to the Museum of American Folk Art.

Esmerian is donating his notable collection

An early housewarming gift: Ralph

Frank Lloyd Wright's other passion, 

buying and selling Japanese prints.

Cloud of mist:
Two images of the
Blur Building,
designed by Diller & Scofidio for next year's Swiss Expo.

A show at the Japan Society explores 

Identity in 19th-Century Art,” 
at the Yeshiva University Museum.

Yale's tricentennial: A Branford
College courtyard by James 
Gamble Rogers, class of 1889.

T

_THIS REVIEW OUGHT TO COME WITH SCENT STRIPS FOR SAMPLING AN ARRAY OF FRESH AQUATIC FRAGRANCES. SWISS LAKE, OLD SALT, SEASCAPES, RIVER BOUQUET, EAU DE L'EAU. OR JUST TAKE THIS PAPER DOWN TO THE RIVER AND IMAGINE SOME OF THE ARCHITECTURAL VISIONS THAT COULD TAKE SHAPE THERE. “ARCHITECTURE + WATER,” A NEW EXHIBITION AT THE VAN ALLEN INSTITUTE IN CHELSEA, PRESENTS FIVE SPARKLING PROJECTS FOR SITES RELATED TO WATER USE. AS NEW YORK LURCHES FITFULLY FORWARD TO A RENEWED WATERFRONT, HERE ARE SOME ALTERNATIVES TO CHELSEA PIERS, RETROGRADE ESPANADES AND LUXURY HOUSING BY RICHARD MEIER. THESE FIVE VISIONS ARE ACTUALLY BEING BUILT.

INFRASTRUCTURE PROJECTS CAN BE APPRECIATED FOR THE POWER OF THEIR ENGINEERING, AS WITH THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, OR THEY CAN PROVIDE OPPORTUNITIES FOR ARTISTIC EXPRESSION. THE WORKS ON VIEW HERE FALL INTO THE SECOND CATEGORY. THEY ARE PRESENTED WITHIN A CRISP AND INFORMATIVE INSTALLATION DESIGNED BY THE SHOW'S CURATORS, PAUL LEWIS, DAVID LEWIS AND MARC TSURUMAKI OF LEWIS TSURUMAKI LEWIS IN MANHATTAN. HISTORICAL ANTECEDENTS FOR THESE NEW WORKS ARE DEPICTED ON A PHOTOGRAPHIC FRIEZE RUNNING THROUGH THE GALLERIES.

THE LAKE WHITNEY WATER TREATMENT PLANT IN HAMDEN, CONN., IS PERHAPS THE MOST POTHETICALLY EXPRESSIVE PROJECT OF THE FIVE. DESIGNED BY STEVEN HOLL AND MICHAEL VAN VALKENBURGH, THE PLANT WAS CONCEIVED AS A DESTINATION ATTRACTION FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN AND OTHERS WHO WISH TO CONTEMPLATE OUR EVOLVING RELATIONSHIP TO NATURE.

WEEKEND EXCURSION

For Love of Ivy, 
And Civility

BY RICHARD RUDA

Perhaps the greatest pleasure Oxford University offers its many visitors is the hope, never disappointed, of unexpectedly coming upon an utterly disarming view of an exceptionally beautiful old building. While Yale University cannot match Oxford’s antiquity, neither is it, at three centuries old this year, a parvenu.

Yale, like Oxford, can also fairly compete with Oxford in architectural quality, its postwar buildings making it, in the estimation of the architectural historian G. E. Kidder Smith, “a mecca for architects from all over the world.”

Yale's compact urban campus is also delightfully picturesque, thanks to its many superbly designed and meticulously detailed neo-Gothic buildings of the 1920’s and 30’s. Like Oxford, Yale has world-class libraries and museums, including the finest collection of British art outside Britain. Given its proximity to New York — a 90-minute train ride rather than a trans-Atlantic flight — Yale is an irresistible weekend destination.

Yale’s hometown, New Haven, itself almost 400 years old, adds to the pleasures of a weekend visit. A spacious New England green graced by a row of three handsome early 19th-century churches, a historic cemetery with a majestic Egyptian Revival gateway and countless illustrious occupants, and the restaurants in which pizza and the hamburger sandwich are said to have been invented (both still great places to eat) are just a few of the city's attractions.

In 1638 the Rev. John Davenport and the merchant Theophilus Eaton founded the New Haven Colony to establish a Puritan “Bible State” in which, by its original covenant, “the word of God shall be the only rule to be attended to in ordering the affaires of government.” By 1660 the New Haven Colony extended as far

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A mix of mundane and magical: Louise Erdrich's "Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse."
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west as Greenwich and even took in Southold on Long Island's North Fork. By 1665, however, after the collapse of Cromwell's Puritan regime and the restoration of King Charles II, the larger, worldlier Connecticut Colony had swallowed up the New Haven Colony.

Thirty-five years later, a dozen Puritan elders from throughout Connecticut Hall (all but one of them Harvard graduates) established an institution to guarantee an adequate supply of reliably orthodox ministers, which the distant and dangerously heterodox Harvard could not provide. The first home of this "College Hall" was in Saybrook, 25 miles east of New Haven. The tiny school experienced 15 years of tenuous and peripatetic existence until it moved to New Haven, a thriving seaport and Connecticut's largest metropolis (population 1,500).

In 1718 the fledgling institution finally gained a secure fiscal footing thanks to Elihu Yale, a merchant who had made a fortune while governor of Madras and whose grandparent had been among New Haven's founders. Yale's gift included valuable books, several bales of East Indian goods (resold at a huge profit) and a Kneller portrait of King George I. Hence the name Yale College. (Sadly, Elihu Yale probably never saw New Haven or the college named after him.)

Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries Yale remained a staunchly conservative institution with a distinctly Protestant orientation. But during the 1800's it also added an array of professional schools: medicine, divinity, law, music, art and the first graduate school in the United States to award a Ph.D. In the 20th century there followed schools of forestry, nursing, drama, architecture and management, culminating in today's renowned university.

The Central Core

I began my visit on a bright Saturday morning on Yale's Old Campus, across from New Haven's Green. Here, at the corner of College and Chapel Streets, the Collegiate School opened in New Haven. The Old Campus remains an epicenter of the university, providing dormitory accommodation for most freshmen and a site for major ceremonies. It has Yale's two oldest buildings: Connecticut Hall (1735), a National Historic Landmark that is a deliberate copy of Massachusetts Hall at Harvard, and the former library (1842), the university's first foray into the Gothic Revival architectural style. (It is now Dwight Hall, the center for public service at Yale.)

In front of Connecticut Hall stands Betsy Lyon Pratt's statue of Nathan}

On the historic New Haven Green: The First Church of Christ, which is also known as Center Church.

practical architect need not be stylistically innovative to define an institution's abiding identity. His gem of

Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, built from 1446 to 1515. Rogers did not simply copy some

similar architectural attributes are evident in the centerpiece of Yale's campus, Sterling Memorial Library (1930); its initial design was by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, although Rogers took over the project after Goodhue's death. Highlights include the main entrance, with sculptures by Lee Laurie (whose statue of Atlas is in Rockefeller Center), and the vast Gothic "nave" (main hall) decorated with carved reliefs of Yale's early history. The nave culminates in an "altar" (the circulation desk) consisting of a kitche wooden altar of Alma Mater flanked by depictions of Truth, Music, Divinity and Literature, the creation of a Yale art professor whose name is best forgotten.

The Library's main reading room and cloistered inner courtyard are unusually beautiful places to study or converse (quietly). Rogers's Law Gothic Revival movement just then began my visit on a bright

morning is also an ideal time to visit three beautiful churches on the New Haven Green: the United Church on the Green (North Church), the First Church of Christ (Center Church) and Trinity Episcopal Church, all built from 1843-16.

Together they make up the centerpiece of the New Haven Green Historic District, another National Historic Landmark.

Ihthiel Town designed both the Georgian Center Church and the Gothic Revival Trinity Church. Center Church is noteworthy for the portrait of Town in its foyer and for its crypt (New Haven's first burying ground), with gravestones dating back to 1687. Trinity Church played a pivotal role in America's architectural history; in the words of William H. Rees Jr., it is "one of the remarkable churches of the period," reflecting "a decisive turn" in the Gothic Revival movement just then reaching the United States.

Three other sights surround the Green. The New Haven Free Public Library, designed by Cass Gilbert and dedicated in 1911, is at the corner of Elm and Temple Streets. The city's stunningly restored High Victorian City Hall (1861), designed by Henry Austin, is on Church Street, between Elm and Chapel. In front of City Hall is the Amistad Memorial, erected on the site of the jail in which the Africans who won control of the Amistad slave ship in 1839 were imprisoned while awaiting trial.

Walking back to the Yale campus, I stumbled upon a vestige of the short-lived New Haven Colony -- a large monument behind Center Church that marks the burial place of John Dixwell. He was one of three regicides (the 50-odd signatories of the) and judge carved at eye level on the New Haven Green: the First Church of Christ, which is also known as Center Church.

Where the magic of a courtyard casts its spell.

whereof a courtyard casts its spell.

The New York Times
Richard Ruda, who received two degrees in history from Yale, frequently writes about architecture.

From Hallowed Halls to the Place Where Louis Dwell

Events for Yale's 300th birthday are listed on a Tercentenary Events Calendar, available at the Yale Visitor Information Center, 149 Elm Street, (203) 432-2300, and at www.yale.edu/yale300. The Calendar lists each event, dates and times, and the Center for British Art, 1111 Chapel Street, (203) 432-2977. Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, noon to 5 p.m. The Calendar lists each event, dates and times, and the Center for British Art, 1111 Chapel Street, (203) 432-2977. Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, noon to 5 p.m.

Yale Attractions

TOURS OF YALE, Visitor Information Center, 149 Elm Street, (203) 432-2300, and atwww.yale.edu/opy/cu. Tours are available on request. Tours are available on request. Tours are available on request.

UNITED CHURCH ON THE GREEN (North Church), corner of Temple and Elm Streets on New Haven Green, (203) 778-4185. Services on Sundays at 10 a.m. or at other times by appointment.

FIRST CHURCH OF Christ in NEW HAVEN, (Center Church), mid-block on Temple Street, New Haven Green, (203) 778-0112. Services on Sundays at 8 a.m. or at other times by appointment. Crypt with remains of original New Haven College, and Lockwood House, which is open to the public. Services on Sundays at 10 a.m. or at other times by appointment.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, corner of Chapel and Temple Streets on New Haven Green, (203) 778-6181. Services on Sundays at 7:45 a.m., 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. or at other times by appointment.

