

Dear Lady;

It is days since I got the little book , the brave, one- by-~~itself~~, memorable little book, that I thank you for giving me a chance to see.

I hope you are as good, at least, as when you gave me so gracious use of your time. I wish I knew you were at Twin Oaks, but also I am glad I have had no word from you when I know the grasshopper would be so much less a burden than a note. It is a real ~~kind~~ relief not to have you answering , acknowledging my return of M^S and the more or less fool note that always goes with it . I am fairly content with the MS , my part I mean, but somehow I manage to write when I am jittery with fatigue and use wrong words-- a thing sure to stick in my crop.

I am going to tell you that one movie in the world that you should see is ^Ureen Pastures. I managed to get to the last performance at the Music ^hall, because if I miss things there I somehow never catch up with them again, tho it would be easy for the competent . maybe you saw it there . If not do tell your secretary to watch out for it when it comes to other houses. Its best is not quite, no, not so good as the very loveliest things on the stage, but I am not sure but the whole is as priceless. That marvellous medium ~~xxxxxxx~~ does lovely things for it, and I would say there was yet further distance from any cheapness than at certain moments in the stage version.

And there are beauties of the human countenance (I mean countenance) that I don't know how you would ever match with a like number of white people.

Love from Viola.