

Georgia O'Keeffe in the Texas Panhandle: A Timeline*

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Abbreviations

- 291 – Gallery 291, or The Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession in NYC
AGA - Alfred Stieglitz/Georgia O'Keeffe Archive, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library, Yale University, YCAL MSS 85.
AIC – Art Institute of Chicago, IL
ACPS – Amarillo City Public School [now Amarillo Independent School District]
AL – Jack Cowart, Juan Hamilton, and Sarah Greenough, *Georgia O'Keeffe Art and Letters* (1987)
AP – Anita Pollitzer
AS – Alfred Stieglitz
ASL – Art Students League, NYC
AWOP – Anita Pollitzer, *A Woman on Paper: Georgia O'Keeffe* (1988)
CC – Columbia College, Columbia, SC
CB – Paul H. Carlson and John T. Becker, *Georgia O'Keeffe in Texas: A Guide* (2012)
CBPPHR – Paul H. Carlson and John T. “Jack” Becker, “Georgia O'Keeffe in the Texas Panhandle,” *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, vol. 82 (2010): 15-28
CEI – Chatham Episcopal Institute, VA
CTC – Columbia University Teachers' College, NYC
DP – Hunter Drohojowska-Philp, *Full Bloom: The Art and Life of Georgia O'Keeffe* (2005)
GOK – Georgia O'Keeffe
GOK1976 – Georgia O'Keeffe, *Georgia O'Keeffe* (1976) [the artist's autobiography]
JM – John F. Matthews, “The Influence of the Texas Panhandle on Georgia O'Keeffe,” *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, vol. 56 (1984): 107-36
LG – Clive Giboire, ed., *Lovingly, Georgia: The Complete Correspondence of Georgia O'Keeffe & Anita Pollitzer* (1990)
LL – Laurie Lisle, *Portrait of an Artist: A Biography of Georgia O'Keeffe* (1986)
Lynes – Barbara Buhler Lynes, *Georgia O'Keeffe* (1999) [the catalogue raisonné]
MFO – Sarah Greenough, ed., *My Faraway One: Selected Letters of Georgia O'Keeffe and Alfred Stieglitz, Vol. 1 (1915-1933)* (2011)
NYC – New York City
PDC – Palo Duro Canyon
PS – Paul Strand
PSA – Paul Strand Archive, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ
RBC – Robert Bartow Cousins, President of West Texas State Normal College, 1910-18
RCPPHM – Research Center, Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, Canyon, TX
RR – Roxana Robinson, *Georgia O'Keeffe* (1989)
UVA – University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA
WP - Sarah Whitaker Peters, *Becoming O'Keeffe: The Early Years* (2001)
WTSN – West Texas State Normal College, Canyon, Texas [now West Texas A&M University]

* This timeline is a companion to my article “‘The Little Girl of the Texas Plains:’ Georgia O'Keeffe's Panhandle Years,” *Panhandle-Plains Historical Review* 85 (2014): 21-56.

Timeline

- 1887 Born Sun Prairie, WI, Nov. 15, the second of seven children (2 boys, 5 girls)¹
- 1902 O'Keeffe family sold their farm and moved to Williamsburg, VA; GOK attended high school in Madison, WI, fall 1902 to spring 1903, lived with her mother's sister
- 1903 Moved to be with her family in Williamsburg, VA, June
Attended CEI as a boarder, fall 1903 to spring 1905; met Alice Peretta, from Laredo, Texas; mentored in art by Elizabeth May Willis, school principal and trained art educator²
- 1905 Graduated high school; studied art education at AIC, fall 1905 to spring 1906, lived with relatives in Chicago
291 opened in NYC
- 1906 Returned to Williamsburg, contracted typhoid fever, was bedridden for 4 months, lost her hair
- 1907 GOK relocated to NYC in September, studied at ASL³
- 1908 Visited 291, saw exhibit of Rodin drawings, saw but did not meet AS, January⁴
Selected as recipient of ASL still-life prize, June; earned a summer residency at Lake George in upstate NY⁵
Returned to Williamsburg; O'Keeffe family's financial troubles increased⁶
Relocated to Chicago in November, when her family stopped supporting her; began freelance work as a commercial artist, lived with relatives, ceased painting for two years⁷
- 1909 Her mother was diagnosed with tuberculosis and relocated to Charlottesville, VA, seeking a milder climate
- 1910 Became ill with measles in Chicago, relocated to VA to recover, remaining in Williamsburg and kept house for her father⁸
- 1911 Taught art as temporary instructor at CEI in VA, spring 1911; then relocated again to be with her mother and siblings in Charlottesville, where her mother ran a student boarding house⁹
- 1912 Persuaded by her sisters to join them in a summer drawing course for elementary school teachers at UVA taught by Alon Bement, a follower of Arthur Wesley Dow and Assistant Professor of Fine Arts at CTC; GOK was first introduced to Dow's teachings and styles of abstracting from nature during this summer class, which also rekindled her desire for teaching and studio art¹⁰
Invited by Bement to assist him the following summer at UVA, a position she

returned to every summer until 1916; the prerequisite for assistantship was logging classroom hours teaching art

Amarillo, TX

1912 Relocated to Amarillo, TX in August to begin a position as Supervisor of Drawing and Penmanship with ACPS on September 2; records indicate her hire date was July 23 at a salary of \$75; she was 24¹¹

Received ACPS position at the recommendation of Alice Peretta; *Amarillo Daily News* announced her position, stating her credentials somewhat incorrectly (she never studied at Pratt Institute; nor did she hold the highest degree in her field); upon arriving, she discovered that Peretta, her only contact in Amarillo, had died of influenza¹²

The new catalogue for the term 1912-13 have just been issued...and show a very strong, progressive course of study, marked by the absence of frills and fads. Everything suggests earnest work and satisfactory results, and the fine organization, smooth running, effective teaching, and uniform excellence that has characterized the present administration over the last several years....The drawing work will be under the supervision of Miss Georgia O'Keeffe, who has the highest degree known to her profession, and who studied in New York and Chicago, under such masters as Louis Mora, William M. Chase, and Rhoda Holmes. The authorities believe that the children in Amarillo's public schools have advantages of the best talent to be secured....All vacancies have been filled...Miss Georgia O'Keeffe, supervisor of drawing and penmanship....Miss O'Keeffe is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago, completing her work at Pratt and as a member of the Art Students' League of New York City, under Mora, Chase, Nichols, and other artists.¹³

Lived at the Magnolia Hotel on Polk Street in downtown Amarillo; apparently witnessed cowboys coming in off the trails¹⁴

Taught in downtown Amarillo while the public school building was being built:

It was in a little house where she taught. There were two little houses there, waiting for the school just south of the old red brick school to be completed. So we were in there for a while. Then we moved into the basement of the school, that was finished there, just catty-corner across from the Methodist Church on Polk there. Still there – *Cornelia Wolflin Patton, student of GOK in Amarillo.*¹⁵

Refused to require her students to purchase a state-mandated textbook¹⁶

One student recalls aspects of GOK's teaching in Amarillo:

She liked to paint from reality...she would ask me to bring her a blade of wheat. We had a wheat farm out there. Then she would tape that onto paper and put it up on the board. Her classes were never noisy; everybody was interested. She held our interest. I remember that. That was seldom that teachers could completely hold interest. [Her voice was] very soft and clear [with] good downward inflections. She never left you going 'what am I doing?' She knew what she was doing....She was alert. She was one of the most alert people. She saw everything....And she was very quiet. She walked around to see what kind of work you were doing. And then when it was time, she would pick out those she thought best to encourage them to do better, and some she thought were very excellent and she would take them up and she used her little tape again and put them on the board. And well of course you always

