

second Wijniski. I have become an impresario as you may see from the enclosed clippings. Most of the performers at the International Women's Club meeting were my models who had come so often to my house to pose for me. I suffered agonies getting my cast together - at the moment when the curtain was to have gone up I was out in the other side of the city, imploring the lion trainer to snap out of his death bed and round up the front and hind legs of his lions, and not to desert me as he had decided to do.

— A slight lapse of time.

Before going any farther you must know of a new-old link which has just occurred. The other day at a large reception I met an elderly woman, who, it was discovered after a few moments conversation, was an early influence, thanks to you, in my artistic career. She was the person who gave that series of three lectures at the home of Mrs George Browne to which you took me when I was about seven years old and which still return vividly to mind. It is the pictures principally which I recall. I had no image whatever of the lecturer or memory of her name. She was (and is) Miss Katherine Ball, for 30 years supervisor of art in the San Francisco public schools. She remains a dynamic and forceful personality and is a privilege to see her from time to time. She is staying here for a number of months, with the idea perhaps of writing on China as she did some years ago on symbolism.

in Japanese designs.

I wish that you could have seen my Christmas tree. It was in white and black and silver (cardboard) covered with tiny brass figures of Lamaistic divinities which looked like little Santa Clauses. There were cardboard angels playing about the tree, on either side two dwarf plum trees the whole composition against a setting of white with mountains drawn in silver, and in front ~~an~~ **我莫才推** a row of candles in silver sticks. My great rubbing of fifth century Buddhist donors completed the scene - one of a certain awesome religious feeling. Our house boy thought that the tree being highly conventionalised in form, was an architectural diagram - a pagoda-like structure with the various stages or stories between heaven and hell!

On the 12th of February my boarder is to be replaced by another; an extremely charming talented and wealthy person. Mr. Harold Acton of some literary fame, author of "The Last Medici" etc etc. His father's family of English and Italian origin have lived many generations in Florence and Naples. His mother is American. He is a great friend of Carl Van Vechten and acquainted with many of my old Montparnasse buddies. He is a person of rare and subtle understanding of the arts, and I hope that our association may lead to some collaboration of value. Like so many persons these days, he is fleeing from the moral depression of Europe and America, and is finding Peking an oasis of delight.

During the month of April, at the Whitney Museum of American Art (Mrs Harry Payne Whitney's

residence of on Washington Square, New York) there will be a special exhibition of work by Guggenheim Fellows, I am sending five etchings, all of Chinese circus folk. I wish you could get in to town to see them. The gallery is said to be now one of the most attractive in the City.

I am still hoping that when Stan and Nannie return from abroad they will find time (I know it is much trouble) to send me from my trunk in their basement, as complete a set as possible of my earlier etchings, also the albums of portraits and press clippings. It might be well to insure them as it would be great loss if they should go astray.

The dark and ominous cloud of a Japanese invasion has been hanging over us for so long, that we do not let it affect our lives or our plans in any way. China is so perpetually in a state of uncertainty that that condition has become the one fixed and steady value on which our activities are based, and I doubt that the presence of Japanese troops in Peking would much affect the majority of the natives.

Your Xmas card was very pretty, and I enjoyed your good letter and that of Miss Burrows, only it would be better if you could find time to write more often. But then I suppose with you it is the same as with me: time slips thru my fingers unawares and is gone forever.

With much love
Scho