

14 Kan Yu Hutung

Peiping

Sept 8, 33

Dear Nannie -

A few days ago, the two volumes; clippings and portraits, and the collection of etchings arrived O.K. So that's that for the safety of the mails. Even my magazines occasionally get there, tho for five months in the Springs the postman apparently disposed of them before he got to my door and we can't blame the Japs for that. I must say that there was no end of exciting delight going thru all that old stuff which recalled so many passed moments. It must have been a lot of trouble to you to sort out those etchings, but it was stupid of me not to have had those samples of my earlier work with me all the while, and you have done me a helpful turn. Not that there is a rushing business in art sales in Peiping, but you never can tell who will bite on fresh bait. Sales or no sales I shall use Couey or hooky or mental science and live as tho the world were one rosy rainbow, which it is if you feel that way. My five weeks plus at the shore were very profitable, having accomplished much work, and absorbed so much energy that I am bursting over with <sup>20</sup> strenuous plans; one exhibition a month in my own "spacious" (as the local newspaper describes it) gallery, until December. During which month, I go South for three or more to either Foochow, Macao, Yunnanfu, Hainan or all; then back to my Peiping palace for Spring, next Summer on

the shore, Autumn 1934 toward Europe to publish a book and that winter New York and Chicago shows with myself present. Since I so seldom fulfill my promises, I am this time trying to bind myself by telling all about it, and have those interested plan accordingly. I'm counting on America being in a buying mood by a year from now; ~~if~~ not I shall have to go to some spot where one lives in pyjamas on a grass mat, eating bananas. It hasn't been much more exciting than that here recently since I have been too lousy for adventures that make a good yarn for the folks at home. A gallant mongol pony still joggles me, three times a week, over the vegetable patches and crumbling graves that surround the city. As every where, this is the choice season of the year, with a landscape rich as a Persian carpet, air like mellow wine, and shortening days warning one that each must be drunk of deeply. For tomorrow is winter, yet I just grub away trying to make my lithos look less like grease spots that some one had sat on, while the new Mayor is doing his bit by closing cabarets, putting cinders in my muddy alley, making my dog wear a muzzle and forbidding peculiar shers. However there was a man on my street corner the other day in long woollen underdrawers, a blue flannel

coat with brass buttons, and a parasol. He was not arrested!

I take it that no news of Mother is good news and that she is better. You are very noble and patient with such a care.

In case you care to know how I look this year I enclosed \* my photo, as a battling beauty again, tho I do sometimes wear more clothing.

Love to you all, and again many thanks for my 'jinks'

Scho.

My last two weeks in Peitaiho were spent with a missionary preacher as my sole house companion. and I almost succeeded in making a pagan of him.



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