Monday afternoon — almost 4 —
I'm sitting out in the little place —
my back in the sun — feet in the shade, and the cold — out the end of this little place. I see this little slice of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains some 50 miles away — a feeble blue
*advances on the life.*

It is a fine warm still day so
I came over here for the last time this year — it is just a wonderful
day — the sort of day to where you
feel that maybe time is standing still.
And — I may feel that it was good
kinds differently.

All the yellow leaves are gone,
But the silver of bare branches is
almost as wonderful —
Thank you for the Ilkley speech — I had heard it on the radio but was glad to read it — I understand more clearly what I read —

I wish you cared for Peter just to look around for a moment —

Well — I wrote my long letter Saturday to Dave and mailed it today —

Yesterday I painted in the afternoon — looked at my beautiful rocks in the morning and helped Maria fix my stool and I suppose the unimportant things in stead of some buttons and fixed the plea on my afternoon.

It is a fine day today — it feels out of that lovely valley on a very light breeze — with fine warm sun.
Monday afternoon -- almost 4 --

I'm sitting out in the White Place -- my back in the sun -- I've been in the shade and I'm cold -- but the end of this white place I see the long line of the Sangre de Christo Mountains -- some 60 miles away -- a fine blue -- all snow on the top --

It is a fine warm still day so I came over here for the last time this year -- It is just a wonderful day -- the sort of day when you feel that maybe time is standing still. Well -- I may feel that way but I know differently.

All the yellow leaves are gone but the silver of bare branches is almost as wonderful.

Thank you for the Wilkie speech -- I had heard it on the radio but was glad to read it -- I understand more clearly what I read --

I wish you could be here just to look around for a moment --

Well -- I wrote my long letter to Dave Saturday and mail it today -- Yesterday I painted in the afternoon -- looked at my beautiful rocks in the morning and helped Maria fix her stove and I suppose other unimportant things -- Sewed on some buttons and fixed the hem on my apron.

It is a fine day today -- a kis floats out of this lovely valley on a very light breeze -- with fine warm sun --
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York
Good afternoon! Thank you for the Bird clipping I received this morning. Wednesday was also
for O.G. Times. Mrs. Sweeney's teacher comes on Wednesday—Monday and Tuesday were
two perfect days—sunny and windless. I wish you about going to the White House on
Monday—yesterday I went to a place. There was some brow surgery. On the way up from Columbia
there is a patch of earth way off in the hills that is so bright it always looks as if the sun
is shining on it—bright red and yellow—

Until always I shall want to go to it so

yesterday we went. This day was so wonderful

I had to do something special—it was really

special too. When I think back it is amazing

if I had taken a walk and a climb into a
wonderful red and bright yellow are set.
It was a climb up in ups and downs that
must be quite high water falls when the water
is running and all had an untouched look as
if no one ever goes there except one place
where there were drawings on simple
markings as if primitive peoples had lived
long long ago at that place the water had
washed the rocks so that it held water like
a bright blue tub. The whole walk and climb
is as unreal as any place you've ever been so
bright and so pure.

Well, such things I do and wish
to do again only wish I wish to much
for her because, now I know the way—
another year I guess.
A Kiss to you
Good afternoon!

Thanks for McBride clipping -- I received it this morning, Wednesday -- also the N.Y. Times. The Sunday paper usually comes on Wednesday -- Monday and Tuesday were two perfect days -- sunny and windstill -- I wrote you about going to the White Place on Monday -- yesterday I went to a place I have never been before.