NEW HAVEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 114 Whitney Avenue, (203) 562-1415. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Permanent exhibitions include maps, prints, letters, drawings and events related to British culture. Architectural tours of the museum buildings, dating from 1750 to 1870, are scheduled at 11 a.m. the third Saturday of each month.

YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, 111 Chapel Street, (203) 432-2800. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, noon to 5 p.m. Monday evening, 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Permanent collections include paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, and decorative arts. The Cyclorama is temporarily closed for renovation.

GREEN GUIDE TO YALE UNIVERSITY AND NEW HAVEN, Whitney Tavern, 161 Elm Street. This self-guided walking tour is available from the office or by calling Friends of the Grove Street Cemetery, (203) 956-8580. The Ferry Line offers a free shuttle service between New Haven and New Haven Green, 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., every hour on the hour.

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The Church of St. John the Baptist, also known as the Center Church, was founded in 1638 and is the oldest continuously operating church in the United States. The building was constructed in 1778 and has been adapted to accommodate various uses, including a gymnasium, a theater, and a community center. The church is located at 111 College Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
A few more notes about picture possibilities for the Taylor Gordon article:

-- Among the photocopies Yale sent was the attached letter from the Helena Public Library in 1935. Is it possible they might still have the photo at the Library?

-- (Mrs.) Anne Whelpley, Library Assistant, The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut 06520 wrote me that Yale has photos of Taylor Gordon taken by Carl Van Vechten. She said permission to have copies would have to be secured from Mrs. Carl Van Vechten. I wrote Mrs. Van Vechten and got the enclosed letter from her lawyer. Would you prefer to reply, or should I? Seems to me it might be simpler if you handled correspondence with the Van Vechten lawyer and Yale so the copies of the photos would come directly to you, but I'm willing to do it either way.
Laura. Rare test, I shall have my hands wet. I've had no luck and haven't yet married.

Copper was as good as dead. But the gumbalady handled this affair like a boss. She knew how to manage. Laughs here, and in the box.

"Picky" amateur school.

When she thought the booby

To girls caught it, it kept me.

Will be lucky, I'm an idiot now.

Signed,

Taylor

New York City.

"To Carlo, King of the White Horsemen,"

I crossed, Count Cullen.

Wednesday last night at 6:12

Pm, they made the trip.

Nearly two thousand people

Cooked on. Some of them every meal.

All the big brokers. Was there but "Jay,"

Such a pass up, you have never seen before. And poor Count...

My, you should of seen his face.
We're in the kitchen. Mel, played the theme, "I Have Risen," just them half the time. He fell off the stool, "He Has Risen," made it read, "He Has Risen!"

I felt so relieved.

Because I was so worried about the young lady. If she knew just what we all thought at that moment, we couldn't see her, any one else was standing.

"Well, we all went down stairs, where they fed a plenty of chicken, cake, cream and punch. A punch look peculiar and

I really believed all I have heard about him, and family tree. We were making this "unusual, unusual, match for the Match Room," old.

Mel, Aultman, played the organ; of course you know, this grand, at it. I have heard women and men say that really, know what they themselves are talking about.

The church was decorated with the Easter, flowers, and birds. Tall, and great over the pulpit, they had a sign, "He, Has Risen," and while the Band and gefren..."
Taylor Gordon
Manhattan Club House,
Ward's Island, NY 12
Dec. 11 1952

Dear Carlos:

I am sorry I must bother you, but I'd like to know if you got my letter, I wrote you a few months ago? I can't imagine that you'd be off the "Depression" or lost your "remains" for the "fifth! I hope my bad "spelling" did give you a laugh, but maybe not!

I should have been out of here long ago, all things being even, but here I am, I met nearly 20 cars in all, fake immigrants for what we call "fair trial" in this land. This should interest Walter White very much. The one I refer to, along my line, that got a "fair trial" was Melvin Evans, and quick too!

At this time of your you may be seeing a lot of folks who know me, please see that they are put on the right track of mind. You know I was never much for "m数量ing", and when I tell you few people in history have ever performed much. An "autodidact" does as those given me this "dirty deal".
I am sure I will be able to straighten out
the real difference between "discovery, invention
and stealing," so now reading it will ever
misunderstand which is which.

I know I do not need to emphasize to you
how important it is that I knew you saw my
letter. For I don't want too many lies to get
into Europe. And if I am able to find a
place to write, the I want, I will not use a
"glossary" of local words; but try and make it
one's most used clear for this use in life, the
life the young people must follow in, that they
may find peace and "current of happiness" better
than was left to me, by our great Curricula.

If you attend any parties and meet folks, then
give them my best.

I have not forgotten my gifts.
I hope this finds you and fama well.

Yours truly,
Taylor Erwin.
Today is my fourth month & I returned the second time in my case with John Steinbeck making 20 months in all & for a new record in a court of justice they were tough & I took 3 went to jail.

But why I think of you today is: I see in the Daily News by Ed Sullivan, that Somerset Maugham is 78 years of age & it seems like a few summers since you introduced him to me & the introduced Roarnund and the Royalty to England. I remember he once asked you and the Johnson brothers were discussing your age. Just children! Ha Ha! I am interested that Mrs. Maugham is interested in fiction thrillers. I am too & I could tell him a true story.
I know you will be up into Mr. MacLaughan, and when you do, tell him I said hello.
I haven't seen him since 1942.

I was picking apples at 10 East 48 St.

Tell Mr. and Mrs. Brown how big it is. I hope Edna is with it.

I must say I have missed some good times since I have been out here.

I often give long time thoughts of Reading and other people, and wonder how much simplicity is placed on each in business deals. Some think it is who decent man means opinion, why they fear an honest individual?

I hope this finds you and Farmwell well. Give all my best.

Yours,

Taylor
that would out-stay any fiction he has ever heard, but it will be a pity of time.

I am afraid as Americans, we are growing weak, because as many people don't want to see or hear the truth! You will have known how surprising it is to know the truth about things. Especially, life in the war, and people on the real are. I am sure it is false esteem we have for officers that bring as much disappointments to people. When we learn that no officer can have any better character than the integrity of the people that occupy it, bring is much closer to understand.
Taylor Gredn
Manhattan Post Office
Ward Island, N.Y.
Sept. 16th 1952

Dear Carl:

Since I last written you
from as many points in the
world I do not think it would
be right not to drop you a few
lines from a "Mad-Hotel" Hotel.

I think you should have this
sold to your Film Collection.

I am quite sure Ralph is
the father coot! I supposed
it learn that in 1952. psychiatry
thinks a person is a little mad
that is love to make up a word
such as "Daouda" or Born To Be, with.

Even this you put it in your
goody of your manuscripts.

With your interesting message
My dear Ladies and Gentlemen:

I know you have been approached in many ways to give aid to various causes, which have been deemed humane and essential.

We know that one expects to receive letters from well-advertised institutions, and give them consideration according to their merits, but to receive one from an individual, it is usually passed by lightly. I hope you will not treat this as such, but give me some thought.

No doubt most of you have heard a little of me during the past 25 or 30 years; either as a singer or an author. However, one tries to do good can not hope to be remembered by a generation, as one who does a great evil; therefore, my name might not be vivid in your memory.

As a singer, I sang in Vaudeville, and later, on radio; in Concert with J. Rosamond Johnson; and in 1929, published my autobiography "Born To Be", by Covici and Friede.

It was not until 1932-33, that I first received a set-back in my desire to be self-sustaining, supporting good society. I wrote a manuscript which I tried to sell, "Ziga Boo Dream", but later showed up in Paramount Pictures Screen, as "The International House", and through a double-crossing lawyer, I got nothing but my money which I paid as supposed filing fees, and no case was filed; and a release to Paramount for the use of the story.

Later, I rewrote the story, and tried to sell it through an agent. She turned it over to a man who went to Hollywood, California, and had the "Richest Girl In The World" made from it, by R.K.O. I made a slight effort to fight them.

So, in 1935, I went to Montana, and wrote during the winter of 35-36 a manuscript which I called "Daonda", and tried to sell that, but instead it was stolen by John Stienbeck, through Pascal Covici, to write "The Grapes of Wrath".

In 1940, I brought suit through another lawyer who sold me out, and during the past nine years I have approached small and big lawyers---the Bar Association of New York, and the National Bar Association at Columbus, Ohio; the Congress of the United States Of America, and many influential organizations, in an effort to gain an honest, legal trial, and the money which is rightfully mine.
In presenting my contentions, I have had to use all of the avenues a poor man might have at his disposal, and while doing so, only God knows how I have been exploited, without any pay at all. I carried on this fight for "Civil Rights", in an "Economic Way" all by myself, and it is possible during my "moral-pressure campaign", I stepped upon some tender toes. While we are all told that a man may have his own "spiritual guidance", I am not too sure that a personal knowledge cannot create a great jealousy, greed and envy. However, no one can truthfully say, that I mounted a soap-box in any square to seek adverts of my way of life.

The purpose of this letter is to try and raise money, that I might leave this section; not as "a man without a country", but so I might feel free——To "go west", where I might find something of real interest and use my talents to my best advantage.

I write this letter with no humility, for God knows the physical agony and mental torture I have experienced in trying to bring my case before the "Laws" made by men. Laws, that are not under the jurisdiction of the act of God! But laws that are supposed to be the organic functioning of this great government.

Those laws which are supposed to give men and women insurance in their rights as citizens of which I am one, therefore, you cannot call my misfortune "an act of God", or even "hard luck", but pure knavery and treason to this government and God!

Montana is a couple of thousand miles from here, and I have accumulated a number of things I would like to take with me. I have stuck by them, and although they are inanimate, they have supported me as living friends could do during the long war, and I know they will give me consolation in peace.

Many thing can be done with some success, but reading peoples' minds is not a profession I can boast of.

I assure you that I have tried in vain to find work for my talents here.

So, will you please mail me as much cash as you can spare, and consider it as a donation to a worthy cause, well fought, even though it appears I have lost.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
Taylor Gordon

Manhattan State Hospital
World's Island. M-19
Oct 9th 1948

Dear Carlo:

Yesterday I passed my 15th Month out
free, and this is some time to express my
freedom without just cause. Thinking of
you and many folks who are losing their
freedom. We feel like foreigners to stay in this State or Country and have no
interest in our country like we should. Many
know how great Loki is willing to leave
if something goes wrong in their activities
I am sorry I came here under the
circumstances, but I can't say I regret the
knowledge it has afforded me. But, like college, one wants to learn after earning
their station and they
to leave here for sometime, and still
the doors are closed against me.

