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RECORDS OF: Archives Of American Art

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CONTENTS: Mary Myart Malott Collection (formerly
Mary Harrell Mc Intyre). 2. Correspondence, 1979: General

CAMERA OPERATOR _____ NUMBER OF EXPOSURES _____

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MARY MYART MALOTT COLLECTION
(formerly Mary Harrell McIntyre)

Filmed by the Archives of American Art,
Smithsonian Institution. Lent for filming by
Mary Myart Malott, Austin, Texas, August 1981.

MARY MYART MALOTT COLLECTION
(formerly Mary Harrell McIntyre)

Contents in order of filming:

1. Biographical information
2. Correspondence, 1954-1981
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5. Guest Book, 1976-1981
6. Articles written for:
Austin American-Statesman,
Art Voices/South, Artweek

Note: Order followed is that established by the lender.

2. Correspondence, 1979

Gilbert's bond
1979

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING ROLL

Barbara L. Mills
Valley Forge Farms, R. 4
Noblesville, Indiana 46060

May 2, 1979

Hi, Mary:

Nice to hear from you and certainly happy about your successful business venture with Sylvia. I think she has a very level head on her shoulders and should do very well in business.

It would work out very nicely for your father to come down on the 15th or 16th, whichever is more convenient for you, and he would like to stay and visit between you and Houston until the weekend of the 28th. We are again planning to go to New York if we don't have gas rationing at that time. If this doesn't fit in with your schedule just let me know and we'll rearrange things.

Last week we ~~went~~ went to the neuro dr. and he checked your father and told him that for his age he was doing all right and there is nothing to cure advancing age. As we were going to the car, SRH said: "I guess he was trying to tell me I'm getting old." He has been having more of a problem with dizziness, and circulation in his legs, and a few pains in his head which prompted the visit but the dr. said this was just caused by lack of ~~blood~~ blood supply and the medicine he is taking is all he would recommend. He'll go to Dr. Rudesill in two weeks for his regular check-up.

*Barbara L. Mills
Valley Forge Farms, R. 4
Noblesville, Indiana 46060*

He is very excited now about his 60th class reunion at the U. of P. Since he was the senior class president, he will ride in the lead car of the ~~parade~~ parade and they will have a number of social events on the 17, 18 & 19th of May.

We stopped in Atlanta on our way home from Jamaica and met Linda. She is a delightful person and I don't know when Evans has looked so well and actually was nice to me. It certainly has been a change for the better for him! The 3 children seem to be very nice youngsters and we have invited them up to stay as I understand they are city kids and want to see what the farm is like. Since my regular summer boarders have outgrown the farm maybe I'll pick up some more.

Sounds as if you have an exciting Christmas planned. Fun in the sun sounds great for that time of year.

Please say hello to Mac for me and hope you are both well and happy.

Love,

Barbara

5-6-79

Dear Barbara,

Thanks for your letter. It was good to get the news on Dad & Linda & Evans.

I am thinking that Dad would enjoy the English Speaking Union picnic on June 14, as well as the Dance Club party on the 16. Could you arrange for him to travel here on the 13, through Dallas, and either I or Elizabeth will fly to Dallas to meet his plane and accompany him on the last leg? By coming on the 13, he won't be so tired, or disoriented, for the party on the 14. I can work out the Houston part with Kate, but most likely he would be returning from Houston, as I think they have direct flights.

I have two of my recent painting/constructions going into shows that are important to me, here, this month. One is of Austin Contemporary Art, a juried competition (and I have won a prize), and the other is of Texas contemporary art, called "Made in Texas", which goes up at U.T. May 20, & will be up for most of the summer. I am very happy about these & there is a lot of fanfare going on in relationship to them, this month.

Mother comes next week for a few days. I have her pretty well scheduled up, in an effort to avoid seances with her litanies of anxiety. I have a new phrase: Mother is a very lovely lady who reserves her viciousness for her loved ones. Just the thought of her coming activates my paranoia, despite all my efforts at coming to an understanding of myself in this regard. My paranoia had to come from somewhere; it didn't occur out of the sky, originally. Well, I am doing better. There ~~is~~ has been a hell of a lot of effort & time involved.

Anyway, thanks again. I have an impulse to send your flowers for Mother's Day, because of your caring for Dad. Also, because the only women he hasn't regarded as sex objects were those he regarded as "mothers". That did not include me. I was taboo from advances, but not from some rediculous behavior. Anyway, thanks for caring for him. I am very grateful.

Love

From the Desk of

Donna Harlow

July 25th

Dear Mary & Mac,

I have just finished
reading the article
in Austin Homes & Gardens
on you. It's super!

You are the most
enchanting couple around.

Donna

15th October 1979

Harden,
Hawick,
Roxburghshire
Scotland, UK

My dear Mad & Mary,

A shamefully belated letter - so much to thank you for in various kind letters, & especially for being so angelic to Mary Sachville West! I saw her last week, & she said it was such fun being with you - & she wished she had got in touch with you sooner, as you were the highlight of her American tour! How very kind you all are!

Harry & I seem to live a mad life these days - three exhausting, but exciting tours abroad each year, which now seem to include the Far East, as well as Canada & Dallas!! (We went to China last summer - 1978 - as guests of the Bank of China; & this year we go to Hong Kong in November!) Then, lots of new grandchildren (!) - & another of the family married, this summer, my second son, Simon, who has chosen an enchanting Colombian wife (from Bogota) called Aurora! (-They are both working in Caracas!) Arabella is starting serious exams soon at her boarding school, & getting quite grown-up - now 14! We long to see you all, but nothing seems to bring us to Austin at the moment - however, one day will propose ourselves again!

How are the girls? And how is Harry's party
- & Mac's will?!!! Do come & see us in Scotland
soon! (R.B. Cunningham Graham is enjoying
a "revival" with 3 books out this year - &
more, hopefully, in 1980!)

Harry is going to fill in the last bit of this
scribble - so much love to you all, Jean

Mac - I see you at least 2 letters in reply to yours!
You are very flattering asking me to address LIS again -
but of course you run problems in getting to Austin real thing.
I do feel rather strongly that we should not repeat performances
to the same branch. I know I should find it impossible to
live up to last time! Do hope you will understand. But
we will get you way some day - & you two must come
over here.
Love from Harry

FIRST FOLD HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

Shady
Lord Polwarth

Harden

Hawick

Roxburghshire TD9 7LP

Scotland

Tel. Hawick (0450) 2069

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SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGRAMME



Dr. P.F. McIntyre

1410 Gaston Avenue

AUSTIN

Texas 78703

USA

October 15, 1979

Dear Mary:

I am really looking forward to your visit. I can see you Friday or Sunday, but would prefer Friday. Would you like to get together for dinner (maybe I'll even cook) and spend the night at my apartment?

I am enclosing some materials (yours to keep) on the Hearst Castle and Carmel area that I think you will find interesting. I am very fond of the Carmel area. An interesting place for lunch (hamburgers are the best I have ever eaten) and fantastic view is the Nephenthe which is located on the ocean side and approximately 8 miles South of Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park. Point Lobos State Park (South of Carmel) is perfectly gorgeous and well worth the time. Warning: it can be very windy and cold. My favorite restaurant in Carmel is Simpson's. Super pot roast and everything else. Simpson's is a well established restaurant and reminds me of old-time San Francisco. A more glamorous restaurant is the Gabeco at the Pine Inn. Russell and I spent last Christmas at the Pine Inn and enjoyed a delicious Christmas dinner in the Gabeco. In Carmel is the Tuck Box, a great place for breakfast, lunch or tea (try their scones). The Old Bath House is an interesting place for a drink or dinner and Old Europe has been highly recommended. Both are in Pacific Grove. We plan to try the latter at Christmas-time. I consider the 17 mile drive a must and have enclosed a map. Well Mary, now that I have planned your trip, have a good time. Please give my regards to Barbara and Edward. Can hardly wait to see you.

Laura
Baily



chrys

Betty Bartlett
1214 21st Avenue
San Francisco, California 94122

MRS. JAMES M. VREELAND
RIVER ROAD
FAR HILLS, NEW JERSEY
07931

Dear Mary & Mac
Our Texas trip
was highlighted by
your generous sailing
project - I was reminded
of these words →

How quiet the night
How still the stars
How silent the world
below

Jim and Anne
touched by the planning
and thoughtfulness
of Nancy's joining they
hardly care so far
everyone's well being

There is a water
reservoir nearby, not
large by Texas standards
where friends of ours
plan to sail next spring.
They imported a 13 foot
dugout from Bequia

All wood, the V bottom
is one piece of wood with
new Calcutta sails. He
is going to teach his
young son the art of sailing.

Dear Madam we
would be delighted to
find you coming upon
our direction.

With love
Ellen & Ann

Dear Mr Inyne

As we come to another Christmas season and a year end. I think over my years with you all and how nice it has been to have all of you as my Friends. I would like to thank you for all the kindness and for all the nice things that have been done for me and my Family. I am so thankful to all of you, each year has new and fun all fifteen of them it hard to believe it been that long again I say Thank you for everything.
A special Thank to you Mrs Mc Inyne

Thank you
Patricia

4-14-79

Dear Debby,

I am planning on coming to New York for my annual check-up of the New York scene in early June, for a week, and am wondering what is the possibility of prevailing upon your superb hospitality for use or your guest room during that time. I may leave here on the 31 of May, and return from there in the 7 days or whatever the shortest period of time that one gets a reduced air fare is.

Nancy Kaufman is getting married on June 2, in New Jersey, and my trip is planned around that event. Nancy is a dance and drama critic here, and she has become a very good friend. I have heard many of the agonies of her decision to marry the man she has been living with for 6 years, and the grand plans for a traditional wedding.

Things are fine here, and with me, and mine, and my work. I am enclosing something I have mailed out recently, and am getting ready to mail another batch, which describes the "Wedding Shrine" what the wedding cake ~~image~~ painting/construction get put into. I have had some very interesting responses, and have pinned them to the velvet backing, of the shrine.

My work is extremely slow, but that doesn't seem to matter very much to me. I am currently on the one on friendship, and am getting ready to make a cast of a form I am constructing that is in the shape of a small life raft. Then, I will make a vacuiform of plexiglass from the cast. Then, I will apply the 9 small rectangular images on masonite and the kitsch stuff and statements on friendship solicited from friends. Then I move on to "death" and a visual-verbal autobiography.

Becky Reese is the curator of an exhibit "Made in Texas" of Texas contemporary art, that opens May 20. I have a piece in that. There is also an exhibit of Austin contemporary art opening May 12, a competition juried by Koshalek. I expect to have something in that, probably the wedding shrine, but haven't heard.

I would look forward to some good conversation and company with you and Leonard, whether or not it is convenient for me to stay at your place. Your company has always been such a pleasure, and a buffer to the pace and strangeness of New York.

Love

11.6.79

Dear Mary-

I got your letter quite awhile ago & really enjoyed hearing about what was going on in Texas. Martin had already sent me the clipping concerning you (and Bill's show) at the bank. What's next for you? - A trip to New York or - Paris? My life has been crazy. In 6 weeks I have moved 5 times. First I was an "épouse au pair" for an American (divorced) I readily thought it would be a good thing as she was a buyer for Macys, interested in our history, an antique collector, etc. Unfortunately she was also a bitch going thru a bad period in her life & ultimately she represented for me every bad quality the society of America has produced. I decided it was better to not become else's servant & having lived alone 6 yrs. I was not the ideal domestic so I will skip the next 4 places as they were all temporary "disposition" spots. I was just about ready to move into an apt with 3 very nice German girls when I met Blaudie, my present roommate. She is French (from Alsace - heavy almost Germanic accent) & I met her at a "Rotaract" (Division for young people of the ROTARY) meeting. Her parents own an apt & I can live with Blaudie for the same price I was going to pay for a room. The apt is not luxury but for me it is really charming. 6th floor "sans ascenseur" but with a lovely view of the 14th (Montparnesse) quarter. There are a lot of cheap but good restaurants, plenty of things open late at night and, well I think you'd like it too! (Before I lived in a very "chic" but boring semi-American quarter). I am just now feeling like a person who is going to stay here. I think part of this new sense of belonging comes from having a real place to stay (and of course I am forced to speak French non-stop) & because I have improved my level of French to a degree where I can almost say what I want. It's terrible to be a "talker" (so I realize I am) and be stifled by a language barrier. Now I have had some good conversation & I feel less stupid. OK - enough of my personal experiences. On the tourist agenda, I have been trying to see all gradually. There was a Paris-Moscow exhibit that was a little disappointing. However I was lucky enough to be given tickets to the opening of the FIAC (Forum Internationale des Arts Contemporains) which was at the Grand Palais (10:00 P.M. - 2:00 A.M.) and I saw all kinds of good, bad etc art. It's surprising how much realism & "conservative" art was being presented. (There was a gallery of roman people primarily, a whole room of Warhol and Lichtenstein. I wasn't much impressed with the 6-8. Impressionist. Then there was the Picasso exhibit

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE



AÉROGRAMME

Mrs. Mary MacIntyre
1410 Gaston Ave
Austin, Texas 78703
U.S.A. (Etats-Unis)

PAR AVION

Saw
well

Tell
me

Premier pliage

As to the same which I haven't seen yet. I am waiting for my
 "Laissez-Passe" card which will allow me to enter any
 any museum for the school year. Last weekend I
 went to Fontainebleau and had a picnic (It was a
 little cold but at least it didn't rain) I haven't seen Ver-
 sailles so I have nothing to compare it to - but I thought it
 was exquisite with Forest - wow! I will have to
 go to the Barbizon another time. Have been to several
 galleries around the Champs Elysees - One man was so
 impressed I could distinguish a Pater from a Watteau
 (Thanks to April Morgan) that he bought me his whole
 collection of Brascas up to Soulagas) from the
 store room. He was a real gentleman! So I keep buy-
 good - bad & mediocre experiences. I wish I could
 tell you in detail. It's all in my diary however.
 Unfortunately I keep forgetting my camera. Oh well
 Please drop me a line so my new & hopefully permanent
 address - I miss you & we get together. Love from

EXPÉDITEUR:

Nom

Adresse

Gloria Groom

90 Blandine Villaume

12, rue Furtado - Heine

Paris 75014 FRANCE

Saw
will

Ramon Facla the other day. Evidentially Bayon
soon be here to do research & teach.

Ca pli ne sera pas acheminé par avion
s'il contient un objet quelconque.

How's Anne?

I even have a phone should you or your
friends come before August, 542.59.93

Tell Sylvie hi & I hope you are fine &
enjoying your year.

Deutsche Post

Par Avion



Mary Mc Intyre
1410 Gaston Ave

AUSTIN, TEXAS 78703

ÉTATS - UNIS
USA

Gloria Groom
c/o Blandine Villaine
121 rue Furtado-Heine
Paris 75014

FRANCE

07.

2. L'Arc de Triomphe et les Champs-Élysées.

Dear Mary

Thought you'd like
this rather tacky
Walt Disney painted
scene of Parisien life.
Aside from the fact
that I'm still un-
established apt-wise
all goes well. The
spring-like **SUNNY**
weather is superbe.
There's an inflation
rate of .01% per jour
but shoot! I am so
glad to be back. Will

write when I have more definite news



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Mary Mafart Molett

1120 Blanco

AUSTIN, TEXAS

78703

U.S.A.

Editions "C'EST PARIS" 18, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin PARIS 9^e

Tél. : 270 28-23 le matin

— love Gloria

1-13-79

Dear Nancy,

Welcome back! I am very happy to have you back in my vicinity, and am looking forward to hearing about your trip, and Jamie, and more on your marriage.

I revised my essay on love, and footnoted it to include your concepts, after thinking it over. So the last paragraph now reads:

The most fundamental instincts of man as an animal are for food and sex. The basic instincts of man as a thinking being are for knowledge, awareness; and clarity. The most fundamental emotion and need is love.

1. Influence of Freud
2. Influence of Plato
3. Influence of Nancy Kaufman; also Eric Neumann's idea of consciousness, as in The Origins and History of Consciousness, awareness = consciousness.

Enclosed are a couple of sheets on data on residences sold and their exact prices, in the area you are interested in.

Thank you for your postcard. It is always a pleasure receiving a missive from you.

Also, here is a package looking like a firecracker that contains a small object. My newest reading, The Origins of Consciousness and the Bichameral Mind by Julian Jaynes, would describe this object as a god used by individuals as the agent of his hallucination of authority and direction of behavior. The Zapotec would be considered to not have consciousness, but instead to have a bichameral mind that projects from the right side of the brain as a god speaking what we with consciousness keep internally. The object-god would have big ears and an open mouth befitting his function as a vehicle-god through which dialogue is maintained concerning the behavior of the Zapotec who possessed it.

Mrs. Brockett died! I know nothing about it. Who's surprised? Not we.

Love

P.S. I am thinking about quitting ARTWEEK, even, and just writing psycho-philosophical letters, for my writing part. I certainly would be wanting to keep part of our conversation on you as a critic going, even though I wouldn't be.

Also, I signed Mac up for your course at Laguna, as part of his Xmas present. Tuesday is one of his meeting nights, once a month, though, but I would be interested in hearing his reactions to your course.

August 10

Dear Mary -

Just a quick note to thank you for your divine invitation to go night sailing - I feel I was quite miserably distracted when you telephoned. I am indeed sorry to have ~~to~~ had to turn down such an intriguing proposition for the second time.

I've just returned from 2 weeks at Santa Fe, seeing operas and enjoying the mountains - especially the cold nights. Now I have a pile of work to catch up on, of course.

I'm delighted you don't mind doing another stint on "Astoria's lively Acts" - yours was one of my favorite programs. Are there any great shows coming up? But in the absence of great art shows, let's talk about your work as a critic - I recall your presentation to Mr. Canada's class was most interesting.

By the way, Jamie - my archaeologist - ran into John & Mrs. Canada at an →

Embassy party in Lima, seems he made quite a hit there, and got some touring done before setting out for his next part of call on the lecture circuit -

Again, thanks for calling -
I do hope we'll rendez-vous soon.

Best,

Navy

October 3

Dear Mary:

Thank you for lunch and for showing me the beautiful clothes in the crazy room.

I have been thinking about the Death piece. I do not find it at all frightening, I think perhaps because it is cloaked in conventional mortuary oddments--the photos, the draped cloth, etc., and as also because it has such a luxurious grey finish to it. On the other hand, when it was just that dark black "sarcophagus," I found it quite terrifying. You have transformed it into some sort of "known" object--which is, after all, what the rituals of funerals do--they are a known way to deal with death. Of course the piece is unknown in its singular and even quixotic representation of ritual, but it is still some sort of objectification that calls forth for me the same sort of response a tombstone does.

I do not think of it as your tombstone, or mane, or art's. We see tombstones so often they seem to lose their power as momento mori--but your black cotton batting, as before it was transformed, was completely unknowable--what was it? What material? What object? What did it feel like? What did it want? Somehow to me that represented death, and your finished piece represents its transformation. Naturally this is a view only other people who saw the work in progress might have, and I suspect I am the only one who has it. I am not at all taken with contemplating my own death--I only worry about my own possible mutilation--but of course I worry about the deaths of others, as I wrote to you in my response to your letter demanding thoughts on death and friendship. I was much taken with something you once said: "All women rehearse their widowhood." And here I thought I was the only one. I think we think of these deaths as if that thinking of them will make them impossible, somehow. It doesn't help to rehearse--I rehearsed my father's death, and when I found out about it it was as if I hadn't rehearsed at all. I was alone here, and I wandered around Austin in a strange daze for about a week or perhaps more, feeling utterly dislocated in time and space and certainly place. If I had known how I would have felt afterwards, looking back on that time, I would have gone home.

Death for me is not symbolized by tombstones or skulls, but by various kinds of hospital equipment, and the hiss of the respirator.

I like the death piece, but I think it is a death fantasy piece. It doesn't seem to offer either a sense of pain or a sense of peace--it asks us to analyze it, and to analyze ritual, and of course to appreciate it for its considerable and surprising charm. I am not suggesting that it should offer a sense of pain or peace, by the way. Those are just two feelings I have had about death. Another feeling is anger.

In some ways, in spite of its great sophistication, you have made a piece that is "naif."