On the way up here from Abiquiu there is a patch of earth way off in the hills that is so bright it always looks as if the sun is shining on it -- bright red and yellow ---- Well -- always I have wanted to go to it so yesterday we went. The day was so wonderful I had to do something special ---- It was really special too. When I think back to it it seems as if I had taken a walk and a climb into a wonderful red and bright yellow sun set -- It was a climb too ---- up over three places that must be quite high water falls when the water is running

-- It all had an untouched look as if no one ever goes there -- except one place where there were drawings -- simple markings -- as if primitive people had lived there long ago -- at that place the water had washed the rocks so that it held water like a big tub --- The whole walk and climb is as unreal as any place I've ever been -- so bright -- and so pure --

Well ------ such things I do -- and wish to do again only next time I wish to go much farther because now I know the way -- another year I guess

A kiss to you
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1836] 1942 November 4
Image ID: 1200880
Thursday evening.

Yesterday afternoon Louise came with Johnny. I asked him to bring her up. He came for his meal, and today, she is staying till Saturday.

Then just had a long phone call. It is a dampish except for day.

Tell Annie for me later.

Don't send this with Johnny. It's always asked about you.

Kiss to you. — He wrote twice.

[Signature]
Thursday evening

Yesterday afternoon Louisa came with Johnnie.
I asked him to bring her up --
He came for the night and today
-- she is staying till Saturday
Have just had a long walk but it is
a dampish creepy day --

I'll write more later --
I want to send this with Johnnie
He always asks about you
A kiss to you --

I'll write more later --
VIA AIR MAIL

Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
N. Y.
Friday afternoon

The rains is still here — she goes in the morning in the melted
late last night and the night before

And this morning we
lay on the bed in my corner room
looking out the window.
After lunch we started
in education — Dr. got really
lively — This has certainly
developed into a remarkable
woman — much more
interesting to us than any one I
find around here, free to talk to
every one, having her come and stay...
A few days in Shae's enjoyed.
It's very much. It gives us a real break as we have been quiet except for the week yesterday. It will be working again now.

A quiet kiss to you.
Friday afternoon

Well --- Louisa is still here --- she goes in the morning --- we talked late last night and the night before-- All this morning we lay on the bed in my corner room looking out the window

After lunch we started on education -- It got pretty lively --- She has certainly developed into a remarkable woman -- much more interesting to me than any one I find around these parts -- It is very nice having her come and stay a few days -- I have enjoyed it very much --

It gives me a rest too as we have been quiet except for the walk yesterday

We will be walking again now

A quiet kiss to you
Alfred Stagles
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York
It is a wonderful day, Sunday. Good morning! I have washed my head and feel pretty decent about that always — for put it off for a couple of weeks on account of my times so I feel particularly good to be through with it.

Yesterday was a free day too. Laura had to go to dinner away down to Espauleta. No dinner in the Swan car — slowly — night after breakfast. Her friends met us in Espauleta in our drawn out and had a picnic lunch on the deck near Union Park. So it is all much.
In familiar country, I am so unusual.

Mr. D. en joyed sitting here

in the hot sun, looking ahead

while sitting. They went on

down and spent

half an hour or so with Marie

sitting outside the room at the

side of the house. They

went on to my bedroom and

was home a very little after

the set. It was a lovely day

and a very good drive. I do

seldom do myself that when

I do enjoy it very much

about a hundred miles in all but it

didn't seem far - it is different from.
I enjoyed having Louise in. She came on Wednesday and left on Saturday. I received the only real call I've had with any on all summer — Maria is all right but she is too young in so many things. It was rather gloomy and didn't show off the country with its rural splendor. I was sorry about that but everything considered we had a very pleasant time.

However, people are hard on me and I was glad.
Well down long usual life again.

People usually think this way and

Saturday was no exception.

It is fun to sit here, brush

my hair clean. My brilliant

penn shirts and beds and feel I

are alone.

Mr. Dean was here this

morning before I was up. He did get up till nearly noon

— Maria was reading her. He is

not only for a week

for New Mass yesterday.

in some way relieved. My feeling

for had that we didn't move at all

and

Theo C. Your
It is a wonderful day -- Sunday --

Good Mornings! I have washed my head and feel pretty smart about that always ---- I've put it off for a couple of weeks on account of my sinus so I feel particularly good to be through with it.