The case, I have many theories, but
nothing I can say is sure. I feel to
quiet and well keeping my equilibrium
the conditions I am forced to live.

First, I want you to know I have
made do
with some untried remedy, hoping in
my faith that so only must I continue.
For 'Domestic', without the presence
of telephone and contact as a paying
citizen?

You all know of my efforts to collect
money or money I knew to be due me,
by all regards to truth; as most of us
have been taught. I never could
have believed so much. Newly water
could have been used in our clear
springs, during so few years, pulsed
the streams of love this Nation professed
to have.

I need to tell you how this letter is readin
and invitations to a party instead of this long letter, and I guess the kind of party I see to give would be out of line now, for most of us. I could change the line a little and call Better Melt and Blis Old and let every one bring their own sifter pads to eat upon. Haha! I hope all is well.

I hope in mind has not quiet reached that stage yet.

But, when I recall the conversations of your parties and those by Remany, Dyers, and Chandler, and others, I remember how the topics were off the better track.

Traced, and the new people of every one from there, and never did I dream I'd receive, and of their brainy children to see me as a swap.

And when I can tell you I prefer not to put on paper at present. That's why I wonder if any of these folks have in mind have given me a fair deal on the foreign glasses.
Most of these people are successful and live, and I am in personal and indebted,
but whom among them knew of my struggles to try and pay my debt and live a free life? I know many of these people know a part and it would be interesting to get them all together, how I could suggest, come at not for the cost of things these days. You might meet a few of these people sometime and ask them "How is Taylor Circle" just to get their reaction, and then maybe sometime I can tell you my side, and see if we get Light. Two cures are usually work best, or short talks.

If you see Dr. B. Powell, Dr. Price, Mr. Gerald D. Major, Mr. Mrs. Joe Clifford, E. M. Carter, Walter Edith, I Remond Johnson, Judge Tongey, Judge Wild, Moore, E. O. Armstrong, Mr. Mrs. Charles Cullen, Mr. Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. Ben Tuttle of Brooklyn, (633-2 W. 128th)
Mrs. Stedman Ellis, Mr. William Bougleau.
Harvey Moon, Harold Jackson Sutton,
Lester Reid, Buck Deaver, Glen A. Pope.
Lucian Delany, Mr. & Mrs. Fox Whitcomb, 40849
Commercial Ave., Mr. & Mrs. Frank W. Miller.
Mr. & Mrs. Fugger, Cheryl Crawford, Blaine McNeely,
and Bobby Parker, Lawrence Langner, Mr. & Mrs.
Knigf. Mr. & Mrs. Burton Tauch, Dr. Fred Lowneigh & Son.
And Mayor, William C. Young, as well.

Remind the Theatre and Concert could get 3 people served while lining to eat.

Can be done with the body. Haha!

All of these people. I speak of just
with because I know it goes well
in these powers to bring pressure to bear
on these who are retaining me here to
show reason why before a open honest
court of justice. over.
There is no reason why the accused people should pay to see them commit
termselves, and that is what I have done and I do know how many others?

Maybe it is possible a number of the people could participate in a movement to
involuntary my condition, and learn just hand, just what is what? If I am not
worthy of such labor, some of their own
least children are. Sincerely and if this
is not stopped, none of them are sure
to fall victims, as I did. Especially if they
have the slightest desire to be rent, in
an economic way.

I know I have been no angle, but
when among the men of this nation can say
its likely to live with all the hardships
straight, or is likely enough to live, as
long as we are claiming a fellow against
the person? If anyone has any chance
to make against me let them make in
court, if they have the money, God I had
May I could not have carried my fight on behalf of Moral Safety, and Cover Sunked Lambing, and 20th Century Fate. Tread to handle distinct alloy off my score me. But instead they were the one that got scored! and this is why this came up, to my mind: Unless the people whom I feel have the right to support, any fight raised and driven with moral effort have some of to grind, and if they have, why don't they come out and say so? I am prepared to meet any topic in which 'content' or 'Misunderstanding,' among sort people, concerning my case may arise.

It's funny how a special interest can one person to success and happiness, and another to a life containing so many of luxury and luxury: I hope they feel you and family well, and to meet some of the people.
Home at 1130 Am.

May 13 26

Dear friend: Oh what a person and I could
think how for not being at the theater to
night for the Hoffm. midnight gambler
Oh but they had a wonderful good show;
And just think I was lucky enough to
have a seat beside of Baby Alice Whitman
who came to the show by herself her Paul
is perfectly beautiful, to meet from the stage,
you can imagine how I engaged in her fair
talking to this quiet creature. You know Nero
met her before but I just fell in to conversation
with her, at first she was a little cold
And shy, funny for such a type of actress, Oh, so
quiet in the circuit.
Will the acts ever amount to a black faced comedian in a raincoat, rather dull fellow. Nothing like sheeted books but good for the part. Act I. played to white two leprechaun. Very tiddy but short. "Baby Alice" seemed forced and much much freer; but remained silent. I began to read my self for spending. Money for such a rotten show. But before I could get well on the way. Act II. was on. "Baby. Roger, a kid of half 10. Ten year old. A dancing and singing fool. Break up the hunger I saw would of been killed with glee; that's when I first learned Baby Alice. Could make a long high squeal. Even pleased it thrilled me though, although I remained.
Ad: III - was a hot, rainy, inauspicious
so along the line. until. Tilak, the
aristocracy came. and he was burning
fire.

Two women got to fighting
for the night band and you a man, the
brother. full better of popcorn than the head,
that involved the act, and delayed the show.
until they removed this casuality. rather
aroused for a show of this kind. we all stood
up to see it. But Baby Alice, who keeps as
silent as a mouse until all crown. Hummed
hummed a high, sweet note like a canary,

My God how I longed to jaw. jaw die.

as a rule to all good things, but let it be

you have missed. Miss M. Lame of been

thanked. Pink. 
there is too much to write about, so I will tell you all about it when I see you. It's getting dark and I must have plenty of pep. By 5 pm today I will close for sleep. Baby is doing well, just when she will be here again. But if I had my way she would always be here for the good times. As always, much pleasure, I hope you see her soon. I love to see what your things are.
Taylor Gordon—Po

Socially Elite Make Whoopee For T. G.'s Rent

By GERALDYN DISMOND

EVER since Mr. Ziegfeld made glorifying the great American pastime you have heard of glorified this and glorified that, but it took Taylor "Born To Be" Gordon to glorify a rent party.

A Soup and Fish Party

It all happened Tuesday night at the Wink's when the Taylor in his soup and fish greeted the guests, also in their soup and fish, who had come to help the "poor boy" meet the rent. To crash the gate you had to have an autographed admission card, a reserved table, and your own you-know-what. But once inside it was swell. Nappy and his croniers put on the dance tunes, and instead of the conventional as-if-you-didn't-know, the bar was set up with a buffet luncheon.

With Black and Tan Background

Celebs a-plenty were out from both sides of the Park, and by three the going was grand. Everything went including the rhumba, Lindy hop, stomp, and drag. The sophisticates broke down and confessed to a good time in spite of race, creed, color, or eccentricities, but all parties must eventually end, and end this one did in a blaze of glory when a w. k. lawyer found himself cornered by a lady of color; when a boxer blonde got a sepia matron told about a Jersey medico; when a fascinating bachelor made the grade with a downtown lady of means in spite of the able interference of a popular man about town; when Harlem's favorite playgirl missed a chair; when two famous incompatibles were caught putting on a jealous play; when the white haired lover of "Our Heaven" turned hunty; and when the host discovered that it had been the season's most successful party for everybody except the rent man.

ST. THOM

DANCES for the most part are pretty much the same, but the St. Thomas Tennis Club managed to strike an unusual note Wednesday night when it entered at the

To begin optional, came no indication of
An Old Racket in a New Way

ONE of Harlem's celebrities gave a party at the Witoka Club last night. His was not a dancing, birthday anniversary, or bridge party in honor of somebody else; it was a "rent" party.

The invitation to the party was cleverly worded. You knew before you went there that the host was offering you plenty of White Rock, ginger ale and snappy music by Nappy—for $1.50! The stronger beverages you had to bring, if you wanted them. Oh, yes, an autographed ticket was included—and to those who value autographs, this feature may have meant something.

How many persons attended the party, I don't know. If I am to cite this party as an example, I do know that "rent" parties are changing in form and in etiquette.

Once they were given in apartments and private homes, the neighbors being disturbed all night long by the music and noise. Red rice (mulatto rice in the South) and pigs' feet were the chief collation menu which brought 50 cents a plate. Drinks? Well, 25 cents would buy as strong a portion of "fire water" as you could drink.

The givers of the old-fashioned "rent" parties and their relatives distributed printed cards which told of the coming party. This celebrity, however, mailed his invitations to a special group, but he would send you as many tickets as your check or money order called for. Anybody's $1.50, you know, looks good to the landlord.

This celebrity has been an auto mechanic, silk designer, chef, deportation attendant, vaudeville performer, concert singer and writer. Does this latest move on his part mean that the depression has hit all of the fields which once afforded him a livelihood to such an extent that he had to give a "rent" party to keep from being evicted, or is he just trying "to take Harlem by storm" and show what he can do and not be censured for doing it?—T. E. B.
Dear Carlo:

I am sorry I did not feel adequate to send you anything before this. I have not visited Long Island for some time, but I shall try to make it a point of going there before too long. If you come to New York, I hope we can meet.

The last time I was there was on July 13th about 2 AM at Bellport, which was a misadventure on my part, and I made the mistake of trying to "solve a psychic's problem." But I was there, I'm afraid.
Of course you know this is the middle of my trip and
will be home well before Christmas. I'm
not trying to sound sentimental, but I'm
looking forward to getting back and
seeing my friends. I've missed you all
very much. I hope you've had a good
time and had fun. I'll write more soon,

- Joe
Mr. Carl Van Vetchen
101 Central Park West,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Carlo:

I am sorry to have to ask you to help me out in this case. But Mr. Guinzberg insist that it is possible to read people's minds. You probably have heard of my fight during the past 6 years to get some money from my work. I have proof that I sent Covici the Manuscript 'Daonda' in 1936, and that he turned it down, and later turned up with the same material in the so called 'Grapes of Wrath'.

I have tried every honorable way I can think of to make these people pay me something, and they still remain stubborn, and are trying to prove to the public that I am a damned liar. I don't think there have been any more brutal tricks played in Europe during the past six years than these people are trying, or have been subjecting me to.