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strived to get yours on the board. Kids that age, we really worked at it....The grass was all over the prairie. We lived about a mile from the school, but we were out on a clean prairie, and with high prairie grass...one of the boys and myself...we went out and sat on the ground with our pads and we painted, and she would suggest why it would be painted like this; and discuss while we were drawing, and help us with it, and I don't remember what mine looked like but we enjoyed it and she enjoyed doing it....We went after school because she only took the two of us...and we worked together on this....[We] got pictures in color of birds. We could each take a bird and paint...I had a book full of birds...kept on those for quite awhile until we learned how to do it; and I thought they were remarkable and particularly for that young of a person; and not to have had such training as she was giving them because we didn't have that....I don't know whether I had much talent or not but my bird book turned out beautifully, and she [O'Keeffe] was very proud of that....She was a quiet person and she didn't have to [collar?] your attention; she just looked, and she was very quiet; and she had a clear tone....She had no trouble with discipline in her class....We had paint boxes and paint and we painted; at that time once in a while the children would bring their little sisters or brothers, and I brought my little sister and she was sitting at the desk with me...and all of a sudden she picked up my paint cup...and drank it, and I was horrified; I thought maybe something would happen to her and [GOK] just said 'that's alright. Just get her another glass of water' – *Cornelia Wolflin Patton*.¹⁷

AP, whom she met in NYC in 1914 only after leaving Texas, later described GOK's time in Amarillo:

Mr. Bement asked her to teach [at UVA] the following summer. But in order to do this it was necessary that she have practical experience in art teaching. At this point a telegram arrived from Amarillo, Texas, asking if she would like to come to supervise art at public schools there. Here was the needed opportunity...When Georgia O'Keeffe was a little girl her mother read history and travel stories to the children every night. Georgia says she has always remembered the Wild West stories most vividly. This offer now from Texas meant she could go and see it all for herself. She wired that she would come to supervise art in Amarillo.

At that time Amarillo was the biggest cattle shipping point in the Southwest. There were no paved or gravel roads, no fences, few cars. It was the West that she had dreamed of. The first week she was there was a sensational murder on the next block. This fitted in completely with the Wild West of her childhood. Amarillo was so dry there were no flowers for her classes to paint, only ragweed and a few maples and locusts to draw. "But I belonged," says O'Keeffe. "That was my country—terrible winds and a wonderful emptiness." Although she received an offer of several hundred dollars more the next year—a lot of money to her then—if she would teach in another state, she refused to leave Texas – *AP*.¹⁸

Recalled her time in Amarillo, looking back in her later years:

I was hugely excited about going to Texas, because of all those stories that Mother had read to us. Texas was the great place in the world as far as I was concerned. Of course, when I got to north Texas there was nothing like a leaf to use. The only tree around was the locust, and its leaves were too small to do anything with. There was just nothing for the children to use, and they were too poor to go out and buy an orange. I'd get them to draw a square and put a door in it somewhere—anything to start them thinking about how to divide a space. Pretty soon, I got so interested in teaching I wondered why I should be paid for it – *GOK, in a 1974 interview*.¹⁹

Texas had always been a sort of far-away dream. When we were children my mother read to us every evening and on Sunday afternoons...I had listened for many hours to boys'

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stories...stories of the Wild West, of Texas, Kit Carson, and Billy the Kid. It had always seemed to me that the West must be wonderful—there was no place I knew of that would rather go—so when I had a chance to teach there—off I went to Texas—not knowing much about teaching...Amarillo, Texas was the cattle-shipping center for a large area of the Southwest. Trains ran east and west and north and south. For days we would see large herds of cattle with their clouds of dust being driven slowly across the plains toward the town. When the cattle arrived they were put in pens near the station, separated from their calves and sometimes kept there for two or three days. The lowing of the cattle was loud and sad—particularly haunting at night... The cattle in the pens lowing for their calves day and night was a sound that has always haunted me. It had a regular rhythmic beat like the old Penitente songs, repeating the same rhythms over and over all through the day and night. It was loud and raw under the stars in that wide empty country – *GOK in her 1976 autobiography*.²⁰

1913 Continued her position with ACPS that spring; maintained the support of the administration despite her strong stance on textbooks; the board increased her salary to \$80 per month, making her one of the highest paid female instructors in the district²¹

Armory Show opened in NYC in February when GOK was in Amarillo

Having earned the prerequisite teaching experience in TX, returned to UVA to assist Bement that summer

Passed up the opportunity to teach full time at UVA to return to TX in the fall

1914 Continued her position with ACPS that spring; was granted a week of leave with pay to attend an art convention²²

The lone building at WTSN burned, March 26²³

Returned to UVA to teach that summer; met and began relationship with Arthur Macmahon, a political science professor at Columbia University²⁴

Her contract with ACPS was not renewed due to the denial of her requested salary, July²⁵

Relocated to NYC in September; studied at CTC under Dow, fall 1914 to spring 1915; supported financially by her aunt, frequently visited 291, saw exhibits of the art of Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Marin, and others

Befriended her longtime companion and correspondent AP at CTC²⁶

1915 Completed spring semester at CTC under Dow

Returned to UVA to assist Bement and run her mother's boarding house that summer

Relocated to Columbia, SC to teach at CC, fall 1915 to March 1916; described her disappointment with this position:

It is going to take such a tremendous effort to keep from stagnating here that I don't know whether I am going to be equal to it or not...I never felt such a vacancy in my life— Everything is so mediocre...It is existing—not living.... I can always live in the woods....maybe I'll have something to say then – *GOK to AP*.²⁷

Began work on a series of abstractions; sent some of these to AP that summer

Began regular correspondence with AP in August²⁸

Wrote to AP in October that she was likely falling in love with Macmahon²⁹
By late October, made numerous charcoal drawings after nature, sent these to AP in mid November and late December; AP praised the works and said she wanted to show them to AS³⁰

Wrote her first letter to AS (he was 52; she was 28)³¹

1916 AS viewed her charcoal drawings on January 1, which was also his birthday; he responded enthusiastically and intended to show her pieces at 291³²

Received a letter from RBC, offering her a position at WTSN as head of the art department, Jan. 5³³

Described to AP her potential relocation to the TX Panhandle, Jan. 14:

The wind blows like mad...and there is something wonderful about the bigness and the loneliness and the windiness of it all...sometimes I've seen the most wonderful sunsets over what seemed to be the ocean—It is great—I would like to go today – *GOK to AP*.³⁴

Received telegram from WTSN confirming her employment; described her decision to accept the Texas position to AP, February 25:³⁵

Kick your heels in the air! I've elected to go to Texas...I just had a telegram from the man [RBC] this morning telling me my election is certain but he wants me to go to [CTC] for this term as I understand it—and I like the condition better than the place...My head is about to pop open so guess I'll not write any more—Isn't it exciting! – *GOK to AP*.³⁶

Quit her job at CC, relocated to NYC in March; again studied with Dow at CTC; Dow's course "Methods of Teaching" was a prerequisite for her position at WTSN; lived with AP's relatives to afford tuition at CTC

AS featured 10 of her charcoal abstractions in the group exhibition *Georgia O'Keeffe – Charles Duncan – René Lafferty* at 291, May 23 to July 5; officially met and formed a friendship with AS, the two began writing each other often with growing fondness³⁷

Critics, encouraged by AS, interpreted her charcoals in sexualized terms³⁸

Her sister Anita eloped with a Texan, Robert R. Young, whom she met at UVA, April 27³⁹

Death of her mother, May 2; left NYC for Charlottesville, May 3⁴⁰

Returned to NYC, May 8; attended her opening at 291, May 23⁴¹

Suffered from tonsillitis; in bed for four days⁴²

Relocated to VA, mid-June; taught at UVA, summer; AS sent her issues of *Camera Work* that she described as "pure fun and joy;" AS would continue to send her issues of the magazine until June 1917⁴³

Began work on 23 watercolor abstractions in either NYC or VA that summer, using a style that she continued in TX; consistently reintroduces color into her work at this time⁴⁴

Wrote to AS about her emotional attachment to Macmahon⁴⁵

Traveled around VA, TN, and NC, visiting friends, hiking and camping in August⁴⁶

Left two packages of works with her sister Claudia to mail to AS and AP, August

Began corresponding with AS even more frequently, often lengthy letters

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Canyon, TX

Relocated to Canyon, TX, early September; arrived in Amarillo by train, September 2, which was a Saturday, at midnight, then transferred to Canyon either by train or car; began her faculty position at WTSN as head of the art department (and its only faculty member), her completed teaching certificate from CTC in hand; her salary was \$150 per month or \$1800 per year⁴⁷

Lived briefly at the home of Benjamin Alvis Stafford, Professor of Latin at WTSN; detested the pink rose-patterned wallpaper and rugs in her room there; stayed only two nights, from September 2 to 4:⁴⁸