Yesterday was a fine day too --- Louisa had to go so I drove her down to Espanola -- We drove in the open car -- slowly -- right after breakfast. Her friends met us in Espanola -- we drove out and had a picnic lunch on the desert near Marie Garlands ------- it is all such familiar country to me around there I enjoyed sitting there in the hot sun -- looking about while we ate --

Then they went on -- I went down and spent half an hour or so with Marie -- sitting out in the sun at the side of the house ---------- then went on to my errands and was home a very little after sun set.

It was a lovely day and a very good drive. I so seldom drive myself that when I do I enjoy it very much -- About a hundred miles in all but it didn't seem far -- it is different here.

I enjoyed having Louisa -- She came on Wednesday and left on Saturday. It seemed the only real talk I've had with any one all summer --

Maria is all right but she is so young in so many things --

The weather while she was here was rather gloomy and didn't show the country with its usual brilliance -- I was sorry about that but everything considered we had a very pleasant time.

However people are hard on me and I was glad to settle down to my usual life again. People usually tire me and Louisa was no exception ---
It is fine to sit here with my head clean --- the brilliant sun shine outside and feel that I am alone --

Mr. Bennet was here this morning before I was up -- but I didn't get up till nearly noon -- Maria was reading to me. He is out only for a week

The War news of yesterday in some way relieved the feeling I've had that we didn't move at all

A kiss to you
Alfred Stagley
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
N. Y.
11-10-42

In spite of going back to Amherst in the little corner room where I slept.

The room is dripping behind the mesa and the sharpness of the last light

on the cliff are so fine as to make everything 

for me painting -- badly

today rather worse

Yesterday I worked so it goes

Romero in Africa's

Yours --
Oh Alfred ---

I sit with my back to the sun in the little corner room where I sleep

---------- the sun is dropping
behind the mesa and the sharpness of the last lights on the cliffs are so fine as the shadow creep up

It's so still ---

I've been painting ----- badly today --
rather well yesterday -------

And so it goes

No news

---- A kiss to you
Affixed to your picture is bad again. That is too bad but you also say it is better.

I didn’t work yesterday. I want to be finished with some of my cedar boards and spend the day with the carpenter. The redwood carpenter looks wonderful. I had a fine time. We left it on the ground — a most wonderful look for something of a board. I’ll see you in a little while. There is foolish that I can have a fine time in the carpenter shop all day — the snowing and shoveling and changing for wood or my boards — in some of these are so very beautiful. I mean had that part of a day before.
said my mother had a woman working in his shop all day either.

And I was all right saved in some in my place.

I had to wash my red dress too.

I get it so dirty every day.

so dirty I said let my sister wash and iron my woolen dress and I must do it myself.

Just so! too afraid I will be afraid if I tear it so had to mend it too.

Later, someway I must always make my own bed

I wonder if I ever get even being careful

is a sort of a curse this way I am careful

about Caddy as I want tell I get shown his freezing down.
mostly by mail is pretty bad. I guess I said a good deal of it using something from different periods, I seemed to me, that they would look well if they had come up along and had the said something.

But of course you must do as you please. Don't decide till I get there. May be it would be just as well not to open this, but then till some way to I shouldn't have started it all up again.

P.S. to you good with the last two of another day.
Alfred --- so your sinus is bad again. That is too bad but you also say it is better --

I didn't write yesterday -- I went to Española with some of my cedar boards and spent the day with the carpenter ---

Oh - electric carpenter tools are wonderful -- I had a fine time -- He let me use his sander -- a most wonderful tool for smoothing a board ---

Well -- I am just that foolish that I can have a fine time in the carpenter shop all day -- He planing and sawing and changing the shape of my boards-- some of them are so very beautiful. I never had that sort of a day before -- He said he never had a woman working in his shop all day either