And they said about Rousseau (someone did): Rousseau naïf? N'est-ce pas plutôt les poètes qu'il doit être ranger?

Rousseau naïf? Shouldn't he rather be ranked among the poets? (Bad translation)

Love, Nancy

(Anon. asks response to secrets)

one am October 17

Dear Mary:

I tried to call earlier but you were out carousing at ~~xxxx~~ some event or other (one hopes).

I called to tell you how much I liked the Document, and that was before I had even finished it. Now I have finished it twice. I am so delighted with ~~as~~ a) your perceptions B) your impressions and c) your ~~sm~~ memory. I am glad you have taken from June to Oct. to get around to completing it. I had had enough of the whole Wedding for a while, and now have the distance to reflect upon it as Event Past ~~xxxxx~~ instead of Process.

It's a good thing I didn't know Aaron was crying for my Father when we walked up the aisle. It would have finished me off for sure. I used to cry every time I thought of doing it without him. It was not something he would have liked--~~a~~ a weepy bride. At time time of the actual happening, I was only thinking of Jamie--not my father. This is an appropriate transference, and I am sure Freud would have given me a Gold Star. I was under the impression that aaron was doing General Crying for the purposes of emotional ventilation. He cries all the time. He always did. He cried when I called him on the phone in Europe--he got so choked up he had to put down the phone. Good grief.

I loved the confusion of some of the identifications: you as Phoebe's mother but really Wandy's mother and then Jessica's mother (your perception of her as someone wanting to be hugged was, I think rather sadly, absolutely accurate). Tom (Jamie's Uncle) is really Joe. "Clare" is really Jody. Claire was another person. who went to Radcliffe, whom I had meant to unite you with and somehow overlooked it. I don't think it would have been like introducing two Chinese artists, so to speak. Perhaps some other time/...

I wonder why my mother seemed ~~said~~ about your description of our freindship. Maybe because our relationship precludes that kind of friendship--at least being related to her precludes that kind of friendship. We never seem to know our relatives as others do, or to ~~xxxx~~ see them as they see themselves. No one knows us better, and no one knows us less.

I am not surprised many people didn't know what I do. People still aren't intersted in what women do. They are intersted in what men do, and who women marry.

I don't know how I am ever going to become a national figure unless I write something of interest other than letters (to you). Nonetheless, I find your faith touching. I have come to think that such notoriety is partly luck, as well as talent.

I would drop this letter off but my car has developed strange electrical problems. Every time I take my foot off the accelator the engine dies. This means incorporating one more step in the shifting process--turning on the engine. One adapts to this readily enough, but it is not really easy to negotiate certain terrains. So it will be fixed, and the mailman will deliver this.

The floors look great. The man with the augur went away. I feel quite reckless and cheerful, probably because I haven't taken any allergy medicine in 12 hours. I think I will go plague Jamie.

Yeats said ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ that an unconscious indefinable symbolism was the essence of all art, or something to that effect. I will copy out some of his statements for you, since I am going to reread him a bit, and read stuff I haven't yet gotten around to. (I'll copy them at a later date, but is "

"All art is dream," he said.

"Life is but a dream."

Thank you for the wonderful wedding present. Jamie hasn't read all of it yet. I am sure he will like your presentation of him, esp. the elegant moustache part. he may become unbearable.

We are looking forward to Friday. (Actually, I am viewing it with mixed feelings from this vantage point, but I am looking forward to our excursion a great deal. I think there are so many events planned, I will be exhausted by them, along with everyone else, but maybe I am wrong. At any rate, we will still be fresh when we get to you part of the Visitation. Jamie will say "my gosh" a lot, and I will be hyper, but the charm you always exercise on ~~the~~ guests will prevail.) low
NK

As the refugees come out very nicely. Do
come see it soon.

December 25, 1977

Dear Mary

Enclosed is the latest Willekello (s?) about the monument.

Today is beautiful and sunny. We had our Christmas last night, a
Vreeland family custom. Jamie gave me crayons, oil pastels, finger
paints, and a set of Staedtler markers that are in a lovely flat tin case
with a Hudson scene on the top, with houses, boats, mountains & blue
water. The markers have: 2 purples; two browns, grey & black;
yellows; oranges; pinks and two reds; four greens
and three blues. Later I am going to finger paint the refugees:
Jamie seems to want me to enjoy myself the same way I did when I was
2½ yrs old. Since I wanted a puppy for Christmas, he has pretended
to be a puppy named "Beau." This morning he woke me up to let him
out, but I told him Jamie would let him out. Tonight we are
going to see two opera movies at the University: *Pagliaccio* and the *Magie
Flute*. For New Year's Eve we are going to go to a party/show at Esther's
Follies: Gene Meyer & Chef Smil from Jeffrey's are going to do the catering.
They will perform *Les Deux Femmes* from 10-12; then people will
eat, drink champagne, & dance. We had a lovely time at your party,
and enjoyed dancing very much. Jamie says you are a flacker-follower.
I hope all the ~~Markings~~ and Edward are having a fine vacation.
Here it's not even 'le plus ça change le plus c'est la même chose.'
It's just la même chose. But nice enough to sit in the garden amidst
all the piles of leaves.

a. crayons. Love, Wamuy



THE VERSION OF THE WEDDING OF NANCY KAUFMAN AND JAMIE VREBLAND
AS SCRIBBLED INTO MY JOURNAL AT ODD HOURS, ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS THAT I TOOK, AND COMPLETE WITH MISSPELLINGS, ERRORS
OF IDENTIFICATION, AND TYPING MISTAKES CAUSED BY ME AND THE
TYPEWRITERS.

by Mary McIntyre

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Though the wedding was on June 3, 1979, this version was not
put together in this form until October 15, 1979. About half
of it was typed in New York a week after the wedding on Leonard
Franklin's ancient electric typewriter, & the rest in my studio
when the will to do so came upon me. The typed material and the
photographs are mounted on zoology paper from the U.T. Coop. The
cover is Ultrasuede, a useful material that pretends to resemble
leather and is a fad of our time.

on the Braniff flight to NYC
(written in my journal, May 30, 1979)

Nancy & Jamie- a critic with the character structure of an artist and an anthropologist with a charming personality. It's all right. I like the way they have defined their relationship: vastly different careers from vastly different characters, freedom for each to pursue one's own interest. Caring, binding, deeply known love and respect. Assuming the current societal obligations and customs to a degree. I am glad they are getting married. They should have children. The commitment of marriage is good for them. It adds strength to their relationship. The way they have chosen to do it is good also, though it has been painful for both of them. By electing the traditional forms for the wedding and planning it six months in advance, they have invoked the blessings and sanctification of their ancestors and all the current members of their families and their friends.

I love them-Nancy & JZamie.



ON JAMIE'S BIRTHDAY (30th)
AT 3102 WEST AVENUE, AUSTIN.
REHEARSING FOR CUTTING THE
WEDDING CAKE.

(6-2-79. 3:15 a.m. at the country club where I am staying after the wedding rehearsal and bridal dinner.)

I left Manhattan on the Path subway to Hoboken, then changed to the old Lakawana Express, a commuter train to Maplewood. The train has wicker seats, little fans mounted on the ceiling, and old white bowl-shaped lights. It was dirty and jiggled and jerked along; but I enjoyed it. Nancy met me. She was wearing purple baggy pants and top, and was adorned with a strip of wide white lace draped as a stole around her neck and trailing to her ankles. The white lace identified Nancy as the bride. She and I spent the next hour driving through Maplewood looking for gasoline. All the filling stations had closed gas pumps except one where we could only buy \$3 worth, despite Nancy's wheedling. I thought the dialect of the men working at the service stations was a speech impediment, or an unfamiliar foreign accent.

We went to her mother's house where Nancy showed me around. #8 Washington Park is a roomy frame house painted a muted rust color with some light-colored trim. The living room is paneled in dark wood with wooden beams in the ceiling. Nancy showed me the bronze horse by Degas that her father had bought, and the Remington bronze. There was a bronze "Mercury" like the one my grandmother had. We went to the large attic, where she pulled out albums of photographs. I saw images of Nancy and Donny as children, her father as a soldier in his 20's, her parents' wedding album. Barbara Stein, Nancy's classmate from college came and we went to Lord & Taylor's for lunch, and then to fill up with gasoline at a station that opened its tanks at 4:00 p.m. (But the car needed only 72 cents worth, after all! The gas gauge was broken.) Jessica, the flower girl came.

Nancy, Barbara, Jessica and I drove to the church, St. John on the Mountain Episcopal Church, which is located in Bernardsville, near the Vreelands' home, more or less. The countryside is beautiful with large leafy trees (bigger leaves than in Texas) and rolling hills. At the church, while waiting for the preparations for the rehearsal, Jessica and I went to the playground, and for a walk in the woods; and we hugged a lot, as she seemed to be someone who would like to be hugged. Anyway, you can't spontaneously hugged adults the way you can a child who you have just met.

On the drive over, we talked about marriage. Nancy was taking control of the whole proceeding to an extraordinary degree for a bride. It seemed she was doing this to alleviate her anxious feelings about the event. Nancy commented that the wedding was for the relatives, that the conventions used were to make the older relatives comfortable, nor jarred, that it was not appropriate to do otherwise. Her phrasing as she said this was beautiful, and much better than my remembered content.



The chapel is tiny; and the people in the wedding must walk slowly to give a suitable sense of time for a procession. Nancy directed it all, with parts or all of the wedding rehearsed three times.

← Barbara Stein in the blue skirt



At the rehearsal I was Nancy's "mock bride". Aaron, her grandfather, was crying for his dead son at the door before we entered. From his pocket he took a white box containing mementos of Billy: a charm bracelet with a tiny album of photographs of his immediate family of years ago, Billy's fraternal key, a gold disk with a Hebrew symbol and the birth dates of Billy as the eldest son.





Jamie's parents were there, Ellen, & Jim. They are handsome and alert people. Nancy's Aunt Hattie is a fine looking woman, and Aaron appeared to be wonderfully solid, with a worn face, strong sense of order, and feelings. He commented more than once on Nancy's intelligence and will. He is very proud of her.



(I wish I had had an Aunt Hattie, a loving woman who worked and was not rich.)



After the rehearsal

Then we went to the Vreelands'. They have a large house, once a farm house that grew into a very gracious, large and comfortable home. It is attractively decorated with paintings and imaginative and exotic furnishings. I met Barbara, Nancy's mother, and Jamie's grandmother, Mrs. Hummel who was dressed in a splendid fucia silk dress with gold trim.

There was a ceremony written and conducted by Mrs. Hummel using an embossed gold chalice. The members of the families of the bride and groom made a circle holding hands around them; and the grandmother recited something. Then the chalice filled with champagne was passed as a communion cup.

The people who were not blood relatives of the bride and groom were went out of the room. But Tony told me it was all right to photograph the event, which I did. Then, there was toasting by all, followed by a buffet dinner.



I sat in the living room with the bridesmaids and Nancy. Nancy passed out presents for each bridesmaid, and for me. The presents were each in small red silk bags embroidered in gold, but the contents were different for each person. Jamie's beautiful youngest sister was especially pleased with her gift of a silver heart on a chain. She put it on with her other locket. Elizabeth has a provocative wildness about her. She looks a lot like Jamie and reminds me of him in manner a bit. His other sister is overweight, quiet, and was worried about styling her hair for the wedding. She loved the jewelry Nancy gave her. Nancy's present to me was appropriately humorous: two small sequined bow ties on satin ribbons, one black and one purple.

Donald, Nancy's brother is reading as part of the ceremony, as is Tom, Jamie's uncle. Donald's wife, Wendy, is very attractive and said I reminded her of her mother in appearance and "pizzazz". I talked with Clare, who was at Yale with Nancy, and who had her young child with her. Her husband is a physicist. Jamie's brother, Curtis was a host for the bridal party and dinner, keeping the champagne and wine flowing. He helped Nancy find her mother when she wanted to go home, and helped me and Barbara Stein when we wanted to get a ride to the country club.

Nancy's mother, Barbara, didn't fit my visualization of her. She is leaner, more wirey, than I expected, and is a blond with short curly hair. I think I expected an older duplicate of Nancy, but scatter-brained to an extent. She seemed to have a lot of control. I knew she was blond before we met. Tracy, Barbara's lover, seemed to have an immediate suspicion of me, on general principles, probably. He is tall, lean, dark haired and of a shadowy nature. Barbara asked me how I liked Nancy and I told her that she is wonderful, and my best friend, and that I felt it a privilege to know her. Barbara didn't comment. She seemed almost sad.

Jessica found a playmate in Clare's little boy. They sat in a small room playing with toy farm animals. Once when I saw her she was feeding him ice cream.

The Kaufman and Vreeland elders were seated together at a table in the large entry hall. They made a very handsome group.

I arranged for Barbara Stein and me to leave for Fiddler's Corner, the country club, early, just as Nancy was preparing to leave., Barbara was tired, and I wanted some solitude.



Wendy + Donald



Barbara Kaufman

9:00 a.m., Sunday, June 3, 1979

I had breakfast at Fiddler's Corner in the dining room, sitting with Aunt Hattie, Aaron, Wendy, and Donald. Aunt Hattie is a marvelous-looking octogenarian. She worked at Macys for 28 years, beginning at age 54, quitting in 1976 = 86 years old! She has lived since 1950 in a small apartment across from Carnegie Hall. Nancy would stay with her from time to time, sleeping on the floor.

Aaron was telling stories at breakfast. The wonderful one was about the Russian Jew who lived on a farm and who had never been to the village. When he went, dressed in his black robe, hat and side curls, he saw a mirror at the antique shop. He discovered his father in the mirror, bought it, and put it secretly in his attic. He dressed up to visit his father daily. Once, when he was gone, his wife went in to see what fascinated him. Upon seeing the image in the mirror, she thought, "How could he be interested in that ugly old woman!"

Donald made some remark about his attitude about politics in the Middle East, and that set Aaron off. Aaron kept trying to pick a fight with Donald. Donald refused to discuss further.

Aaron was dominating the conversation. He started on a lengthy story about something he had told a guide in Leningrad. Hattie and Wendy exchanged glances of mild annoyance. Aaron stopped talking, made a face, and got up and left.

Wendy and I had an interesting conversation on the landing of the stairs about Aaron and the Kaufman family. I liked Wendy a lot. We also talked about her family, being the child of actors, and about the conventions of the wealthy.

I went for a very long walk, running some of the way, around the edge of the enormous gold course and down a country lane past the maintenance building. It was a gray morning. The land is rolling and green and very beautiful.

Those of us staying at Fiddlers Corner were picked up in a limosene at 12:15, and taken to the chapel for the wedding. The chapel had been built long ago for the servants of those who lived in the area. Nancy had wanted me to take photographs during the events, but forbade it in the church. I went to where the bride, the mothers, and the bridesmaids were dressing, preparing to photograph, but Nancy was too nervous to tolerate it.

The women in the bridal party were all in dresses of cool pastel colors with flowered prints or subtle patterns. Each bridesmaid's dress was different and was her own selection.

Nancy's dress was by Albert Nippon. It was white silk with a tiny print of lavender flowers. There was a ruffle around the neck and down the front and around the hem; soft ruffles made cap sleeves. She wore a white garden hat that she had covered with layers of lace.



THE CEREMONY

People were entering the chapel. I pinned the boutonniere on Aaron outside the chapel, and he continued his tale of the guide at Leningrad, until I interrupted it to go into the chapel. The organist was John ~~D~~Adwin. He had played the organ at Kirkland, a school where Nancy had gone. For the service he played only Bach.

Jamie came into the church with his father and attendants. He was very handsome in his dark suit and demeanor. There was a slightly dazed expression to his face and a little lyrical wobbling to his head, which could be interpreted as nervousness, though maybe it was all due to the carousing into the wee hours at the bachelors party after the bridal dinner.

The bridesmaids and the flower girl came in. Jessica was serious, and looked adorable in her lavender print dress, while tightly clutching her bouquet. Wendy was the most relaxed of the bridesmaids, except possibly Elizabeth.

From where I was sitting in the second row on the aisle behind Mrs. Hummel and Ellen, I could see well. Ellen beamed, Mrs. Hummel seemed to wipe her eye with evident emotion. Barbara, Nancy's mother, beamed all the way through the ceremony.

Nancy and Aaron came down the aisle slowly. Aaron's face was already clouded up. Nancy's beautiful face with its alabaster skin was tilted upward, eyes focused only on Jamie as if to hold him (and herself) in a trance.

Jim saw the contrast between Aaron's expression and Nancy's and let out a partially stifled guffaw. As the ceremony began at the sanctuary Aaron's head went lower. With her arm in his, Nancy's elbow jerked, and I knew she had punched him as if to say, "shape up!". Tom read well. Donald read very well. Aaron said his line of giving the bride away, "Her mother and I", loudly and with emphasis on each word. Later he told me he thought he had put too much emphasis on "and".

Nancy and Jamie moved into the ^{chancel} sanctuary. The minister started reading the vows, to be repeated by them. He said, "I, John take thee, Nancy.." Jamie said "James". The minister said, "What?" Nancy said, "James!", more loudly. So, he began it again. Nancy spoke her vows more loudly than she had told me she would. I loved looking at her as she said them, with her head tilted up to Jamie and the directness of her gaze. And, I loved the gestures of the two of them to each other as they put on the rings and the gentle kiss.

Nancy kissed her mother on the way down the aisle. Jamie turned a pleased smile to those of us on the other side of the aisle.



JESSICA

Outside the chapel, people gathered, greeted, talked. The bride and groom and Barbara Kaufman slipped away quickly in a white car.



Ellen, Jim, Bill and Barbara Conklin and I went in a limosine on the hour drive through beautiful countryside to the Kaufman farm for the reception. We talked of the wedding. The Conklin's commented on how Jamie seemed older, and elegant with his moustache. Ellen and Jim are very spirited people. Happiness was in their facial expressions. Mr. Conklin had not expected to be moved by the wedding but found that he was. He attributed it to the music. I commented that I think that emotions are transmitted from people to people, but that we have not arrived at a means to make scientific tests of this, or a terminology.

During the two days many people asked me an assortment of questions relating to how I knew Nancy, where we met, how long we had known each other, and did I come from Texas for the wedding. Some people at the reception obviously did not know much about Nancy. I told them of her writing criticism, her radio and television programs, and that I thought she would become a critic of national stature.

The approach to the house on the farm wound through a forest of very tall slender trees. There was a lawn. The house was built into the hillside with a wide deck, and a lower story on the lake side. Eighteen of Barbara Kaufman's students served champagne and hors d'oeuvres, and the meal. They were attired in running shoes, jeans, shirts and blue vests. There was a large wooden box filled with ice, on which vegetables were arranged around a dip. There was coarse brown bread, butter, and cheese in another place. Meat was being cooked over coals on the side of the hill.



Later, there was a large buffet table laden with salads, an arrangement of huge white asparagus, another table like a trough filled with ice, on top of which was a bowl of crab claws, a ham, sausage, and grilled beef filet. The table tops rested on blocks of hay. Tables and chairs for dining were set up, covered with flowered cloths. Charming arrangements of flowers were in the center of each table.



I took photographs and talked with people. Far. Mrs. Kaufman was too busy to talk with much, but I liked her, and delighted in her obvious imagination in the planning of the reception. I hope to see her upon a visit to Texas. Tracy was overseeing things, but exchanged a few amiable words. Two people asked if I was Andy's mother, I thought they meant Phoebe's mother, until I met Andy's mother. Then I knew the physical and "style" similarities. I found Jessica and hugged her a couple of times, and got her address, promised to send a postcard. Some people asked what kind of art I did. One lady introduced me to her friend who paints, which made me feel like a Chinese being put with another Chinese because there was supposed to be something we had in common & would like each other

A New Mexican Indian jeweler, Charles Loloma, was at the wedding & reception as a houseguest of some friend. I had met him in Austin in a promotion for Santa Fe East. I went over to say hello, and he started giving me the terrible line of the ugly-rich-Indian magician glorifying the beautiful white woman by promising to make expensive jewelry for her to buy. I found it repugnant that he was even there. However, Evelyn, Jancy's aunt was wearing some of his jewelry with her soft pink ruffled crepe dress.