I don't want to cause you too much trouble, nor anyone else, so I have written about 40 pages from the books, showing how Stienbeck jumped the lines around in an effort to hid his theft. If you and two other people whom are not obligated to the Movie, books and theatre will pass judgement on these pages and tell if it is a mind reading act or not?

I would like to get this done as quick as I can; altho I haven't all the pages cleaned up, but I will in a few days. But please tell me now if you will do this. It not only means alot to me but also to the American people. I have worked hard trying to live a deacent life, and if I can't be payed for this work, I might as well call it a day, for who can see anything in the light of the truth, if others can read your mind? I don't think it can be done.

Inclosed is a copy of the letter Guinzberg sent me when he welched on our first proposistion, and acouple acopies of what you can expect to judge... Please send the copy of the letter back, and I'll submit everything to you and any other honest people.

Yours Truly

Taylor Gordon

Ps. Mr. Adams Of the Corn Exchange Bank, 311 Lenor Ave. will serve if you want an honest business man to join you.
(A) Daonda:

That one by the lady's shop. I ate most of my meals there.

"Paul; are you sure it wasn't the only "WAITRESS" you could stand?"

Earl sarcastically remarked and roused a bellow laugh from the rest of the family. It caught Daonda unaware. He had to swallow or choke, before he could chuckle.

May, giggling asked her ingaged sister....

"Don't be laughing at Mah and Me, being addressed as Emperor and Empress!" Daonda has a palace and a Golden Throne fore all farmers. Says, "We're the most important people on earth!" His statement brought the most boisterous laugh of the morning. Daonda laught to. But at the family, not with them. As the jollyification ebbed, more fun was poked at the idea. New enthusiasm was added. was added.

=================================================================

(A)-Daonda:

"That's a fine team!.....Come on; A man' lot isn't much better than their's.

(A) Daonda:

Suddenly the congregation all became raving maniacs, and the church a madhouse. They stomped the floor, beat themselves, shouted at the tops of their voices, spoke of things that had happened in their lives. Some became so violent, that it was necessary for two or three people to hold them from envy. "Yes, the spirit of GOD is here. He's touching your heart! He's laying his hand on you". The preacher shouted.

Another person answered, "Yes Jesus! Yes, I feel you now!" as she dangled on the firm arms of two tall men.

=================================================================

(B) G.O.Wrath:

The ragged man stared while Pa spoke, and then he laughed, and his laughter turned to a high whining giggle.

The circle of faces turned to him. The giggling got out of control and turned into coughting. His eyes were red and watering when he finally controlled the spasms. "You goin' out there—oh, Christ!" The giggling started again. "You goin' out an' get good wages—oh Christ!"

... "Yeah, an' after while I won't have no decency left!"

"Easy," she said. "You got to have patience. Why, Tom-us people will go on livin' when all them people is gone. Why, Tom, we're the people that live. They ain't gonna wipe us out. Why, we're the people—we go on."

"We take a beatin' all the time."

"I know." Ma chuckled.

=================================================================

G.O.Wrath:

Fella had a team of horses.... Them's horses—we're men.

=================================================================

(B)-G.O.Wrath:

For a moment the woman backed away and then suddenly she threw back her head and howled. Her eyes rolled up, her shoulders and arms flopped loosely. Her eye's at her side, and a string of thick ropiy saliva ran from the corner of her mouth. She howled again and again, long deep animal howels. Men and women ran up from the other tents, and they stood near-frightened and quiet. Slowly the woman sank to her knees and the howels sank to a shuddering, bubbling moan. She fell sideways and her arms and legs twisted. The white eye balls showed under the open eyelids. A man said softly, "The spirit. She got the spirit."
(A)-Daonda:

Mr. Anthony had started the motor in his car. There was a sputting and a popping that echoed through the mountains. It sounded like there was a war going on over the other side. Daonda didn't lose anytime in climbing to the seat of the old bus, for fear that it once got going, no telling when it would stop.

As soon as he hit the seat the clutch grabbed and gave the car a jerking start. Anthony shouted, "Good bye!" in a manner that reflected he was sure that he was getting away. And that he held the salutation until he was.

Up the winding rocky road they snorted. It was at least three minutes before either Daonda or Mr. Anthony spoke a word. It was then when they had reached the foot of the steep hill going over the divide. The motor was pulling fine, and Mr. Anthony bragged, "These old cars can't be beat, for this rough country; once you get 'em hot. A New car can't stand this rough going! They don't give enough. I can pull this old boat out like a piece of rubber; then she'll snap back into shape, and snort along up the hills, and hop the biggest boulder in the road. Why a new Car would crack up pieces on this kind of a road.

(B) G.O.Warsh:

Tom and Ma and Pa got into the front seat. Tom let the truck roll and started on compression. And the heavy truck moved, snorting and jerking and popping down the hill. The sun was behind them, and the valley golden and green before them. Ma shook her head slowly from side to side....

They popped down the mountain; twisting and looping, losing the valley sometimes, and then finding it again. And the hot breath of the valley came up to them, with hot green smells on it and with resinous sage and tarwe smell. The crickets cracked along the road. A rattle snake crawled across the road and Tom hit it and broke it and left it, squirming.... And the truck rolled down the mountain into the great valley.

(A)-Daonda:

The front of the Watson farm and Mail Station is of the old English type of cottages... All of this faces a steep mountain on the east, the back of the house is nearly up against another high hill. The little station is sort of like a pea-nut in a big crack, in a walk.

(B) G.O.Warsh:

They spoke of the future: Wonder what it's like out there?

Well, the pitchers sure do look nice. I seen one where it's hot an' fine, an' walnut trees an' berries; an' right behind close as a mule's ass to his withers, they's a tall up mountain covered with snow. That was a pretty thing to see.

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Taylor Gordon
204 West 119th St.
New York City, N.Y.
July 9th, 1942

Mr. Carlo Van Vechten
101 Central Park West,
New York City, N.Y.

My dear Carlo:

Having tried all the possible positions I might get in this man's two, I find myself still without a job, and the summer is well on the way out.

I was down to the auditions of "Carmen" and they liked my voice very much, so much so they asked me to get a copy of the "Flower Song" and learn it. That I have done as well as could be done by me in so short a time, and I hope to sing it for them early next week. But if I can't then, I want to go up to Bridgeport, where a friend of mine says he can get a job in a "Shell Factory", and that is where you
Come in. I know you have told me time and time again you are as tough pressed as Uncle Sam, but I must make this try, and if you can't do it, no hard feelings, I'll understand if any one will.

I'll need 15 dollars to make the trip and get set for the first week, and from then on we're on our own. It would be mighty nice for me to be singing again, but this training with your belly gratting against your back bone is no sweet sensation. If I can make a bank roll up there and in the fall come down here and get a line of songs I'd like to sing. Or else, if the Hammerstiens will pay me to learn the opera, I'd be glad to do so.

As for my case I'm getting slowly ahead on the same account. But I will wind that too before I'm through.

I'm sorry to be bothering you and I hope this will find you and your feeling the best.

Yours sincerely.

Taylor Gordon
Taylor Gordon  
204 West 119th St., C/O Apt', 10  
May 7th 1942  

Mr. Carl Van Vechten:  
101 Central Park West,  
New York City, N.Y.  

My dear Carlo:  
Again, your eyes shall convey to your mind another song, from me, which you can classify as you see fit. I do hope you don't consider it a "Blues" for what I have in mind is really important; not only to us, but to all Americans who try to accomplish anything.  

As you know my case with the "20th Century Fox, Covici, and Stienbeck, which has been slowly grinding. I don't think I have told you I had to change lawyers, from the would-be famous" Vernal Williams" of the old case" Mammie White verses Walker", to the Delany and Léviés offices. Williams turned out to be inefficient in such matter, but the latter offices are equipped to handle the records as they should be.  

Now Williams allowed the 20th Century to get a
his action has set me back, he has not jeopardized my chances of winning this case.

So far the new offices has straightened out the records and they are ready to proceed as soon as I can raise the $28.50 court charges and the filing fees, which have been reduced to $143.50 in all, by the classifications and doubling up the charges.

Now, since I owe you so much, and this is one of my best chances to pay off all my debts, I wonder if you are willing to take this gamble with me.

I would not approach you if I did not feel we shall surely win the case, if we can get into court. The records show they haven't the slightest advantage, even with all the tricks they might try to pull. Most of the material we need to win with, is in print and can not be changed.

In these days when people are crying so much about Democracy and clean Government, I can't see why we should not start in to clean house at the top, and work down, which is the right way. If this is done the American People will be on
the road to something worth fighting for. The experiences
I have had proves, that many people here would rather lose this
war, than see stienbeck, uovici and the ring of thieves
convicted.

If you have any doubts as to the merits of my case,
you can call up Mr. Delany at 1 West 125th St., and inquire.

I would like to get this matter straighten out
so that I might try to be of some assistance in
settling
the war...as you know, and I add in the hope of not
justifi
Please give this your most sincer consideration.

I hope these lines find you and the Mrs., in the finest
of health.

Yours sincerely,

Taylor Godfrey
Taylor Gordon  
204 West 119th St.  
New York City, N.Y.  
C/O Sidney APT, 3.  

May 14th, 1941

Mr. Carl Van Vechten  
101 Central Park West,  
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Carlo:

I have been longing for the day when I could write you a cheering letter, but fate seems to hold such pleasure from me to date. So again I must try to see if I can bear on your good graciousness to help me out a little bit.

It has been over a month since they have put me off the singing project, because of time limits, and was in hopes I could find more valuable work for my talents, but so far my efforts have been in vain. And today I'll have to try the long ordeal of getting back on the W.P.A. again, and I have only $150 in my pocket. My rent is due and I want to see if you will let me add $20.00 to the already $286.00 I am indebted to you. I feel sure I'll be able to pay you soon as my case on the "Grapes Of Wrath" is being transferred to a big office down town for my little Harlem lawyer.

It is almost unbelievable that a man like Covici and Stienbeck could live and eat, after doing what they have done to me. And you can imagine how I feel having to write you this letter in this year, while knowing the movies have robbed me out of over $7,000,000. worth of pictures. But all the...
such people as they are must have their unhappy endings.

If there is any law left in America I will win this case, even inspite of their money.

I have offten wonder at Covici's mind and it's action, when he refuses to help me get paid, knowing well they have stolen my works and I am broke. It is hard to think up the proper punishment for such people; but when we have decided I'm sure they will recieve it.

You know me well enough by now as to know I would not write you for any more loans unless it wasn't on of my finnal efforts, and I hope you forgive, me, but it should be others, as I can't rememember the day I haven't made an honest effort to support myself.

I hope this will find you and Fannia well, and busy in what you like best to do.