Well ---- I was all pink sawdust -- even in my shoes. I had to wash my red dress today. I got it so dirty --

and

Oh I am so dumb -- I can't let any one else wash and iron my woolen dress -- I must do it myself. Just aol too afraid it will be spoiled -- I tore it so had to mend it too. In the same way I must always make my own bed -- I wonder if I'll ever get over being careful --- It is a sort of a curse -- the way I am careful --

About Cady ---- Oh wait till I get there -- his framing done mostly by mail is pretty bad I guess --

I thought I could make a good show of it using something from different periods -- It seemed to me that they would look well -- that he had moved along and that he said some thing ----- but of course you must do as you please. Don't decide till I get there. Maybe it would be just as well not to open the next lot till I come
Maybe I shouldn't have started it all up again --
A kiss to you goes with the last
sun of another day ---
Caption: [Folder 1836] 1942 November [12?]–13, Santa Fe (N.M.)
Image ID: 1200903
Just by the mail box. The sun has gone from here but all the cliffs are still softly bright.

It has been a warm day. By warm I mean warm enough so that I could sit out in the wagon comfortably to work.

If the wind had blown it would have been cold.

I saw painting on the cliffs again. I will undoubtedly have interest in my but my but

Dame at it and like my heart.
I sit by the mail box -- The sun has gone from here but all the cliffs are still softly bright -- It has been a warm still day.

By warm I mean warm enough so that I could sit out on the wagon comfortably to work -- If the wind had blown it would have been cold.

I am painting on the cliffs again --- It will undoubtedly interest no one but me --- but I am at it and like my start --

The bus came
Alfred Steglitz
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York
Saturday afternoon

You would laugh if you had been here just now. It was out painting on my pink and yellow cliffs and I came in very cold and hungry a little after four. She said she had an apple and some cheese for a lunch and I had lettuce with my Maria and I was very full and I said cold and hungry and I asked, "Shall I bring you some things?" and she said, "No, I'll wait for supper - we'll have it early and go to bed?" and she said, "You don't really want any thing more?" and I said, "No - not unless it's yourself. Good night."

Good night. W.U. - won't come again.
Shall I laugh?

She made it for my birthday— for tomorrow.

I seldom think of wanting speech— and she just couldn’t wait till tomorrow to show it to me. It was very funny— and nice to

She must have had a birthday cake in years.

And an $2.50 for the little family— it seems like a sort of birthday present too.

I like to hear from you.
Saturday afternoon

Oh --- you would laugh if you had been here just now ---- I've been out painting on my pink and yellow cliffs and I came in very cold and hungry a little after four --- I had only had an apple and some cheese for lunch as I had taken it with me ---- Maria asked me how I feel and I said cold and hungry -- then she said -- "Shall I bring you something to eat" -- and I said -- no "I'll wait for supper -- We'll have it early and go to bed" then she said "You don't really want anything now?" --- and I said --- "No -- not unless it's awfully good -- a piece of wonderful cake or something like that -- I must write my letter " -- She said "Well I'll bring something" -- and as I sat here about to write in she came with a tray -- a bottle of milk and a handsome coconut cake -- I had to laugh -- she had made it for my birthday for tomorrow ---- I so seldom think of wanting cake ---- and she just couldn't wait till tomorrow to show it to me. It was very funny ---- and nice too

I haven't had a birthday cake in years

Well --- the $500 for the little painting seems like a sort of birthday present too

A kiss to you - this must go
Good Morning. Yes — my birthday came and went. Shall your birthday letter this morning — thank you — also two other letters and my library catalogue — so the library shows begins today. Spreads furs and was out painting yesterday — it was rainy and windy.

Last night I wrote letters — clearing up many little things — went down when I heard from — again this morning for wine at the same thing.

Yesterday two Mexican women from a little town down the road came to see us — had often talked with one of them at her house — it is on a cliff where I often stop because the river view is fine — they are so quiet and polite and adoring — it was nice.
There is no news —

With camels, living quietly a bit of time
is afraid just managing to live and it doesn’t
make news —

Yesterday after the two
women left we went out and gathered wood for
our dining room fireplace — it is a fireplace,
where we stack long piles of wood on end —
yeas very quickly and is very pretty —

I like gathering wood.