I opened my eyes and simply saw the wall-paper. It was so hideously ugly—I remembered where I was and shut my eyes right tight again so I couldn't see it—with my eyes shut I remembered the wind sounding just like this before—I didn't want to see the room—it's so ugly—it's awful and I didn't want to look out the window for fear of seeing ugly little frame houses....The sound of the wind is great—But the pink roses on my rugs! And the little squares with three pink roses in each one...I have half a notion to count them so you will know how many are hitting me—Give me flies and mosquitoes and ticks—even fleas—every time in preference to those pink roses - *GOK to AS*.⁴⁹

Moved to the home of Charles and Susie Ackerman, 1905 4th Street, September 4, “the only steam heated [house] in this end of town—the only place I could find where the walls wouldn't drive you to drink;” wrote affectionately of Ackerman and his fourteen-year-old son, Ralph; described Susie as the “little fat woman” and as “overfed” and “not exercised enough”⁵⁰

First mentioned PDC, September 5:

It's very still—only one cricket and myself awake in all the Panhandle...No wind tonight. I rode and rode—from the glare of the middle afternoon till long after the moon—a great big one—bumped his head just a little—enough to flatten one side a little—as he came up out of the ground—light. First plains—then as the sun was lower the canyon—a curious slit in the plains—cattle and little bushes in the bottom pin heads—so small and far away—wonderful color—darker and deeper with the night - *GOK to AP*.⁵¹

Wrote about the “wonderful” plains, sky, and prairie wind, as opposed to the “little people” of West Texas; compares the “bigness” of the plains to “what comes after living,” September 3 and 8:

I'll be damned and I want to damn every other person in this little spot—like a musty petty little sore of some kind—on the wonderful plains. The plains—the wonderful great big sky—makes me want to breath so deep that I'll break—There is so much of it—I want to get outside of it all—I would if I could—even if it killed me—I have been here less than 12 hours—slept eight of them—have talked to possibly 10 people—mostly educators—think quick for me—of a bad word to apply to them—the *little* things they forced on me—they are so just like folks get the depraved notion they ought to be—that I feel it's a pity to disfigure such wonderful country with people of any kind—I wonder if I am going to allow myself to be paid 1800 dollars a year to get like that—I never felt so much like kicking holes in the world in my life—still there is something great about wading into this particular kind of

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slime that I've never tried before—alone—wondering—if I can keep my head up above these little houses and know more of the plains and the big country than the little people—Previous contacts make some of them not like my coming here—So—you see it was nice to get a big letter this morning—I needed it—I waked and heard the wind...a prairie wind in the locust [tree] has a sound all its own...It seems so funny that a week ago it was the mountains I thought the most wonderful—and today it's the plains—I guess it's the feeling of bigness in both that just carries me away...The Plains sends you greetings—Big as what comes after living—if there is anything it must be big—and these plains are the biggest thing I know...you are more the size of the plains than most folks - *GOK to AS*.⁵²

I like it so much that I wonder if it's true—The country is almost all sky—and such wonderful sky—and the wind blows—blows hard—and the sun is hot—the glare almost blinding—but I don't care—I like it - *GOK to AS*.⁵³

Described the Panhandle landscape, including the windmills that could correspond to her windmill watercolors, September 11⁵⁴

Tonight I walked into the sunset—to mail some letters—the whole sky—and there is so much of it out here—was just blazing—and grey-blue clouds were rioting all through the hotness of it—and the ugly little buildings and windmills looked great against it...The Eastern sky was all grey blue...lit up—first in one place—then in another with flashes of lightening—sometimes just sheet lightening—and sometimes sheet lightening with a sharp bright zigzag flashing across it—I walked out past the last house—past the last locust tree—and sat on the fence for a long time—just looking at the lightening—you see there was nothing but sky and flat prairieland—land that seems more like the ocean than anything else I know—There was a wonderful moon—Well I just sat there and had a great time all by myself—not even many night noises—just the wind—I wondered what you were doing—It is absurd the way I love this country...roads just shoot across blocks anywhere—all the houses look alike...I am loving the plains more than ever it seems—and the SKY—Anita, you've never seen such SKY—it is wonderful - *GOK to AP*.⁵⁵

And then, of course, I liked everything about Texas. I didn't even mind the dust, although sometimes when I came back from a walk I'd be the color of the road. Oh, and the sun was hot and the wind was hard and you got cold in the winter—I was just crazy about all of it. I remember one morning I got up very early to catch a bus from Amarillo back to Canyon—I sat up front with the driver, because the smell of whiskey and cigars in back was too awful—and we saw the most extraordinary sunrise. When we got to Canyon, I thought maybe that was something I could paint. It was really what got me painting again. I worked in watercolor, because I never had the time for oils - *GOK, in a 1974 interview*.⁵⁶

Offered her first impressions on WTSN, especially its newness and its impressive swimming pool, September 8:

My work is going to be great—I think—The building is all new—the best in the state they say—everything looks fine to work with - *GOK to AP*.⁵⁷

The building is all new—one just like it burned two years ago—of course this one is better in many ways—but it seems so remarkable that this land of nothingness can get a building like this planted way out here at the end of the earth—The funniest thing to me is a swimming pool—out here on the plains where it only rains twice a year sometimes—And it's as fine a swimming pool as they have at Columbia - *GOK to AS*.⁵⁸

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Observed that the Panhandle didn't seem "far away from the world like it used to"⁵⁹
Took her meals in Canyon at the home of Mary Elizabeth Hudspeth⁶⁰
Taught 12 hours for first quarter at WTSN, September to November, including 2
beginning classes of design and one of costume design; taught Tuesday
through Friday morning, with Mondays off; used Dow's *Theory and Practice
of Teaching Art* as a textbook, displayed multicultural art and design
examples in her classroom, which was located in the newly opened Old Main
building; her room number was 206.⁶¹

She was head of the Art Department, and I was taking home economics, and we had to have
dress designing one quarter and they put her at the head of that and called it drawing... small
class about ten of us we had her that spring quarter...we used charcoal on just white paper...I
was a large model, I stood on a little pedestal, just about ten in the class, and I was the largest
one in there so I was a large model....Everything was on straight lines, just straight lines....
You got better grades if you did that her way. We learned pretty quickly to look at it her way.
She would tell us, you know, why we needed certain designs according to our shape of our
body or our size. If we were tiny or if we were large. I was always large...I was to wear long
lines, not to wear checks or stripes that went around the body; if I wore stripes, wear pin
stripes; something that went up and down to give me height...I sure did use it in my dressing
and my ideas in clothing to buy for me. All my life, I've always thought about what she said –
*Ruby Cole Archer, student of GOK in Canyon.*⁶²

Walked nearly everywhere she went in Canyon; observed aspects of the cattle
industry on the prairie and possibly began responding to their carcasses as
an aesthetic subject:

[She wore] flat heel shoes... because she had to walk so much, we didn't have automobiles
then, and she had to walk to school; that's all I ever saw her in – *Maddy Kirk Duncan, student
of GOK in Canyon.*⁶³

Well we'd see her walking a lot on the campus. Canyon was a small town then; it's not a city
yet of course but a very small town...and the prairie comes right up to town...and she walked
a lot on the prairie...I remember she brought bones back. It was open country. And cattle had
been shipped there at Canyon and sometimes where these large herds had been brought in,
some of the cattle had died. And then we didn't have places to discard those carcasses. And
they just let them lie there and bleach out. I remember she brought a skull in. And bones...leg
bones. And told us about how beautiful they were. The sheen on those dried bones. The look
of the bones. She brought those in from walking on the prairie – *Ruby Cole Archer.*⁶⁴

I had lived in the cattle country—Amarillo was the crossroads of cattle shipping, and you
could see the cattle coming in across the range for days at a time. For goodness' sake, I
thought, the people who talk about the American scene don't know anything about it. So, in a
way, that cow's skull was my joke on the American scene, and it gave me pleasure to make it
in red, white, and blue – *GOK, in a 1974 interview.*⁶⁵

When I arrived at Lake George I painted a horse's skull—then another horse's skull and then
another horse's skull. After that came a cow's skull on blue. In my Amarillo days cows had
been so much a part of the country I couldn't think of it without them...I knew the middle of
the country—knew quite a bit of the South—I knew the cattle country—and I knew that our
country was lush and rich. I had driven across the country many times. I was quite excited
over our country and knew that at the time almost any one of those great minds would have
been living in Europe if it had been possible for them. They didn't even want to live in New