Yours Sincerely.

[Signature]

PS. Excuse this bad typing now, but I'll have a good machine one of these days. This one misses worse than I do, and that's some missing; Ha!
Jan. 23, 02
8:20 P.M.

242 West 131st St.

Dear Carlos,

It gives me a lead ache to think that I am going to call upon you for aid again. But there is no one honest thing I know. And no money or work is for me better at present.

Clarence Williams thinks he can get me on in a few weeks. I am also trying to get Ed Wilson to let me have a night on 20 a week up at his club on present. That is held up on the account of a hotel in his furnishings.

I can't finish or concentrate on my writing because of the head cold walking past my door. Please send me $2,000 if you can stand it.

I am sure going to pay off my few debts before I go. If not, I am insured for $10,000. I wonder what percentage of that $10,000 my check paper is worth?

Yours Sincerely,

George Washington
242 W 131st St.
June 4, '31

NYL.

Dear Carlo,

I'm sorry to tell you that I didn't make any money in July and I sold 75-cc from the 2nd party. But everyone had a grand time.

I was so sorry to receive a note that I was so excited. I hope you and I will all live to be as happy as you were when you left the lab. I'll be in touch with you in a few days. So folks may find my show off in more to
a. Roman Bath in Renoil's Department. 1890. It was
9 ft. 5 ft. - But it could be
for long because I have the Sir
neat this morning that
Uncle Sam. will allow me
my patent on these points,
So Columbus knew the world
also round. etc.
200 Receiving
Jan. 1st and Return Jan. 15th
225.00
The first name I saw at anything.
J. M. Smith
New York City, March 25, 31

Dear Carl:

The news from you gave me a fright of my life, relating that it was certain that the doctor

would have to cut off one of your appendices. My God!

Naturally, through of the thought so important. And I

said, how could that be true? Really, Carl, wouldn't there be any chance of it becoming infected?
as soon as you rescued vision. Surely you must have stumbled that two on the heights of the white poles.

You were looking simply scared that night. Someone said so. Please give this clipping to the charming fancies and tell Mrs. I said: a picture of

Do after she had seen the world.

Two Babies

Tayton Gordon.

Then my mind saw me another fright when I felt it called my attention to the cavity in the window itself, its lowest couldn't feel... I must get

2 feet before it strikes my noise.

Why Mother Nature is always leaping so fast with her acids and jumps to destiny: sometime life is a nifty to me... this for ever keeps on the top, stopping upon of her sills often

another! I do want to come down and see you
"From home in Harlem, to Carlo in the ravine further"

Dear Carl,

I have tried to get in touch with you by phone, for a few parties you probly would have enjoyed. But fate has had you vacating elsewhere. Also a couple of times I was near your flat loud and I was going to stop in, but your phone didn't answer. I wanted to know how you feel.

Two 'Reports' from Corée & friends on Born to Be, which have been a great disappointment to me. And after reading yours, I thought of the right you kindly claimed to me over the phone: "Don't say that about a book! I'm goddamn!"
2.

when I called you to tell you 'Born to Be,' had been accepted. And I will soon be able to meet all my obligations. These reports would not be so disconcerting if I had not received the letter enclosed from the Proctor faction, because they say they must cut off 
not that I got so much from them, but it did let me half live. And if I hadn't of had five months of trench sickness I would know be set for what ever battle confronted me, I was not well to learn the Concert program I had intended to prepare for this year, But I did manage to invent a 'Toy,' which my patent attorney says is the best thing of its kind he has had in his office. He has enough of it to start the
process of getting me a design patent, which I had only paid $100 on so far of the $50 bill. This patent will give me some protection. But a Mechanical patent is the thing that is need to give full protection. The price of a Mechanical patent is $1,000. Government fee, all.

The invention is a toy for the children and a gambling football for the adult folk. A toy in one container, a ball in another container. I was down to Allegheny Toy Manufacturers before I made it. Having had the ideas in mind, the manager there told me that if I had a patent on it they would sell it. But that they didn't want to see anything until it was patented. I was going to see Lawrence, K. about foreign patents sometime this week. But that is not received now, although Germany and
England are the two countries, one should be protected from.

I was quite surprised, like you told me at breakfast the other evening.

That I had spent ~$300 on corned, or madder would I get it from one of the first account in Berlin. I had to pay 6000 for the cutting and 5640 for electric attention.

As you can see for yourself, this route has made me very careful because anyone there would make many. The rent cost I got a few times, 102 to 250. In the beginning the rent was 110 to 120, not 50 and 60. At a time until the concert in St. Peter's, 91.60 some time ago, which was only needed at the time. The lady you saw me with at the Clarenhouse that other night, is a married woman, who is digging very wooden
one a novel. Called. A Dorsey's Dream. The other. Catchin' Some Air. A book of short stories from months of the people in the streets, clubs, and homes of Honleum. The latter, I'm coritig. Bein' part-time. to see if he will illustrate it. They are all changed, under hundred pages. I know for you dislike manuscript, that's why I haven't talked 'book' to you. I also know I'm still ind to you at the effort of 10000 which I'm sorry to see a long. But, I still have faith in having great success. If I can once get on rock foundation. Is it possible that you can advance me enough to pay for a mechanical patent. and my rent for a cap of month, which will be due the 13th?
I am sure enough money will be derived from one of the other articles to
remunerate you for the material value.
The spiritual value, I'm sure you will
be paid for in countires fold.
$150.00 for Mechanics' Patent
$100.00 for Two months' rent owing Dec. 1st
And $100.00 to cover subsistance of Power
During Christmas, $3500.00 in all.

I would sign my attorney
Pops under your direction to assure you
that I'm located in the proposition you
sent. Please keep all these papers for all
and don't show the picture of the design patent
and don't show the picture of the design patent
to any one who might cause me trouble.

Jasn. Little Round Wells

Taylor Gordon
137 W 11th St
c. 1858
New York City

"To Carlo, King of the homemakers"

I was talking to

my publisher and he
told me, 'you had
sent in a

great preface, I

Can't find words

in which I can

thank you
effusively for your

kindness.

I wanted to come
down
You are in the best of health.

I'll write soon to see you soon.

Taylor Jordan.

I can see you. But when I thought about your late returning from Europe, something told me the charming Faunus shouldn't have time to arrange things to fill her marvelous last since she returned and is holding my friend a bit.

Hoping this could find...
These hot days, the block feels
are glorifying 7th Ave.

Why oh why! can't I indulge in
free love without money what
even was put on me!

Tell Roosevelt, "Hope she can
only see it to draw a little water with.

Just ask Wheeler, "Aailing got
must settle its cover" for my friend.

Keeping you as enjoying the best of health.

I love your Sunday and would, maybe.

Tay functions.

New York City
June 30, 29

To that one and only Carl van Vliet,

"Well Vimmig and vigor. I suppose
everything that was going to go,
You have came in contact
with is a tame cat now.

Harlem has only had two
unnatural killings since you left.
One because a lady couldn't
and the other because a man
couldn't. I feel sorry for the
Lady."
New York City
July 18, 1928

To: Mr. E. L. Seger
14 W. 11 St.
City

Dear Friends,

I'm dropping you a few lines, lest you might forget me. You are real fortunate to be up in the country these last days. I haven't gotten set yet.

Prison fall off from me yet, but I shall turn now that I have finished the first two rewrites in writing my book. Say, I live with Edna Thomas, who has just signed up for 'Posy,' for a long time.

If there is a chance to put me in any of your stories please let me know. The most business is oh, 'But.' I haven't seen much 'gilt' from Dr. And I'm sure

at some time that comes along. I hope this will find you and yours well, and you will have grand summer nights.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
New York City.

4-18-28

To the King of the Horsemen, Carlo:

Man, this is a funny world. When you prepare yourself to do something right, before you are ready, you get all kinds of opportunities, after you get your degree, they all disappear, like Nice in a dark room, when you make a light.

"There is times when certain stars are controlling power, people make great changes," they say. I don't know just what stars govern me but, something's mighty wrong with my actions. No matter how hard I try to be right, my jumps that thing.

I'm told today, we kreed. keep engagements until May. sometimes can you please speak. 35 more months making
Me owe you a hundred? I'll pay the Bonds you might want, and if you can suggest the thing I could do to get my financial condition as it should be. Please tell me.

I can't quiet understand why you and Munkel don't want me to Study. I must talk seriously with you about that.

If you can see something in my stuff, I could get the good out of it. I must know it.

With apology, I close.

Yours Sincerely,

Taylor
London
July 19, 29

To Mr Mrs.

Well, I don't know what to say. I think I'd better say: We've been there, but I haven't been back. The Chicago restaurant taught me. It has been a long time since the passing of the last summer. I wish some fortune teller could get well again.

But being the place is ready for him. All things, he must grant filled, one grand thing and it is if I were there, we can in our love them forever-in memory. Rosamond, forever in her grief, I wish well seeing the Owens home first. They said on July 31st. I don't know what to say. I wish we could see them. We can in our love them forever-in memory.

I can't yet live, yet, we are playing in a circle of water in the sunlight, and I'll be home.
which is my lucky for me. I haven't seen for so long, but just the other night our writing at a party where we met, we talked

Then we went to Bed, and this morning I heard them when I opened the window. I walked home from the club through Piccadilly. And the women like to talk with my wife. They are so kind, I had to take a cab & ran my, self."

God things are always coming at the wrong time, for now I'll tell you later.

And then my best and all other who near my mind & tell the charming letters. Such nice things about and his friend. Miss Jones is under the weather,

They all are somewhere. In Spain, I'll tell you how they real near later write me a long letter. I love and

To the Editor, Miss Jones, must any way. Jo.
Why do Frenchmen
like to stop at bars.

James G. 
regards to the gang.

Taylor.

P.S. 10:47 AM June 1, 27

Dear Carl I return your handbill what the
tallin thing is for this morning I botched
such accidently in a room, and I saw
a lady sitting on one of these things with
a rubber, hanging on the wall, leading
to the big bottle, I asked her
what was going on? she said she was sick
and was taking an elixir. I said
I wasn't afraid it counted, plug up
the drink, oh no she said.
the war coming, come, the
the internal back. I had it
got better, reach it started
the thing, work in and it to
be cleared. And if I didn't believe
let it go, I did. And the
food was full of thyme, red corn,
reach. I though of tulip's
America. They came, come here
to rich in Canada, for years.
end would beg, money for
and the zip of what the corn
throwing away!

tonight failed
sleep tonight.
Paris, France.
May 30 27.

To the one only Carl.