This isn’t exactly news

For cat caught big rat today —

May be that is news — I don’t

know —

To my life, here is different.

This wind blows hard today — long white
clouds but much blue and rain — I give to you

with a kiss.
Monday Morning --

Good Morning --- Yes ---- my birthday came and went.
I had your birthday letter this morning -- Thank you ----------------
--- also two other letters and the Marin catalogue -- So the
Marin show begins today. It is a fine day here -- I was out painting
yesterday -- it was sunny and windy ----- 

Last night I wrote letters

--- clearing up many little things I want done when I leave
here ----- again this morning I’ve been at the same thing

Yesterday two Mexican women from a little
town down the road came to see me. They had often talked with one
of them at her house ---- it is on a cliff where I often stop
because the river view is fine ---- They are so quiet --- and so
warm and alive ---- It was nice ----

Otherwise there is no news --

With country living quite a bit of time is spent
just managing to live --- and it doesn’t make news------ Yesterday
after the two women left we went out and gathered wood for our
dining room fire place ---- it is a fire place where we stand long
sticks of wood on end ---- heats very quickly and is very pretty

-- I like gathering wood ---- but such things aren’t
exactly news

The cats catch big rats now ------ Maybe that is
news ---- I don’t know ---- Yes my life here is different

The wind blows hard today ---- long white clouds but much blue
and sun ---- it greets you with a kiss ----
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1837] 1942 November 16
Image ID: 1200914
Tuesday afternoon

I'm bored and painting - for some on for days I was liking it but as I came in just now as for use is core I say to myself

To dear!

It is so cold and too -- I really don't mind once I've settled down

To —— and painting is different

I am glad you let your warren shoes.

There is really nothing to write - In just from —- that is all —— and soon I'll be

Think when you are.

Last night counted 38/39 etc. This morning counted my coat and other pocket.

They are both old but I like them. Attached
brought my '4 coat from Germany long ago. Sold green silk leather jacket - worn there both and my long woolens and my woolen rubber when I go out to work.

I'll let you know just as you get me around.

The weather isn't much in it.

Tear feeling first rate.

A kiss to you with the secret.
Tuesday afternoon

Oh - I've been out painting ---- the same one for days ---- I was liking it but as I came in just now as the sun is low I say to myself

    Oh dear I

It is so cold out too -- and I really don't mind once I'm settled but

    Oh ------ well ---- painting is difficult

I am glad you like your Marin show

There is really nothing to write -- I am just here -- that is all ---- and soon I'll be there where you are.

Last night I darned stockings-- this morning I mended my coat and leather jacket. They are both old but I like them. Dewald brought me the coat from Germany long ago. Gel gave me the leather jacket -- I wear them both and my long woolens and my woolen pants when I go out to work

    I'll send this just so you get an envelope

----- I know there isn't much in it.

I am feeling first rate

A kiss to you with the sun set
Alfred Steineck
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
N.Y.
Had the tea kettle on my little stove. For I needed some tea. The kettle is almost as large as this.

I didn’t write yesterday. Must down to ATL to get my gas rationing cards and register my lines. Mary was out busy for shopping and her own affairs.

I climbed hills between here and Abiquiu with my Spanish Indian woman friend. We had a great time. I got way up on points. I have often looked out with great interest on Mr. has climbed all around it after and bearings the way.

In the middle a piece of land that had been for fathers with minor land - a few big trees - a small orchard - it seemed wild and sunny on the little 8 year old grandchild along - a fine boy - where I come home I get a
dozen fresh eggs from the farm and the other two little boxes of bread — a kind of brown bread — very good.

It was a fine day. The weather was good, when I got home, very nice. It was alone and I always found out about many little things that should be attended to when you are alone. Things I don't notice if I'm not cooking and fussing about myself.