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York—how was the Great American Thing going to happen? So as I painted along on my cow's skull on blue I thought to myself, "I'll make it an American painting. They will not think it great with the red stripes down the sides—Red, White and Blue—but they will notice it – *GOK, in her 1976 autobiography*.⁶⁶

Described how she would "rather live [in Canyon] than any place I know if I could get to New York sometimes...I just want to get out where there is space and breath...I can't help it—it's hell—and I like it," September 8:⁶⁷

Anita—I'm so glad I'm out here—I can't tell you how much I like it. I like the plains—and I like the work—everything is so ridiculously new—and there is something about it that just makes you glad you're living here—You understand—there is nothing here—so maybe there is something wrong with me that I am liking it so much – *GOK to AP*.⁶⁸

Observed that WTSN was lacking in library resources for art; wrote to AP asking her to send resources for teaching from NYC, September 11:

Anita—while you are in New York—if you have time will you go up to the Metropolitan and spend this ten dollars for the West Texas State Normal? The whole place burned down three years ago—they just moved into this building in April and have practically no library—and nothing for my department but Dows [sic] Composition –Apollo—Caffins—"How to Study Pictures"—and not more than three or four other books besides the International Studios for the past three years—Craftsman and some other fool thing—School Arts Magazine or something of the sort. If you know of any books on rugs or furniture—worth getting—tell me—They will get most anything within reason I think—I don't want to ask too much for this year but one of the best on both rugs and furniture will get by I think...What I want you to do with this ten is to get some photographs of textiles—Greek pottery and Persian plates—or if you come across anything you think would be better for teaching—get it instead – *GOK to AP*.⁶⁹

Received a glowing review from AS on her recent drawings, September 18⁷⁰

Attended the Panhandle State Fair in Amarillo, mid September; reconnected with J. F. McGregor, secretary-treasurer of the state fair and President of the Amarillo Real Estate Exchange, whom she had met during her residence in Amarillo when he was treasurer of Potter County; called McGregor "an old friend" and admired "all the things" he had done in his life, including his time as a miner in Alaska; responded to the beauty of the animals at the fair:⁷¹

I didn't tell you about going to the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo—to see the cattle—Black Angus and white-faced Herefords—and the pigs and sheep and horses and mules—It may seem a bit out of place to you to put a fat steer or pig in the same class as music—but they are such nice shapes—I always want to feel them. So much finer than lots of people seem to me – *GOK to AS*.⁷²

Visited PDC, September 18 or 19:

Wish you could see the long stretches of white and sand-colored and greenish-gray cliffs out there that mark the beginning of the Canyon...and I seem to feel lost out there...the skyline is perfectly straight – *GOK to AS*.⁷³

[1916]

Last night couldn't sleep till after four in the morning—I had been out to the canyon all afternoon—till late at night—wonderful color—I wish I could tell you how big—and with the night the colors deeper and darker—cattle on the pastures in the bottom looked like little pinheads—I can understand how Pa Dow painted his pretty colored canyons—it must have been a great temptation—no wonder he fell—Then the moon rose right up out of the ground after we got out on the plains again—battered a little where he bumped his head but enormous—There was no wind—it was just big and still—long legged jack rabbits hopping across in front of the light as we passed—A great place to see the night time because there is nothing else – *GOK to AP*.⁷⁴

When I taught in Canyon Texas, my sister Claudia was with me. Saturdays, right after breakfast, we often drove the twenty miles to the Palo Duro Canyon. It was colorful—like a small Grand Canyon, but most of it only a mile wide. It was a place where few people went unless they had cattle they hoped had found shelter there in bad weather. The weather seemed to go over it. It was quiet down in the canyon. We saw the wind and snow blow across the slit in the plains as if the slit didn't exist. [paragraph break] The only paths were narrow, winding cow paths. There were sharp, high edges between long, soft earth banks so steep that you couldn't see the bottom. They made the canyon seem very deep. We took different paths from the edge so that we could climb down in new places. We sometimes had to go down together holding a horizontal stick to keep one another from falling. Often as we were leaving, we would see a long line of cattle like black lace against the sunset sky. [paragraph break] These perilous climbs were frightening but it was wonderful to me and not like anything I had known before. The fright of the day was still with me in the night and I would often dream that the foot of my bed rose straight up into the air—then just as it was about to fall I would wake up. Many drawings came from days like that, and some later oil paintings. We often walked away from the town in the late afternoon sunset. There were no paved roads and no fences—no trees—it was like the ocean but it was wide, wide land – *GOK, in her 1976 autobiography*.⁷⁵

Sat in a car during a rainstorm with Charles Ackerman and watched from his porch “the most terrific thunderstorm” with him wearing only her kimono, September 20 and 24:

It poured rain this afternoon—doesn't seem to soak into the ground—just stands in ponds and runs down the road in rivers—the ground just doesn't know how to treat rain it gets so seldom. I sat out in a funny car with the most enormous brown-faced—blue-eyed old plainsman you can imagine—a great shock of white hair—whites of his eyes very white because his skin is so dark—He is so big that he seems to fill a whole room when he gets in the house—He wasn't made for houses—He was made for big outdoors—We watched the sun set—The whole sky was full of it—all round—the brightest reflection coming to us down the little river in the road—He is the most human thing I've found out here—We watch the sunset quite often – *GOK to AS*.⁷⁶

The man I told you about—the great big old man—No—not so old either—came out and watched it with me—he is too strong and live-looking to call old even if his hair is white—it was a great storm—and a great book [*The Divine Comedy*—they seem to be the same thing almost—I must tell you that—this big man—Mr. Ackerman—he is big inside as well as out—runs the town waterworks—and has the only house in this end of town that has steam heat—and the walls one can stand to live with. He always wears a black sateen shirt and a tight-fitting cap with a shiny black visor—a nice human man – *GOK to AS*.⁷⁷

[1916]

Anita—really—living is too fine—Last night we had a tremendous thunder storm—and I've never seen such lightening in my life—it was wonderful—the big old man—have I told you about him—he is the biggest I ever saw it seems—tremendous—inside and out—he in his shirt sleeve—black shirt—he is distinctly a working man—and I in my kimono—stood out on the porch for a long time watching the whole sky alive—the lights had gone out—creating disturbance in the house—we were the only ones that went out—I often watch the sunset with him—he is the kind you like to see things with – *GOK to AP*.⁷⁸

Received a letter from AS where he described their relationship in platonic terms of mutual understanding, September 27⁷⁹

Wrote how she was often surprised that the town of Canyon survived the High Plains wind⁸⁰

Visited PDC, October 8; began to spend Mondays there regularly, often driven by Ralph Ackerman (the son of her landlord); began painting landscapes there:

I wish you could see the landscapes I painted last Monday out where the canyon begins—Ralph and I spent the day out there...Slits in nothingness are not very easy to paint—but it's great to try – *GOK to AP*.⁸¹

Yesterday was sunny and fine and I went to the Canyon again—about twenty miles east—climbed and scrambled about till I was...out of breath many times over—and felt very little—such a tiny little part of what I could see had worn me out—Yes—I was very small and very puny and helpless—and all around was so big and impossible—It seemed as if the steep places—the far away parts—the ragged little cedars and uncertain stones all laughed at me for attempting to get over any of it – *GOK to AS*.⁸²

Attended an all-faculty meeting at WTSN; described her respect for RBC, October 9:

Tonight I've been to a faculty meeting—They are more fun than anything that happens here—Really—they are great—and they all look at me as though I'm crazy when I say I like them—But—they are so much fun I have to say it – *GOK to AS*.⁸³

The president [RBC] is a nice little man—I'm going in and tell him the things I wanted so much to say today...he is a Methodist—I seem to be doomed to work with them—he is really nice though—I like him – *GOK to AP*.⁸⁴

Began taking walks alone or with another female companion at night; described how she did not miss NYC:

Walked way out on the plains in the moonlight—there is no wind—so still and so light—I wish you could see it—with Miss Hibbits—she was born in Ireland—and has lived mostly on a ranch about 30 miles from here—she was telling ranch tales—It seems so funny that two women can walk like that alone at night... there is just nothing out there—She says she has often ridden till ten or eleven o'clock at night—alone—nothing to be afraid of—because there is nothing out there—It's great—I am not even having the smallest wish for N.Y.—Isn't it funny? – *GOK to AP*.⁸⁵

Her sister Claudia, age 17, arrived in Canyon; wrote to AS that his letters made her feel she was “walking on [his] naked soul,” October 11⁸⁶

[1916]

Wrote about how she felt confined by her teaching position, October 16:

Teaching school is awful—for instance—I can't go barefooted tomorrow if I want to—I might lose my job if I cut off my hair—They pay you to be such a fool sort of pattern. Still I haven't the nerve to quit in the morning—Anything else is just as bad—I just want to go out and be wild for a while...Think of how great it would be to be out in the canyon tonight—I don't even want a house. No use to say anymore—words tangle it. It made me turn from listening to the wind—and looking at the dark. I want so very much to go with it. Music. I would like to hear music tonight because it would hurt me so—the kind I want would hurt terribly and I want to hear it alone. You see one reason I want to be a man is so I could go hunting for that big lonesomeness—away from folks—I don't think I'll have the courage to go as far as I want to alone—being a woman—I wonder—it is much different—or do I just blame my lack of courage to my sex - *GOK to AS*.⁸⁷

Described why locals in Canyon didn't want her sister to live with her, October 22:

The word 'humbug' coming to my mind right now makes me want to swear...I don't know any better place to use it than in a little town on Sunday—I don't see how anyone with a grain of sense in their head can go through the nonsense they do and call it religion—I mustn't think of it—it makes me—too furious—and really—if they enjoy it—I see no reason why I should object—One reason why they didn't want my small sister to be with me is because I do not go to church—and the amusing thing is that the ones who object—never go themselves....What makes me so furious is talk about—SIN—Why talk about it—if it is so awful—No—I'm not going to write you a sermon—but something ought to be done to some of the folks who are talking to young folks on Sunday - *GOK to AS*.⁸⁸

Visited PDC in her "high-heeled slippers" to keep herself from climbing, October 22:

I've been in the Canyon all afternoon—I didn't climb—I sat on the top all alone—the first time alone—I didn't want to climb—so wore high-heeled slippers—knowing it would keep me from it.—That was the only way to keep me from it—and I had to laugh at myself sitting there in those shoes—and I had to laugh too—thinking how feeble-minded I must be to have to hobble myself before I left home to make myself behave...The very far wide of it—lavender and pink and red and blue—made dirty in places by millions of little scrubby cedars—never more than ten or twelve feet high—but sometimes having trunks two feet thick—gnarled and twisted—sometimes half uprooted—scrubby little old things but still live and bravely green...Shadows very blue—I almost cooked—half-asleep in the sun—but the shadows of the little scrubby trees were cold...Anyway—I had a great time by myself—The sunset was a long warm glow—it seems to hate to leave this country - *GOK to AS*.⁸⁹

Avoided attending daily chapel at WTSN, October 26, but began attending a Sunday School Class led by RBC:

I've been going to a Sunday School class at the Methodist Church...sometimes—The President of the Normal has it and I like to hear him talk—I went the first time because I want to know as much as I can of what he is like—I still go for that reason—and will probably continue to as long as I can make myself—or until I know all I want to about him—I like him. I guess I didn't go to chapel today because I knew he was away and didn't see any use in listening to or watching the old fat tub who takes his place - *GOK to AS*.⁹⁰

[1916]

Hitched a ride home from a long walk on an old man's wagon, October 30:

Yesterday rode home on a hay wagon—no it was clover with a funny old man—His mules and wagon blocked my path so we started talking—he noticed my book...asked me to get up beside him—regular hay rack—Bless you—he had taught school out here in the early days for fifteen years—had quit it for ranching—then came here for his children to go to the Normal—the last one graduates this year—We had a great time riding in toward the sunset. He was little and dried up and weather beaten—but he likes living - *GOK to AP*.⁹¹

Admitted she was “curiously glad” that she couldn't see Macmahon, October 31⁹²

Attended a play in Amarillo with WTSN faculty; began to write often of the “starlight” on the plains, observations that likely relate to her watercolor *Starlight Night*, October 31:

Tuesday night—It's a wonderful night—still and warm and moonlight—big quiet moonlight—As I walked home alone in it—I was tired...a trip to Amarillo yesterday—coming home in the midnight starlight—Such wonderful big starlight...I think the best way I can tell it to you is—that last night I loved the starlight—the dark—the wind and the miles and miles of the thin strip of dark that is land—It was wonderfully big—and dark and starlight and night moving—It is—tremendously free—you would love it—I wish you had been by me—(just came in for a thicker coat) - *GOK to AS*.⁹³

Taught drawing, interior design, and costume design, second quarter at WTSN, November to December

Attended an all-faculty meeting at WTSN, November 4:

Well, I like Faculty Meetings—I always get so riled up—I want to scalp someone—Education is such a mess when it's bottled like they bottle it... And then I'm going to decide if it's worth the trouble to fight and try to do some things here my way—I'm not sure that it's worth the trouble—I get so terribly riled when I start to fight—it wears me all out—And is it worth it?—I don't know—They like things as they have it - *GOK to AS*.⁹⁴

The Spanish lady looked at me and laughed when I said I thought Faculty Meetings the most interesting events of the month—She said, ‘Well—now I do know you are different from anyone that ever came here—I never knew anyone else to like Faculty Meetings before’—and the whole table agreed with her - *GOK to AS*.⁹⁵

Wrote to AS that she was beginning to like him “so tremendously that it some times scares [her],” November 4⁹⁶

Published a drawing in *Vanity Fair*⁹⁷

Wrote about the eerie sound of cattle lowing:

[A]s I opened the door—I heard cattle—many—in the pens over by the track—lowing—I wonder if you ever heard a whole lot of cattle lowing—it sounds different here—too—just ground and sky—and the lowing cattle—you hardly see—either them or the pens—the pens are of weather beaten boards—take on the color of the ground it seems—I like it and I don't like it—its like music—I made up a tune to it this morning - *GOK to AP*.⁹⁸

Painted stage sets for theater productions at WTSN, November 12⁹⁹

Stated that she was glad she was not in NYC because there was more for her in TX, November 13¹⁰⁰

[1916]

Was asked in November to speak on “The Cubist in Art” at a Faculty Circle at WTSN in January 1917; requested that AS send her books for preparation:

There is a Faculty Circle—sort of experiment—and we are all going to have to give talks on whatever the committee assigns us—They have given me “The Cubist in Art”—and I’d like to scalp that fat old Latin creature if he had any hair on his scalp to make a respectable showing—I think he has a notion that all modern art is cubist—I’ve got to get enough definite information in my head to talk for half an hour at least—I want to say a lot in a little while....Just at present—I don’t know a cubist from much of anything else...I haven’t cared exactly—what a cubist is—It’s a ridiculous thing to try to do—but—they have such queer notions about what I’m supposed to teach—I try to teach what I think is of use to everyone – *GOK to AS*.¹⁰¹

Received Clive Bell’s *Art* from AS, which she began to use as a textbook at WTSN, November 22¹⁰²

More of her work was featured in a group show at 291, November 22 to December 20¹⁰³

Described her relationship with her sister, Claudia: “I don’t see any reason why I shouldn’t take care of her if I can—She has a funny kind of snappy grit that I like...she is more entertaining to talk to than most anyone here—and you have to talk to someone,” November 22¹⁰⁴

Was frustrated at being pulled in so many directions at WTSN, November 22:

Went to school yesterday—So much work to do I couldn’t say home—Everybody grabbed me for an extra job too—Even old bald-headed Latin [B. A. Stafford] wanted me to make him a motto—Domestic Science [Martha T. Bell, home economics professor] giving a dinner and wanted me to help decorate her table—Expression [Mary Morgan Brown] has another play on—I have it planned—the setting and costumes—but that doesn’t keep them from keeping me standing talking for what seemed like years—Gosh—! If I stay here a couple of years I’ll be able to do most anything—But really it’s great—it’s lots of fun – *GOK to AS*.¹⁰⁵