The boy I must tell you this place is the place of the world! So

much beautiful scenery to see,

and the city and people, I was

sure. Things of interest were going
to happen one of the last nights in
the boat after the night gun was

fired, and I was sure it was

true. I was sure it was

true.

When I got into the city I was
dead tired and sick.

I was

sent to the hospital and

told to stay in bed.

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told to stay in bed.

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And to my surprise... there were only a gang of tories hustling to passengers' well... that set
my heart, that is, I said to my self, I am not going to
know too much here from my imagination.
I must look and listen so often struggling west from France
landed at a nice little Hotel, bags and clothes hung up. I felt that I
must get clean my self of some of
the ships food as it had ruined me
well. I started to sit down
on a funny looking kind of a
chair... and bring a wooden
never did care for cold. Insomniac.
so I looked for the word to
but now to be found.
I said to my self, my France
some like their beautiful tree
for they can't cut enough
to cover their hands. Color
wuffs—then I noticed two little
spots on the side I said, know
fuzzy kind of a. Fluffy, and
by chance I saw a chain
in the fall of the 

then only did it struck me
at come met for what I
wanted to see it in,
being rushed I looked
she were when I saw. —etc.

in white letters. I went there
that was what I wanted
while spending my time their
My mind ran fast, I was trying to think just what that thing was for. After coming and I investigated, it was such a weird place. I could see why a foot tube should be for up in the corner... I saw no cloth rack, and too, unlike a funny hotel that wouldn't expect people to workout small bits of the underwear. So the maid came into the room to tell me about the keys. I would of asked, but it wasn't for, at least, she looked so innocent. If I watched all my homeland tied in know... especially form around the home of tall tube, why was so delicious and ask her.
so I thought of the chief who was in a room just below me. I went down there to find he was a long time letting me in and when I did get in he seemed to be confused and at some difficulty. Tuck, trying to talk some dreadful smelling stuff out of one of those same kind of little tubs, he seemed as tired as I did not like him, start, the question, and by the expression on his face I knew he had not used the thing for just the right thing.
So I returned to my room after seeing Josephine Baker's show and to many pretty nude women, I feel kind of funny. It's hard to go to sleep. I'm not used to the sight of these beautiful women. I wonder just what that little tub is for. 

There will be out before I leave Paris. "Oh, maybe it's to wash your teeth with. They have some soap that looks like that on the Pullmans. But
Concert programs:

TG and J. Rosamond Johnson, Garrick Theatre, NY, Nov. 15, 1925

TG at send-off of delegates to World Congress Against War, Aug. 15, 1932 (New School for Social Research, NY; speakers inc. Harry Elmer Barnes, Roger N. Baldwin, Arthur G. Hays, Joseph Freeman, and Reed Harris)

TG at National Musical Benefit Society, 21 Gramercy Park, NY, Jan 21, 1934

TG with others at National Society of Music concert at Hotel Plaza, 5th Ave. and 59th St., NY, April 12, 1934

TG at Townsend auditorium, Aug. 31, 1935

TG at Emerson auditorium (apparently Bozeman; sponsored by Bozeman Woman's Club), Sept. 27, 1935?

TG at WSS IOOF Hall, Sept. 28, 1935

TG at Eagles Hall, Helena; undated, on same photocopy with above Townsend and Bozeman programs.

TG and Justin Sanbridge for League for Mutual Aid, Teutonia Hall, 158 Third Ave., NY, near 15th and 16th sts; Nov. 22, year not given

Theatre program from Sam S. Shubert Theatre for Gay Divorce, "beginning Monday evening, March 6, 1933". TG is Robert, 1st in cast listed by appearance. Others: Fred Astaire, Claire Luce, Luella Gear, Eric Blore; music and lyrics by Cole Porter

Clippings from Great Falls Daily Leader: May 19, 1936, Negro Music Is Scheduled Here Tonight; May 20, 1936, Negro Tenor Thrills Audience With Excellent Program Here; "Spirituals" Beauty Moves Many. (May 19 piece says TG appeared "in a number of Broadway productions, including 'Emperor Jones' and 'The Gay Divorce'...". May 20 piece begins "Hundreds of Falls residents missed a musical event of the first order last night when Taylor Gordon, negro tenor, sang to only a fair-sized audience at the Methodist auditorium..." Concludes: "Mr. Gordon, a native of White Sulphur Springs who has attained considerable note in concert appearances and has also done motion picture work and written a couple of books, proved that he merits greater fame for his voice, his deep musical feeling and still more his ability to transcribe in tone the swiftly-changing moods of his race. Many expressed eagerness for his return next year, when it is to be hoped that he may have an audience filling a larger hall.")

Miscellany: printed invitation to his rent party at The Witoka Club, 222 West 115th St. NY, June 2, 1931, admission $1.50 per.; printed card for TG and Jonathan Johnson, quoting review in Boston Globe, March 29, 1926, and saying 1926-27 season now booking, under management of Richard Copley, 10 East 13th St., NY; undated business card for Gordon Games, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York City; Tel. Chelsea 3-3600; Esther W. Leeming (apparently manager of business?)

###
Sheep Creek,  
Montana.  

April, 25th 1936.  

To That Carlo;  

Hello, there, ol' topper;  

Well at last I'm comin' out. And I'm bring it with me. Believious.  

I hope I'll have a line from you telling me of the ne'vews, of that bury. What are people doing these days? I really mean, doing:  

And you have you finished your gig picture prot-foilio? I'm dieing to see it.  

I know you all must have had a gay' winter, even with the flood waters? Please excuse my bad typing, at this point, you know how you get at the end of a long road.  

Hows that Fran'la? I guess her eyes are sparkling as ever? And all the rest of the friends? Give them my best, and tell them I hope to be laughin' with them again.  

The snow is just breaking up, altho it snowed here both yesterday and today, how ever I can make the pass, on Tuesday.  

I wished you could take the picture of my whiskers! If they were straight? They'd be a FOOT LONG'. I can pull then out, and let them snap back, and, knock my self out at will. It's a new idea.  

Well Carlo, I'll not try to write and tell you about this country, I'll wait until I can see you. I hope to be doing that about the middle of the summer, if not then surely, this winter, in New York City.  

I'm ringing off now, until. Yours Sincerly.  

Taylor Dordon.  

White Sulphur Springs, Montana.
New York City, 
Oct, 6th 1933

To the DOCTOR Carlo, of 150 west 55th St

I'm sure that you will think that I have a very unusual life, of ups and down, which you think that fat has piled them all on your shoulders... Even as hard as I have been trying to keep the far from you.

My dear Carl, I can swear with all the holiness that there, in in me, If any, That I am sorry to my heart that I must write you these lines, as good as you have been to in the past... But I can't turn to anyone else, that I know could help me... Last week I was locked out of the Dewy Square Hotel, at Three A.M. because I didn't have, the $ for the rent, They had striped the bed of the Sheets, They called it a Greek Trick? Which works perfectly. The next night Edna said they I could sleep there while they were in the country, and during the day while I was down town trying to get some money, The young lady that was to be went over to her cousin's house... Thre she stayed all night.. So I had to sit up that night too... Now these thing don't hurt me mentally too much because, MR. Sheldon said that MR. Kelsey was sending my invention of the Rauolett Ashtray to the Manufactures, today, and in a few weeks I could get some money from them.. In the mean time I'm learning some popular numbers, that I can earn a few dollars at the Layfett and some of the colored houses..... Now If I did know my surroundings, I'd not ask you for some money that I pay Edna, for some rent, Her ROOMS are too EXPENSIVE for me in general, BUT SHE said that she'd led me stay for a short time for $5.00 a week, I'm giving a rent Party November 1/7th at Ed.1lsons, He's doing the backings. We'll go, fifty if there's any money made.
If you can please send me $200.00 which will make me in
debt to you, $180.00 I'll be every so much obliged... You can
call up Mr. Sheldon and ask him about my invention, I'm sure I'll
be rich very soon. The Paramount wouldn't settle with me out of
court but I'll beat them in the long run, you'll see.... I'm
sorry that I didn't earn enough money in the Gay Divorce to
have paid you up in full, but I did pay all the poor people of
that I owed. I only owe you and a few other rich people, and
may the Gods spare me that twice, get you all paid
up... Then I'll be myself again...

I'll get that picture to put in your storage room as soon
as they come intown with the car... You can get anything down
ther that you want anybody, IF YOU HAVE THE LETTER FROM THE LAWYERS.

Please forgive me but I must try and get her some money.
I'll be seeing in these theatres I mentioned in a week or so
they don't pay much, but they'll keep me out of debt. This is
the first blow I have had since the show closed, and I don't want
g to get deep in like I was before...

With the best of wishes I remain your sincerely

Taylor Gordon

1890, 7th Ave.
New York City
% L.C. Thomas.
New York City.
Oct. 11th 1933.

To that Charming little humming BIRD. Carlo.

I can't tell you how pleased I was with the generous surprise you sent me. And You Will never know just how much it was needed...

And do you know the very next day. Mr Sheldon told me that he thinks a firm had taken my other TOY The SKIP ROPE. I'll know for sure this week... So now that I can live until the 17th of next month, when I'll sure earn some more money. if I don't land a job in some of these theatres?

And I'm sure that I'll have returns on some of my business, by then.....

I havd told Lloyd, and besides. I'll see that you take his pictureif I have to bring him down there in chains....

They all send their regards to you.

I sign the Papers for the case against Paramount tommorrow.. We're sueing for $50.000 ..

I'll beseeing you soon By.

Yours Sincerely.

[Signature]
New York City; 

July 14th 1932;

To; Mr. John Ringling; 
Half Moon Hotel, 
Coney Island; 
New York. 

Samuel W. Gumpertz.

Dear Mr. Ringling;

Although it has been a long time since you have heard from me, don't think I have forgotten you. I can't tell you how glad I am to read that you haven't lost your legs. Because of all the people I know who would be greatly persecuted, by such an affliction, I think you would suffer the most as I know how you love to walk...

I was very much disappointed to learn, from Mr. Carl Van Vechten, that the last time I saw you at the dock that you did not sail to Europe with him. It was Mr. Van Vechten, that told me that he thought that I was not gracious enough to you in my book 'Born to Be' ...... Nothing ever struck me so forcefully, as I surely had no idea that I was being so.... Of course, no one knows better than you do the life of people in America... Especially the economic struggle each individual class have.... With the same facilities to fight for their existence. And how me and my people are expected to have the supernatural power, of living, white working white and acting black at all times.... To a marked degree we accomplish this feat. Then there's times when we slip out of the world above, or below as different people place us... It must have been when I was in either of the positions that, I wrote the lines that, he thought I ment...
to be ungrateful... Altho I have found many actions on
the road I have traveled in this world that have been disconsoling
.... I have never stopped to think of why the motive?