Today I was painting — was up all day — my favorite sister at the door telling me to get up at 4:30 and she had a will mail thing — drink my tea and work as long as I can.

It is a grayish day.

Saw little Bill yesterday. He's very well, and looks very pleased. Looks well. The largest child in the town for his age.
I have the tea kettle on my little stove here to make some tea --
the kettle is almost as large as the stove --

I didn’t write

yesterday --

went down to Abiquiu to get my gas rationing cards and
to register my tires --- Maria went on to town for shopping and
her own affairs

I climbed hills between here and Abiquiu with my
Spanish Indian woman friend -- We had a great time -- got way
up on points I have often looked at with such interest -- She has
climbed all about it before and knows the way -- She took me to
a piece of land that had belonged to fathers -- wide river land -- a
few big trees -- a small orchard -- it seemed wide and sunny --

Her little 8 year old grand child along -- a fine boy -------

when I came home I got a dozen fresh eggs from her --- a great
treat here now and she gave me two little perfect loaves of
bread --- a kind of sweet bread --- very good

It was a fine day ---

the sun was gone when I
got home ---- nice to be here alone too --- I always find out
about many little things that should be attended to when I am
alone -- things I don’t notice if I’m not cooking and fussing
about myself

Today I’ve been painting -- was up at dawn --
my favorite kitten at the door telling me to get up

--- 4:30 and I’m tired -- will mail this --
drink my tea and work as long as I can see ---

It is a greyish day

A kiss to you
Saw little Max yesterday -- He can walk and looks very proud -- looks well -- the largest child in the town for his age --
Friday afternoon. It had rained really well
flurries of snow all day, all around in the far
away but not enough to cover anything on the
ground except in spots on the flat picturesque
mountains —

And we have had company for lunch —

The man and woman had baby cars of Mary,
Wheeleright to fleas It is an old Texas car and
no real character with tales of early days in
Texas are wonderful — It is much more fun
and real interest than Mary — They came for lunch

He had looked around at every thing —
It was really fun having them. They have been no
mice around giving us vegetables and fruit when
even less gofors, whether Mary is furious or not, I
didn’t feel they caused — It is really amusing when our
horses go far away that we are come so coldly.
It always makes me laugh that any overcoming is so exciting.

That is all the news today. I didn't get to work. No much excitement nor visitors.

I was alone last night when I went to bed. I didn't even turn on the light or read a book; I just got under the covers, and let the moonlight from moonlight that came in the window on two sides pour in. I was in bed a little after eight. Maria drove in a little after nine. I made my sound so she didn't come in till this morning.

I wish you could visit us here. It would really be nice. I can see you looking around and asking questions. I think you would really like it.

I had a very funny nightdream about some boy last night. I will tell you when I get home. It was so funny.

Affectionately yours,

[Signature]
Friday afternoon --

It has turned really cold flurries of snow all day all around in the far away but not enough to leave anything on the ground except in spots on the flat topped mountains --

And we have had company for lunch -- The man and woman that take care of Mary Wheeler's place -- He an old Texas cow man -- a real character -- his tales of early days in Texas are wonderful --- He is much more fun and real interest than Mary --

They came for lunch -- Had to look all round at everything --- It was really fun having them. They have been so nice about giving us vegetables and fruit when ever we go there whether Mary is home or not I was glad they came.

It is really amusing when one lives so far away that visitors come so seldom. It always makes me laugh that any ones coming is so exciting

That is all the news today -- I didn't get to work -- too much excitement over visitors -- I was so tired last night when I went to bed I didn't even turn on the light or make a fire -- just got into bed -- the room pretty light from moonlight that comes in -- wide windows on two sides --- I was in bed a little after eight Maria drove in a little after nine -- I made no sound so she didn't come in till this morning

I wish you could visit me here. It would really be fun. I can see you looking around and liking it -- I believe you would really like it

I had a very funny vivid dream about Kalonym last night -- will tell you when I get home -- it was so funny --

A kiss to you

through the snow - wind -
Alfred Sichely
Room 1710
509 Madison Ave.
New York
Saturday afternoon - with the last sun very bright in my little corner room. Frank, from today I will hear left it & I leave her on Saturday
- New York early Sunday morning and will be in N. Y. Tuesday morning - Dec. 1st.

