Beaumont Newhall

Italy, 12 Mar 45

Dear Marga. The deal on the Rollie I'm afraid is off. Chabot found a brand new one here. So I'm afraid that I can't sell it as I had hoped. But you won't have a bit of trouble getting rid of it through a dealer or an ad in the paper.

The latest Mercurio has an article by Praz linking up Romanticism and fascism! Well send same soon.

Hurriedly,

Beau

Italy, 26 Feb 45.

Dear Marga,

One of my friends visited Rome recently and called upon your mother. He said that he had a nice conversation with her. She was delighted with the packages which he brought. I'm sorry that I could not get them to her sooner, but things have changed a bit. It is hard for me to tell you what her state of health may be - Tupper thought that she was in good spirits but quite weak and frail.

Since last writing you and Alfred I've had a wonderful trip to England. I visited London and had enough time to do a bit of browsing around. The atmosphere of wartime London is something which I shall never forget — one senses the whole tragedy of it all and one feels the way that the people have carried on. There was quite a bit of modern art around — a show in the Nat. Gal. of war artists, which wasn't more than a repitition of the show in the Mus 3 yrs ago — some "classic" modern artists like Picasso, Broque and all the established boys on show in Bond St. I suppose you have the Penguin

Beaumont Newhall
alludes to Genaux article

Dear Marga —

pleased
to have

2

books on Nash, Moore, Piper, etc. Zwemmer's shop was full of stuff. But I limited myself to photography, and found some long-sought for 19th century illustrated books that Nancy now has. By an odd coincidence I sat next to F. R. S. Yorke at Simpson's on Strand. He said that the mus Brazil Builds went over big in England. I sent him, for MARS, the mus Built in America.

The long awaited re-printing of Moravia's Gli Indifferenti has not yet

3

appeared, but a short story by Moravia in Domenica gave me a good foretaste, I think, of his style.

I hope all is going well with you, and that Alfo's book is progressing. I'll be happy to get the package, but don't know when I can pass it on — so chose stuff that will keep. And note that, by a stroke of great luck, I'm now Maj.

Affectionately.

Beau.

account of I
bare a comparison. But I did
as your letter would lead me to believe. She is, as I have said, old,
and feeble, but she is very ~~[illegible]~~ alert, and our little talk was

[...ott Neuhaus]

Beaumont Newhall
alludes to Genauer article

Dear Maya — pleased
that you enjoy to have
bad luck with fter my
second trip to
I saw and about
when I called, a ers which
De Wald reported. I o you write
in your letter: she impressed me as a old lady, somewhat feeble
with age, but not as frail as your letter makes me think you
fear her to be now. We had a pleasant chat, which could
not have been very satisfactory to her because, not having seen
you or alfred for about two years, my news was not at all
news. She had many questions to ask, particularly about Tory, which
I could not answer at all — what did she look like now, was she
well, was she well behaved, and so on — natural questions that any
grandmother would ask. She referred to alfred's position at the Mus.
as that of "surveyor," and inquired about what he was doing with
all of his time. I explained that he was writing, and she told me
what I knew, that alfred is a most careful, precise and thorough
writer. Of course I told her nothing of the Genauer article, nor did I
discuss anything of Mus. politics. My friend, room-mate and col-
league, Capt Debevoise was with me. He's an archaeologist, and we
talked for a while about Mexican archaeology, and she spoke warmly of
the letter you sent her from Mexico. I didn't feel like asking
her about what kind of time she had under the German occupa-
tion — one doesn't ask such questions, obviously — but she told us of
the food situation, which was bad, with not much more available
than bread, potatoes and rice for a while. I gather that the situation
is now much better. It's hard for me to give you an accurate
account of your mother's condition, for I have nothing on which to
base a comparison. But I did not find her condition as bad
as your letter would lead me to believe. She is, as I have said, old,
and feeble, but she is very ~~[illegible]~~ alert, and our little talk was

Italy, 6 Oct. 44. [Beaumont Newhall]

Dear Marga — Thanks for your swell letter. I'm very pleased that you enjoyed my description of Rome. We seem to have bad luck with the mails, for the letter came just after my second trip to Rome!