Wrote to AS about seeing a train approaching Canyon from a distance, an occurrence that would inspire two watercolors and a charcoal drawing, November 30; later commented on liking his “engine in winter” photograph (*The Hand of Man* from 1902) featured in the issue of *Camera Work* he sent her, December 24:¹⁰⁶

When I got off the fence only two stars were left—I walked northeast—A train was coming way off—just a light with a trail of smoke—white—I walked toward it—The sun and the train got to me at the same time—It’s great to see that terrifically alive black thing coming at you in the big frosty stillness—and such wonderful smoke—When I turned—there was the sun—just a little streak—blazing in a moment—all blazing—I thought of you – *GOK to AS*.¹⁰⁷

Visited PDC in the snow, December 10:

This morning—in a tearing northern and snow—blistering cold I started for the Canyon—I just got home—my hands a bit swollen from the cold but it was great! In the Canyon I climbed. It was all rough—but it was great. Wish you could see the tumbleweeds blow—they are round and just tear across the plains like mad—big ones and little ones—far ones and near ones—where there are fences—sometimes they hang singly—sometimes they just pile

[1916]

up—It is the tumbleweeds that mark the fences here—A stretch of fourteen miles of nothing after the last house till you come to the Canyon—a slit in the ground...and that darned wind—and the cold—It's all so big—such big washes—big hills—long drops—thick trunked stubby cedars—hardy—old—strong—often broken or the soil all washed from several feet of the roots—but they don't mind—they are still green—Wonderful distances—colors—all kinds—Isn't it funny—when I was climbing out—sat down all out of breath—looking back at it—in the fine—wild-driven snow—I love it—wish I could be with it now—I want it all
- *GOK to AS*.¹⁰⁸

Described her working method and her use of the color red in her Panhandle landscapes, December 12:

It's a very windy morning but the wind is warm. I'd like to walk in it but the dust blows so bad today. I can't remember anything I made with red in the sky—except—Thanksgiving morning—and I know you haven't seen that—It's awful red...I usually worked in the evening—between supper and dark—on a west porch—no chair even—always on the floor—I never seem to get on with water color except on the floor—never have enough room any other place - *GOK to AS*.¹⁰⁹

Wrote about walking south and viewing the skyline at sunrise and sunset, and about the "starlight" and a "train like a star on the horizon," phrases that likely correspond to her Panhandle watercolors, such as *Starlight Night*, *Train at Night in the Desert*, or the series *Light Coming on the Plains*; wrote about sitting on the cattle pens watching the sunset and the moonlight, and about the unique smell of the town with its cattle industry, December 12 and 19:¹¹⁰

Last night we walked from sunset till—long after dark—walked straight south: the ground here seems level because it is so empty—the sky-line at sunset and sunrise is marvelous—the quality of it—seeming perfectly straight all round till you look a long time—Then there was the moon—and the starlight—I guess I didn't look up at it—didn't think to—what I seem to remember is the line of the horizon—just the sister and I—not on the road—no path—just out into it—I wish we had met you out there somewhere...I want to go out there where I can't see anything but land and sky—and lie down and be still - *GOK to AS*.¹¹¹

Went over and climbed the cattle pens again—empty—sat there for a long time watching the sunset—it was cloudy and—clouds make gorgeous sunsets here—I sat there till some cowboys came up with a few cattle—while they were fussing around in the tangle of fences I climbed down and came home—moonlight—but still red in the sky...GOSH—the air simply reeks with a kind of filth that there are no words in my vocabulary for - *GOK to AS*.¹¹²

I've been out watching the sunset again...where you see the wonderful sky-line—It's a tremendous line—Just earth and sky meeting—nothing to sight—absolutely nothing—We walked into it a long time—then sat down—I lay down—flat on my back—Stars coming out—turning my head a little I could see the sky-line—still a little color in the west. The sky like a wonderful jewel—darkest in the center—light around the edges. I've always wanted to touch it—since I was a very little girl—and it always seems more wonderful—I'm wanting it more. It makes me feel like such a little girl. And I came home—looked at what I've been working at all day; and I felt like a still littler girl; what's the use in trying to paint—I haven't the mentality to do what I want to do...It has been like wrestling all day and now there is that funny little thing—it's screamingly funny—I've drawn it about fifteen times—little—and twice—big—and this is the second attempt to paint it—it's great to be a fool—But it makes

[1916]

me feel so helpless—like such a little girl....There isn't anyone in Texas to talk to tonight—my head would just about come to your knee if I were standing in front of you—and it's great to be little—I like it...The wonderful stretch of the bare line at sunset—the stars—a train that I watched like a star on the horizon—it's great to watch it moving such a long time—it never came close enough to be anything but a little line—the wrestle of the day—the emptiness of the night—and I like it all so—nobody in Texas—it's funny what way I like it – *GOK to AS*.¹¹³

The light would begin to appear, and then it would disappear and there would be a kind of halo effect, and then it would appear again. The light would come and go for a while before it finally came. It was the same with the trains. You could see the morning train coming a long way off, and then it would disappear, and then you'd see it again, closer. The country was so flat, but there were slight depressions in it, and things would drop out of sight. Anyway, my teaching schedule was usually arranged so that I had two hours a day to myself, and that's when I used to paint. It was a good time for me. I was getting very interested in what was mine – *GOK, in a 1974 interview*.¹¹⁴

Told AS how green trees had “smothered” her and how instead she “liked them bare—whipped by the wind,” December 12¹¹⁵

Described herself to AS as both “a very little girl” and “old enough to be [his] great grandmother” while seeing him as “just a little boy,” December 12¹¹⁶

WTSN students later described her and her teaching:

Her personality stayed with me...I liked her so much...I learned [from her]; I got to where I could sketch pretty good studying under her – *Maddy Kirk Duncan*.¹¹⁷

We thought she was very good, very good. She was patient with us and seemed to realize, you know, that we had problems [laughs] and she tried to help us. She was very patient and very lenient on marking our displays...She showed us why we [were] to design it that way. Just didn't tell you, 'just do it like that,' but she'd tell you why...Very friendly to us in the classes. Always respected everything we did. She never was outspoken or angry about corrections or anything like that. Smooth tempered...She was a very unusual person....but we respected her. She was always fine to us...Never did fly off the handle...She seemed to realize we were having a pretty hard time going to college... paying the bills and going to college and she had respect for us...and we did for her. Never any joking in the classes. Always very serious – *Ruby Cole Archer*.¹¹⁸

We liked her, we thought she was kind of queer, but as for not liking her, I *never* heard of anybody, no we all liked her...we laughed a little bit behind her back at way she looked, she was *so different*. None of our mothers dressed like that – *Lula Byrd McCabe, student of GOK in Canyon*.¹¹⁹

[She had a] real nice personality...[a] very congenial person and was really student oriented...if you were a student in the college, why, you were on the top of her list... some faculty members just have away of reaching their students – *Ted Reid, student at WTSN and romantic interest of GOK*.¹²⁰

In Canyon, her sister Claudia participated in tennis, hunting, shooting guns, motorcycling—“not trailing on behind—running it herself”—ice skating, and horseback riding; she shied away from most of these activities, but always enjoyed walking and hiking, and sometimes shot guns with Claudia¹²¹

[1916]

Folks look crosseyed at me for letting her do things like that—but I don't see why not—if she wants to...I'm afraid she will shoot herself but guess it isn't any more likely than someone will shoot her through the wall. I don't know of anything to do with her but to let her do as she pleases – *GOK to AS*.¹²²

Later in her life, described Claudia's shooting practices and seeing the "evening star" that inspired her 1917 watercolor series by that name:

The evening star would be high in the sunset sky when it was still broad daylight. That evening star fascinated me. It was in some way very exciting to me. My sister had a gun, and as we walked she would throw bottles into the air and shoot as many as she could before they hit the ground. I had nothing but to walk into nowhere and the wide sunset space with the star. The watercolors were made from that star – *GOK in her 1976 autobiography*.¹²³

Expressed racist views in scolding Claudia for not picking up after herself, December 26¹²⁴

At a Christmas Party, met Rector Lester, who followed her home and asked if he could come up to her room, December 30:¹²⁵