One man I met, Alan Scott, said he and his wife, and Barbara and Bill Kaufman had been good friends for a long time. He described Nancy at three years as being the most articulate three year old he ever knew, and as now being an original person. "There are very few original people in the world but Nancy is one of them," he said.

I was described as Nancy's role model by a relative of hers.

There was a small band that played music from the 1950's, some classical music, and a variety of dance music. People danced on the deck.

There was a superbe chocolate cake, instead of the usual white cake. Nancy and Jamie made the initial cut together, then Jamie sliced the rest.

I kept moving around. I drank little that was alcoholic, not wishing to disrupt my perceptions. I observed, looking for the time to photograph that indicated special emotions between people, or simply groups of people in communication with each other, either in conversation, or just by being in proximity.

Barbara Stein came around near me and I knew she wanted to leave and had decided I was capable of effecting her (our) departure. I was getting tired. The noise in the vicinity of the music was bothering me. So, I started the process of departure: I talked with the drivers, and found the Conklins seated on the dock with two other anthropologists and Nancy and Jamie. Jamie rose to help check the names of those assigned to our limosene. We said goodbys. Ellen and Jim say they will come to Austin in October. Barbara will come some time when it is cool. Wendy may come sometime, her mother may come to act in Austin. Elizabeth may crive Nancy and Jamie's wedding presents out in June, Hattie wished I lived nearer to her. Ellen and I said we liked each other. Diana thought I was Jessica's mother.



On the way back into New York Aaron finished his story about the guide in Leningrad, just as if the hours had not intervened. Barbara Stein and I had a good conversation about women and men today, whether the values and conventions of "middle America" exist in any large degree in New York City (no), and the provincial attitude of New Yorkers. Barbara Conklin got in on that last one, saying that living in other parts of the country causes young people to want to leave and see what is happening elsewhere; but that her children don't have that desire to leave New York. Barbara Conklin and I also had a conversation about the Natural History Museum where she works. Hattie and I hugged fondly when she got out of the car. Aaron's wife complained of having to walk across the street. Aaron sleepily hustled her off without much of a goodby. Barbara Stein and I told each other we enjoyed each other. I was the last one dropped off, at about 9:30.

KUT
90.7



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May -

Thank you for the
O'Neil Ford articles.

There's one by Michael Sans
in June Tx Monthly - I have
it if you don't subscribe -

I wonder if I like his buildings
(as opposed to restorations) ?!

I am deeply into arks!

Gerontology Right now - I wonder
how that ties in with Ford?
Probably not at all.

ah

→ This was a garment -

December 24
Lima

637 - TELA NAZCA DE PLUMAS
Aprox 15 siglos de antigüedad

Para viajar por el Perú utilice la "Guía Reparáz del Perú - Vademecum del viajero".
For your travels in Peru consult "Reparaz's Guide to Peru - Handbook for Travelers" (English Edition)
Pour voyager au Pérou utilisez le "Guide Reparáz du Pérou" (édition française)

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Dear Mary - Arrived without
contracted mild food poisoning,
Having a wonderful time -
suitcase (purple garments) but
odd requests, including a raw
3 antichokes for dinner, and several
to various cities, towns & villages

George (Breiff lost it),
was in a slight earthquake.
Not really! Breiff found 1
not the other (all families
steak ...). Am going to have
the North Coast tomorrow



We wish you & Mac were here to join us in our travels!
Best Jan. 13. Until then - Love, Mary

BT The wind is still is good paper

Later the same day

Well, after you left I thought I had sent the sweater to the cleaners with my diamond pins on them. I went to the cleaners, after calling and being told by a young amn that the people who worked there were real poor and it was finders keepers. Turned out they didn't have my stuff at all. Came home. Found receipt. Went to other J. Browns, after calling and talking to Mike, who went to look for the pins. Got there. No pin,s. However, spot on t-shirt and sweater totally unravelled (well almowt) and full of holes. They spot clenaed t-shirt. Told me to take sweater back to wereh I bought it-- Loehmanns, of course. Talked to Jeff Brown, very nicely and quietly, since I was afriard all along maybe I had lost them in the Mess. Said I was going to ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tear apart the house looking; if not found, would call police to report, and return to J. Browns. Came home. After 15 minutes found pins. In meantime, JMW Jr, erstwhile mate, had been BACK downtown to put the silver in the safe deposit boxes, since I had to go look for the pins, which I found just as he walked in the door carrying some hamburgers in a sack. It took him 1/2 hour just to get in the parking lot. He was not terribly pleased. Reported that the boxes were "a mess, just like verything else you own."

I'm going to have a nice soothing ajllergy shot.

Do you have a television in the studio? If you can't concentrate, you can always watch tv. It's aimed at people who can't concentrate, and if they can, it shortens their attention spans.

The pins are in my pocket. It's 3 :15. I wonder about all this,

Your unraveling and loving friended

- pk
- ① Add some Benson to oil & vinegar (save trace for tomatoes)
 - ② Eat w/ anchovies
 - ③ meanwhile, heat purche at 350° for one hour, more or less

Dear Mary:

Thank you for a divine dinner. I ~~saxx~~ especially enjoyed the after-dinner entertainment and fashion show, complete with a distinguished drop-in guest (Mac). I found San Sineon quite entrancingly grotesque. I love your dress, and the way you look in it.

You will, I take it, be amused to learn that my Aunt Evelyn has formed a friendship with Elaine Bosset (of the weird dress, sponsor of Charles Loloma). They are meeting in Albuquerque to go see some (real) Indian rites later this week. Let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. According to Evelyn, Elaine adores me. Evelyn adores me. This makes me go through life feeling small minded and mean. The way around it is to like them back, of course, which would have been easier if Charles Loloma were ^ont involved.

My Chicana cousin-in-law is coming to Austin next week (Evelyn's daughter-in-law) with a friend, in time for Thanksgiving. Curiouser and curiouser.

My grandfather, your admirer Aaron, sends his regards. He was extremely lucid on the phone today. Feels his son Allen was a misunderstood visionary (and says he was one of those who didn't understand him--he said not misunderstood--he corrected me--but not understood at all). He also had some insightful ~~sax~~ remarks about my father and about my mother, all quite interesting, and perhaps amusing were one not so closely related to all of them.

So, a typical Sunday, full of long distance harangues and harrumphs, in which I please to give thanks for our nice supper together.

Love,

Nancy

Dear Mary -
We're looking forward
to your party tomorrow
Love
Mary & Jamie
P.S. We love
the Valentine!

Be Mine

Happy Valentine's Day!

Jamie & Mary

PS We loved our moatlyt seil!



TRIER, RHEINISCHES LANDESMUSEUM
Erdheller Steuermann von Moselschiff am
Grabmal eines Weinhändlers aus Neumagen
1. Hälfte des 3. Jahrhunderts
60 Deutscher Kunstverlag, München Berlin

August 29

Purple is the dernier cri
in fashionable garments, so I
arrived as a requisite modish
ruffled traveler. We've toured
Bussels, Thier (old Roman German
city) + Heidelberg, with a rendez-
vous on Lake Constance. The Irelands
asked for you, + loved your pictures,
so did my mother, who esp.
appreciated your shots of the
food + various set-ups. It's wonderfully
cloudy, cold + dismal, delighting my
fetched snowbeliefs. Love to Marc
you from both your longmooring

FLUGPOST
AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
P. Flug 2-561 A



Mary McIntyre
1410 Geston Ave
Austin, Texas 78703
USA

friends.
PS Here you'll find notes on Constance
behaviour!

Dear Thomas,

Thank you for spending the afternoon with Sylvia on her project, her paper on whether Texas is an art center, and with me, sharing some of the same interests. We enjoyed our discussion, as well as the information you imparted on specific artists.

A dialogue ends when the participants separate, but the conversation remains in the mind, attempting to reach its own completion, altered, of course, because it is now unilateral. So have gone my thoughts about my own painting/constructions in response to your interest and description of them as "not about painting...more about construction... narrative". Clarity is sought by the rational portion of the brain, structured into our modern mentality, along with consciousness. Dialogue helps.

Yes, my art is not about painting in the historical sense of painting processes and concerns from the Baroque period through its distillation by the abstract-expressionists and the present color-field cum symbols stuff. My painting is historically related to Medieval religious painting in altarpieces, the sequence of events, ^{or} the significance of one single image to man's deepest concerns. It is modern in its accentuation of symbols in the form of objects or images of the external world reverberating in the unconscious. I live today. I use today's forms. I have access to the unconscious. The mind functions in patterns, even the unconscious. I am conscious of the unconscious; and I study perception. That is what my painting is about: how we perceive today, through objects, and the ubiquitous photographic image. I paint, because painting is perceived as ^a setting apart, of having greater significance than a photograph, ^{and} because I like the hand work, and the alteration effected through my brain-hand functioning, as opposed to the recording of the mind's intent through emulsion in a machine. The painting process is a clarification of intent.

that comes with
I am grounded in middle America. Though I now have the eccentricity of consciousness, I have participated fully in the structures of values of the middle class in America. I am dedicated to a revelation of my awareness through my art.

Though I no longer write very much as a critic, letter writing serves as another kind of clarification, a repatterning of the patterns of the mind.

Mary

DELAHUNTY

1-8-79

Dear Mary,

Last week I received your letter, and yesterday received your resume and portfolio.

While we are the "pick up place" for the Fire show, we are not otherwise involved. I suggest you contact James directly regarding the possibility of your inclusion in that show.

I also enjoyed our conversation, and especially enjoyed the letter that followed, in which you summarized your position.

My comments regarding your work were necessarily spontaneous, and perhaps a bit hasty, or at least incomplete. (I am in the habit of thinking out loud without regard for consequences.) So, let me attempt to clarify:

I said your work was "not about painting" - which is to say it is not about the formal problems inherent to the painting medium. Perhaps I should have said your work is about much more than painting. (painting and construction and literature and photography et.al.)

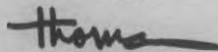
Of course, there are other concerns besides purely formal ones. From another perspective, your work is about the various levels of consciousness. (In your letter you refer to "the rational portion of the brain", "the unconscious", and "the patterns of the mind", as phenomena affecting your work.) Your art is a total art, (Wagner's great dream!) one concerned with every part of your existence. And, you employ the media (necessarily more than a single medium) which most effectively deal with the components that, together, form the totality of your consciousness. (intellectual, emotional, spiritual etc.)

Essentially, your work is about synthesis. The formal problems you choose to address are not problems peculiar to any given medium, but rather, the problems of how various media interact within a given context. Likewise, the content of your work functions syllogistically - one image juxtaposed with another evokes something beyond either in isolation. Synthetic solutions are certainly viable at a time when pluralism is the rule, and overchoice the real problem for everyone - in art and in life. (If everything is possible; nothing is possible.)

Please understand that all the above statements are prefaced by the unwritten phrase "in my opinion". Perhaps man will make some real progress when, (and if) he evolves a method for discerning objective truth.

When you are in Dallas again, come by the gallery, or call, and we'll continue our discussion.

Best Regards,



Thomas Glover

P.S. We will keep your photographs on file - if that is alright with you,

2611 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Texas 75201 214/744-1346

Mary McIntyre
1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Tex 78703

January 13, 1979

Dear Thomas,

Having read Janet Kutner's column on James Surls' invitational exhibition at Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum opening Feb. 16, I am lobbying for inclusion of a piece of my own work.

I have sent Surls a packet of photographs of my work, the same that I showed you while in Dallas. But, also, I see that Delahunty Gallery is a pickup place for art in your area, so that I surmise that you, or Murray, have some considerable contact with Surls.

My work that I showed you is original in concept and execution. It has not been shown anywhere, with the exception of the small sequence of nine paintings on paper, the size of snapshots, which was in a local show last January (?) at Laguna Gloria of art by women in this area.

I have been waiting before seeking exhibition possibilities on two things: 1. getting more of these complex painting/constructions completed, and 2. having the right environment for their exhibition (handling, significant space, kind of exhibition) Certainly CAM fits the latter, and his show could use at least one out of the four of mine that are completed.

Sincerely

I am enclosing images of a couple of the works. Surls was sent the more complete packet.

February 14, 1979

Dear Thomas,

This is a note instead of a letter, being shorter. I want to apologise for not having responded to your fine letter sooner, and for making a remark in the form of a cliché as to why I didn't. Actually, I have carried your letter in a folder that is with me daily, since the day I received it, and don't have a reasonable excuse.

But, I will write more fully next week, and meanwhile am sending copies of a couple of articles that may interest you.

I have a new phrase relevant to my poor memory for names: introversion occludes specific items in memory.

I am beginning assembling material for a visual/verbal autobiography that will either be a cross between a comic strip and People magazine, or a totam pole in the form of a bas relief and will include Xerox images of photographs, probably.

Sincerely

P.S. We sailed yesterday on Lake Travis in the sunlight. It was marvelous.

2-17-78

Houston trip.

+ like silence + being by myself. It makes me wonder.

FIRE Dear Thomas-

Preface:

I have given up writing for a while, which means giving up utilizing that channel (as in TV) in my brain which functions in an analytic, evaluative and interpretive mode. I have done this in order to ~~free~~ ^{release all that} an internal mental processes from ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~conventions~~ ^{conventions} by which it was ordered and allow it to free play into my other aspects of my brain functioning. This is not to say that other aspects of my mind are not also conditioned by convention but they are certainly less obviously so, to others ^{people} as well as to me. This process is likely to produce more eccentric behavior ~~and~~ ^{and} more eccentric art.

However, I started this letter to tell you my reactions to the FIRE exhibit and ^{in doing so I} ~~strongly~~ - or not so ~~so~~ find the analytic, evaluative and interpretive mode fully in process ^{and} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~exception~~ ^{with} that an eccentric response to the works there. Occa-

Occasionally ^{these modes} ~~they~~ ^{they} come together as in the case of Vernon Fisher's words ~~over~~ ^{on} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~image~~ ^{image} which ~~on~~ both levels I found to be the most effective and interesting object than ~~with~~ James Surtis wooden cart ~~next~~. ^{As well as personally liking} ~~In regard to~~ ^{In regard to} Fisher's object I was also struck with its ^{attracting} ~~attracting~~ ^{attention of the largest} ~~number~~ ^{number} of people for the longest time of anything there. Why? ^{It takes} ~~It takes~~ time to read words ^{as that requires} ~~especially~~ ^{especially} since ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ an orderly

Actually I like protestantism when it is put in
enough to people

Paintings ^{in the style of} ~~in the style of~~ have noticed that I am ignoring all of the
New York style ~~style~~ straight line historically related to
"mass stream". I think that stuff has its place
some of that I actually gave "B's" to on my
check list. Egocentricity has taken over and I don't
come to write about that. As far as I can
concerned it is passé.

Mary McIntyre,
1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Texas 78703
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1979

Dear Thomas,

Again, thank you for your fine and intelligent letter of January 8.

This is going to be a rather rambling letter, dealing with my reactions to the exhibit, FIRE, at CAM, but with a preface.

The preface has to be personal. There is a hazard, or penalty, in opening up one's mental functioning into the various levels as freely as I am doing, and being existential. It is frightening at times, yet something I seek more and more. It is, and will be, the source of what is significant in my art.

In Houston, on Saturday, I started a draft of a letter to you:

I have given up writing for ARTWEEK, which means giving up utilizing that channel (as in TV) in my brain which functions in an analytic, evaluative and interpretive mode. I have done this in order to release that internal mental process from the conventions by which it was ordered and allow it free play into other aspects of my brain functioning. This is not to say that other aspects of my mind are not also conditioned by convention, but they are certainly less obviously so, to other people as well as to me. This process is likely to produce more eccentric behavior and more eccentric art.

However, I started this letter to tell you my reactions to the FIRE exhibit, and in doing so I find the analytic, evaluative, and interpretive mode fully in process and conflicting with an egocentric response to the works there.

Occasionally these modes come together, as in the case of Vernon Fisher's words over an image which on both levels I found to be the most effective and interesting object there. I was also struck with the number of people who spent more time looking at Fisher's object than at any other article on exhibit. The reasons I decided upon for this were:

1. It takes time to read words as they require numerous shifts of focus in an orderly sequence
2. Most people subvocalize
3. We are conditioned to the importance of words from childhood, while few of us are conditioned to the importance of images or any method of interpreting them.
4. People are conditioned now to words over images in TV and the movies.

In short, the viewers probably felt they were watching the beginning of a movie. Also, the story was both sufficiently descriptive of an event and obscure for the viewer/reader to feel participation and yet retain wonder.

I liked James Surls work for its beauty, strength, and evocation of primitive rites and mysteries.

I wanted to like James Hill's branches and images on the wall and the hatchet in a block on the floor but it was too contrived in relation to the theme of "fire". Too bad.

I wanted to like George Green's crucifixion, and did like the basic idea, but it was too pretty, orderly (the sequence of colors of the ropes, for example), not messed up enough, and either too much like a segmented department store manekin (sp? dictionary not here), or not enough.

I liked Nancy Chamber's mounds, as usual, and Mac Whitney's big steel contraption as usual. Tatiana Pladenko's masks as a group were

2 2-20-79

steel contraption, as usual. Letitia Eldredge's masks as a group were the best of hers I have seen. Okay were Roberts Harris's totem, and Linda Surl's gentle woven object.

Self-consciously Texan, but all right were Kostiuik's map of Texas, David Wade's image of chili components, and Jim Malone's big landscape funnel with drip pan.

You may have noticed that I am ignoring all of the paintings in the style of straight-line-historically-related-to-mainstream. I think that stuff has its place and some of that I actually gave "B's to on my check list. Egocentricity has taken over and I don't care to write about that. As far as I am concerned it is passe.

Thanks for entering my fantasies as a potentially interested recipient of my thoughts. It is very difficult to find people with whom to communicate on levels that are important to me.

Best regards to you, also,

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1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Texas 78703
Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1979

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The preface has to be personal. There is a hazard, ~~or penalty~~ in opening up one's mental functioning into the various levels as freely as I am doing, and being existential. It is frightening at times, yet something I seek more and more. It is, and will be, the source of what is significant in my art. *(the point of this paragraph is current, amorphous anxiety)*

In Houston, on Saturday, I started a draft of a letter to you:

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see next page

*(crossed this out as
"distasteful"
the idea of "penalty")*

2 2-20-79

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Thanks for entering my fantasies as a potentially interested recipient of my thoughts. It is very difficult to find people with whom to communicate on levels that are important to me.

Best regards to you, also.

Mary



Mary McIntyre
1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Texas 78703

April 30, 1979

Thomas Glover
DELAHUNTY GALLERY
2611 Cedar Springs
Dallas, Texas 75201

Dear Thomas,

Sylvia is down to the last wire in her endeavors to get her paper on Texas an art center in (It is due Friday), and I am begging some assistance from you, if possible.

These clippings from my old file don't have dates on them, and she needs dates of these articles for her bibliography. They are all articles by Janet Kutner. Is it possible that you have such in your files, and could find the dates, write them in, and mail them back to Sylvia in the enclosed envelope right away????

I am also writing to Janet Kutner about this, but she is difficult to reach, and immensely busy. We will be glad to pay someone in your office for this service.

If you are able to respond, she would appreciate it immensely, and so would I, indirectly.

I regretted that our correspondence never flowered, after that excellent letter from you. But, so it goes. I hope you are well. I am enclosing an image, and something I mailed out for my "Wedding Shrine" as my marriage cake symbolic art object turned out to be.

Richard Koshalek was here as juror for Austin Contemporary Art which goes on display at the Laguna space at First Federal Savings May 12 until June 7. He was excited about my "Wedding Shrine", muttered "Ah, Texas art", and gave it a prize (no money) along with Wiman's.

Let me know if you will be coming to Austin. I would like to see you & converse, & so would Sylvia.

Sincerely

When in doubt, do it yourself

TEXAS SCULPTOR James Surls is lighting a fire under the regional art scene. Surls, who moved to Houston from Dallas several years ago, is organizing a statewide exhibition of art with the hope that he can spark a new level of activity. (It's been deemed low by many observers this past season.)

The gallery situation in Dallas has not been as supportive of regional artists as it might be, with the result that many artists have found alternative situations in which to exhibit. For example, 20 North Texas artists banded together to capitalize their own exhibition space at 500 Exposition Gallery, and the local artists' equity group helped organize shows for space given over to a downtown Gallery for Dallas Artists by Jas. K. Wilson.