I saw your mother one afternoon. She was up and about when I called, and has obviously recovered from the sickness which De Wald reported. I did not feel that she was as old as you write in your letter: she impressed me as a old lady, somewhat feeble with age, but not as frail as your letter makes me think you fear her to be now. We had a pleasant chat, which could not have been very satisfactory to her because, not having seen you or alfred for about two years, my news was not at all news. She had many questions to ask, particularly about Tory, which I could not answer at all — what did she look like now, was she well, was she well behaved, and so on — natural questions that any grandmother would ask. She referred to alfred's position at the Mus. as that of "surveyor," and inquired about what he was doing with all of his time. I explained that he was writing, and she told me what I knew, that alfred is a most careful, precise and thorough writer. Of course I told her nothing of the Genauer article, nor did I discuss anything of Mus. politics. My friend, room-mate and colleague, Capt De Bevoise was with me. He's an archaeologist, and we talked for a while about Mexican archaeology, and she spoke warmly of the letter you sent her from Mexico. I didn't feel like asking her about what kind of time she had under the German occupation — one doesn't ask such questions, obviously — but she told us of the food situation, which was bad, with not much more available than bread, potatoes and rice for a while. I gather that the situation is now much better. It's hard for me to give you an accurate account of your mother's condition, for I have nothing on which to base a comparison. But I did not find her condition as bad as your letter would lead me to believe. She is, as I have said, old, and feeble, but she is very ~~much~~ alert, and our little talk was

very much alive. I'm afraid that this report is not very well written; I find myself in a peculiar position, for to describe one's mother as a stranger is most unsatisfactory.

I'll try to get the package off. It may be a little more difficult now, as there have been some changes in my set-up, but please be assured that I'll do my best to send them on. In the meanwhile here's a request, indorsed, for more of the same – if you care to send on another package.

While in Rome I saw Perry Colt, but missed both DeWald and Fred Hartt. (Didn't I write you that Fred was assigned to this squadron for a while, before he left for the Fine Arts Commission job? Both the CO and I urged Fred to take the job, as he was obviously well suited for it. He's a nice lad – a bit too aware of his special knowledge, perhaps, but he'll soon get over that). The old masters show at the Palazzo Venezia was splendid – many of the greatest Renaissance paintings in old Mussolini's offices – Titian's Sacred & Profane Love, Julius III, Raphael Deposition, etc. And both times we went the show was well attended by G.I.s and civilians. To Deb and myself, the biggest enjoyment of the leave was just being in a big, cosmopolitan city, after the unattractive and very provincial town where we've been staying, which is positively medieval in its customs. I found a Rolleiflex in the small 1⅝"x1⅝" size on the first day, at only 2 times its prewar value, which was remarkable, and had fun taking pot shots of people and interesting views.

The Genauer situation is certainly most disgusting. Indeed I am not at all happy about the museum. It was such a grand place when I joined it & when we were all pulling together under Alfred. Both Nancy & I are fully aware of the situation there. We feel that in our particular field we have many opportunities through the Museum, and so long as these opportunities are open to us, we mean to carry on. I'm very proud of the way Nancy has carried on, and, with so little time in which to learn about the job from me, has gotten hold of the problems.

I certainly appreciate your reading list, for I've been floundering about without a teacher or advisor. The place we're at has no intellectual life. There was a professor from a big city there during the winter, but he left as soon as he could return to his home. He was an excellent teacher, and I worked hard over the grammar, and made quite rapid progress. He had me translating David Copperfield

into Italian, which sounds dreadful, I know, but was an excellent work out for me because Dickens's sentences are horribly involved. I Promessi Sposi was his Bible, and he put me onto reading it. I have found it to be very literary, and the vocabulary is fantastically large – it will be more fun to read more modern things. I had a collection of short stories, and enjoyed Verga very much. A chirico-like piece by Bontempelli, about the sea, intrigued me, and so I've been reading some of his early short stories, about school teachers in provincial towns. They're very easy, and I can enjoy them without a dictionary. I know nothing about Bontempelli, but at least he is entertaining.