Well. Hope you will help to see me.

It seems odd I think I'll see it in the city again.

It is very cold today - Snowed some and except to get some wood - and I have been out in front and look at the mountains for a few moments in the sun. Have been painting

The snow oval on the back of my shawl. Since a broken foot - Have been at it all day - and that's all the news.

I wear my old dress and sit it out.
It is the moonlight last night out. This window was so clean and bright it seemed to crack. I walked out into it with my quilt around me.

I have a very small door in this room. It always seems so clear when there is a fire in it. The cedar wood has been cracks a great deal.

The sun is low. All my colors so smeared with the last light even the pleasure is cold out.

Two letters from you this A.M. and that suggest new letter you read.

Yes this world is strange, and I.Y.

I will undoubtedly become very strange to us.

Hair's to you.
Saturday afternoon -- with the low sun very bright in my little corner room. A week from today I will have left it -- I leave here on Saturday -- Leave Santa Fe early Sunday morning and will be in N.Y. Tuesday morning -- Dec. 1st --

Well ---- I hope you will like to see me

It seems odd to think that I'll be in the city again--

It is very cold today -- I haven't been out except to get some wood -- and to stand out in front and look at the mountain for a few moments in the sun

Have been painting -- Oh -- its an odd one -- the back of my skull. John and a broken pot -- Have been at it all day -- and that's all the news

I wear my red dress and like it -- It seems to fit the cold weather and my bright sunny corner room

Oh -- the moonlight last night out this window was so clear and bright it seemed to crack -- I walked out into it with my quilt around me --

I have a very small stove in this room it always seems so alive when there is a fire in it

-- The cedar wood we burn cracks a great deal --

The sun is low -- all the color so warm with the last light even tho I know its cold out

Two letters from you this A.M. and that Peggy Guggenheim letter you sent

Oh ---- yes the world is strange -- N.Y. will undoubtedly seem very strange to me

A kiss to you
[envelope]

Caption: [Folder 1837] 1942 November 21
Image ID: 1200931
Helped Jo along with Tuesday so had any mail for me.

It was wonderful.

Veraills had breakfast over the rug by my bed this morning and it was a grand affair. I had to laugh and she says in "There are small things happen you laugh and over little things you make such a fuss" I had to laugh again and remarked that there are small things only from the little things.

This is from a fine day.
Alfred --

I'll be along next Tuesday so hold any mail for me --

It is Monday -- I was up before dawn and saw it
come as a full moon was going ---- it was wonderful

There will not be much to say this week
except that I'll be packing up and closing up

Maria spilled the whole breakfast over the rug by
my bed this morning ---- it was a grand spill -- I had to laugh
-- and she says -- "when awful things happen you laugh -- and
over little things you make such a fuss"

I had to laugh again --- and
remarked that the awful things only prove the little things so
they seem funny to me.

A kiss to you from a fine day
Alfred Stieglitz
Room 1710
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N. Y.

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Sunday evening ~ for 11 am again ~

It has been a lovely day ~ in 2 days
quiet warm and fine. This afternoon I was out
painting for the last time on my cliff ~ I did work
on it a little indoors yet ~

When I came in ~

almost 5 ~ Maria was in the kitchen making cake ~

frosted with new sugar ~ it tasted very good
as we have had no little all summer ~ a little piano
chocolate ~ very little in all we have had. She had
also made cookies ~ great excitement. Those
cookies ~

This morning listening ~ with my gas
rationing again ~

Maria decided this morning
"to stay firm for the day after 5:00 ~ it makes
my quilting away easier and having to close up the
room when I leave ~ & I was ~

by seeing you ~
Tuesday evening ---- the sun low again ----

It has been a lovely day ---- two days quite warm and fine. This afternoon I was out painting for the last time on my cliffs ---- will work on it a little indoors yet ----

