

Taxco de Alarcón -
Guerrero, Mexico.

June 27, 1930

Dear Mother -

Life has been so extremely quiet, that altho I owe you much news there is little to tell. I have not been to the City since the middle of May nor have I heard from any of the family there - my fault, as I have not written. In a very few days I am going for a grand blow-out in the City and else where. That will be when my book is finished. It has taken me much longer than I expected (as everything does) but I am working on the last drawing now and will be glad to be able to forget it. The printed dummy came from New York only today and I am well pleased with it. It will be at last a successful fulfillment of one of my earliest childhood impulses - that of picture-book making.

I regret that you were unable to appreciate Orozco. (as I have accused you before: it is not that you know too little but that you think too much and suffocate emotional truths). Orozco is perhaps the most poignantly emotional artist of today. He surpasses Diego Rivera in the expression of the human tragedy. Diego with all his power and science and beauty has not Orozco's dramatic intensity. If you only would believe that these things are not to be learned from a text-book!

It seems too ridiculous that you should be too hot now, when in Taxco it is cooler than in mid winter, and that the seasons should be reversed here where according to the maps we are still in the Northern hemisphere. Every night there is thunder and much lightning and torrential rains - at this moment there is an angry wind rattling the tiles

Both as portraits and as photo-records - usually frank, but even so, a mother's instinct like
PS. Four photos at least come from I suppose Partridge. They are splendid.

on the roof. Sometimes it is grey and drizzly in the day but more often balmy sunshine, and a soft fragrance in the air, which brings thoughts of late Spring in northern climates: a sweet sensation where one is so seldom reminded of scenes or days known elsewhere. Now the people are working the fields, and little interest is given to fiestas. altho preparations has been going on for some while for a mid Summer holiday July 16th. I wish you could have come to Taxco. Its charms might produce a miracle, and reconcile you to a ~~tranquil~~ tranquil life.

It will give me a headache to look at that statement of the estate. tho I shall pretend to do my duty. I am sending you something much nicer than that - not to you but to the household - a hammock from Iquala, made of maquey fibre, and the gayest of colors, and I am invoking Santa Prisca, the patroness of Taxco, to see to its safe arrival

Do not be looking for a studio for me as any kind of a room serves my purposes; and furthermore I do not know how long a stay I shall make in Woodbury - if one could only stop the days from rushing by! I hate to leave Mexico so soon, and I cannot postpone the world tour for Mr. Suggenheim, too long. And there is so much to be done between times!

Good night — the possums are taking their evening promenade over my ceiling, and a little green snake has just been blown off to door sill so I shall keep my head under the covers until the morning sun strikes the shower bath in the flower garden. and my three old women guardians have gone to early mass. and I take my morning plunge surrounded by calla lilies, moon flowers and fuchsias

Love. Lcho.