I sent Alfred some little booklets on Matisse, Picasso's sculpture and constructions. As I've sent duplicates to the mus. lib'y, he can keep them if he likes.

It is extremely gratifying, Marga, to have your appreciation of my letter. I'll try to write some more descriptive ones, reportage of present day Italy. The mood is not right tonight. I think that you would enjoy some of the letters I've sent Nancy. There are some along the same lines, and I know that she would love to share them with you. I've written to suggest that she invite you + Alfred over, but don't hesitate to call her first.

All best to you + Alfred.

Yours, Bean.

P.S. If the wonderful super thin paper you use is obtainable in NY will you tell Nancy where so she can send me some? Thanks.

Italy, 24 August 44

please return at yr absolute convenience

Dear Marga — I am sorry to say that your letter arrived while I was in Rome, and was waiting for me when I returned. Had it arrived a day sooner I would most certainly have gotten in touch with your mother and brought her something, if only white bread, sugar and butter. I don't know if I shall get there again or not, but there may be other fellows going there if I do not. So if you'll send a food package I'll do my best to get it to her. I'm enclosing a request which is less personal than this scrawl.

My trip to Rome was to the Rest Camp there (if you can call the Regina Hotel a camp) for three days. It was a marvellous trip, beginning with deliciously prepared GI food, good Frascati, the incredible luxury of sleeping on a matteress, and above all, the feeling of being in a modern, "civilized" city where the people were well dressed, the women in spotless summer clothes, and the children decently clad and well behaved, not at all like the pathetic bare bottomed brats who plague us for caramelli and call us Hey, Joe. I had not seen Rome before the war and so I have no standard of comparison. Outwardly the city shows no signs of war, with one notable and heart rending exception — the shattered ruins of S. Lorenzo f. l. m. more

sights were open than I had anticipated, and we took in the usual tourist places, plus a number of the baroque churches. To my surprise the sistine chapel was open, and so too was the Vatican museum, although we did not get into it. They are taking the sandbags down from the Arch of Constantine; the Collisseum was full of GIs with, or pursued by, females. (I overheard two girls who had followed us ~~say~~, after several minutes: "Possibile?" said one, "No!" said the other.) The Spanish steps are still gay with brilliant flowers. But the Trevi Fountain is dry, and as there are no coins in circulation, we would not perform the traditional ceremony. But Bernini's fountains are all playing, and now are once again functional, for townspeople were drawing water from them into glass bottles or pails made from G.I. tin cans.

A soldier is destined never to see the real life of the people. He lives in a transplanted corner of America, England, France or whatever country he comes from. He eats with fellow countrymen, because no local food can be spared, he lodges with them, because there is no place else, he marches with them, because the lone wolf, the independent individual, the "non-mixer" becomes an outcast, doomed to a lonely existence. (It was different in the Middle East, in countries that were neutral, like Palestine - where the life of the people is comparatively normal).

So I cannot tell you about Rome today. I got a hint from a revue we saw at the Teatro alle Quattro Fontane, an amusing variety show, well staged and presented. Fifty girls who went through a routine similar to the Rockettes at the Music Hall (though, thank heavens, less mechanically), and a brilliant chanteur, who sang a long ballad which, alas, I could not understand. But it dealt with the poor quality cigarets, with food rationing, with unemployment, and the audience enjoyed it hugely. He was obviously imitating Il Duce, and we got the impression that he was quoting from Mussolini's speeches.

The fact that I missed so much of the Italian bothered me, for it was beautifully pronounced. But it came too fast for me! (Actually I have little opportunity to speak, and where I am the dialect is really another language.)

The newspapers are increasing in number, books are appearing on political subjects (with a preponderance of communist manifestoes) and I even found one "little" magazine published by a group of young intellectuals in Naples who bravely and naively announced that the periodical was the first beginnings of a new European culture.