Houston has been having some gallery troubles also, and undoubtedly the diminishing degree of attention paid regional artists this past year accounts in part for Surls' project.

"FOR SOME TIME the climate of Houston as well as the state has been at the crackling stage, ready to ignite," Surls said last week. "I believe the time is right to strike the match."

"Texas has so many strata in relation to art, it is my hope 'FIRE' will stir the water and mix the strata," Surls added.

"Texas must step to the front and be counted. It is not fair to the people of this land to be last in

“ For some time the climate of Houston has been at the crackling stage, ready to ignite. The time is right to strike the match. ”

thought from our state leaders. We, the artists, have to be awake. We can no longer sit on our backsides and wait, and wait, and wait.

"So we wait no more. We will be counted, or we will move on..."

SURLS' EXPLANATION of his "FIRE" project was accompanied by a copy of the letter he has sent inviting Texas artists to participate in a show he is organizing for Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum. The exhibit will open Feb. 16.



Artist James Surls: Come on, baby, light my "FIRE."



Janet Kutner / Art

"Like all things, we are governed by circumstances. Our three largest cities — Dallas, Fort Worth and Houston — are looking either for a director or a curator. Which means that while the fuel (for the Texas art scene) is here, there is no one to strike the match."

The show Surls is organizing is actually a Texas survey, but he prefers not to call it that.

"There have been so many shows over the past few years that were called Texas this or Texas that, that I just don't want to stick the word Texas in it."

"Also I want the show to have a theme, which is like jumping into a pit of snakes."

"What theme ties us all together? We have been so geographically scattered and split and divided into factional camps that a Texas look or theme would be hard to pinpoint," Surls said.

"I HAVE DECIDED to use the theme of fire, and call this show 'FIRE,'" he said. "Fire representing our creative energy. We each have our own brand of fire. Our art is kindling and a necessary component for the cultural blaze."

"It has been said before that Texas has all the ingredients for the pie," Surls addressed the state's artists.

"Let the CAM be the oven. Let us add the heat. As to how the pie will be sliced is for the critic to say. As to its palatability, that is for the public to say. But as to whether or not there will be any cooking, or anything to slice, is for us to say."

Details regarding the Feb. 16 show of Texas artists at CAM are as follows:

- Surls is inviting a total of 100 artists to participate in the exhibit. For additional information on the exhibit, contact him at Box 9, Splendora, Texas, 77372.

- Delahunty Gallery will serve as the central pickup place for art originating in North Texas. Surls will have a truck at Delahunty on Feb. 1 to pick up works. Artists who are unable to deliver their work to that location can contact Surls, and he will try to arrange for a truck to pick up the art elsewhere.

- The installation of the exhibit, as well as its opening and party, will be filmed to provide a visual record of the endeavor. A book will be published, and Surls is asking each artist to write a statement on his work for that catalog.

- Artists invited to participate in the exhibit can use an existing work or create a new one. There are no size limitations. The CAM space, which is large, can be used in its entirety, but all works must be suitable for exhibition inside rather than outside the museum.

SURLS' EXHIBIT has the potential of igniting new interest in regional art. Unlike previous shows with a Texas theme, this exhibit promises to focus on the differences among what artists in the state produce rather than the similarities, which have tended to be contrived in the past.

It remains to be seen whether Surls can assemble a cohesive exhibit that will work in CAM's vast, warehouse-type space. But no artist can claim 100 close friends, so the accusation that Surls is inviting only his cohorts is false.

Meanwhile it should be interesting to see what kind of show an artist-as-curator can develop. The exhibit will probably look very different from one organized by a museum professional with a preference for a particular type of art.



Thomas Glover

2611 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Texas 75201, 214/744-1346

1-27-79

File - Correspondance - Mother

Dear Mother,

Enclosed are some clippings from the inauguration of Clements. I did wear the galaxi dress you suggested, and it was admired to the point of jealousy by Margie Wilson (former assistant attorney general under Nixon) who was with our party. In fact, though I tried to be nice, it ruined the evening for her. Margie got into the car to go to the ball, saying, "I wonder what Mary is wearing. The only way I can compete is to turn my dress around backward." I kept saying I wasn't wearing anything new, in an effort to deprecate what I was wearing; but, alas, by the end of the evening Margie was quite intoxicated, having also made the judgement that Mrs. Clements one shouldered red gown was "tacky".

Mac and I danced quite a lot together, which activity we have enjoyed since adolescence. Although I danced with Will Wilson twice, as determined by social convention, I avoided arousing Margie's jealousy on that count by sitting away from him at the round table, and doing absolutely no flirting. The Frarys were with us also, and though Peggy agreed with Margie that Mrs. Clement's dress was "tacky" Peggy did not deem it necessary to feel competitive with me, fortunately.

Mac and I both have colds, currently, but not too badly.

Sylvia and I have formed a partnership for purposes of investment in real estate. We will buy some old buildings, and she will oversee their conversion into offices or apartments. This will provide her with a full time job when she graduates, and me with the desirable tax consequences of depreciation figures in realestate. I have an excellent accountant now, and am putting my various business activities and the household ~~xxx~~ budget as well into a computer system. Then I will have monthly reports on assets less liabilities in a total printout of what is happening to my money.

Mac's mother came in Thursday. She is calling her friends here to invite them to lunch or dinner at Tarry House. I will not be going. I did not last year. Mac and I agree that ^{she} tends to be quiet in a group that includes me, and that, ~~xxxxxx~~ my presence seems to dominate. Also, I gave Mac a course for the spring called "Arts Awareness", conducted by a friend of mine. And the friend, and Mac and I agree that I am to stay away from the course, even when it meets at our house as it will, as Mac feel freer to speak up when I am not there. He said as much. I am delighted to be doing different things off on my own.

Love

Sylvia and my partnership is called "Novus Ordo". That is a part of the motto on the back of the great seal of the United States, and comes originally from Vergil's *Eclogues*. It means "a new order". The fuller version is "Novus Ordo Seclorum", "a new order of the ages".

P.S. PRIVATE: It worries me writing things that are revealing of myself such as the paragraph on my ~~xxxxxx~~ presence dominating groups, as I think you read EVERYTHING to Harold, and I never know when he will pervert what I have said and spew it back in some distorted way in some missive to us, even though we have not corresponded with him for two years.

Naples, Florida

February 1, 1979

Dear Mary,

Mary thanks for the clippings with pictures of the celebration of the inauguration of the Republican Governor. What an historic event for Texas!

I was highly amused by your description of the sensation caused by your spangled gown! The inventor of the machine that sews the spangles onto material is our friend and neighbor here on the beach - the recent condominium south of us, Arnold Ockner. He was much interested in the photograph I have of you wearing that dress.

Don't worry about Harold's reading your letters for he does not. I gave him the clipping and he was much interested in that. We had tried to get

a T.V. broadcast of the Texas inauguration
but without success. However, we see
many remarkable programs on television, such
as (this week) the actual films of Hitler's
invasion of Russia and, another evening,
Katherine Hepburn in a story (the scene of
which was in a mining area in Wales)
in which a teacher prepares an intelligent
but uneducated young miner for Oxford.

I am delighted to hear of the
arrangements you make, for Mac's mother,
to entertain women friends on her own
at luncheon, and would like to have
a similar privilege myself. It reminds
me of when my mother stayed at the
Driscoll and gave a luncheon in her
spacious room. I enjoy talking with
contemporary friends who share with
me interests that would bore you.
(Colonel Dams, for example).

Your idea of writing the history
of the family and appointing yourself
family historian I find highly amusing.

Most of the family archives, records, photographs, and Bibles
have come down to me. Because your Grandmother Evans
outlived the others of her generation, many of the records were
in her attic at the time of her death, and Eleanor and I
took a year to go carefully through everything. Since her children
were adopted, all the valuable information came into my custody.

Since we returned from Michigan the first of ^{last} August
to find water damage in the basement, including the inner
locked room, I have gone through the items of valuable
information, planned what photographs to have reproduced
and what arrangement of the various items of information,
in order to have printed, ^{20 or 30} copies of the main things of interest
in addition to making ^{date} them.

My children and grandchildren will receive information
regarding the Harrell Family, with pictures of the Northwell
home and the hospital built by the two Harrell doctors, etc.
Did Sylvia or Barbara tell you that I told them to the

Indian ~~St~~ Museum, especially to see the
handsome, carved, rose-wood bed with a
canopy too high for any modern bedroom,
which I saw - I guess, first at the
Benjamin Harrison home, and later at the
Ind. St. Museum?

Enough for now.

It is - glorious sunny day,
though cool and windy, and we must
take a long vigorous walk beside the
seaf, the sound and sight of which
allure us from our comfortable and
beautifully furnished apartment.

With much love,

Mother.

February 20, 1979

Dearest Mother,

Thank you for your letters, and the valentine card. It sounds as though you are having a very good time with old and new friends.

Please tell Aunt Eleanor that I appreciated her letter, with the news of Laura's family, and Peggy's. It was a very nice letter to catch up a bit on what our cousins are doing.

My interest in family history has switched to the project of a visual/verbal autobiography, for which I need related images & data. I have been doing painting/constructions for a year, and have three more in progress. They take 3 and 4 months to do, so that I only produced 3 last year. I will show them to you when you come, as they are hard to describe. One of last year's will be in an exhibition this summer at the University of Texas, McChesner Galleries, of art by contemporary Texans. There will be a full catalogue. I am very pleased to be included in this exhibition.

For my visual/verbal autobiography I will be using Xeroxed images from old photographs. I have some, but need more. When you go back to Indiana, I would greatly appreciate anything you have saved from my childhood and adolescence in the way of photographs, drawings I made, things I wrote. I do not have anything from Tudor Hall, or from R. deLiffé. I don't know if these things were stored in Sam's attic, or destroyed, or stored elsewhere. The last I remember of them, they were in the hallway w/ closet of my room at 5850. I could come up some time and make copies out of the Park/Tudor archives I suppose. Also, I would like a ~~photograph~~ wedding photograph of you and Dad, if possible. I have the one from my grandparent's 10th wedding anniversary, which is a gem.

Making Xerox images from photographs is a bit tricky; it requires a very good machine. Currently, here there is a Kodak copier that can be regulated to produce darker copies, as needed.

Carolyn is pledge captain w/ for her sorority, and also one of two selected to be in a style show representing the sorority. She will be staying in Phoenix over the summer, she says. But I hope to persuade her to return here for a visit, at least.

Edward sent us a very beautiful azalea plant of variegated pink to dark red. My maid says sons-in-law are better than sons.

Sylvia and I went to Houston last weekend. I went for the opening of an art exhibit of contemporary Texas art at the Contemporary Art Museum; because I have to work on my "network" of art scene people in Texas. Sylvia has friends down there & went to a wedding where there were several of her friends from Austin. I don't have anything in that art show. We took Gran with us, & Marian picked her up at our hotel.

I am looking forward to you visit with us.

Love

3-4-79

Dearest Mother,

Mac's young partner died a week ago, from an overwhelming pneumonilcoci infection that came up abruptly. His spleen had been removed some time ago, and evidently that is an organ that compats such infectinns. Phil was 28. Mac loved him, and he was the first partner since Walter for whom Mac had a bond. He had a four month old baby. The funeral was in Houston, and Mac was a pall bearer. Needless to say, the ordinary aspects of our lives have been violently disrupted. I am enclosing a kind of statement from my journal on the death and funeral, and an essay Sylvia wrote to Mac about it.

Barbara and Edward had open house at the finished unit of their 12 unit condominium today. I just talked to them, and over 100 people came to see it. They put in fumiture and pictures for the event, and got a lot of favorable comment. Some of the units had previously sold, before completion, and without their advertising. The rest are nearing completion. Barbara is doing a lot fo the contracting now, as well as the decorating in the finishing, and enjoying the experience.

Sylvia had a party last night at our house. She has several friends whose birthdays are in February or March, and they have celebrated several years in a row with other friends included. They rolled up our living room rug, and had a jazz band, for which they had jars to collect contributions.

Carolyn is pledge captain of her sorority for next fall, and will spend most of the summer in Phoenix. She has bought a car, and Mac and Sylvia will fly out there on the 15 and 16 (Mac) in order to drive the old Ford back. Sylvia hasn't seen Phoenix, so he is going a day early.

I have one of my painting/constructions accepted in an important exhibit at U.T. for this summer, but I think I mentioned this.

Love

Naples, Florida

March 13, 1979

Dear Mary, Mac, and Sylvia,

My love and sympathy go out to all of you in your grief over the death of Mac's partner and the tragedy of this loss to his young wife. And thank you, ^{Mary,} for sharing with me my daughters and grandchildren's beautifully written and touching accounts of your feelings about this tragedy of loss by death.

My first experience with death came to me when I was very young, only eight years old, when my little sister, eighteen months younger than I, and my constant playmate, died of a ruptured appendix as I knelt at her bedside close to my kneeling mother and heard her dreadful gaspings for breath and

saw her eyes roll upward, unseeing. I
have never recovered from that experience, which
left its mark on my personality and character
throughout all of seventy-six years of life and
causes tears to flow even now as I write.
At that time, Caroline was the closest person
to me. A week or two before her death
I had accidentally scratched her hand in
a little argument over whose turn it was to
play the piano. And so I grew up ^{with} ^{instilled}
the belief that one must be kind and generous
and loving, no matter how much I might be
hurt or unfairly treated by another person.

My sister and our cousin Suzanne
(Mrs. Volney Brown) are staying at La Playa
further north of us up the beach, and today
we four are to have lunch with our relations,
Katherine and Wilson Matherhead at the Naples
Beach Club's little, golfers' luncheon place.
Last evening we two Sleams and Sue out
to dinner our friends the Stokewells from Isthmian
Bethel, we hear, is contemplating remarriage,
and Meg is in London for various parties being
given. Devotedly, Mother.

3-16-79

Dear Mother,

Just a note in response to your letter received today. I am communicating by poems to some extent, so am including one or two.

I have two thoughts that popped into my mind after reading your off-stated description of the episode with Caroline, your sister. One is that all of us want to be able to have negative feelings, and be able to express them, and still be accepted. And the other is that I have gotten a great deal of value and sense of well being by this year of sessions with Mary Teague, in psycho therapy. Through that, I have been able to turn over rocks within me and allow the detritus ~~me~~ that was active beneath to dry out in the sunlight of self-knowledge. It has been the best thing I have ever done for myself.

Love,

5-27-79

Dearest Mother,

Thank you fro your note, and the postcard from NYC. Glad you found the trip enjoyable, actually both trips...to Texas and NYC.

I leave early WEdnesday for NYC, staying until June9, with my friends the Franklins. However, I spend Friday & Sat in New Jersey, attending the bridal dinner, and the subsequent wedding of my very good friend, Nancy Kaufman and Jamie Vreeland. In NYC I will be seeking to deepen my art contacts, that is, seeing people, making two appointments with curators at the Whitney Museum, and The New Museum to shor them photographs of my images, and reviews of the recent exhibits here. I am enclosing a clipping on me and my "Wedding Shrine". A lot of people have sent me copies of it. There are a couple of other clippings in which my work was mentioned..but I will have to senđ that later, as I am running out of both time and extra copies.

Sylvia is due back from the Yucatan today. I have been very busy this week with financial affairs related to Novus Ordo. I am learning a lot of how ~~the~~ financing is done, a little on how to gauge misrepresentation by real estate people, terminology of the banking and real estate business, and the kind of questions to ask. When one is ignorant, one doesn't even know what kinds of questions to ask, because one doesn't know what kind of information is needed. And most business people only supply information --- related to questions..they don't make guesses at what you don't know..some how you are suppose to find out what you don't know out of the air, I suppose. Very few people supply you with extra information, beyond that requested in specific questions. A^yway, I think we have a program of investment and work for Sylvia for the next year, now determined. I do have good advisors, finally, who are concerned and knowledgeable. Also I can check what one says out with another, because they are not working together.

Enough...

Love

June 20, 1979

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your letters about your trip to New York, and the account in a journal about the garden tour and description of your home. I hope you will enjoy quieter times for a while.

My New York trip was stimulating, and relaxing at the same time. I felt as if I were on a vacation in a foreign city. In the Village where I stay with the Franklins there are trees, brownstone houses, sidewalk cafes, and many little shops. I walked nearly every place. So many of the galleries are in the Soho area near the Village, as are many of the artists' dwelling/work spaces. I visited three artists in their lofts, which was interesting. I stayed on the top floor of the Franklin's, and from the sliding glass doors which open onto a deck I could see the Empire State Building. I greeted it in the morning & said good night to it when retiring.

When I returned there was a great deal of work to do. Sylvia and Elizabeth were doing all right on Novus Ordo, but needed the focus of my attention. Sylvia is enjoying the challenges of this work, and Elisabeth is a big help. She does all the accounting under the supervision of our CPA.

Carolyn came in ten minutes after I did, and stayed a week. She is happy, has put on weight, which causes her to look more like me in much earlier years. We had a good visit with her.

Barbara comes in next week for a few days. They have sold several houses recently, and are pleased that the market has loosened up.

Do you have any photographs of my childhood or youth that I might have Xerox copies of? Do you have any of my school work from any period of school, or any old scrapbook? The traces of my youth seem to have vanished. Would Sam have any of that stuff stored in their attic, or did they clean everything out? Would he remember? Do you have any letters of mine before age 30?

I hope Indiana doesn't get as hot as it is here. It is terrible, but I am hibernating in my air conditioned studio & office, and going swimming at Barton Springs.

Love

Dear Jessica,

I loved being with you at Nancy's wedding. It was fun playing with you in the woods, and hugging with you. I thought you were the best flower girl I have known, and you looked lovely in the dress for the wedding.

I am back in Texas, where it is very hot now. I stay in my air conditioned studio a lot, and go swimming in a cold pool. We go sailing on a lake sometimes, especially in the evening, when it is cooler. I saw Nancy yesterday, and we talked of you. She is busy writing thank you notes for presents that were sent her.

Please write me some time. I like postcards, if you want to write on one. I was going to send you one, but decided to send this photo of you in an envelope instead.

Love

July 25, 1979

Dear Mary and Mac,

Best wishes for your twenty-
fourth wedding anniversary! ^{next month} And many
more to come! I have pictures taken at your
wedding reception, of which you have duplicates,
which are really delightful. I am sure
you will have some enjoyable collection,
although not a large one, probably, in the
75th Birthday collection, fairly recently, was
the pinnacle of all. At any rate, have
a happy time and many more years of
congeniality in the years to come!

Harold and I are busy getting everything
ready for the buffet supper for Dave and Linda,
and Linda's parents, who are also coming. The Tumblers
entertained us so pleasantly in their Florida
home at Holmes Beach last December, and
we saw them again when they came to Apple
for a golf tournament in March.

I certainly did not mean to be
insistent about your coming here, did
not realize I had already twice mentioned
the party for Dave and Linda, and was
merely musing over the fact that the

writes as so much friends of yours - of Evans
and this may well be the last time I have them here.
Please remember that it is not so ill unusual for
people of my vintage to be a bit forgetful. Fortunately
Harold's memory is better than mine, but he has not
read the letter I send. And I don't like columns of mine

We plan to leave Tuesday for Pooking Bank
for the month of August and - for into September
as the weather is good. Needless to say, one of the
pleasures I look forward to is seeing my latest
great-grandchild.

Mac, I enjoyed immensely the letter you
wrote me in June telling about the two books
you had bought with the birthday check I had
sent you. It warms the coobles of my heart
to hear of the pleasure you are enjoying from
a check I have given. Barbara does the
same thing. I am enclosing my recent
letter from her which has given me much delight.
Please let Sylvia read it and then mail it
back to me. I chuckle inwardly thinking of
Barbara in her tailored outfit and - her
"gorgeous garden of flowers." When I get time,
I shall look up the books Mac so enjoyed.
I too am - lover of ancient Greece.

(If you should receive larger checks at
Christmas, you don't need to tell me how every
cent was spent. Merely deposit them.)
Many happy returns of the day!
Devotedly,
Mother.

5858 Scout Lane

October 12, 1979

Dearest Mary,

These are busy days with everything but in town after vacation and all clubs and organizations having their first fall meetings (C. Dances, W. O. R. ^{Woman's Club}, Progressive Club, P. M. G. Alliance etc. for me, and Contemporary Club, Decoration Arts, Horticulture Soc., J. M. C. lectures, Portfolio Club, Playgroup, Medical Soc. dinner dance, and Symphony ball for Harold and me together.