I told My Friend; Mr. Van Vechten that I would
some day write a public article, in which I will nullify all
false allusions, that people may have after reading my book
That you are not a man with altruism ground deep in your soul.

May these few lines find you gaining your health
fast. With sincere hopes for you and your's I close.

Respectfully yours;

Taylor Gordon;
242 West 13th St.
New York City;
New York.

P.S. Dear Carlo; I made an extra copy of this letter so you
can see that I will keep my word when I have the chance...

I have seen the pictures that you have done of Edna
they're just fine. I hope that I have a chance to have my mug
in your Road's Gallery some time.... Folks have seen you about
but I haven't for months.. I'll soon be about something tells
me. Just a hunch that all.

If you are going to Europe, do let me see you before
you leave. And I'll do the same with you. Ha, ha, .. The papers
have said everything in the world, about me, except what, kind
of Huchy Papah I like.... Why don't you call them and say. Ducks?

Sincerely Taylor.
White Sulphur Springs,
Montana.

June, 11th 1936.

To That one an; only Caro;

Well how are you these days? I hope that these pictures will give you a good laugh.

The ones with the team, are the ones that were taken just as I came out of the mountains, the first time in the spring. After I had finished my book. The others were taken in the town here.

I'm sorry that I was not there in New York City, so that you could have seen some of me, and my WHISTERS:

Well I'm sending my book to New York this week, and I hope I have some luck, with it. It's about the peoples of the world, and you'll be the first one to know it's name "DAONDA", but as you know, it's not nice to tell people about the title, until the book comes out.

I'm going to try Doubleday Doran, this first time, if they don't take it, I'll try and get a good agent, and if you happen to know of one please send me the name and address.

I have done a frontispiece piece, that will have to be done over by a good artist, but it, a fine piece of work, I think, and will command a lot of attention.

Hows the Thomas',? I haven't never heard from them since I have been out west, altho I have written them many times. Have they all broken up? There must be something wrong that they don't write me. Please tell me in one of your letters.

And that Draper woman, she has not answered my letters. Give them a kick in the ribs for me. Perhaps, they feel that they don't come back. But that is not the case with me. I'm coming back!

Give the Fannia, my best and all the gang, that might like to know I'm still living.

I hope I do get, a chance to go out in Duane's district, I'll sure stop off to see her.

I had a little concert in Great Falls, but I was late for the spring season, I couldn't get out of the mountains in time. I hope to earn enough this fall to come east for the coming winter. Then I'll tell you of all the happenings out in this glorious country.
I haven't typed for weeks, but I'm sure you can read this better than you can my hand writing. Your's sincerely,

Taylor Gordon

0 PS. Please send me the name and address of a good agent, incase I can't sell my book from out here, on the first couple of tries.

Also please tell me what the HECKS the matter with the thomas's! I haven't heard from them since I have been out here. Tell me all the good dirt.
New York City.

Jan. 7. 27.

Dear Carl,

Just a few lines, telling how we missed you, New Years Eve.

The party at Knopf's was fine, but I, was blue as I, could be, probably sounds funny to you, and on a new years too. However I'll tell you why.

About the 27 or 28 of Dec. I, was to a party falling in to it about midnight, and it was well under way. I, mean under the influence of Old John B.

As I, entered, A, black venus, all locked up in A, collegiate's arms, doing the bump to a low down stomp, stunned me.

Straight to the rear, where I, left my blanket and skypiece, returning to the front room, just as the music was fading out, in good position for a knock down to the ebony willow.
The party went on at high speed, for some time too much to write all; about 230 a few couples left I; with some more tom cats, hung around until 359, trying to win this living death, for He that wins her shall not live long. At that hour, this creature put its out with this remark.

"Get out, Yoq long horns, I'm the visiting Queen of the Leisbens, and I'am, o' hostage m'h, den. So, I, came home and thought of you first, then I, thought, I, haven't thanked, Miss Fannie Hurst, for her book, she gave me. So I, told her the tail something like this, and to my surprise, when I, meet her, at Knopf's, she cut me severely.

I, guess she thought I, was trying to vamp her, AA? Or is that kind of language, obnoxious to lady writers? So when you return, you must tell me the; da, DIVERSES. Cause I, don't want to lose any one's friendship. Surely you are having a fine time out there in the
Opening, that's where I came from, and I guess I had better return.

Will be glad when you get back in old N.Y.C. again.

Yours Sincerely.

[Signature]

The part too much
I, with a
Trying to
Shall not
ous out
"Get out,
the Leis
So, I, c
thought,
book, she
So I, tell
my surpri
me severe
I, guess sh
Or is that
So when yo
Cause I, do
Surely you
New York City
Feb. 16, 26

To Mr. & Mrs. Van Winkle:

Dear Friends, it seems that I was just a very everso small, small in
that place. Laid on top of the Rocky
Mountains, located out by the lonely
sun, educated by the grizzly bear,
probably some of their early human ac-
count for my rough situation.

But it's a good thing that
show was so inspiring, that can't be be-
good time 1777. truly, I could of
lead the open fields, calling me to the
rest of my days. But when this is life
things can change. I hope to live
long time. But one man set by myself
like to night. And I can see my days
what? I must shackle to little in etiquette
to see how far off. I was. The moment mid-morning
true 1 month all to get. indicated. It was the limit.
Two hot apple stovew boil opened up. "Hot chocolate at the
Kubler, a Comix, revues, and. Pumper
Hot chocolate, will probably be the
jingle. The concert.
Corvarrion has finished most
of the picture for my book they
are, right like that, and the
one of you and famous among
of the world, Corv. Fredk are
sending you the galley in about
ten days, and they are hoping
you will want to be too busy to read
Jan 28th
9:35 pm

Dear Carlo,

I want to thank you a thousand times for this check. I am sure you will forget me for being so unimportant. As my mother would know better than the obligation of a debt. Once I can face myself from them, I'll be the best person around...

I feel that my debt are empty in coming me. Yet I can't see why I should have an plan... Perhaps it's because I can see myself doing anything one thinks me... Just to get a few dollars... And if I neglect that I might satisfy a squeaky mind... albeit I neglect...
My friends are being pressed by many scrabbler.

My nation of life are not only made for this ready

without me and proposing to themselves

Civilization. But don't think I'm not proposing to

to the real. After all, if I must die, to keep up

out of the water ...

I really understand that my friend's condition.

I have always felt that my own

As no one could but my own ... I have always felt that my own

thoughts clearly. As many a time that had the chance to

of retribution in the heart shall, perhaps. Blind

my lodging ... as I lived among people of today.

I want you to have a little more patience with me

I assure you I'll return every mutual and implicit

plead. I assure you you have offended upon me.
6 July 1973

Mr. Ivan Doig
15004 Linton Ave. N.
Seattle, Washington 98133

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you very much for returning the xerox copies of the Gordon letters. You needn't have included the copies made for you of the printed material and if you'd like to have those back, just let me know and I'll see that they are returned.

We'll be glad to have a copy of the article when it appears.

All best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Donald Gallup
Curator
Collection of American Literature
Dear Mr. Gallup

I've just returned from several months in Britain and found your letter of May 3. I hope no serious inconvenience has been caused by this necessarily delayed response. The photocopies you provided me are herewith returned. I appreciate the help you have given me.

I'm sorry to say my article on Taylor Gordon is not yet in print, which is why I haven't returned the photocopies to you long since. Mr. Gordon's death a couple of years ago and the subsequent disposition of his effects apparently has caused the editor to delay publication. I will provide you a copy when it does appear.

Cordially

Ivan Doig
3 May 1973

Ivan Doig, Esq.
15004 Linden Avenue N.
Seattle, Wash. 98133

Dear Mr. Doig:

When you wrote us last on 21 May 1971, you thought your article on Taylor Gordon would appear "later this year or early next." If it has appeared, please send us a copy for the Johnson Memorial Collection.

Even if it hasn't appeared, may I ask you please to return the copies of the Gordon letters to Mr. Van Vechten that I allowed you to have on the understanding that they would eventually be returned to us? Another scholar wants to see the letters and I am unwilling to subject the originals to the wear-and-tear of being photographed twice.

Yours sincerely,

Donald Gallup
Curator
Yale University Library
New Haven Connecticut 06520

Rutherford David Rogers
University Librarian

28 May 1971

Mr. Ivan Doig
15004 Linden Ave. N.
Seattle, Wash. 98133

Dear Mr. Doig:

In accordance with your request of 21 May 1971, the Yale University Library hereby authorizes you to publish the manuscript material in its collections identified and described as:

Excerpts from letters written by Taylor Gordon to Carl Van Vechten as quoted in your letter to Mrs. Whelpley of 21 May 1971.

(It is understood that you had permission from Mr. Gordon before he died for the use of these quotations. Mr. Gallup gives permission so far as access to the Van Vechten papers is concerned.)

In authorizing the publication of this material Yale University does not surrender its own right to publish it, or to grant permission to others to do so. Nor does this authorization by Yale University remove the author's and publisher's responsibility to guard against the infringement of rights that may be held by others.

Sincerely yours,

RUTHERFORD D. ROGERS
University Librarian

by Donald Gallup
Curator
Collection of American Literature
Dear Mrs. Whelpley

In October, 1969, you arranged permission for me to quote from Taylor Gordon's letters in the Carl Van Vechten Papers. Mr. Gordon died recently, and the Montana Magazine of Western History, which has pending my article about Mr. Gordon, has asked for a bit of revision before publishing the piece. I'd like permission to use two more quotes, as used in the following contexts:

"By late 1935, however, he returned home to Montana, broke. After the first winter back in the mountains near White Sulphur Springs, he wrote to Van Vechten: "I wish you could take a picture of my whiskers! If they were straight, they'd be a FOOT LONG! I can pull them out, and let them snap back, and knock myself out at will. It's a new idea." (Taylor Gordon to Carl Van Vechten, April 26, 1936)

"In the late 1930's, Gordon did manage to return to New York City. Nothing came of his abortive lawsuits there nor of his attempts to regain his concert career. He survived somehow, always in debt, always in hopes of big money coming soon. In 1947, his life took the most wrenching tilt yet. "I was locked up July 3rd about 2 AM at Bellview by a misunderstanding on my landlord's part," Gordon wrote to Van Vechten, 'and I made the mistake of trying to tell a "psycho doctor" what I was there." (Taylor Gordon to Carl Van Vechten, Jan. 27, 1948)

I appreciate your help once again. The article is wending its way toward print in the usual fashion of quarterly articles, and I shall send you a copy when it appears later this year or early next.