But what I feel most strongly, Marga, is an awakening

after a period of stupor. When we first arrived in Italy last year the people were stunned — and no ~~on~~ wonder. They had been deserted by the government in which they had put their faith, and they did not know what to expect from us. How vividly I remember the wretched hovel we went to last winter to buy charcoal. When we entered the little girls hid themselves in their mother's skirt. The mother told us they thought we were Germans. We coaxed them from their fear. Now the people know we have no demands to make upon them, and the kids are too friendly, and the GIs are too generous. The fearful and unbelievable bomb damage is already well cleared up; the bridges are being replaced by permanent stone bridges better, in many cases, than those which Kenny demolished, by the Italians. On our trip we saw dozens of women carrying stones on their heads to the masons. There was a time when to see a private car was an event, now they are common, and great trucks with trailers have re-established the vital food links, so that the situation is improving. The fall of Rome brought a profound change in psychology: on the day Rome was liberated the people marched through the streets shouting Roma Roma, and demonstrated before the messes. Signs went up: "Roma è liberata. Tutta l'Italia sarà liberata. Fuori i Tedeschi!" W signs are everywhere — W Churchill, W Roosevelt, W Stalin — W Mazzini, Garibaldi, and even Fiorello La Guardia!

On a church door I saw scrawled W Gesù!

To see a people spring to life, to visibly awaken, is the greatest experience I've had overseas. It compensates for the death and destruction and horror that we have had to cause, deeds which do not bear ~~completation~~ contemplation even by those of us who have been only indirectly concerned. 4

Truly I hadn't expected to become so philosophical and long winded! We are now experiencing one of those periods of leisure time which the rhythm of war enforces, and I thought that you might find my reactions to Italy of interest. Knowing Italy as you do, perhaps these remarks will help you to grasp a more intimate picture than the newspaper stories - perhaps this will make you feel less depressed about Italy. I hope so. My own feelings towards the country have changed from contempt bordering on hate to sympathy.

The Genauer article in the Mus. shocked me - not so much for its personal attack on alfred (for his record stands clean and brilliant) but for its vicious intolerance. I can only hope that Genauer's views are not shared by the multitude.

I'm sending alfred a few little pamphlets

published only a short while ago. You can imagine how startled I was to find a quotation from B. Newhall in the Fotosurrealismo pamphlet!

Believe me, Marga, if there is any way at all in which I can be of service to you, please do not hesitate to ask me. If military regulations prevent me from carrying out what you may ask, I will let you know.

All my best to you and alfred,

yours,

Beaumont.

for Museum files

BEAUMONT & NANCY NEWHALL La Luz

Beaumont
Newhall

4th Photo Tech Sqdn
90th Photo Wing Recon
APO 520 c/o Postmaster
New York, NY

Somewhere in Italy, 24 Aug. 44

Dear Marga -

Thank you for your offer to send me a food package; whatever you can conveniently get together (except peanut butter!) would be most welcome indeed. I'll leave the choice up to you. I believe that this note, when presented at the Post Office with the envelope bearing the APO cancellation, will permit you to mail the package.

Yours,

Beaumont

Love

Beaumont

for museum files

BEAUMONT & NANCY NEWHALL

La Luz
20 Link N.W.
Albuquerque
New Mexico 87120
(505) 898-7188

15 august 1974

Dear Marga and Alfred –

Capt Beaumont Newhall 0912682
7th Photo Tech Sqdn
90th Photo Wing - Recon
APO 520 c/o Postmaster
New York NY

U.S. POSTAGE 65¢ AIR MAIL

Mrs Alfred Barr
c/o Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 St
New York 19 NY

Beaumont Newhall

(please forward)

thanks. It means
w,
-
s
ave
ou
ve
D
st
nall
meaningful show on
always call the Museum. It was a wrench for
both of us to leave, as you know, and we regretted
what seemed to us the only alternative. To Nancy
and me it always was your museum, and you
made it ours as well, in your great generosity and
faith. You were there beside us in support at
our marriage, at the loss of our first and only born,
and now at the death of Nancy.

Thank you, dear people.