When I came in ---- almost 5 ---- Maria was in the kitchen making candy ---- pecans with raw sugar ---- it tasted very good ---- as we have had so little all summer ---- a little sweet chocolate ---- very little is all we have had. She had also made cookies ---- great excitement to have cookies ----

This morning I struggled with my gas rationing again ----

Maria decided this morning to stay here for ten days after I go ---- It makes my getting away easier not having to close up the house when I leave ---- A week from today I will be seeing you ---
Dear Jim,

I'm tired. I've been packing paintings all day. It always does, but it is done all at once cleaning the covers down. It is hard work.

The other excitement is that a lot of my packs were found in our little girls room today. An little girl working at his packs were cleaning the packs out. In a big way, the found nothing of ours taken but it was a good meal they had taken from my packs. The little girl was from had 5 pairs of shoes, silk stockings and about 30 dollars worth of groceries as well as fine table equipment. We stored away all baby frames. It was a great thing. My only news is that the packed and found

A kiss to you.
Oh Alfred ----

I am tired -- I've been packing paintings
-- it has taken me all day -- it always does but it is done all
but screwing the covers down -- it is hard work

The other excitement is that a lot
of the Packs knives and forks and other little things of theirs
were found in our little girls room today -- she and a little
girl working for the Packs were cleaning the Packs out in a big
way ---- We found nothing of ours taken but it was a good haul they
had taken from the Packs ---- the little girl over there had 5
pairs of Phoebe's silk stockings and about 50 dollars worth of
groceries as well as fine table equipment -- all stored away to
take home -- it was a great stir --

My only news is that I'm
packed and tired

A kiss to you
Thanksgiving afternoon. I wonder how this day is for you. Here it is a beautiful day, but Sherrill is about it packing. Putting my country clothes away as clearing up my big room from packing paintings yesterday. Mombox in all ready. Down ready to go when addressed. The other will only take a few moments. My sweet cases are all packed. Not much to do but pull on my lawn clothes and go.

At lunch out doors in the sun. It was fine and warm. Beans and a very good Mexican egg dish and a wonderful salad and some herbal tea. Lay in the sun a little while then back to the packing and putting things in order. The sun is low in the little window all so beautiful off to the cliffs quiet, cool and warm in this little room. For walls are a deep earth yellows very

11-30-42
deep — almost brown — certain red over white — real red too — a strip from a double bed — white facing toward the cliffs through the big windows — there very small black dots — this table, I write on — small — another lawn seen under a mirror, — the wall back of the mirror and the head of the bed is white.

It is a nice room —

I'd be glad to see you — I begin to write in a hurry now — a hurry —

With love to you —

I may not write again —
Thanksgiving afternoon --

I wonder how the day is for you -- Here it is a beautiful day but I have spent it packing -- putting my country clothes away -- cleaning up my big room from packing paintings yesterday -- one box is all screwed down ready to go when addressed -- The other will only take a few moments -- My suitcases are about packed -- not much to do but put on my town clothes and go --

We ate lunch outdoors in the sun -- it was fine and warm -- beans and a very good Mexican egg dish and a wonderful salad -- and some herb tea -- Ray in the sun a little while -- then back to the packing and putting things in order -- The sun is low -- a little wind -- all so beautiful off to the cliffs quite cold out -- sunny and warm in this little room --

the walls are a deep earth yellow -- very deep almost brown -- curtains red over white -- real red too -- a stone floor -- a double bed -- white facing toward the cliffs through the big window -- the very small black stove -- this table I write on -- small -- another low one under a mirror -- the well back of the mirror and the head of the bed is white -- It is a nice room --

I'll be glad to see you -- I begin to be in a hurry now -- a hurry to get there

A kiss to you

I may not write again --