very still. —
must get into bed - I am so tired

I will be with you soon
will write when I will arrive in Albany where I can find out

Good night

did almost too tired to write - but I wrote because I had to

Let have your registered letters in the morning