Love

Beaumont

for museum files

BEAUMONT & NANCY NEWHALL

La Luz
20 Link N.W.
Albuquerque
New Mexico 87120
(505) 898-7188

15 august 1974

Dear Marga and Alfred –

For your telegram, many thanks. It means as much to me as that other telegram, signed "Margalfred" meant to both of us when we were married. although circumstances have been such that our meetings during the past score of more of years have been much too infrequent, both Nancy + I have always thought of you two with love and gratitude — gratitude for the trust you placed in us when we were both kids. I owe my start in the history of photography to the magnificent opportunity to make the first meaningful show on the subject at what I shall always call the Museum. It was a wrench for both of us to leave, as you know, and we regretted what seemed to us the only alternative. To Nancy and me it always was your museum, and you made it ours as well, in your great generosity and faith. You were there beside us in support at our marriage, at the loss of our first and only born, and now at the death of Nancy.

Thank you, dear people.

Love

Beaumont

Newhall

Mr. Beaumont Newhall
Route 7 Box 126-C
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

letter/

November 13, 1982

Dear Beaumont,

I can't thank you enough for your letter and enclosures. The more I work on this chronicle, the more revolted I am by the steps all taken after Goodyear's departure, that demolished the first wave of "early Christians" as Nancy so brilliantly put it.

d/

I think it all began when Nelson took the place of Goodyear and brought in the "efficiency experts". First he told Tom Mabry to fire Frances Collins and right after that he fired Mabry. Then in 1941 he fired John McAndrew although Alfred implored him for six consecutive months, not to do so. I think by this time the pattern of firing had become habit-forming so when Stephen Clark consulted Nelson and Mrs. R. before demoting Alfred they both said o.k. why not?

It stands to reason that in 1946 they were perfectly willing to run the risk of losing you by hiring Steichen. In fact, I'm sure they were glad to spare your salary. Thank God Frances Collins, John McAndrew, Alfred and you did not wither, but any of you might have.

I am very, very glad to have your chronology; my own of Alfred proceeds haltingly because I have no idea who is going to read it or use it. Of course I'm terribly glad to have a xerox of Alfred's letter - all these losses were like daggers in his heart (an absurd simile but in Italy there is an idolatrous image of the Virgin with seven huge swords implanted in her heart; she is called "Madonna dei Sette dolori"). I do wish that either Alfred or I had kept a diary; it is especially strange that Alfred didnnot do so because he kept the most meticulous lists of birds, and <u>when</u> and <u>where</u> he saw them.

Route 7 Box 126-C
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

505/982-1216

November 8, 1982

Dear Marga:

I enclose a chronology of my brief tenure at The Museum of Modern Art, a copy of my ~~lteer~~ letter of resignation, and a copy of the beautiful letter that Alfred wrote me, expressing his regret that I had decided to leave the museum and his appreciation of the work I did there.

I have no further documentation of the steps leading up to my decision to resign. But as I recollect Dick Abbott told me, over lunch at the University Club, that the trustees had decided to appoint Steichen director of the department of photography and I would be working under him as the curator. He defended this move on financial grounds. Steichen, with his reputation, could raise lots of money. He compared it to the earnings coming to a university from football and crew. I, of course, was the crew (a sport, incidentally, that I like~~s~~d at Harvard much more than football!). I tried to work out a solution, whereby I could have full say about exhibitions, but this was not accepted. I think the letter of resignation states my reasons for refusing to work with Steichen quite clearly. I do not remember ever receiving an acknowledgment. The only document in my present files is the following notation in my personal journal:

> May 1, 1946. Yesterday a girl from the bookkeeping office at the Museum handed me a check for salary during April and a two-week advance for vacation. The word "final" appeared beside the total sum.

But, as you know, I have never left the Museum. Two or three weeks after leaving, Monroe Wheeler asked me to write the essay on Henri Cartier-Bresson that accompanies the one by Lincoln Kirstein in the catalog of Henri's show. And I am proud that the Museum has kept my History in print over all the years since its first publication as a catalog for the 1937 exhibition that Alfred asked me to do.

I hope that this chronology will be helpful to you.

Yes, I plan to do my memoirs. Of course I will have much to say about my years working with Alfred and---if you don't mind---may be asking for your help.