So imagine my astonishment to have a mere—ordinary—everyday man pull me out of the clouds with two or three good yanks and knock me down on the earth so hard that I waked up. I met him at a party Xmas time—next time I went to town he followed me around till I was alone then asked if he could come up—I said—No—thinking we had absolutely no interests in common—but he looked so queer—I changed my mind right quick and said he could—then held up my hands in holy horror wondering what I'd do—So—The first time he came because I didn't want to hurt his feelings—and the next time because I wanted to explain something I had said the first time—And then my landlady informed me that she objected to my having anyone come to see me at all—and I nearly died laughing because—I had begun to enjoy the problem of trying to talk to him...It was so impossible that it was funny—He is prosecuting attorney in the court here—Yale—etc—I am almost hopelessly specialized—and had been thinking and reading and working so specially hard on a specialized line that there wasn't much else in my brain—so I practice on him—he was a fair sample of the mind I'd have to tackle in Faculty Circle—and he seemed interested—but I couldn't imagine why – *GOK to AP*.¹²⁶

Throughout the fall, she continued to write loving letters to Macmahon, but on December 26, she wrote to AS that she felt Macmahon would not like her most recent letter because "it was just time to say some things"¹²⁷

Described how she continued to find a few good friends in Canyon, December 26:

I feel particularly sane—and wonder if I am—it's so funny. Afraid of nobody and nothing. It's great. Found a great girl today—daughter of the old fellow who teaches German—home for the holidays—They are very German—but look French—are part French—very dark—wonderful eyes with a queer slant—hair just a little curly—very pale—just a little color well put on—so thin that one pound less would make her too thin. It was great to find her—seems like the first real person I've found around here—She's great to look at—the frailness—and the fire—we are going to walk early in the morning. You know to look at her that she likes to walk—She likes Xmas—likes to give things to many folks. Teaches music in Dallas – *GOK to AS*.¹²⁸

[1916]

Responded to the wind and weather in the Panhandle, December 26:

It's sunset again—another day—this is the third of tearing wind and dust—And again yesterday afternoon I slept two or three hours—thought I must be crazy to be so sleepy—But last night I made up for it—read till two—Faust after twelve—then turned out the light just because it seemed the thing to do—Sometime after four I dozed a little—just listening to the wind...It's a great wind out...There seems to be something almost terrible—like an awful storm of wind and biting cold and lightening and blue greyness—fast moving big clouds that terrify you—bleakness and aloneness—above the world where you've never been (your refers to me)—cutting rain that does not wet you—because I can stand up very straight and fearless in it - *GOK to AS*.¹²⁹

Reserved two rooms to rent for herself and her sister at the Canyon home of Douglas Shirley (Professor of Physics at WTSN), 500 20th Street, after construction on the house was completed¹³⁰

1917 Had falling out with her landlord Susie Ackerman over Lester visiting her room; had a romantic encounter with Lester when the two drove out to PDC, January 2:

The little fat woman and I fell out—It was a most amusing talk—And that funny stupid man [Lester] was here again—it was about his coming that we fell out—Imagine anyone telling me they objected to anyone coming to see me—I'm not really over the surprise yet—She is too funny for words—So instead of sitting in her old house we rode for nearly three hours—Her objecting made his coming interesting—And way out there in the Canyon draw I made him get out and walk—He didn't like it but I did—It was really wonderful out—only he spoiled its wonder...Can you imagine me shut up in the car...arguing and objecting to—beefsteak with really nice hands—(well shaped—makes you think he ought to play something) objecting to an arm round me and hands on me—Why—I wonder that the car didn't laugh...He is really nice inside—and because I laughed so—he couldn't understand...Then—I thought of you...He got it wrong of course—and asked if I were going to marry you—I told [him] goodness no—and that you were married years ago...And the little fat woman—she would ship me in the morning—scandalized—It's too funny—or there is considerable irony in it - *GOK to AS*.¹³¹

We rode a long time—it was a wonderful lavender sort of moonlight night—Went out to some hills in a canyon draw that I wanted to see at night and stopped facing the hills—It was really wonderful—only somehow he isn't the kind you enjoy outdoors with—he spoils it—I was in a wildly hilarious humor—We got out and walked a long way—It was warm—almost like summer—When we got back in the car we sat there talking a long time—I was leaning forward—looking over toward the hills telling some yarn—and bless you—when I sat back straight—his arm was round me—Jingles—it was funny...I almost died laughing—Of all the people in the world to find themselves out at the end of the earth—The barest hills you ever saw in front—nothing but plains behind—beautiful lavender moonlight—and that well fed piece of human meat wanting to put his arms around me—I wonder that the car didn't scream with laughter...Anyway—It tumbled me out of the clouds - *GOK to AP*.¹³²

Mentioned how she “spent the weekend at a place in the canyon that they call the country club,” presumably the Palo Duro Club¹³³

[1917]

Gave her talk on cubism at the WTSN Faculty Circle, January 8, to an enthusiastic audience:

I gave that darned talk Monday night—and I got so excited and they all got so excited that we kept at it right over all the time allotted to the man who was to come after me and over an hour past time to go home—It was all very funny—and I've talked it to individuals for hours at a time since—So funny—At the table—in the halls—in the offices—funny how interested they all were—Really amusing—maybe because I'm so interested - *GOK to AS*.¹³⁴

I worked like the devil—and it was a great success—You see—I hadn't talked to the Faculty at all and I was determined to get them going... I planned to say things that would make them ask questions...It was so funny to see them get so excited over something they had doubts about the value of - *GOK to AP*.¹³⁵

Began in January to teach 1st and 2nd graders at WTSN training school; enjoyed this age of children: "I was going to tell you how much fun my little folks are at school—they really are great"¹³⁶

It's so easy to make work with youngsters—just plain drudgery—and so interesting—so maddeningly interesting if you are really interested—it's really great - *GOK to AS*.¹³⁷

AS complimented the "great work" she was doing "down there all the time," referring to her teaching and lecturing; said he could see and feel her "great throbbing living excitement" surrounding her cubism talk, January 16¹³⁸

America severed diplomatic ties to Germany, February 3

She and her sister moved into their rented rooms at the completed Shirley home, February 5¹³⁹

Made sets and costumes for a WTSN drama club performance, February 5¹⁴⁰

AS wrote with warm praise about her recent artwork, February 11¹⁴¹

Caught a cold, Sunday, February 11; spent the next day in PDC; took to bed the following day¹⁴²

Wrote to AS about being happy in Canyon: "I'm so glad I'm here—and it's such a funny place to be glad to be. You see—there is nothing here," February 13¹⁴³

Spoke out to WTSN faculty against their prescribed teaching methods, February 16:

I told them they were trying to make everybody alike—and they said they guessed they were...lately I've been thinking I'd go and tell Mr. Cousins that I'm on a bum cog in the wheel for turning out what they want to turn out—but he would think I am crazy—You see I feel like a hypocrite pretending to belong in that wheel at all - *GOK to AS*.¹⁴⁴

Spoke her mind at the local drug store to the surprise of onlookers, February 16:

I just said some things I wanted to—and it didn't sound like a cog in the wheel—and the old red-headed Heyser almost turned handsprings out the door once—and little Mattie B's eyes almost popped out...What's the use in pretending to have flat feet and pop eyes and a Sunday school disposition when you haven't got them - *GOK to AS*.¹⁴⁵

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Considered resigning at WTSN; complained that she had no time to herself or to paint; shot at tin cans in the air to relieve frustrations, February 16 and 19:

And I could just see Mr. Cousins laugh at me if I went and told him he better get someone with fallen arches and nearsighted pop eyes in my place...I feel like holding the lid on a boiling kettle...I'd like to be a green balloon going up into the sky—blue sky—and—burst—!...I haven't had a minute to myself all week—except about an hour yesterday—and that hour—I took a gun and a box of bullets—and went out on the plains and threw tin cans into the air and shot at them—The sister and I. She went on hunting afterward but I only had the little time - *GOK to AS*.¹⁴⁶

You see—I'm terribly busy—and have been half cracked since the new year began—Have only painted once...So snowed under with things to do that I'd like to yell. The Spring quarter begins Tuesday—Haven't had but about an hour to myself all week—That was yesterday so I got a box of bullets and went out on the plains and threw tin cans into the air and shot at them—It's a great sport—Try it if you never have - *GOK to AP*.¹⁴⁷