Evans, who comes regularly to the Wenwright Bank meeting the second Tuesday of each month, came earlier this time to consult with me about a proposition I had received from some land developer who wanted to convert the Stony Creek area of my two farms on the north of Stony Creek Road or 116th Street into a series of lakes with a housing development. Since he had once

drawn up such a plan for the "Wilco" farm on the south side of the road I wanted his thinking on the proposition. I was not really much interested because my floor all along has been to split my farms on farms during my life time and not increase the value of the land during my life time. That can be left to my heirs for their benefit. Evans, Harold, and I gave the matter due consideration with the result that I turned down the proposition.

My cousin Paul White died several months ago in California and his body was cremated. Last Monday afternoon memorial services were held, in the Gothic Chapel in the cemetery grounds, attended by a small group of relatives and friends. His widow and daughter, Harriet and Betty White, came to Indian Lake for the service and as visiting Harriet's sister Margaret

McKee. Eleanor - I gave a luncheon of eight on
Wednesday in Washlaks east room, including the three just
mentioned, plus Josephine Jameson and Agnes Wade.

I believe I have told you about selling the back
part of my property plus an access strip from Summit
Lane along my north boundary in order to diminish yard
care and also to have ^{the} additional security of neighbors
who could keep an eye on my house when we
are out of town. The road is being put in now.
Utilities will be underground. A new Eli Lilly & Co.
excavation is buying the property. I have approved his
plans for a colonial style, five-bedroom house. He
and his attractive wife have four children.

Please tell Mac that I enjoyed immensely
his book "Merchants of Grain". I have not passed
it on to anybody and would if he would like
me to mail it back to him. Your brother, secretary
to Iwan, bought a quantity before the books were off
the press to give to members of the board including
Eveens who feels sure his father was sent a copy too.

Your plans for a trip west sound great.
Harold and I have been from San Francisco to D.C.
several years and enjoyed very much our tour of the
Hearst Castle and an art museum farther south,
the name of which I don't recall at the moment.

The weather is beautiful - We are well
and enjoying life, though somewhat slowed down.
(An afternoon nap for each is essential now at our
age, especially when we have an evening engagement.)
With much love,
Mother

10/14/79
1

Novus Ordo RENOVATIONS

Dearest Mary,

I don't know how this note is going to sound since I'm in a rather contemplative mood - alone but not necessarily lonely. Naturally I don't enjoy seeing anyone in a down state although I find such states to be beneficial to growth since they cause one to ~~then~~ become sensitive to one's insides. I have a special concern for your frame of mind because I love you. I keep wanting to say "don't get so anxious about everything - money - other people - whatever else -" But that isn't saying anything. It's just a wish I keep wanting you to stop ~~me~~ getting ~~to~~ so anxious and pointing to me as an example. Still that's not helping much. Yes, I'm happy. I get up + down but my general dealings + frame of mind are good - positive. ~~I~~ I feel that though, that it is because I have been brought up under such wonderful circumstances - including and especially because of the wonderful, genuine love that you + Mac nurtured me with. I'm afraid that I can't ~~in~~ sense ~~the~~ all the feelings that you have concerning your upbringing - that of a childhood without loving parents. I can see it to some degree - I know what it is like to be hurt but maybe not as deeply as you. I've ~~gone~~ experienced glimpses of ~~time~~ ^{life} when I felt worthless - empty - what am I doing here? What is this world that I create - it is all in my head and when my head gets empty - I am empty - what?

mean is that the world seems ~~so~~ totally void. We make meaning - we trick ourselves into thinking there is a purpose to our existence. Why don't we quit this world? The only answer I've been able to come up with is ~~is~~ that there are people I love + people that love me that give me a sense of worth. If you could ~~to~~ turn your ~~of~~ mind from a time when the world was cold for you ~~to~~ to the present when you know that you are surrounded by people who love you + care for you + value your presence + mind.

True, there is alot more involved than just love. (what a simple word for ~~myself~~ such a complex, irrational, undefinable ~~—~~?) I see you struggle to fulfill some goal; an image of being a well known artist perhaps? To be recognized? You search to "fill your ego". ~~For~~ In one sense it appears as though you still try to live up to a standard set by your parents - ~~to~~ since you can't be the first lady president you try for a ~~to~~ top artist. Well, you are but I guess the standards are dictated by public quantity. I keep wanting to say look around you + value what you have + are + ~~I~~ don't get so anxious about where you might ~~be~~ like to be. If you were there, would you be fulfilled? I hate to see you so hard on yourself. ~~Work~~ It is good that you have goals and continue to strive for them. As a mother ~~I~~ and as another human I am ever so lucky to have you as a malle. You will continue to stay young ~~with~~ ~~is~~ because of your drive to pursue your goals and your drive to learn + improve. Sometimes I see you, though, getting ^{too} caught up in your efforts to grow ^{so} that you are stalled. You look back to question + reevaluate ~~to~~ but get caught in regret. That's ~~when~~ ^{an instance when} you get anxious.

Novus Ordo RENOVATIONS

Please don't get caught by your past. Or rather, be aware of when you contemplate the past so that you avoid getting caught by it.

I sometimes catch myself to see that ~~all the~~ ~~mundane~~ ~~efforts seem to be~~ most of my life involves the mundane. I am merely passing time with it. How valueless. I then feel empty. My value, I realize, comes from ~~the~~ my perception of how other people value me.

There is alot I don't know about you - there is an area that you fear to mention to me because you don't want to hurt me by it. You wish to protect me from it. Why? I guess I would know that were I to listen. Well, all I want to say is that I'm interested in talking with you. I feel you are a confidant of mine and I assume that I am one of yours. I want to listen + bounce back my senses if you feel that I may be of some benefit. My mind is getting sloppy - I'm getting tired - I hope you understand this letter - and I feel that you do. I want to ~~listen~~ listen - to find out - because I love you + have an interest in you. Those words sound a bit cliché + sterile. They don't express my heart very well. I wish I could send you my heart right now. It would convey what I mean more than these writings. Much love, Sylvia

5850 Sausal Lane
November 21, 1979

Dear Mary and Mac,

Thank you for your excellent letter about the experience in Oregon and California. Mary's description of the visit in Portland, Barbara's home and the wild life seen on the lake in the woods made me feel almost - though I saw it with you. I was interested also in your reaction to San Simeon which Harold and I had seen a few years ago.

This has been a busy and interesting fall season with the various organizations to which we belong holding dinner meetings and outstanding programs. For instance the Indian-Pole Synagogue celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a superb performance by the excellent Parliament of works by Barlow, Mozart, and Dvorak including the "New World Symphony". As a surprise, three pairs of ballet dancers performed an exquisite ballet, and, at the close, enormous birthday cakes were cut and were served in the foyer.

The Contemporary Club recently held in the Orchard School auditorium a symposium for higher education and the diminishing number of students in private colleges. The presidents of Wakefield College, Earlham, and Butler participated. Incidentally, Wakefield is so well endowed that it does not need to worry too much about loss of tuition from smaller numbers of students.

Realizing that, now that the senior siblings, Lyman, Noys, and Agnes are no longer living, I am the senior property owner on Sausal Lane, and that there are many new young people

5850 Sunset Lane
Indianapolis, Indiana 46208

December 25, 1979

Dear Mary, Mac, Sylvia, & Carolyn,

Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year! I have been trying to say
this on the telephone but all circuits are
busy.

Your gorgeous agate has lasted
until Christmas! We thank you again

at Dramatic Club two different
persons told me that they remembered
my daughter Margo's dress as the most
beautiful, ^{elegant} worn on the occasion of Sylvia
and Carolyn's presentation!

We enjoyed it so much — S-Cluj's
gorgeous Christmas Eve dinner with twenty

at the table and want our briefs this a.m.
for exchange of gifts

Our Florida address will be:
Apt 1205 Surfside
4001 Gulf Shore Blvd. N.
Naples, Florida 33940

Phone number is (813) 261 0151

Enjoyed Carolyn's Christmas message.
Friends at Dramatic Club remembered the
two beautiful McIntyre girls' presentation
and Mops's Scottish outfit.

Made love,

Mother

The Stanhope Hotel

FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

BUtterfield 8-5800

(Directly opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art)



post card

Dr. & Mrs. Francis E. McDintyre

1410 Gaston Avenue

Austin

Texas 78703

May 20, 1974
 Dear Mary & Mac,
 from the Ambassador's Club at the
 La Guardia Airport when we await a
 TWA flight to Indy. We flew here
 early Fri. a.m. went across the street to
 spend the afternoon at Metropolitan Museum,
 went in evening for members' preview
 of Breuer Exhibit - which was marvelous!
 Sat. we had breakfast @ Amer. Museum of
 Natural Hist., saw Pompeii exhibit & more
 on redness & exhibit of minerals & gems.
 Today we visited Lincoln Center for Performing
 Arts, also for museum of modern art where
 we ate dinner overlooking park & fountain.
 Also toured Ford, Whitney, & Guggenheim
 museums. It keeps me rearing to
 keep up with Harold's energy & dp
 enthusiasm! Will probably log H on the plane
 soon, Mother.

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1/28/79

Dear McIntyre,

I'm excited about this semester, it looks like it will be fun and interesting. I've been busy with sorority and school. We have initiation next week and rush the week after. ~~I am on the~~

We also have elections coming up. I am on the nomination committee which suggests people for offices and makes sure someone is running for each office. At our meeting the other night, ~~the~~ we had to discuss who would be rush chairman. The girl who is rush chairman is resigning + running for Pledg trainer. (Rush chairman has a different term than other officers). Anyway the rush chairman is supposed to be a junior. When ~~the~~

got around to talking Rush Chairman
there was no one running. & the
other committee members so felt I
would do a good job. I was
surprised because I had not thought
about running for it. I've decided
to run for it after talking the
President.

I think it would be an excellent
opportunity. It is a major office and
I would be on the executive board,
I would be responsible for organizing
rush, keeping a record of rushes, &
in charge of going over the rushes
with the chapter. I would also get
to go to a leadership seminar in
California this semester. The dorms
& other girls in the sorority would help
me with rush. I don't want to get
my hopes up, I'll have to wait &
see.

I know the experience would be growing + memorable. It would also be good for getting jobs in the future. We'll see. (2)

I am taking Voice Improvement, Public Speaking, Nonverbal Communication, Mime + Improvisation, ~~and~~ the first three classes are communication classes. I need them for my major. I love the Voice Improvement class. The teacher is excellent. Very enthusiastic, organized, interesting, + she cares about students. We are keeping a a recording of our voice + will compare it to a recording at the end of the semester. We are also reading about language, learning Phoenitics, and learning about the history of the English language.

In Public Speaking we will be learning about speeches + will give 5 speeches on topics of our

choice. We write the speeches too,
I like all of my classes so far.

I tried to get into a business
class but it was filled up before
I had a chance to get into it.

I made two A's and 3 B's
last semester & am pleased with
my grades.

I'm watching a National Geographic
special on TV on Hong Kong & their
life style. it's very interesting.

I left my belts hanging on a
hook on the closet door of the shelves
in Barbara's room. Please send them.

Mac Here is the address for
sending donations:

Priscilla Wahl (alum)

525 W. Moon Valley Dr.

Phoenix Az. 85023

(602) 866-8173

We would appreciate it if I have really
enjoyed sharing the love papers with
friends & myself. Thankyou. Love, Carolyn

Wednesday, 2-21-79

Dearest Carolyn,

I am very happy over your "awards" in the form of being pledge captain, and being in the style show. It shows recognition on the part of your sorority for your abilities and your personal attractiveness. We will miss you this summer, but do hope you will find some time to come here.

In my opinion, keeping in touch with your roots, the formative place and people, is important in assessing your own development from time to time. We would feel badly if you became so "busy" that you elected not to come back at all. I would take that as a sign that things internally were not satisfactory for you. I recall the two times when this proved to be true: the time at St. Stephen's when you were so unhappy about returning there, and managed to spend several nights with friends, avoiding the sharing with us of what your anxieties were; and the traumatic period after the intruder was in your room, when you didn't sleep here for many nights. We love you always. We need also ~~the~~ some time in the actual company with you to perceive your development and reaffirm our mutual love.

Mac and Sylvia do want to come out there on a ^{long} weekend (meaning one extra day, since driving here will take 2) to see you and to drive the car back. They will call you soon about it. Mac ~~ixxx~~ has more stamina for a long drive than I do, or patience, I should say.

I am enclosing two poems that express where my sense of being is now. I see myself in a transition phase, that is not comfortable, but better than the way I was, and on the way to something better still.

Thank you for your valentine. It was a pleasure to receive it.

I love you.

Mary

4-6-79

Dearest Carolyn,

The photos of you in the style show present you as extremely glamorous and exotic. I love the ones of you and Sylvia, too. I am glad you are having an interesting and pleasurable experience this year, and am proud of your developing leadership and poise. You have created a place for yourself as a valuable member of your sorority in quite a short time. It is delightful to see you ~~xxxx~~ blossoming.

Mac and I are going to Houston tomorrow to spend the night, and be at the Christening of little Phil Calkins, Mac's partner's baby. We will go to see The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas tomorrow night. We are taking a picnic lunch, and will stop at Winedale where there is a crafts fair this weekend.

Yesterday, we had a fine party for John Canaday, the former New York Times critic who taught a course I attended two years ago, here. He became a friend than, and has taken me out to dinner in New York with wonderful older women artists, the past two years that I have visited there. Betsy Nozick catered the party, and did it very well. Jean Barac is writing an article on us for a new magazine, due out in July, called Austin Homes and Gardens. I think I told you. She came with the photographer before the party, and stayed for the party. I invited several graduate students who are friends of mine, a couple of instructors, people who were in Canaday's class two years ago, and some of the "old guard"...old friends who knew him before. They all seemed to mix well.

Sylvia put in a sealed bid for the Unity Church building ~~fx~~ which was for sale to be moved. She made it just under \$5000., and got the house! ~~xxxx~~ Now, she has to buy a lot and get it moved and fixed up. It won't be cheap to do, but probably a lot less than buying the house already located on a site. We don't really know, but will be learning, obviously. The Unity Church was in a house, close to my studio, and faces ~~twelfth~~ street.

My wedding cake project is now in a whole shrine, which is 8'7" tall, 18" deep, and 6' wide, lined in crushed off-white velvet, and lighted by florescent tubes, and edged in old lace that I sprayed with plastic to stiffen. I have solicited statements on marriage to pin to the velvet backing, and have gotten a lot. One person sent in a tape of himself playing wedding music, so that is on a cassette, at the bottom.

Spring is very lovely right now. I talked to Granny, and they just got back from Florida, and are faced with cold weather still. They have put their house on a garden & house tour in late April, and have to get things in shape for that.

Love

April 7, 1970

Dearest Carolyn,

Thank you for your fine letter. We appreciate so much reading and hearing about what you are doing and thinking. I will read the enclosed printed material soon, because it interests you.

I returned the skirt and jacket. They do not have one of that particular style in a smaller size. You can probably get one up there that will suit you. I will be glad to give it to in place of this other. Did you keep the extra rope belt with the shell? It was not in the box.

I respect and am glad that you feel free enough with us to be able to tell us how you have thought about your parents in negative terms. It seems strange, and perception between any two individuals is so strangely different, that you would think Mac uninvolved in the family. I always felt that he was a very important balance to my own personal constraints that have prevented me from being a fully warm person and therefore a good mother. He has always been loving in relation to me, and tolerant. I am not asking for an explanation, and I am not defensive ~~of~~ in reaction to your attitude. I am just making an observation from the different perspective of having been your mother.

Spring is so lovely here, right now. Mac has gone racing today, and I have been at my typewriter all morning, typing up some of my own personal history from the disastrous period of my college years and my marriage to Dudley. It has finally come pouring out of me, and some of the childhood sources of my problems have become clearer. I am not going to burden you with this stuff. One of the best things I have read lately was in an interview with a psychiatrist who made a study of highly motivated men who were in Harvard in the 1940's. He studied their lives over a 30 year period. The comment was made that we have many times in our lives to heal ourselves, and that marriage can be one of them. Also that people who seem "out of phase" at some periods can surprise one and "go on to hit the mark" at seventy. I do hope this will be happening to me at 50, since "getting into phase" or getting a tune up of my psyche is what I am after now.

Anyway, I love you enormously. Some day when or if you want to read some of the garbage I have typed up for discussion with Mary Teague, I will show you some of it. It's pretty horrible. Mary Teague is the facilitator for the work I am doing on myself.

Much love

Dear Mary,

Thankyou for the sweet letter.
I am sending the check from Grandmother.
Please deposit it in my savings account
except put three hundred in my checking
account.

My housing for Greenway is \$477
for the semester. They are sending me a
bill. The apartment is \$300 for the
summer. Utilities should total about \$80.

I finished my paper for the seminar
class Monday and turned it in today. I
(Georganna typed it for me) I don't know
what my grade will be. I may get an incomplete
until the next set of grades come out at
the end of the summer. My paper was finished
before after grades went out. It's no big deal
though. My teacher does not count off for
it being late, especially since it was
an independent study.

I have been taking it easy since I finished my paper. I ~~moved~~ I went to Lami Young's wedding Sunday. Last night I invited some people over. We had daquiris at my apartment and went to a disco. It was really nice.

I started doing some volunteer work at Gateway. I did some interviewing and promoting for their classes. They will be offering classes on the Washington campus next year. I am going to help show where to put up posters and ~~introduce~~ talk to some people about it.

Tomorrow I am going swimming and carving in the country with friends. I will be going to Jamaica around the 23 of July for a week.

I got the name of some people to talk to about investing - to learn more

Love you,
Cardyn

May 2, 1979

Dearest Carolyn,

Our great love to you on your twenty-first birthday, and our devotion. Each birthday of you, our youngest, marks a significant passage of the maturation into adulthood of all our offspring.

Twenty-one was a very important age to attain for us in our youth. At twenty-one the Government certified us as full adults by permitting us to vote, and assumed that we had enough stability by that time to drink with moderation. My father had attempted to bribe his children into not drinking or smoking until age 21, so that, too, added significance to becoming 21.

At twenty-one I was in my senior year in college with ambitions to become a fully professional artist, planning to get more training after college in painting in New York. I was confused as a person. I had doubts that a woman could achieve what a man could as an artist. I remember one vivid argument with a contemporary (male) that women were exactly like men, but in different bodies. But I really wasn't sure. There was a lot of evidence historically that women had not achieved in art what men had.

It took the feminist movement in the late 1960's and continuing to provide the measure of belief in the possibility of great achievement by women. This psychic support is late in coming for me, and follows a great warping of my career ambitions of my 21-year-old dreams. But they are now reawakened with some real possibility of fulfilling yet what I so greatly desired at 21.

What do I wish for you at 21? A full life, using all your many talents: your intelligence, ^{your} great motivation in whatever field you choose, your caring for others. I wish for you the continuation and expansion of a sense of community into the world, as you are now achieving with your serenity, of contribution to the world, and satisfaction from it through your participation. I wish for you excellent health, and a continuation of that extraordinary physical beauty of yours. I wish a close relationship of love with a man for you, marriage and children if you wish them. The world is ahead of you. May your relationship to it provide great satisfaction.

Love,

June 3, 1978

Dear Carolyn,

Enclosed are checks for your room in spring semester, and your summer apartment & utilities.

Will you want to go through rush at Arizona State for a national sorority? If so, let me know right away. I am not very familiar with the schedules of when to get recommendations in, but we certainly have friends who would recommend you, if you decided to, and I think hear about people conferring on it right now for the fall.

I am glad to hear about your interview with the investment lawyer. I think it desirable to keep a notebook, or a section of a notebook, marked Investments. In this you could keep the information gained from each such session, whether with a particular person, the date, the name and address & phone of that person, and data as to what they do, and what it costs. Over a period of time this will provide you with a basis upon which to make decisions, and a reference source based upon your direct experience.

Don't take the short cut out of responsibility for your money management yet. As you gain knowledge, I think you will be finding it a very interesting topic, because money management has a direct relationship to events involving people on a large, societal basis.