Cordially

Ivan Doig
In accordance with your request of August 18, 1969, the Yale University Library hereby authorizes you to publish all or any part of the manuscript material in its collections identified as:

Za Van Vechten
Gordon, Taylor
Letters to Carl Van Vechten
Correspondence

Permission is granted to quote from letters dated as follows: Feb. 6, 1926; May 13, 1926; July 19, 1927; May 30, 1927 and June 30, 1929.

Program of a Rosamond Johnson-Taylor Gordon concert held on Nov. 15, 1925.

In authorizing the publication of this material Yale University does not surrender its own right to publish it, or to grant permission to others to do so. Nor does this authorization by Yale University remove the author's and publisher's responsibility to guard against the infringement of rights that may be held by others.

Sincerely yours,

RUTHERFORD D. ROGERS
University Librarian

by D. C. Gallup

[Signature]
The voice still has life, but Taylor Gordon's reputation is forty years and two thousand miles from White Sulphur Springs, Montana. In the 1920s, he was one of the leading Negro tenors in New York City, ranking not so far from Paul Robeson and Roland Hayes.

"You ever been before a big audience?" Taylor Gordon asks now. "No? Well, I tell you, you gotta know what you're doin' and you gotta whip them, too, you know. When you come out, the first thing they challenge you right away, mentally, say: 'Well, what can you do?' And if you don't dominate 'em, they'll sure dominate you." 2

In the Carl Van Vechten papers held by Yale University, there is an old concert program which cites the evening when dominating 'em on a big scale became vital to Gordon.

The Garryick Theatre in New York City, Sunday Evening, November 15, 1925, 8:40 P.M.


On the border of the program is pencilled: "Dear Carl --
This was our starting point -- due to your efforts in persuading Mr. Langner to give us the start -- Yours, Rosamond."

This start pitched Taylor Gordon into the 1920s of legmi.

Concert dates reviewed in the New York Times. The swirl of parties and nightclubbing. Appearances on network radio. Harlem in glory time. A book, written wild and free in the hours beyond midnight. The spree of success at last was smothered,
Dear Mr. Doig:

This is most embarrassing and I humbly ask you to forgive this late response to your letter requesting permission to quote the various items you underlined in your papers. I was under the impression that Mr. Gallup had answered your letter and only just discovered his note to me asking to write to you. I do hope this has not caused you great inconvenience.

Mr. Gallup grants you permission to use the quotes with one correction. The concert program which you cite as being in the Carl Van Vechten Papers is in the James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters, Yale University Library founded by Carl Van Vechten. He suggests that I ask you to send us a copy of your article when it is published.

With sincerest apologies,

Anne Whelpley (Mrs. H.)
Library Assistant  BRBL

Mr. Ivan Doig
4712 33d. Avenue NE
Seattle, Washington  98105
Anne Whelpley  
Library Assistant  
The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library  
Yale University Library  
New Haven, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Whelpley,

A few months ago, you arranged for me to use photostatic copies of Taylor Gordon's letters to Carl Van Vechten, held in the Yale Collection of American Literature. The article I have been writing for MONTANA magazine of history is now in the editor's hands, and I'm enclosing the excerpts I would like to quote from the Gordon-Van Vechten letters.

I've underlined in red the quoted portions. The quote on page three is from J. Rosamond Johnson and is written on a program of a Rosamond Johnson-Taylor Gordon concert held on Nov. 15, 1925. The other quotes are from letters dated Feb. 6, 1926; May 13, 1926; July 19, 1927; May 30, 1927; and June 30, 1929.

The material I've underlined on page 19 is not a quote, but is derived from the same concert program of Nov. 15, 1925.

I hope this is sufficient information for your library to grant me permission to use these quotes. Thanks so much for your help. I'll return the photostatic copies after I am assured the editor of MONTANA will not want substantial changes in the article.

Cordially

Ivan Doig
Dear Mrs. Whelpley,

Your June 26 response to my inquiry about material on Negro singer Taylor Gordon is immensely helpful. Thanks so much for taking the pains you evidently did.

I've studied the list of rules on using manuscript material and understand the stipulations. I'm enclosing the application to use copies of the Gordon-Van Vechten letters, and I hope my explanation for needing to see them is sufficient.

The Taylor Gordon material you located in the James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters sounds like a bonanza for my article. Gordon was the singing partner of G. Rosamond Johnson, brother of James Weldon Johnson, for years. I very much would like to have copies of the printed material you mention; please let me know how to arrange whatever payment is involved.

I'm passing along to the editor of Montana magazine the information about the Van Vechten photos of Taylor Gordon; if she wants copies to illustrate the article, we will seek permission from Mrs. Van Vechten.

Thank you again, Mrs. Whelpley; the Beinecke staff is as wonderfully helpful by mail as they are in person.

Cordially

Ivan Doig
Mr. Ivan Doig  
4712 33rd Avenue NE  
Seattle, Washington 98105

Dear Mr. Doig:

Mr. Gallup is on a leave of absence until the first of July. Your letter has been given to me for a reply.

Mr. Gordon Taylor’s letters to Carl Van Vechten are here in the Yale Collection of American Literature. The period covered seems to be 1928-1955. I am enclosing a list of rules governing the use of manuscript material here in Beinecke Library and an application which you are to fill out and return to Mr. Gallup. If Mr. Gallup permits you to have copies of the letters, the copies must be returned to the Library when your work with them has been completed.

We have some photographs of Taylor Gordon all taken on the same day by Carl Van Vechten. Permission to have copies of these should be secured from Mrs. Van Vechten, 25 Central Park West, New York, New York.

In our James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters, I located a folder of clippings, pams, programs and fliers on Mr. Taylor. Copies of the printed material may be made for you.

If I can be of further assistance to you, please feel free to write.

Sincerely,

Anne Whelpley (Mrs. H.)  
Library Assistant

AW/no

Enclosures
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June 15, 1969
Donald C. Gallup  
Curator, American Literature Collection  
Yale University Library  
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Mr. Gallup

I'm working on a long article about Taylor Gordon, a black tenor who made a considerable reputation in the 1920s as a singer of spirituals. Mr. Gordon became a close friend of Carl Van Vechten, and he tells me that Van Vechten's encouragement made him write his biography, Born to Be.

Mr. Gordon recalls that Van Vechten was enthusiastic about a series of letters Gordon wrote him while on a singing tour in Europe, and these letters provided the idea for the book. Does your Van Vechten Collection contain any letters between Van Vechten and Taylor Gordon? If so, I'd greatly appreciate knowing about them and about arrangements for securing copies.

Also, I'd appreciate knowing whether the Yale collection of Van Vechten photographs includes anything concerning Taylor Gordon. Perhaps this is not your area, but I imagine you can refer me to the proper person.

Thank you for your time and attention.

Cordially

Ivan Doig
June 6, 1969

1712 33d Ave NE
Seattle, Wash. 98105

Dear Mr. Hill

I'm working on a long article about Taylor Gordon, a black tenor who made a considerable reputation in New York in the 1920s as a singer of spirituals. Mr. Gordon was a close friend of Carl Van Vechten, and he tells me that Van Vechten's encouragement made him write his biography, *Born to Be*.

Mr. Gordon recalls that Van Vechten was enthusiastic about a series of letters Gordon wrote him while on a singing tour in Europe, and these letters provided the idea for the book. Does your library's material on Van Vechten include any letters between Van Vechten and Taylor Gordon? If so, I'd greatly appreciate knowing about them, and about arrangements for obtaining copies.

Also, I'm interested in any Van Vechten photographs of Taylor Gordon.

Thank you for your time and attention.

Cordially,

Ivan Doig
Ivan Doig
4712 33rd Ave., N.E.
Seattle, Washington 98105

Dear Mr. Doig:

Your letter of 6 June relating to Taylor Gordon material in our Carl Van Vechten Papers has been received.

We have searched the Carl Van Vechten Papers and have been able to locate five (5) letters from Taylor Gordon to Van Vechten dated between 1926 and 1930. Most of these letters relate to various of Van Vechten's books, are dated from New York and do not mention Gordon's European tour. Although our Van Vechten collection is large, we are aware that Mr. Van Vechten gave considerable material to Yale and Princeton Universities, as well as to other institutions and it may be that additional Gordon have survived elsewhere.

We will be happy to have our Photographic Service prepare an estimate of cost for reproducing the Taylor Gordon letters in either photostat or microfilm form, but in accordance with the policy of this Library concerning photographic reproduction of material less than fifty years old, permission to reproduce the items must be obtained from the holder of the literary rights. In this case, since your letter indicate personal contact with Mr. Gordon, the permission should be easy for you to obtain from Mr. Gordon.

We regret that no copy of Van Vechten's photograph of Mr. Gordon was found in the Van Vechten Papers.

Sincerely,

Paul R. Rugen,
First Assistant
# Yale University Photographic Services Receipt

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130 Wall Street  
New Haven, Connecticut 06520

**Mr. Ivan Doig**  
4712 33rd Avenue NE  
Seattle, Washington

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HELENA, MONTANA

October 15, 1935

Mr. Carl Van Vechten,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Van Vechten:

Mr. Taylor Gordon has presented me with a photographic study that you did. It is unusually effective and original, both in arrangement and background. I have watched for pieces of your work in the magazines and am always interested when I locate one of your studies. Do you intend to incorporate these in a book? I hope you do many more, for they are so distinctive. I experiment with a small kodak just enough to know how fascinating photography can be.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Edna Fanzig

An enjoying re-reading library copy of "Excavations."
August 8, 1969

Mr. Ivan Doig
15004 Linden Ave. N.
Seattle,
Washington 98133

Dear Mr. Doig:

Mrs. Carl Van Vechten has received your letter of July 28th. It is not quite clear to her whether you just wish her consent to the use of the photographs of Taylor Gordon or copies of the lithograph and the consent to the use thereof.

Please let me know your wishes in the matter.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Solomon

JS:k
Dear Mrs. Van Vechten:

I am writing an article for MONTANA, a history journal, about a Negro singer named Taylor Gordon. Mr. Van Vechten once took some photographs of Taylor Gordon, and the magazine would like to use these examples of your husband's artistry with the article.

The Yale University Library informs me that permission to have copies of these photographs for use with the article must be obtained from you. May MONTANA and I have such permission?

I've been looking over Bruce Kellner's biography of your husband; your life with Mr. Van Vechten must have been a very exciting one indeed.

Cordially

Ivan Doig