All best to you, Marga,

Affectionately,

1946, Mar. 7

41 East 53 Street, New York 19, N Y

7 March 1946

Mr Stephen C. Clark
149 Broadway
New York, N Y

Dear Mr Clark:

It is with profound reluctance that I have come to the conclusion that I cannot continue as Curator of Photography in the proposed reorganization of the Department of Photography at The Museum of Modern Art.

I have arrived at this conclusion with difficulty and with mixed feelings. If I were asked to work under a man in whom I had absolute faith and whose judgment I completely respected, I would be proud and happy to cooperate. Unfortunately my experience with Mr Steichen has not given me that assurance. If I believed that the values of taste, scholarship and presentation which Museum has established in all its work could be maintained under the proposed program, I would most certainly desire to continue as Curator. I had hoped that it might be possible to work out a solution satisfactory to all, whereby I would be given independent power and means to carry out a basic program. I was disappointed that this independence of action could not be granted to me.

Therefore I hereby tender my resignation as Curator of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art to be effective thirty days after the appointment of the proposed Director or at such other time as may be mutually agreed upon.

Yours sincerely,

Beaumont Newhall

Copies to
Mr Abbott
Mr Moe
Mr McAlpin
Mr Soby

Beaumont N
11/7/82

1942 Many meetings made
acting curator of photography
while Beaumont in Army
Air Corps

Jim has just
told me the very sad
news of your resignation.
Wise or not, I suppose
it was the simplest
cleanest way out - though
I wish - as I told you -
that you had stayed.
I think, I know,

Beaumont Newhall
11/7/82

CHRONOLOGY OF EMPLYMENT BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

49 E. 96
Saturday.
[1946]

Dear Beaumont

Jim has just told me the very sad news of your resignation. Wise or not, I suppose it was the simplest clearest way out - though I wish - as I told you - that you had stayed.

I think, I know,

Beaumont Newhall
11/7/82

CHRONOLOGY OF EMPLYMENT BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

what a loss to the Museum you'll be, at least to the Museum we once dreamed of in which scholarship and taste would count in photography for as much as big-top shows.

I think you did a very fine job pioneering under real difficulties both institutional and personal. Certainly the museum's reputation

Beaumont Newhall
11/7/82

CHRONOLOGY OF EMPLYMENT BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

in the field owes more to you than will be understood until a retrospect. (and a reaction) of several years makes a true perspective possible.

I don't know what you'll do now; I hope you'll like it — and count on me to help in any way I can.

All my best to you and Nancy —

Alfred

Beaumont Newhall
11/7/82

CHRONOLOGY OF EMPLYMENT BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

1935, Nov. 1 Reported for work as Librarian. Helped Alfred hang the Van Gogh exhibition.

1937, Mar. 17 - April 19. My first exhibition and catalog, "Photography 1839-1937."

1940 Department of Photography founded. I am appointed Curator.

1942, Aug. 6 Reported for active duty with U. S. Army Air Corps.

Nancy appointed Acting Curator during my military leave.

1945, Sep. 20 Relieved from active duty as Major, Air Corps.

1945, Oct. 22 Reported for work as Curator of Photography.

1946, Feb. 12-Mar. 31. Edward Weston exhibition, curated by Nancy.

1946, Mar. 7 Resigned as Curator of Photography.

1946, April 30. Last day of rmployment by the Museum.

Newhall

Route 7 Box 126-C
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505/982-1216

Aug. 13/82

Dear Marga –

How thoughtful of you to send me the announcement of my exhibition at ICP. It will remain on view until September 18, and I am asking Ruth Silverman, my curator, to send you a pass. Perhaps you will in town on Sept. 11: in the morning (11-12) I shall be signing copies of the 5th edition of my History of Photography. To my amazement, 50.000 copies have bought by the Book-of-the-Month Club! How times have changed since 1937 when I submitted the MS of the first edition to Alfred all a tremble if he approved! He did, with enthusiasm.

Yes, the Museum has changed since those halcyon days when we were all young and dedicated. Nancy used to say that we were like the early Christian church in our fervor!

I guess, as we go on in years we all look back. I hope to express my appreciation for all that Alfred gave me in an autobiographical book I

am now writing, and, hopefully, to reconstruct the environment in those few years when I was a part of it.