There is a program on public television called Wall Street Week (I think that is the title). It is aired here on Fridays at 7:30 p.m. and again on Sunday at 12:30 noon. I watched it last night, and found it interesting.

I will keep you informed as to what I learn, from time to time.

If you become interested in an actual investment in stocks or bonds, I can recommend highly my broker in Indianapolis. He is honest, intelligent, highly regarded in Indianapolis, and does not need to work for a living. In fact he is in charge of investing his own family's fortune (his parent's) and his own. The information and agreement can be done over the telephone. He will not charge for his services, only the standard fee set by the Merrill Lynch agency.

Sylvia will go to Portland the day after Shelley's wedding, on June 18.

I got a very nice note from Georgianne. I enjoyed her very much. I knew, of course, that you would have fine friends, and that it would be a pleasure to meet them. Sorry it wasn't possible to meet more.

Nancy Kaufman and I are going to Houston next Friday to see a ballet, and some art shows, and some shopping. Granddaddy will probably be coming here June 12 for about 10 days.

I believe you got a Wyly stock certificate (actually a stock certificate substitute). Would you like to send it, and have me keep it with your other stock in the safe?

I could not get the paper back books on how men in business play their business games, and what women should watch out for. So, I am ordering some, and will send you one when they come in.

I saw Hazel. Claire had wisdom teeth removed in the operating room as they were so far into her jaw. Claire is back in Houston, looking for a job in a clothing business, and taking some courses.

Love,

1979?

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

I hope you enjoy it thoroughly,
have peace of mind and
don't worry about anything.

Thank you for the support
you gave me this year and
all my life. I feel all my
experiences have been worthwhile,
maybe not all pleasant, but each
have taught me something.

LOVE ALWAYS CAROLYN

Sat., July 7, 1979

Dear G. rolyz,

Here is the magazine with the article on us. Hope you enjoy it

Mac has been busy cleaning out the garages & some closets & working in the yard. He has Polly Levers to help, Penny's younger sister. She is a good worker, & quiet.

Barbara's visit was a pleasure for us. She is very happy, and was playful with Sylvia, the way you two are together. We are impressed with her business accomplishments, and she had some useful things to say for our benefit about our business.

Also included is a stock certificate, that I must have forgotten to pass on to you. I don't think Teledyne is worth much. Don't know what kind of a report you have gotten on it.

We are hosting a summer party for The Dance Club next weekend. Mac is the chairman & decided to do something like the Fellini party we had..though it couldn't possibly be as exotic with that much tamer g crowd. We are having Beto & will be doing some decorating as we did before.

I got my Friendship form cast in the vacuiform machine successfully, finally. So now I ~~xxxxxxx~~ am in a different phase of working on it. Polly helped organize and clean up my studio last week. That always makes one feel better.

I have called for reservations for the Virgin Islands for four, leaving here around Dec. 20 or 21 and returning here around the Jan 1 or 2. I was thinking that you would want to come here first & probably have a party with Sylvia & leave with us. If this is not so, please let me know. Barbara & Edward will fly from Portland,

Love

Saturday, Oct 6, 1979

Dearest Carolyn,

I always find your letters moving, bringing feelings ~~and~~ to the surface, and almost tears of pleasure to my eyes. You express your thoughts and feelings well, so that does a lot of arousing the response in me, but also, I miss you, and wish through some of the changes we are ~~guk~~ both going through, you and I, that we could have seen each other more often, and perceived in totality what has been happening to each of us. All of which is to say, I love you greatly, and am proud of what you are doing, and what you are making of yourself.

We are very happy to be coming there on Sat., Oct 20, Delta flight #149, arriving 9:37. We will be leaving at 3:05 on Sun. We want to spend nearly all the time just with you, I think, except for the sorority brunch, and seeing all that you are doing. I would like it if just the three of us had dinner together some place special, ~~as~~ that would be relatively quiet, so that we could have time for remembering all that we want to communicate about.

We are also very happy that you are coming here for Thanksgiving, when time ~~won't~~ be quite so ~~extreme~~ limited.

Enclosed are some items about my exhibit. It has been received well, I think. There was a sufficient number of people at the opening and they were varied types, that I felt were genuinely interested in my work, as well as Bill Wiman's. We both discussed our works on the next night, and about 30 showed up for that. I felt comfortable about the discussion. I had felt vulnerable about showing these works, as they are personal, and reveal anxiety. It is hard to operate on the level within me that I have been doing in my work, and then to exhibit it. One hazard is that it could all be dismissed as "therapy", meaning something too personal that it doesn't communicate to others. But, sufficient numbers of people have had reactions that I am satisfied that they do communicate. By "communicate" I mean evoke an emotional response. I do not require a specific response to my works. I think they are open to many interpretations, and that the viewer brings as much to it as is within the content, or possibility of arousing response through the work itself. After all, the works are simply paint, paper, objects, canvas, etc. put into a certain form.

I do hope that you have made reservations for Thanksgiving and Christmas. We will be having our Christmas party on Dec. 19, so keep that in mind.

On your money investments: We can pay you 10% any time, and I can write a note securing your money, with real estate or stock, any time you want to loan it to me or Novus Ordo.

How are your expenses running? Would you show us your income and expenses, per month, in just general categories? What are your investments, now? What has worked, and what has not? Have you started thinking ahead to next year? In other words, will you allow us to help you figure things out, and will you put things together ahead of our arrival, so that we can see it all? We would like to be able to help you.

It was a great joy to receive the beautiful bouquet of flowers you sent as remembrance of our anniversary. It is wonderful of you to remember and do that, and follow it up with a letter. That is all very gratifying to us.

Dec. 1979

Dear Mary,

I had a really hard time deciding what to give you this year. I don't think that you're really concerned about gifts anymore just as I like giving intangible gifts more than tangible ones.

The first gift is for all those times you want to express frustration and anger. You can let it all out! We all feel the grungies sometime.

The second gift is for those

times you worry about time or having to do something. Actually you don't have to do anything. You don't have to be busy or successful but you can if you want to.

The last gift is simple and sweet. You don't do anything with it unless you want to.

What I'm really trying to give to you is that I love you and that will always be true. No matter what you do or don't do, say or don't say, I'll love you.

Sincerely,
Candice

December 16, 1979

Dearest Carolyn,

I am giving you this year a tax exempt bond with a face value of \$5000, and with coupons that may be redeemed twice a year, providing \$167.50 each in May and in November.

It is a Dallas-Fort Worth Regional Airport Joint Revenue Bond Series 1971A.

It needs to be kept in a safe place, as it can become the property of anyone who holds it. It is not assigned to a person, on the document itself.

You will not have to pay income tax on the money received from the coupons.

Much love,

Mary

1979?

Dear Mary and Mae, ♥


♥ I've finally gotten around to writing you! So much is going on between sorority, lifespring, and school. Don't worry I haven't flunked out yet.

Lestie Peterson is out here taking a Lifespring training. I'm really glad. I think it will help her straighten out. Carolyn Cochran took the basic training and she's doing 100% better. She's off of the heavy drugs she used to be into.

Being a trainer coordinator for Lifespring has been one incredible experience. We have meetings once a week from 6:00-7:00 am + sometimes the group meets on its own. Besides that I invite people to guest events and help coordinate the guest events. We set personal goals for ourselves.

such as a dream goal (something I've always wanted to do), a service goal to the universe - e.g. volunteer at the children's hospital, and a service to goal to lifespring - assist people in taking the training.

Also during this 10 week period we have 3 weekends together. I just finished my second one - so 5 weeks have been completed. It was the most dynamic + incredible weekend I've ever spent in my life!



Being president is interesting + even exciting. I get lots of mail, phone calls, and make lots of decisions. Alas! I get my own room with 2 beds, a bathroom + walk-in closets.

I've been president now for 2 1/2 weeks. I'm doing pretty good except I have to watch myself from getting too forceful or controlling. I've got to learn to keep my personal opinions

out a lot.

(2)

Then there's other times I have to be firm + ~~and~~ unbending. People like to try + get away with breaking rules. It's not always fun to enforce rules or tell friends to be quiet.



I want to get to know people on the floor better. I think some people are afraid to approach me.

Other than that I think I'm ok. I'm good at organizing, making decisions, running the meeting, handling problems, taking care of paperwork etc. I'm honest and frank with people. I usually do not hesitate to put out what I think + feel. I give people feedback and encourage them to give me feedback.

We just got through with rush. It really went well - we looked nice, the chapter room

looks great, and ~~at~~ the decorations were good. We only got 2 pledges but that's OK considering only 20 girls went through spring meet. Tomorrow morning we greet the pledges and have breakfast together.

♥ Our kitchen is going to be remodelled - yeah!

I have a good feeling about the attitude of the people in A & now. There seems to be more peace, harmony, and motivation now than ever before - that I remember. One thing that still bugs me is people not following A's policy & rules. I think that is what's kept us small - lack of respect for rules & order. I'm demanding more that people are quiet at formal meetings etc. I think it's helping.

Mac - please send me a copy of the song: "Twas a cold winters evening and the guests were all leaving ... Type it preferably.

Love You,

Carolyn

Dear Mcartynes,

I'm getting really busy with work. I'm doing everything from recommendation forms, meetings, and the skit to decorations. Kathy Sullivan, Shelly, and I have been working on the recommendation forms. The way it works is we get a list of girls signed up for work. We ^{fill} fill in their name and address on a form then send the form to an Alpha Phi alum who lives near her to get information.

I've had to call people to get ~~skit~~ practice started. A couple of people decided not to be in it so I had to get replacements. We're doing a skit adapted from Chorus Line. It's complicated and requires singing & dancing. We had to start practice ~~for~~ now because the girl who helps choreograph is going to

John Davidson's camp soon

Besides that I go to panel meetings, call people to work on decorations, and other miscellaneous jobs.

I typed + sent rush letters to everyone in the chapter as well as the alumni.

I'm looking forward to this year.

My roommate is going to be the pledge trainer and she asked me to be assistant pledge trainer.

I volunteered to ~~be~~ be in charge of small groups for the nonverbal communication class. This year will be busy!

Lindy Lake, Kathy, Stacey and I went out to celebrate Lindy Delgelle's birthday. We went to Cisco's (a Mexican food restaurant).

You won't believe what I did last week. A bunch of us went to a disco - Mable Murphree's. They have a dating game on Wednesday nights so I decided to be in one! I got dressed up, made up some

questions, and went. I had fun asking ⁽²⁾ them questions - a little nervous though. I picked one because I liked his "ideal house". We were getting along fine but then he said he had to go talk to another girl. I waited for about 45 minutes until he finally came back. I had lost some patience. He said + this girl hit it off. He also said he was in the process of getting a divorce. Finally I said I did not want to go with him on the free dinner theater. So I got my free tickets + ~~left~~ left.

The next day I was shopping with Stacey. We wanted to go talk to a guy that ~~was~~ works at a store about starting a Brother's chapter. He was an Alpha Phi Brother at another chapter and we want to get one started. We were talking to him and he asked us if we were doing anything Friday night. I just happened to remember my free tickets so I asked him if he wanted

To go. We went to see "Banfoot
in the Park" with Dorothy Jamson.

Love y'all,

Carolyn

Dear Mary and Mac,

I am pleased to know Mac made it home safe and sound in Speed Racer. I had a fun time with you as I always enjoy seeing the mcartneys. Thank you for relieving me of the responsibility of getting it back to Texas!

Mary, the poems you sent ~~was~~ are terrific! I did not know you had that talent. The poems were insightful and moving. I also appreciate your phone call and hearing the things you feel good about doing.

Cherie and I got back from California Friday. We did not make it to Disneyland but spent a day on the beach and shopping

around Laguna Beach. I got a painful stomach ache at the end of our trip. Oh well.

Our spring pledges picked their pledge moms and one of them picked me. I get to make her an A & paddle and do other fun stuff with her.

Saturday the president and I are going to a Leadership seminar in Tuscor. Two of our alumni are going too.

Friday night we are having a slumber party in the chapter room.

Enclosed are pictures of the fashion show for the Heart Fund. The pictures are not very focused but it gives you an idea ^{give others} _{to Sylvia}

Love you all, Cherie

Dear McIntyres,

Hello! A letter at last.

I am feeling much better now. We are going through some major changes that are going to result in positive things but we have had to go through pain first. A couple of girls are on probation. They have caused us grief & drug us down for too long. Now things are happening. Our District governor came a couple of weeks ago. We also have a new, great Chapter Advisor. The result is we are enforcing some rules which were lax in the past.

Anyway things are going much better. We had a retreat

last weekend. It was super!"
I planned a lot of it since I
am the assistant pledge trainer.
Our new chapter advisor invited
us to her parents place in the
country. It was fabulous - huge
house, swimming pool, large yard,
patio, sundeck, etc.

We drove up Saturday afternoon
and stayed until Sunday. ~~we~~
Sharon + I planned a scavenger hunt.
For dinner we had steaks. After
dinner we sang a lot of songs.
Then the pledges met apart from
the actives. Both groups planned
skits. The actives did imperson-
ations of the pledges. It was
funny.

Afterwards, the actives took
pledges on a trust walk. Pledges

were blindfolded & led around.

Then we had a special ceremony where the pledges found out who their pledge moms are. Everyone relaxed and talked the rest of the night.

Maryanne and I slept outside under the stars on the deck. I made up a bedtime story for Maryanne.

Sunday we played a communication game where we shared dreams or fantasies. After breakfast we had a circle talk. Circle talk is for expressing thoughts or feelings. We pass around a candle and people say what they want.

I am proud to say that Alpha Phi was the only sorority that did not get any rush

Aines from Panhel.

Parents' Weekend is October 19-21. You should be getting an invitation but I'd like to ask you myself anyway. I'd love to see you.

Lots of Love,

Carolyn & Meantyn

Dear McIntyre's,

①

Rush Week is finally over but, alas, work continues! We now have seventeen talented young ladies plus some more prospects through open rush.

I got many compliments on the job I did from actives as well as pledges. Debby Brown said it was the best she has done and she has been an A♠ for 4 years. It really made me feel good, especially since I put so much into it.

On the two days before rush we did some communication games. They helped us to open up, improve rush skills, and get to know each other better. We did one exercise where we talked about either 1) a need A♠ fulfilled last year



or 2) something unique I did ⁽²⁾
or 3) something I contributed to
Aφ. We did this in pairs taking
turns being the ruster and ruster.
Everyone found out things about
each other they never knew. I
got most of my ideas from
things I found in my box which
had been tried in the past here
or at another chapter.

The communication exercises, I
feel, really helped. During rush
we got so many comments from
rusters about how close we
were. Rusters sensed how we
felt comfortable and natural.

The week was exciting as
well as exhausting. The night
before one of the parties,
the slide show was not
done. So at 12:00
midnight, Mary, our
field rep., and I



thought up a skit. It was a baseball game with A♠ vs "Heart Disease." It fit right in with the theme and decor. It was a pleasure to do and I got to be a ham playing the 'Sports Announcer'. It was a melodrama and quite funny.

Overall I had hoped we would have gotten more pledges and it seems we should have. There were about the same number at our last day's party ~~as~~ compared to last year. From talking to people the only thing we could find was that perhaps the rush counselors stressed open rush too much. There were a lot of girls that did not pledge any house this year.



However, I cannot complain. Our statistics of returns

Ⓟ
this year was significantly better than last year. Also, we cut more than last year. In other words we were more selective and more girls came back to parties.

We do have a lot of great pledges. One girl, Dee, sang in the Metropolitan Opera for 6 years plus in a disco band in New Jersey. She just got a job here as lead singer for the Oakland Ridge Band. They will be playing at local night clubs and parties. We are very excited for her. I heard her sing in the car and she is incredible.



This week is "pledge week" so we have planned a lot of activities with pledges. So far we have

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had a picnic at the park, gone to the Drive-In, out to dinner, and swimming. Tomorrow is lock-out when the pledges lock the actives out of the floor for a night. The pledges will get to know each other better. I am really looking forward to being there. Cate, the pledge trainer will be in charge and I, as assistant, will help.

I like living on the floor more than I expected I would. I thought leaving privacy would bother me but so far it hasn't. Then again I do get some since my roommate, Cate, spends the night with her boyfriend a lot. It is nice to be here to talk to people,



listen when they need an ear,⁶
and help out. I have gotten to
see sides to people I never
saw before and it is beautiful.
There is a really good feeling
among us now and I hope we
can maintain this positive attitude
through-out the year.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

lots of Love Always!!

Bye,

Candlyn E. Murozyn

P.S. I liked the enclosed
poem so I'm giving copies
of it to friends.



Dear McEntyres,

Thank you for the loving

letters, in the true sense
of the word. It feels good
to be honest with you.

I like knowing you both
as people, not as parents.

I enjoy being treated as a
person who is capable of making
her own decisions. Acknowledging
that a child knows in what
is best for him or herself
is the most valuable gift
a parent can give.

I do not always agree
with your views of the world.
You do not always agree with

mine. But I respect your views.
I am learning that I do
not know what is best for
everyone else so I must respect
their views.

I know a lot of people
who are so wrapped up in the
approval game even at "21" and
older. Alas, I cannot exclude
myself even though I can give
myself credit for vast improve-
ments. I see people who, I feel
are 12 yrs old or younger
emotionally, but physically 22, 40,
or 79. ~~It all starts~~ People
who never fully become independent
emotionally, from mom & dad only
transfer dependency onto their spouses
Parents that do not relinquish
control and allow their children
to grow, produce dependent adults.

Likewise, children who do not take the responsibility to do what they want to do, allow themselves to remain dependant.

I am not trying to tell you anything that you don't know already. ~~know~~. I am just expressing thoughts that I think about a lot. Receiving your letters makes me want to share ideas.

Thankyou Mac for the warmth and affection you have given me. Thankyou Mary for motivation, organizational, intellectual ways of thinking. I take these positive aspects and I will be a successful ^(am) career woman who truly cares about people. I have a sense of humor and love

to have fun!

Thankyou for compliments,
gifts, cards, notes, and money.
Thankyou for showing me off
and bragging. Better stop now
before my egotism takes over.

Here's a poem: by Jacques Brél

If we only have love,
to embrace without fears,
We will kiss with our eyes,
We will sleep without tears.

If we only have love,
with our arms open wide;
then the young and the old
will stand at our side.

If we only have love,
We can reach those in pain,
We can heal all our wounds,
We can use our own names.

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If we only have love,
We can melt all the guns,
and then give the new world,
to our daughters and sons.

If we only have love,
then Jerusalem stands;
and then death has no shadow,
there are no foreign lands.

If we only have love,
we will never bow down,
we'll be tall as the pines,
Neither heroes or clowns.

Then with nothing at all,
But the little we are,
we'll have conquered all time,
all space, the sun & the stars.

Carolyn

Dear lovelies,

I went to Nogales and Tucson with Stacey and Debbia Novak. We bartended with the mexicans who liked to put their sweaty paws on us! I've never been told I was beautiful by so many strangers in one day!

We spent the night in Tucson. Old Tucson was fun. It's an old western town used for movies. We got our pictures taken as Saloon girls and had some newspapers printed for friends such as: "Pam Kish wanted Dead or Alive!" We will use one for a rush decor: "Alpha Phi's star in hollywood movie!" We are doing a modified form of the Chorus Line for our skit.

By the way I made the Dean's list. I am also looking forward to this year.

Lots of love,
Carolyn



Mary's Mac
1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Tx
78703





Alpha Phi
Gamma Pi Chapter
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

Dear Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre,

I am writing to you concerning Carolayne's initiation or activation into Alpha Phi. Before I do tell you a little bit about this, I have to ask you not to let Carolayne read this letter or discuss what is contained in this letter. If Carolayne knew when she was going active, it would spoil the excitement of finding out along with her other pledge sisters.

First, I would like to explain a few of the requirements Carolayne had to complete as a pledge. Carolayne had to participate in a money-making project, philanthropic project and walk-out. She had to make a scrapbook and select a gift for the chapter. Most of all, Carolayne was required to obtain a 2.3 or better grade point average. The active chapter is waiting for grade reports to be mailed to be sure of those pledges obtaining this g.p.a.

