

14 Kan Yu Hutung

May 7, 1933

Dear Nannie -

My head is hanging in shame for not having answered yours of Feb 22! long long ago. I cannot concoct any excuses except that of Spring laziness, and I am prostrate with awe at the whizzing amount you accomplished and the gargantuan number of people you saw to mention nothing of territory covered on your European tour. I am grateful for the information that John and Agnes Butler are in Paris - I did not know what portion of the world contained them - Are they in their old studio 72 Notre Dame des Champs? Did they say anything about my studio? I have not had a word of it for a year or more.

It was an awful trouble you went to about my pictures. Of course I do not wish to pay \$49.25 or anything like that amount to get them. It is absurd that the insurance companies should imagine that there is a great risk to be charged for accordingly. Ignorance of and distance from the source of a disturbance invariably cause temerity. It is true that a few weeks ago we were daily expecting the Japanese to attack Peking. Machine gun warfare could be heard in the distance and Japanese bombing planes came within ten miles of the city but they have evidently decided that Peking is not worth having or are waiting a more propitious moment. During the most precarious days I sent to Chicago a package of pictures valued at \$1500⁰⁰ gold and the insurance from here was less than one dollar! Can't you send the things registered parcel post or 1st class mail if necessary? and I think they will be safe enough. There is no real war danger - only that of careless handling by the mail.

On April 11th I went off a five day trip to Tatum Pa
and the Vth century caves of Yun Kang near the
Mongolian border - Coming back, our train,
only third class accommodations, was packed almost
entirely with soldiers, and many wounded were brought
on at various stations - There are many little boys
in uniform on the streets now, most of whom have
never seen a gun - You have no doubt read of all
the Palace treasures being removed to Hanking and
Shanghai; the packing and shipping is still going
on of many things outside the Palace - it is a
quiet looting of the city by Southern generals.

There are still rumors that the city will fall
in four days, that the Western hills are infested with
Japanese troops and many equally absurd yarns.
I went for four days this last week to the great Spring
festival at Miao Feng Shan of which I wrote Mother
last year: it is a very gay Carnavalesque pilgrimage
- but unfortunately we were caught in a terrific tornado
and almost blown off the mountain. It turned from
Summerly to Wintery weather in a few hours, and although
I put on my pajamas shorts and trousers, four sweaters
and a cotton quilt (Chinese patchwork) I shivered too
much to draw well. but I did take many photographs.
I made my debut as a photographer, at a large cocktail
party, which I gave in my "spacious galleries" as ~~it~~
^{my large} room is always described in the local paper, and my
photos attracted so much more attention than my
"art" that I decided it was bad policy to show them.

I have just executed my first photographic commission: the portraits of three dogs, and have been asked by several people if horses are in my line! which leaves me in a quandary because the trick of my success is in the use of mirrors, and I have no mirror large enough for a horse! Enclosed are just some snaps taken in the last snow in the season late in March: So short a time ago, and already the coolies in the streets are stripped to the waste by the heat: Heat which is already dampening my ardor for Chinese dancing or shadow boxing, this being an exceedingly violent form of exercise

Tomorrow I am the one man in the one man jury of the first Spring Salon of Western painting in Peking, Among other works shown will be a silver cast head of myself by the New York sculptress Lucile Swan. There is getting to be too much of me in this letter, but Mother will be interested if you will kindly pass it on to her. Talking about photos. (this bit is for Mother) Sheila sent me an enormous picture of herself, but better looked at in the dark in spite of much able retouching: the face no artist would paint!

I wish you would tell me how life is in your part of the country - we hear such dismal reports always. Mrs. Seymour hinted to me that she thought I should

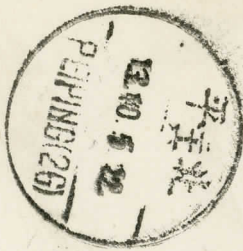
come home, but I ask to what? in these penniless
times, especially when the atmosphere is so congenial
here for accomplishment. You might try to convince me
that America is not as bad a place to be in as Peking
seem to you to be. if you see what I mean.

Also enclosed is a photo of myself on a
real Mongol pony extremely delapidated taken near
Ta Tung Fu (Shansi) and posed more or less like
Napoleon because of the pressing discomfort of the
little wooden saddle.

Love to all the family - and so many
thanks to you and Stan for packing my prints etc
Yours

Delia.

May 7-1933



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Peiping