

Taxco Guerrero  
Mexico  
July 21, 1930

Dear Mother -

It has been a week since my return from seven gay days in Mexico, and festivities have continued here since, resulting in my complete neglect of your birthday - one thousand regrets! - but I hope you had a happy day - and we will celebrate again when I come up - and it does seem risky sending trinkets by mail. Has the hammock ever arrived? <sup>she has taken a house in Taxco for the summer</sup>

Natalie Scott, the writer from New Orleans, drove up to the City with me, which might have caused a scandal except that scandals are so common here that no one is interested. Most of the evenings were spent, until 4 A.M. studying the life of the underworld, in low dance halls. My formal excuse for going to the City was to see the Carnegie Exhibit of Mexican Popular Arts. It is a grand show, and there will be more added to it before it is shown at the Metropolitan Museum next Oct. You must see it, because there are many fine things that I am sure you did not know existed in Mexico.

The family at Rosal 4 are well, excepting the re-occurring attacks of asthma for which Uncle Ned does not find any cure. One day I drove Gertrude and Natalie Scott to Tepozotlan, a large church and convent about 40 kilometers from the City. It is filled with treasures, especially very fine examples of plateresque and churriguesque wood carving and gilded ornamentation. The road was fair until we were about 10 kms from our destination. The rest of the way was a sea of mud and impassible holes, thru which we

plowed fiercely, almost breaking our necks and the springs of the car, to say nothing of the motor being jerked from low to reverse all the way to keep us from sticking. At 3 hrs from Tepozotlan we found a dry island near a cantina, and after being revived by drinks we decided to go the rest of the way on foot, by following an Indian trail by the side of a ditch. There was so much feasting for the eyes in the church, to say nothing of our lunch in the cloisters, that the afternoon rains were upon us just as we started back. By the time we reach our car and cantina we were soaked thru. Gertrude took off her dress, and put on an over coat which she had left in the car. I followed suit and took off trousers and coat, wearing just a short over coat. Natalie started to drive thru the barrage of mud but we were soon helplessly stuck. A gent in a large car with chains, who was falling better than we, stopped helped us push off Natalie alone in the car, picked up Gertrude, while I plodded along to meet the car at the next dry island. After that we road railway tracks, forded rivers and lakes before reaching the next town, where our new friend Mr. Safetypin (Señor Seguro) joined us with Gertrude and we all promenaded the streets - I still pantsless, and all of us besplattered with mud - to find the nearest cantina for much needed stimulation. Eventually we received port with good spirits, and with an invitation from Mr. Safetypin to have a picnic at his hacienda. So it goes in this untamed country. every trip means some unexpected adventure.

Do you remember my speaking of Carl Ziegler the director of the Weyhe Gallery? He has been here for a few days, and it is very pleasant to know him away from duty. He is a fine fellow, and one of the people whom I admire very much. Today, he and Bill and Natalie are taking my fotin<sup>g</sup>o for a five day trip to Acapulco. I am not going as I have battled enough for the present and must now do some hard work.

Natalie had a birthday this week and her

Mexican neighbors took it upon themselves, during the night to decorate her house with arches of sugar cane, chains of jasmín, and other flowers, tissue paper-lace curtains, festoons of paper flags and ribbons, and an orchestra with singers at 7 o'clock in the morning! (They usually start at 4 A.M.) She received many presents, among them a live chicken twined with flowers and a green silk ribbon around ~~her~~ <sup>its</sup> neck! This fiesta lasted almost three days - Mexican ballads by moonlight in the banana grove, dancing on the rough tiled floor - (there is no other kind in Taxco) etc etc.

Imogen Partridge writes that she is making a portfolio of small prints of the pictures of me, for you. You may expect it to be delivered in a year - or two.

Mrs. McFaddon wants to have another exhibition of my etchings. She is still making a success of her shop in spite of the slump in luxury - buying these days. She sends you her best. She tells me that John's mother died recently in Tacoma.

It was a surprise to hear that Madge is coming to Mexico - she will be here soon now - and perhaps visit Taxco. I think she will like Mexico - if she can get a job. Uncle Ned does not appear to have much cash to spare.

The statement of the appraisal of the estate was received. Also your note concerning the sale of the mill. Well - it will be just that much less to worry about! It is a shame that you are not in Taxco, the weather is perfect now - and evidently almost perfect all the year.

Much love.

Schw.