Next, I want to explain the activation fee and what this fee provides to Carolayne. The activation fee is \$165.00. Half of it is due by the Friday of activation week, with the rest due at a later date. Also, all previous bills, such as dues, house bond and any other bills must be paid by Friday. Upon payment of the \$165.00, Carolayne receives a membership certificate, plain Alpha Phi badge, and a subscription to the Quarterly. In turn, this fee pays for the programs and services which Alpha Phi International provides for its chapters: District Governor and field representative visits, officer manuals and program ideas, and slides for chapter training and convention. The best of all benefits for Carolayne is a lifetime membership into Alpha Phi and knowing she has Alpha Phi sisters wherever she travels. The \$165.00 is only paid once.

I mentioned before initiation or activation week would be coming. It is scheduled for the end of this month. Since the fee is such a sizeable amount of money, I felt it was necessary to warn you so you could plan this amount

in your family budgets.

One last thing before I close, Carlyne has been a super pledge and can't wait to have her as an active member. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Kathy Sullivan
Pledge Trainer

W

Dear Honey pies,

Thanks so much for the gifts, I really appreciated them. The white scarf will go with a lot of clothes I have. I was sick last week so I occupied my time drawing. Now I am fine. I've decided to take disco dancing lessons to stay in shape and for fun. I am also going to a couple of seminars on Nutrition so I can be healthy. I am enjoying my human sexuality class and learning about people and overcoming the myths about sex, acting is fun, my I did improved a lot the last time I was in a set.

I hope the trip to Puerto Varatta will be enjoyable. I think you might keep in mind that it is possible that Barbara is rebelling, just as mother did in her first marriage - finding someone that she knows will upset you. She is still a child in the sense that she wants your acceptance, approval, and love. It might help if Mary treated her the way she wanted to be treated when she married her first husband. If you accept her the way she is, she has no reason to rebel, but if you only accept her the way you want her to be then she will continue to rebel. Don't place expectations on her ~~as~~ any of your kids - you didn't like it when your parents want to shape you into ~~some~~ a charming image which you weren't capable of being so don't do it to us. Since you have decided to go, enjoy it - communicate freely and ~~work~~ about your feelings, get to know the real Barbara. Love you all Carolyn

Dear Marysue,

We made it safely into Phoenix Saturday night. On the way down we stopped by my roommate's house in Neosho Mo., had dinner, and took her father's blazer on our trip. Sue's has one older sister, a younger brother, and younger sister. Her father is a G.P. Their house is huge and really comfortable. It's out in the country. They have two ~~cars~~ horses, a dog, and some cows. Her father likes to farm as a hobby. (he doesn't make any money off of it.) When we got to their house they fed us a big dinner. Her mom gave us a lot of food to take along in a cooler.

At 12:00 we left her house in the Blazer and drove straight through to Phoenix. The truck was acting up on the way but other than that the drive was pretty comfortable. The blazer has a cow seat in the back that we converted into a bed with our sleeping bags. We took turns driving. A friend of Sue's in the architecture dept. came too.

We got into Phoenix at 8:30. and put our stuff at the Pi Beta Phi pledge room. Sue was in Pi Phi at Arizona State before she transferred to Wash. U. this year. The Pi Phi's were having their formal that night so on the spur of the moment we decided to go. Sue called the Sigma Ep. Fraternity and got us three dates. We borrowed formal from girls on the floor, and went to the dance. We all had a good time and were dead

by the time we got back.

Sunday we woke up + it was raining. We were feeling anxious that ~~the~~ it was cloudy since we drove all that way to see sun! After a while we went to the Sig Ep. house and saw some of Sue's old friends. (She was a little sister to the fraternity.) That night we had Mexican food and went to a bar close to campus with some guys. We all pigged out on the Mexican food. ☼

Monday was partly cloudy so we went + laid out in the sun by a pool at an apt. complex. I swam some laps and set in a Jacuzzi (hot pool) for a while. ~~that~~ After later on we ate dinner at a natural food's restaurant and went shopping. We all felt rejuvenated after being in the sun. I got a dress shopping that's perfect for dancing. It's just what I'd been looking for for weeks. I also got a pair of black pants to go with my blazer + vest. After shopping we played miniature golf at a really elaborate course full of waterfalls, castles etc.

I've been having such a good time here. I really like the city. Tomorrow we are going dancing at the Bar's.

Tuesday night we went to visit Sue's old friends. Wednesday I walked around the campus by myself and looked at the area around it. Health food stores and restaurants are all over the place. That night we went to a couple of bars. The second one was really fun. It was a disco bar

fancier than most bars. All the waiters and waitresses were dressed up in different costumes. The bar tenders were really funny, whenever we walked by they would joke around and call us honey. ~~to~~ Sue, Sherie, and I all got asked to dance a lot. Most of the people were older and well dressed. I met a guy from Teleavine who was an architect and a guy from Okeesa visiting Phoenix for a medical convention. Sherie met a couple of baseball players.

Thursday we went sight seeing and shopping around the tourist area. Phoenix had had a lot of rain before we came down and some of the roads were washed out. Luckily it was sunny most of the time we were there. Friday we went out to eat mexican food again before we left to go back to Missouri. I ate so much my stomach ached. ~~We~~ ^{even} stopped at a hotel on the road and got some pepto-bismol which eased the pain. I suppose my stomach wasn't used to that food or some of it was bad. The trip back was long but we made it to Neosho (Sue's house) by 8:00 Saturday night. Her parents greeted us and we ate dinner and talked. Sue's mother made a cake for Sherie since her birthday is on the 15th. Sherie and I spent the night at their house and left for St. Louis the next morning.

Altogether it was a great trip. We got along well, never fought, or had any major problems. We all want to go back in May! and go to Hawaii next year.

Love y'all,
Carolyn

Dear McIntyre,

Thank you so much for the dresses!
They're great - light, convenient, and nice
looking. I'm sure I will get a lot of good
use from them. I just got the flowers
after I came back from picking up the
package. They are really nice. I really like
having flowers sent to me, it makes me
feel so special. They are now sitting in
front of me on the table in the living room.

Come to think of it, I've gotten a lot
of flowers lately. Saturday night I went
to the Theta Xi Fraternity formal and got a
cour sage from my date. The formal was a
lot of fun, especially since there were five
girls from my sorority going - more than ^{from} any
other sorority. First we went to their
national headquarters for drinks, then to
the Golden Rod showboat for dinner
and show, and finally back
to the headquarters again.

The most fun part of
the evening was doing
the Time Warp after the
show! If you saw Rocky
Horror Picture Show +



remember the dance; just imagine 20 or
30 couples doing it in formal.

Friday night I had gone to see it for
the second time with friends from the sorority
and 2 guys from that frat plus an S&E,
Roddy Huan and Saturday Night Fever are
big hits around here.

Monday night was the sorority formal.
We had a place reserved - dinner and a band
afterwards. It was really a lot of fun. Most
of us were good friends ~~to~~ already, and just
about everyone and some of the guys ~~there~~ knew
the band. We all joked with the guys in
the band and Cheri and Val gave their annual
awards. I got Tabasco sauce for being the
spice from Texas. After the band quit most
of us ~~was~~ met at IHop for pancakes.

Yesterday (Sunday) was the ~~Junior~~
p/Mother I Pledge brunch for all the girls
in the sororities. About 60 girls came, half
pledges. All the pledges made the food,
served their moms, and sang a song, and gave
their moms carnations. It went really well.
I am especially pleased since I was president
of Junior Panhel and this was the first brunch
~~that~~ had had been organized for all the sororities.

The other weekend I went to an ERA rally in Jeff. City along with Leslie and Cheri from the society. I found it exciting and interesting, especially since it's the first rally I've been to. It was cold and cloudy that day but a good crowd showed up. When we got to Jeff. city we drove to the capital grounds, where it was held. There were several speakers, people from different places doing different things - men and women in important jobs. After hearing speeches, saying prayers, and singing, we all went inside the capital, Cheri, Leslie and I walked around the ^{inside of} building a while before we left the city. The trip was a good break from all the school oriented things I do and a way to be involved in national concerns which I am so ignorant of.

When I look back on this semester

I am really glad I made the choices I did. I have enjoyed it more than any other semester at school. I have been involved socially, met new people, got to know friends better, etc. I learned a lot by being involved in



committees or wherever there are groups of people.
My acting class was fun, human sexuality
was interesting, and anthropology was a growing
experience. ~~The anthropology~~ By taking the anthro.
seminar I was able to learn about different
kinds of people. I had to rely only on myself
~~in~~ for finding ~~the~~ doctors that would let
me observe them. The main reason this semester
was so good was that I had the freedom
to be involved and learn from being with people.
I spent more time partying than I ever have
and I feel that those times are learning
experiences for me too.

I'm going to do errands now. This week
I am working on my mammoth paper. I am through
through with human sexuality, acting, + the campus 4
program though. At the end of this week Ray + Kris
are helping me move on. Laurie's wedding is the 21st
I plan to help the society get organized for next year
+ help summer rush. I am also doing volunteer
work at Gateway, making phone calls + talking to
interested people. I will also find out about
investing seminars + maybe take yoga or disco dance
classes. Should be fun.

Thanks again for the nice gifts. I always
appreciate your consideration.
With Great Love, Carolyn

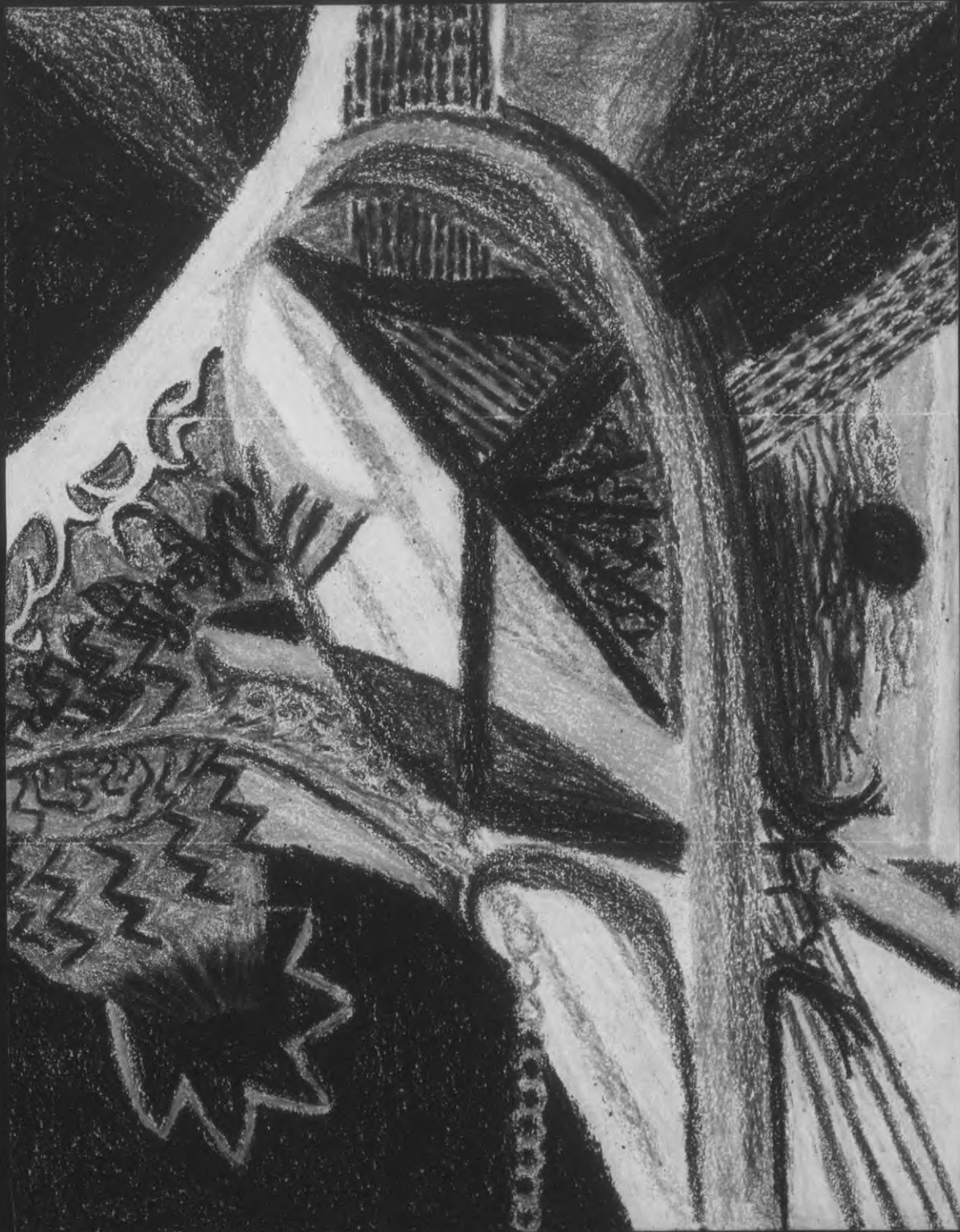
1979?

Dear Honey pie,

Thanks so much for the gifts, I really appreciated them. The white scarf will go with a lot of clothes I have. I was sick last week so I occupied my time drawing. Now I am fine. I've decided to take disco dancing lessons to stay in shape and for fun. I am also going to a couple of seminars on Nutrition so I can be healthy. I am enjoying my human sexuality class and learning about people and overcoming the myths about sex, acting is fun, ~~my~~ I did improved a lot the last time I was in a set.

I hope the trip to Puerto Varatta will be enjoyable. I think you might keep in mind that it is possible that Barbara is rebelling, just as mother did in her first marriage - finding someone that she knows will upset you. She is still a child in the sense that she wants your acceptance, approval, and love. It might help if Mary treated her the way she wanted to be treated when she married her first husband. If you accept her the way she is, she has no reason to rebel. But if you only accept her the way you want her to be then she will continue to rebel. Don't place expectations on her ~~on her~~ ~~a~~ ~~sang~~ of your kids - you didn't like it when your parents want to shape you into ~~some~~ a charming image which you weren't capable of being so don't do it to us. Since you have decided to go, enjoy it - communicate freely and openly about your feelings. Get to know the real Barbara.

Love you all, Carolyn



3-5-79

Dear John,

I am planning to have a party for you and Katherine when you come in April, and have started a guest list. When are you coming and when would you like the party?

Mac's young partner died a week ago, from an overwhelming infection that came up abruptly. His spleen had been removed some time before, and apparently that contributed to the inability of his body to resist the infection. I am enclosing a statement on it that I copied from my journal. Mac loved Phil, the only partner he has had such a bond with since his first partner who was killed in an automobile accident.

Spring is burgeoning, so that the scenery of my jogging route changes daily.

You have been on my mind for some time, and I have been wondering how you are. My young friend never got to New York. He said he was "knappped" by freinds to Mexico. I may come in June, for Nancy Kaufman's wedding.

Love

March 9 1979

Dear Mary -

I arrive in Austin April 3 and leave probably the 21st. That period includes two weekends, which I expect to spend in New York; things are pressing in the production details of a new book and there are questions from the designer, the picture editor, and the manuscript editor that I won't be able to answer from Austin. I love the idea of another of your great parties; any Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday would be fine if you don't mind the middle of the week. Mondays and Fridays would be shaky.

Thank you for those two enclosures, so moving because of their restraint without any sacrifice of emotion. I won't say more now except that I'm glad you wanted me to see the passage from your journal. It happened to arrive just after I had written a long letter to one of my sisters about a death that affected her deeply.

All the best to Mac, who is a great fellow.

Love—
Bob

Katherine won't be along. Among other considerations, her sister will be visiting here. I am going to be holed up at Greenwood Towers, a place I don't much care for, but OK as a place to get a little sleep.

3-17-79

Dear John,

We are planning a party for you, right after your public lecture on Wednesday, April 4, at our house. Whom, especially, would you like me to invite?

Would you like to stay in our guest quarters for the first two weeks? Mother will be here the third. You are quite welcome, and we would enjoy being able to see you more.

I am enclosing another poem or two. I am not trying to become a poet. I am working on an idea of an art construction that would be a balance visually and verbally, an autobiography on file cards with Xeroxed images actually, and I am trying to find a succinct form of communication that might fit. I have not read poetry for decades, and don't want to get myself structured into an antiquarian mode, and don't know where to turn for ideas. Any suggestions?

I am genuinely sorry Katherine is not coming. That is a loss for all of us in my opinion. Also, I am sorry to hear she will be suffering in a visit with her sister, if that is the same, probably unreconstructed, sister she described last fall. I suggest she house her across the street, as before.

Love,

Monday - March (26?) 1979

Dear Mary:

So I have a public lecture on Wednesday, April 4th. Glad to hear it -- or, rather, glad to get some word about my program. All of ~~it~~ ^{my information} has been second hand although I've begged for a little information from Stein's office.

A party will be lovely.

I'm staying at Greenwood Towers, the not awfully attractive apartment house across from where I last stayed. (That one has gone condominium or something and I couldn't get in.) You are generous to offer your guest quarters for the first two weeks but, among other things (the main one being staying out of your hair) I don't drive a car any more -- license expired -- and couldn't even rent one to get around in.

I don't want to talk about your poems here. I find them too moving.

Things are awful here. I have to finish checking the manuscript of my new book before I leave and there just isn't time. To bed last night after working until one in the morning and up again this morning at 5. It is now 6. Coffee! Coffee! COFFEE!

Eager to see you and Mac -

Love -
John

Re: delay in answering.
Misplaced your letter and
just found it again.

Tuesday April 24/79

Dear Mary -

Home at last, This morning,
to stay for a while, after skimming
through San Antonio (where I visited
an older sister and caught up on the
news of mutual friends who had died
since our last meeting), New Orleans,
(where I ate good with living friends)
and Baton Rouge, where I lectured
three times in two days.

Austin was good again
although I didn't see enough of the
M^o Intypes to be together today.

Chew a fever: in scrambling my
packing to leave Austin I found
Betty Francine Carraro's master's Thesis,
which she had given me to read
the night of my talk for your
organization. I had no room to
hold it but couldn't identify her in
the telephone book so I left it at the

Desk at Cambridge Tower
(1801 Savana) with a note.
That she would pick it
up - That "Carraro" would
pick it up. Can you tell
her? - and offer my
apologies for invading on
her an errand I should
have performed.

Come see us, both
of you. I want Katherine
to meet Mac and she
will be ~~happy~~ happy (as
I started writing that first,
it looked too much like
"happy") to see again one
person she regards as
her dearest - on my
Austin experience.

Love -

John

For Louise Nevelson, a Down-East Homecoming in Triumph



By LESLIE BENNETTS
Special to The New York Times

ROCKLAND, Me. — She left almost 60 years ago, the headstrong daughter of an immigrant Russian Jewish family, escaping the small town whose boundaries, both mental and physical, had always made her chafe under their restrictions. Later she would write and speak bitterly of the narrow-mindedness and anti-Semitism of the "WASP Yankee town" where she'd grown up.

She returned last week in triumph, as an internationally renowned sculptor, one of the most famous and successful artists of her time. The town welcomed her with a major exhibition of her works at the local museum, with a key to the city, with standing ovations. There were those who wondered why it had taken them so long, but all in all, it was a happy homecoming when Louise Nevelson went back to Rockland.

And the sculptor was in high spirits as she graciously accepted the acclaim. "I'd rather be kissed than not, so here I am," she said cheerfully.

Not that she looks like an ordinary citizen even now. Louise Berliawsky may have felt like an outsider as a child, but the dramatically eccentric persona she has created for herself in the years since made her seem a rare and exotic bird of paradise on her return to Rockland — head sleekly wrapped, eyes framed by their usual thick curtain of fur false eyelashes ("These aren't the mink ones," she said apologetically), body draped in layer upon layer of bright silk and velvet and tpestry, feet nimble in golden slippers.

Two months shy of her 80th birthday,

the sculptor looks like a woman 20 years her junior, and runs around like one 40 years younger. In Maine she charged around town despite the wilting heat — inspecting possible sites for a sculpture she is doing for Rockland, attending the luncheons and cocktail parties in her honor, giving speeches and interviews, meeting the throngs of people who wanted to shake her hand — and sometimes to tell her they'd gone to grade school with her. Then, at the end of the day, Mrs. Nevelson went out dancing with some friends less than half her age.

