

Paris
10th / 64

Fafa dear, -

Last Sunday here was really a test, I'm sure, of what you, poor dears, had all the time last year, - and that, without heat + fear Campbell + visiting Spaniards! Really, what crowds, - on the land, on the sea, in the air! - wasn't that a war-time commercial? Such noise! - everything seems to be joggled by a ~~noisy~~ ^{loud} motor. It was divine day, too, and would have been at the beach, but I shot myself in the studio + painted the whole day + so did Maud. Poor Juliette to the garden but she was a wreck by dinner time.

But now the week has begun again and calm reigns. It is a peculiarly lovely season and one I haven't experienced in many years, - late May + early June: The swimming water is warm, - if there is any wind it is a bracing "S.W. easter" with big waves. The garden is resplendent. Joan, *Mixobolus dicta*, has turned

into a garden of sorts; — with his new found
french, he has explained to maudie that he thinks
it is good therapy for his melancholia? I'm sure
that Dolores has done a lot of the work + I'm also
convinced that that adorable Maria has had a hand
in it too. The little stone terraced flower beds are
filled with nodding pansies and jinks, the hedges
of lavender are bursting into bloom and the
meadow toward the sea + on the ramparts looks
like a "mille-fleur" tapestry. Only the roses are
jassie's, but they begin again in late June.
The big dogs had become a problem but they now have
the lower terrace to themselves. A pair of turtles
have been taken on. One is called Perico and one
Nicasia, — after a Catalan children's book.
I'm convinced that neither of them has budged
more than a few feet since they were put on that
sloping rock by the front door. One of them has
a pet lavender bush that he walks to (about
5 ft. away!) in the afternoon to hide his head
in the shade. The other one just retreats ever so
into his geodesic dome.

I'm painting feverishly (except today

when I woke up with a cold & decided to get in some letter writing. I'd already done eight or ten rather large canvases. Maud is being a real Cerberus in regard to the front gate. Aziz, Cécile, Irving & Mike, Lily Pistori, — all have been encouraged not to enter. And, with her Big Sister training, it seems to work! Nini comes and goes surreptitiously with bribes of calissons & fresh eggs. But of course M.O. is right it's the only way to get anything done.

It was rather refreshing to hear that there had been a very successful showing of the new film in Paris, & the "Pagode", the best of the Art Theaters, grabbed it for a December showing. I spoke to several of the critics who had seen it at the Cannes try-out & they all loved it. I must say I came back here somewhat

rehabilitated.

I wrote Alice Lee a word from Paris where I was rather between appointments and had n't time to say much. I wanted to be sure she knew I still mean to spend August in Sugar Bowl & hope she & the boys can join me there - It should be fun seeing the new wing go up.

Where will you be?

Give my love to Hanko &
the kids, —

love

Comic



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