Fondly

Beaumont

To B Newhall

Greensboro

August 30, 1982

Dear Beaum ont

This typewriter is on the blink. I apologize.

You curator Miss Silverman did indeed send me an invitation to the opening, please thank her. Also at the Center there is a nice check (I don't know how to spell this) gent of a certain age called ~~Bark~~ Bedrick, he'll tell you places to eat near there. I used to work at the UN.

Now the situation is That I'll only be in NY on Monday 13 in the afternoon. This is an infernal place from the point of view of transportation and I am driving down with a friend on that day. It is annoying that I should be coming so late because I could have parked you on 96th St.

Nancy is so right about the early Xms. Rosh did the work of 10. I think the breakdown in morale began when Nelson called in efficiency experts and when he fired Frances Collins out of publications because of that idiotic fake invitation she wrote. (Have you read GOOD OLD MODERN by Russell Lynes. He reproduces the invitation - It is not even witty and it is appalling that Joe Blumenthal should have printed it for her - he should have had more judgment. Anyhow I think that the first breakdown in morale began when Nelson fired her. How stupid! She used to play herself f r the Museum. And next when the ax fell on you (in what month? in what year?) Alfred was outraged and furious. And finally when Nelson fired JohnMcAndrew in 1941 although Alfred for 5 sleepless months had tried to make Nelson understand the implications of this step - the first morale of the poorold muse was destroyed.Parkinson's law asserted itself and for every early Xm fired many were hired to do the work of one. And it was acceptable too to live on such small salaries because was greater than our personal cramp. Good lord I remember for many years (I the family accountant and administrator) finding myself with $21 on Dec. 20 with Alfred and Tory expecting some form of celebration. By this time Nelson had taken the habit of sending A. by a special messenger a check for $3.000 and once when A came into my r om with the check, I broke into tears to his astonishment

Greensboro
August 30, 1982

Dear Beaumont

This typewriter is on the blink. I apologize. You curator Miss Silverman did indeed send me an invitation to the opening, please thank her. Also at the Center there is a nice Check (I don't know how to spell this) gent of a certain age called Bedrick, he'll tell you places to eat near there. I used to work at the UN.

Now the situation is That I'll only be in NY on Monday 13 in the afternoon. This is an infernal place from the point of view of transportation and I am driving down with a friend on that day. It is annoying that I should be coming so late because I could have parked you on 96th St.

Nancy is so right about the Early Xns. Each did the work of 10. I think the breakdown in morale began when Nelson called in efficiency experts and when he fired Frances Collins out of publications because of that idiotic fake invitation she wrote. (Have you read GOOD OLD MODERN by Russell Lynes. He reproduces the invitation - It is not even witty and it is appalling that Joe Blumenthal should have printed it for her - he should have had more judgment. Anyhow I think that the first breakdown in morale began when Nelson fired her. How stupid! She used to slay herself for the Museum. And next when the ax fell on you (in what month? in what year?) Alfred was outraged and furious. And finally when Nelson fired JohnMcAndrew in 1941 although Alfred for 5 sleepless months had tried to make Nelson understand the implications of this step - the first morale of the poorold muse was destroyed. PArkinson's law asserted itself and for every early Xn fired many were hired to do the work of one. And it was acceptable too to live on such small salaries because was greater than our personal cramp. Good Lord I remember for many years (I the family accountant and administratory finding myself with $21 on Dec. 20 with Alfred and Tory expecting some form of celebration. By this time Nelson had taken the habit of sending A. by a special messenger a check for $1.000 and once when A came into my room with the check, I broke into tears to his astonishment

In conclusion (damn this typewriter/) I am doing this chronology Many hours every day and if any of this stuff wd interest you let me know. I find it hard but personally involving to write. One day I write, the nezt day I disapprove.

Feel free, if inclined to come to NY to stay on 96th if I am there - 286-3936.

Please admit that it is still interesting to be alive, despite all the beatings we have had. You've had many but I too am having my share.

IsSanta Fe beautiful?

Love and congratulations for Book of the Month.