Such a pace is merely her norm, however. As prolific as ever, the artist continues to churn out work from her Spring Street studio in New York, and has done a number of monumental pieces around the city in the last year alone; the Louise Nevelson Plaza in lower Manhattan was recently named after her. For the last decade or two, her creations have been greeted with high praise, but Mrs. Nevelson's obsession for work has characterized her entire artistic life, including the years of almost total lack of remuneration and public recognition.

These days people frequently ask what kept her going through those years of poverty, when money sent by her brother and sisters was sometimes her only income, and more often than not was spent on art materials instead of food.

"It's a miracle that I survived and rose above it," she said the other day, nodding matter-of-factly. "But nature endows you. It's like a horse that has

these blinders on. I didn't know that I could do anything else; I felt art and I were one. No sacrifice was too much; it was just more important than whether or not I was sleeping on the floor or getting a good meal. Those things don't really matter to anyone who sees the light, so to speak. And I was sure I had it. You're born having it, and I do believe people who have it know they have it."

Louise Nevelson always knew she had it. Born in Kiev in the Ukraine, she came to Maine with her parents when they emigrated to carve out a new life for themselves. Although her father arrived speaking no English, he started by chopping trees and went on to become a prosperous real-estate entrepreneur, contractor and lumber merchant. Isaac Berliawsky had four children, three of whom stayed in Maine; his eldest and only son, Nathan, was for many years the owner of Rockland's main hotel, and remains one of its best-loved citizens.

A Child's Decision

Louise, however, was different. She often tells the story of how, as a small child visiting the library, she was asked by the librarian what she wanted to be when she grew up. "An artist," said the little girl promptly. "No — a sculptor; I don't want color to help me." And then, Mrs. Nevelson continues, she ran home frightened, in tears, overwhelmed by what she had just said. "I had never thought of a thing like that before," she explains.

"She was a very driving, ambitious woman, even as a child," said her brother, now a dapper, mustachioed 82-year-old.

Louise got out of town as soon as she could, accepting the marriage proposal of Charles Nevelson, a shipping broker, and moved with him to New York in 1920. There she plunged into a fascinating new life, studying modern dance and voice and art, refusing to be home at 7 P.M. as her husband requested, reveling in the freedom and the cultural riches of her newly adopted city. She had a child, left her husband, left her son with her family in Maine and went to Germany to study under Hans Hoffman.

And thus began the years of almost fanatical dedication to the work that the world at large ignored, but that absorbed the artist entirely. Her family marveled at her tenacity: "You couldn't beat her down; I would have given up a million times," said her sister, Anita Berliawsky.

Success came finally, and the last few years have been sweet. Not that Mrs. Nevelson didn't plan it this way: "From the very beginning, in my blueprint, I projected all this, so there are no surprises," she said briskly. "I feel I have fulfilled my destiny. What I've done these last few years is the essence of my whole life. I've brought it to fruition. In the end I hope to put a period instead of a question mark on it, before I go into another dimension. But let's say I'm going to live a little longer, so I have a little way to go."

Among the works in the current out-



Rockland, Me., townspeople at luncheon held in a tent to honor Louise Nevelson. The sculptor, below, and her 1975 work "Transparent Horizons."



The New York Times/Ina Wynne

pouring of Nevelsons will be the sculpture she is giving the town of Rockland. She chose the library — the scene of that long-ago revelation — for its site. In accordance with the sculptor's longstanding habit of using "found objects" to create her works, the townspeople are currently donating a growing pile of pieces of wood in every imaginable shape, to be transformed into art by Mrs. Nevelson.

Such works dominated the exhibition, which opened Friday at the Farnsworth Art Museum here, and will run through Sept. 30. The show ranged over

the complete span of Mrs. Nevelson's career, from drawings of the 1930's to the trademark black wooden pieces of the 50's to the steel and aluminum commissions and Plexiglas sculptures of more recent years. Included among the more than 50 works — borrowed from the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum in New York, as well as from private collections — were selections from the radiant white "Dawn's Wedding Feast" series of 1959.

Among the 400 townspeople who showed up at the official luncheon

honoring Mrs. Nevelson, her admirers frothed almost as effervescently as the champagne. Some of Rockland was said by various residents to regard her work as too radical even now. But the critics stayed home, and the local museum finally boasted the work of the town's most famous daughter — far better late than never, almost everyone agreed.

Recalling her eccentricity and its early manifestations in Rockland, Mrs. Nevelson concluded, "Of course they laughed here, but I've lived long enough that I have the best laugh."

We had dinner a few weeks ago and she asked about you - Told her you were in great shape, which I trust is true - it always has been -

*Best to her
Lan
John*

64 3 11 14 2 2 003 1 3 2 4
THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

San Gennaro Is On All Weekend

By ELEANOR BLAU

The 53d annual San Gennaro festival began last night, and the streets of Little Italy are alive and celebrating, with merrymakers and compulsive nibblers joining in to help the devout honor the patron saint of Naples. For the next 10 days, some 300 stalls, offering sausages and peppers, onions, clams, sfogliatelli and other succulent fare, will line Mulberry Street from Park Row to Houston Street, and side streets all along the route in what the Società San Gennaro calls "A festa 'e tutte 'e ffeste" — Neapolitan for "The Festival of All Festivals."

Last year, some three million visitors attended, according to Arthur Tisi, president of the society, who estimates that at least as many will show up this year. Although nibbling is a primary

activity, there is much else to do and observe while strolling through the streets. There are games of skill and chance, from bubble-bursting competitions to wheels of fortune. There will be marching bands every night. And — something new this year — nightly disco music.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3, the bronze bust of San Gennaro will be taken up and down Mulberry Street in a traditional four-hour procession. Store owners come out and pin money to a ribbon around the neck of the bust to help defray the \$80,000 cost of putting on the festival.

At 10 P.M. tomorrow, scholarships will be awarded to young people of high school and college age. Next Wednesday a new, 6-foot statue of San Gennaro will be unveiled and paraded; next Saturday there will be a big parade

with floats and bands, and on Sunday, Sept. 23, the final day, there will be a contest of youngsters climbing a greased telephone pole and a midnight drawing for a pound of solid gold.

"There are religious overtones and Mardi Gras overtones," explained Mr. Tisi, whose grandfather was a founder of the society. The founders "wanted to honor the saint, but weren't interested in shoving religion down peoples' throats, and I think that's what has made this last all these years."

The founders met in 1925, he recounted, to honor San Gennaro, who was a third-century bishop of Benevento. They wanted to reunite people from different parts of Italy, and to perform whatever charitable works they could. "They cooked some chickens and invited everybody on the block to come. And this was the first feast."

letters to the editor

Make monument contemporary

I read with interest Col. Lawson Macgruder's fine proposal for a monument to the Vietnam War dead, but was dismayed at the idea of spending \$10,000 on a monumental object that reflects ancient Egyptian taste rather than visual ideas current now or at the time of the Vietnam War (Feb. 4 article).

So I composed a letter to Col. Macgruder proposing a competition for such a monument that would be open to Austin sculptors. The letter was circulated at the meeting of the Austin Contemporary Visual Arts Association where it received 72 signatures of endorsement. Al Golden, chairman of the Austin Arts Commission, said he would put it on the agenda of their Feb. 21 meeting.

Commemorative monuments are one of the best ways of getting art in public places. What Col. Macgruder proposed is an excellent idea, but the particular object in the drawing in the newspaper is actually a stunted obelisk, rather than a pyramid as stated. Anyway, either one reflects a dynastic culture of roughly 4,000 years ago.

MARY McINTYRE
1410 Gaston Ave.

Austin American-Statesman

Saturday, February 17, 1979

A10

Jim Fain, Publisher

Ray Mariotti, Editor

Mary McIntyre
1410 Gastan Ave.
Austin, Texas 78703

February 4, 1979

Col. Lawson W. Magruder, Jr.
3911 Greystone
Austin, Texas 78731

Dear Colonel McGruder,

Your fine proposal for a monument honoring Austin's Vietnam war dead is well received. The article in today's Austin American Statesman described your idea well, and the progress on it.

However, as a long time member of Austin's art community, I would like to see the \$10,000 spent on a monument ^{created} by one of our city's fine sculptors to commemorate the Vietnam war dead, instead of a stunted obelisk. This could be accomplished either by a competition for the design and execution of the monument, or by selection of the sculptor and his design by a committee qualified to do so.

As a former member of the Austin Arts Commission, and a former critic for the Austin American Statesman, I have maintained that there should be a committee or some reasonable means for initiating and determining art for public places in Austin. We need art in public places, and monuments are one of the excellent ways to achieve this.

Sincerely

My attitude is shared by the following members of the Austin Contemporary Visual Arts Association:

J. L. H. H. H.

J. Bela Brown

MICHAEL WALL

Charlene Jones

Fran Ballantyne

Donna Morgan

John M. Welch

Cosette Russell

Kicky Rogers

Gayle Daniels

Frank Donaldson

Theresa Barber

Mary Elliot Steel

Cynthia Shiff

Lee Phillips

Joanne Burk

Clare Pease

Carol Gray

Nomi McKinney

Essa Farr

allan bonary

Marian Highland

Ann Motzke

H. Stephen Johnson

Mary Paige Huey
Donald E Boyd

~~Boyd~~

Marris Dale James

Linda Schaffner

David Everett

Kristine Everett

Luzanne Humble

Kathryn Pilgr

Kathleen Ferris

Mark Hillen

JON ERIC NARUPS

Bill Wiman, Associate Prof., UT at Austin

Laura Rowel, Assoc. Caltech

Lowell ...

Mary McIntyre
1410 Gaston Ave.
Austin, Texas 78703
February 4, 1979

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Sincerely

Mary McIntyre

My attitude is shared by the following members of the Austin Contemporary Visual Arts Association:

Shirley Clarke	Ken Roger Russell	Carol Cochran
Jwda Gensel	Debbie Sharpe	Frank Woods
Carol E. Packwood	Shari Fowler	
Erin Prager	Mimi Barday	Mikal Dyches
Judith Gatersman	Maryann Johnson	Mary Kaker
Christine Sisk	Zoanna Nail	Angela Licht
Pat	Sal Kincaid	Cherie Lucas
Nancy Deming	Alyne Carter	Louanne Lasdovs
Deanne Deyon	Jared Campbell	Amelia Pinner
Reggy Collins Moore	Bill	Kate Martin
Jeanette Brown	Wes Phillips	J. J. Smullen
Donald F. Tucker	Pam Parker	Debbie

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Two million dollars has been the amount determined by Governor Clements for "renovation" of the Governor's mansion. In ambiguously worded articles published in Austin and Houston newspapers March 30, there appears to be approval of this in both House and Senate, but without funds dedicated to it.

For funds, Clements said that "many, many private commissions and foundations want to work with the Texas Commission on the Arts and Humanities 'to put the mansion in its proper form as far as furnishings are concerned'".

Somebody is going to have to explain to us why two million dollars, or any part of it, should be channeled through TCAH for repairs and housekeeping of an historical building, when TCAH is the only source of state funding of current art. Are we being manipulated?

With two million added to the paltry amount of state money granted to the arts in Texas, Clements could come up with a statistic on funding of the arts that would raise Texas above the category of being the lowest per capita supporter of the arts of any state, and have his dwelling redone in the process. There is slightly over two cents of tax money per capita each year granted to the arts in Texas.

No amount of money solicited and spent on "proper form" for that fine historic mansion where governors dwell, can compensate for neglecting the production, exhibition, and dissemination of current arts and ideas, and should not be channeled through the Texas Commission on the Arts and Humanities, as if they were the same thing. Current art is the primary expression of the spirit of contemporary man, and is of paramount importance as far as we are concerned.

Mary McIntyre
Mary McIntyre
1410 Gaston Ave.

This attitude is shared by the following citizens of Austin, most of whom are members of the Austin Contemporary Visual Arts Association.

- James Edgar Jewell*
- Dana Kane*
- Mimi McKeirney*
- Francini Carraro*
- Herbert V. Shilling*
- Bob Garbary*
- Carol Colbath*
- Ch. Allen Paul Foreman*
- Kathy Val Rodriguez*
- Frances Nail*
- Clarence J. Howard*
- Gene Williams Barac*

Friday, March 30, 1973 Houston Chronicle Section 1, Page 1

Study on need to renovate governor's mansion OK'd

Chronicle Austin Bureau
AUSTIN — The House approved and returned to the Senate a resolution that study the need for renovation of the governor's mansion, a project backed by House Appropriations Committee Chairman Robert Clements, who has a reputation for maintaining and improving buildings, has said that "it is time to do some work on the governor's mansion and that we let this state legislature take care of it."

The resolution, approved Thursday by the House, would not dedicate any funds to the renovation, although Clements' budget recommendation includes \$1 million for the work. He said that such a decision would be included in the state Board of Control's budget proposal.

Houston Rep. Ron Wilson failed in an effort to make any mention in the resolution until Clements has signed the state budget.

Wilson was not convinced that spending on the mansion renovation is not already planned. "It appears to me," he said, "that the decision has already been made and we're being trotted out here to justify it."

"None in the history of this state has a governor requested this much money to renovate the mansion," Wilson said. "There are too many other needs in the state to spend this much money on a remodeling project," he added.

Even Rep. Bob Davis, sponsor of the resolution, pointed out that the special proposal under consideration by the House Appropriations Committee does not include any money for the renovation.

He suggested that "perhaps some members of the House want to send the governor a message that they don't agree with his budget message, and their notice by opposing the resolution."

Davis called the project "a legitimate undertaking." He said the restoration could be done with private funds but because the mansion is a state building it is the state's obligation to pay for its remodeling.

Clements has indicated, however, that at least part of the project might be undertaken with private funds. He said last week that "many, many private commissions and foundations want to work with the Texas Commission on the Arts and Humanities 'to put the mansion in its proper form as far as furnishings are concerned'."

- Theresa Taylor*
- Patricia Parker*
- Steven Schwartzman*
- John O'Brien*
- Rosemary Madone*
- Edith*
- Frederick H. Hoopes*
- Sharon A. Hoopes*
- Mary Alice Stewart*
- Mahlin C. Ford*
- Peggy Squires*
- IC Club*
- Monn High*
- Elberta Dubo*
- M. A. Brown*
- Mary H. McFarlane*
- Paula Curtis*
- John F. Hansen*
- John F. Hansen*

Lisa C. Laurel
Glorie Groom
Cloris Carter
Nancy Ramsey
Cosette Russell
Paula Russell
Elizabeth Kay Arnold
Carol Tracy
Marion Sherry
Nancy Denny
Cynthia Fries Miller
Stephen O. Berry
Freda Korte
Phil Crosby

Robert W. Lester
Pauline Stark
Ralph White
Kathy White
Margaret Kahille
Rodney K. Florence
Ar L. Fess
Kathryn Bolge

Mansion renovation

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MARY McINTRYE
1410 Gaston Ave.

What! Has no one written in about that article on the dress code for females working in ~~Clement~~ Governor Clement's office? I haven't seen one in print ^{a protest}. Clements is entitled to make whatever dress code he wishes, but to put pressure on females to wear skirts and not wear pants suits (or whatever the men are wearing) is the equivalent to the psycho-religious pressure put upon females in Iran to wear the chador. Skirts are fine, by choice; so is the chador in the context of Iranian culture. But the symbolic aspects of making skirts a uniform stipulation for females only in our culture, in the governor's office of all places, ~~are~~ is to evoke a whole package of reactionary attitudes that ~~amount~~ over the years ~~amount~~ has amounted to repressive discrimination. ^{tish, tish} Tut, tut, Governor Clements, as my grandmother would have said, Grandmother didn't wear pants, but she knew an injustice when she saw it.

**Pants no good
in governor's office
— if you're female**

It's okay to wear pants in the governor's office, but not if you happen to be female.

That's the "informal suggestion" that has come down from Allen Clark, top administrative assistant for Gov. Bill Clements.

"I merely suggested that it would be better to wear dresses when meeting with the public," Clark said Monday when asked if such a policy existed. He said the suggestion was made to two women who had worn pantsuits to work during the past six weeks.

There is no formal written policy on the subject, Clark said.

The governor met with a number of women employees Monday afternoon in what was described as a "get-acquainted session."

letters to the editor

**Dress code
represses women**

Gov. Clements is entitled to make whatever dress code he wishes, but to put pressure on females to wear skirts and not wear pants suits (or whatever the men are wearing) is the equivalent to the psycho-religious pressure put upon females in Iran to wear the chador. Skirts are fine, if by choice; so is the chador in the context of Iranian culture. But the symbolic aspect of making skirts a uniform stipulation for females only, in our culture, in the Governor's office of all places, is to evoke a whole package of reactionary attitudes that over the years has amounted to repressive discrimination. "Tish, tish," as my grandmother would have said. Grandmother didn't wear pants, but she knew injustice when she saw it.

MARY MCINTYRE
1410 Gaston Ave.

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The governor had with a number of women employees Monday afternoon, an event that was described as a "casual" meeting.

letters to the editor

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MARY MCINTYRE

1200 Canton Ave.

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It's okay to wear pants in the governor's office, but not if you happen to be female.

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Clark merely suggested that it would be better to wear dresses when meeting with the public, Clark said Monday when asked if such a policy existed. He said the suggestion was made to two women who had been prominent in work during the past few years.

There is no formal written policy on the subject, Clark said.

The governor met with a number of women employees Monday afternoon and that was described as a "casual meeting."

letters to the editor

Dress code

represses women

Gov. Clements is entitled to make whatever dress code he wishes, but to put pressure on females to wear skirts and not wear pants suits (or whatever the men are wearing) is the equivalent to the psycho-religious pressure put upon females in Iran to wear the chador. Skirts are fine, by choice, so is the chador in the context of Iranian culture, but the symbolic aspect of making skirts a uniform regulation for females only in our culture, in the Governor's office at all places, is to evoke a whole garbage of reactionary attitudes that over the years has amounted to repressive discrimination. There is no way that whether you would have said "Grandmother didn't wear pants, but she knew justice when she saw it."

MARY MCINTYRE
2810 Commercial

Mary McI^{at}tyre 1410 Gaston Ave. Austin, 78703 3-16-79

Dear Diana,

I am sending in a contribution to the NEW YORK FEMINIST ART INSTITUTE for their Gala Celebration, in honor of Louise Nevelson, etc. for Friday, March 30 at the Mezzanine, One World Trade Center, with your name, Diana Sperberg, attached, in hopes that you are able ^{C-9 p.m.} and may wish to go as mu surrogate. Anywa I want to make a contribution.

I will probably come to NYC in early June, around the time of Nancy's marriage, and would love to see you. Will let you know when.

What's happened with you and Luther? Good things, I hope.

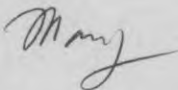
I am sitting here in my shiny purple tie, enjoying a lot of life. My art projects are getting some reception, in that one will be in the show, "Made in Texas" that Becky Reese is the curator of, opening May 20. Also, I will submit one or two to the Austin Contemporary Visual Arts show that also opens in May. I am enclosing a couple of poems & a statement about my art that may help to "explain" what is going on with me.

I would like to make contact with someone, with an interview in June at the Whitney, when I come.

John Canaday is coming for three weeks (but going back to NY each weekend. Crazy.) the first week in April, for a course on criticism, sponsore by the Drama dept.

Drop a line when you can.

Love



DIANA LAR MORE SPERBERG



is here; "Red" Wasswich of the Salamander Weekly fame (the leaflet that caused an uproar from parts of the Austin populace when, in 1976, it raised its price from one penny to 1/2¢ an issue — it also endorsed for the city council the candidacy of a paraplegic) gave the party and thrilled all present with his announcement of a forthcoming New York City edition; someone whose first name is "Ann" ^{was there (she)} ~~and~~ who won first place in the famous tie contest of 1976, wresting the blue ribbon from Luther, the Daily Texan favorite.) Someone named Craig Van Dyke and his wife Karen were also at the party. ^{maybe that's good} Craig Fife known for years (I don't remember how we met) and Karen used to perform with a group associated with Hotson Productions. Great party!

I got to see my name in big letters in the credit crawl of a show broadcast on Channel 5 here in NYC x-mas last. I prepared the script. It was a traditional q bible lessons / q Christmas carols Episcopal church service

Stephen Shore. Blue Hill, Maine, 7/28/74.

Color photograph, 7 7/8 x 9 3/4 inches.

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