Spoke her mind in her classes at WTSN, February 16: "I've said some scandalous (according to some folks) things in class this week—way off from art—or maybe the very substance of it if it's life—I don't know—I know the class was astonished—but they seemed to enjoy it"¹⁴⁸

Invited to be faculty chaperone for a dance at WTSN, February 18¹⁴⁹

Decided to stay another quarter at WTSN, February 19: "It's a great place to work—No traditions...the whole institution—just beginning—started to build it seven years ago yesterday....Why I'd rather work here than anyplace I know of—and maybe I'm not such a misfit as I sometimes feel... I'll stay another quarter anyway"¹⁵⁰

Wrote to AP that she would always care for Macmahon but hasn't time to think about him; wished AP would visit her during her vacation and they could go to Colorado together, February 19¹⁵¹

Expressed her love of Nietzsche's writings and her frustration with "stupid" people in Canyon, February 28:

I've been wasting such a lot of time on such stupid folks. Feel as if I'd yell if I had to speak to any of them again—They have made me laugh and be fooling—I guess that was necessary. But—now—This darned book [Willard Huntington Wright's *What Nietzsche Taught*, 1914] has made the things I've seen people do all day—seem so foolish—so insane...The man is a wonder—I want to tear the picture of him out of the book and hang it up—stick it up somewhere so I can see it anytime...Not a single one I'd give the book too—I have too much respect for it—I want to jump on all the stupid folks I've seen and talked to...I want to jump on them with my heels—to hurt—Or maybe blow them around with a very hard wind that would knock them hard against the first upstanding thing - *GOK to AS*.¹⁵²

Wrote about her "pink hyacinth" in anthropomorphizing terms, and about being watched while dressing by a colleague, February 28:

My pink hyacinth is pinker and fatter and funnier than ever—it reminds me of the little fat man—Latin—who lives across the street and comes out every morning just as I am getting up—and I know he is looking at me—has seen me in all stages of undress I guess—but I'm

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usually too sleepy to care or move from in front of the window—I told Claudie—he has seen it all now so it doesn't matter—He teaches Sunday school—ought not to look if it isn't all right – *GOK to AS*.¹⁵³

My pink hyacinth doesn't seem so funny tonight—it's pinker on top—dying—I don't know why—but it seems like a tall slender girl tonight—with an unnatural flush—and very shiny eyes—her dress is very pale pink—so pale it almost seems white – *GOK to AS*.¹⁵⁴

Further described her lack of inhibitions about her own nudity, February 28:

I remembered myself at the wood-pile with a pan to get chips when it was still starlight in the morning—the sky in the east just turning warm—The cliffs are great against it—I looked a long time till I was really cold—then looked down and laughed—My kimona [sic] wasn't even fastened—I got my chips—went in—made a fire in the fireplace—some was left—Then dressed and went out and looked at the world a while and no one else was up yet when I got back after a long walk and climb – *GOK to AS*.¹⁵⁵

Also noted to AS how she always wore black, February 28; locals who knew her repeatedly commented on her unusual manner of dress:

I had on a black dress—white crepy silky stuff for sleeves and collar—I had to laugh when I looked down and saw it...Didn't you know—I always wear black—haven't had anything any other color except that green one last fall and the green smock and colored coats sometimes—and I hate the green things now—I've always been more comfortable in black and white than anything else – *GOK to AS*.¹⁵⁶

[She] just dressed like a man, never seen her in anything except tailored suits, I mean men tailored suits, and oxfords that were square toed; and her skirt was just catholic, normal, hair was cut just like a man's—short—and they did wear their hair short then – *Cornelia Wolflin Patton*.¹⁵⁷

She wore black. Black, black, black. And her clothing was all like men's clothing. Straight lines, she didn't believe in lace, or jabots in blouses...or ruffles. She had a very tiny waist. She wasn't a tall woman; around 5 foot 6 inches. She wore black and that made her look smaller, and she wore a man's type felt hat, summertime and winter, she wore that felt hat and she wore men's type shoes, she had a tiny waist, and to camouflage that waist she showed us a belt she had made; it was about 6 inches wide, out of buckram, that is a stiff material. It was right on her hip bones, that would cover that small waist, make lines up and down, and she wore coat suits; black coat suits of manish type and white shirt waists. No frills or lace on it, plain white shirtwaists, and that's what she encouraged us to design...Straight, long black hair. She pulled it straight back over her head and did it in a little bun at the back of her neck. So she could wear this man's felt hat. She looked very manish to see her walking along with all that black on and those men's shoes. People didn't do that then – *Ruby Cole Archer*.¹⁵⁸

I remember [the way she dressed] the most of anything because we young ladies there in the class thought she was about the queerest dressed person we ever saw; our mothers didn't dress that way; her flat heel shoes, her black skirts, long; her white shirt waist; she always had white; there was always black. Her hair was black. Dark, straight [hair]. We girls when we'd go walking with her, well, 'why don't you curl you hair, why don't you roll it up at night, you'd be so pretty,' we'd tell her. We all had our hair curled. Oh she'd just laugh. And say probably not my style; she was so good natured; she enjoyed being with us – *Lula Byrd McCabe*.¹⁵⁹

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She just had a different turn...she just looked at the whole situation differently; she didn't mind sitting down on the front steps and pulling her shoes off after walking down; everybody had to walk to school; whenever she walked from Shirley's or wherever she ate her lunch; one day she just sat down there on the front step and pulled her shoes off to rest her feet before she went on in the house. I remember that. I was sitting out there and talking to her; we were visiting and talking, and two members of faculty came by and I noticed...that they didn't know whether we should be reprimanded - *Ted Reid*.¹⁶⁰

Took several long drives with a man from Amarillo, Don Willard Austin, who "stayed over" in Canyon; then she, her sister, and a female friend spent the night in Amarillo; she took the train to return to Canyon the next day; ran into Lester at the Canyon Post Office and tried to avoid him, February 28:¹⁶¹

I had a great time the night I went to Amarillo this week. The car was the loudest yellow thing you ever saw—Gave the little town such a jolt—It was open—the wind blowing—sunset—we go mostly north—Such a wonderful sunset and we went so fast—the plains are turning just a little—I don't know—I was just in a humor to have a great time—everything looked great—such a wonderful color—such emptiness—it's tremendous—and I must say again that we went ridiculously fast—and I like it—Oscar Seagle sang—we rode over town then out into the night again—Such wonderful starlight—I was so very alive—seeing things I liked tremendously everywhere. Came down on the early morning train—Sunrise—great—Really had a great time but it was the humor I was in as much as anything. He unexpectedly went East next day - *GOK to AS*.¹⁶²

While at supper—up rolled that yellow car again—I almost fell over but the evening was quiet—the sunset wonderful—so Claudie and another girl piled in too and off we went—after the sunset it was moonlight—just a little moon but so very clear—We didn't intend to do it—but somehow we did—went to Amarillo again and spent the night - *GOK to AS*.¹⁶³

Described her new room at the Shirley house, including the orientation of her windows, and how she woke with the sunrise, February 28:

[My room] has three [windows]—One very wide and two small—facing east and a small one north and a small one south—all one end is window—If I ever move in—Another coat of paint—then the floor—It's wonderfully white—I like it—It's wonderful when the sun rises—just plains to the sky...I'm just liking living—It's the light that wakes me most every morning and I get up just about sunrise - *GOK to AS*.¹⁶⁴

Mentioned the Palo Duro Club as one of her common destinations, February 28:
"They tried to get me to go out to the Country Club again for the weekend tonight but I balked"¹⁶⁵

Wrote about playing with the Shirley children, March 11:

I feel as if the Devil has me by the ears and is about to pull them off—if he would only let loose and just sit down and talk to me for a little while I think I'd probably enjoy him. I wouldn't even mind romping and rollicking around with him a bit like I've just been doing with the youngsters downstairs—but for goodness' sake—why won't he let loose of my ears. There's a little boy five—and a little girl—a little over a year I guess—I've forgotten—she can walk but she can't talk—pink and white—blue eyes—yellow hair—straight hair—so dainty and little—I just have to pick her up every time I see her—simply have to—She isn't fat—she is just lovely—too nice to be real—too nice to grow up. I've been playing with them for over an hour - *GOK to AS*.¹⁶⁶

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Described to AS the emptiness of Panhandle landscapes: "I wish I could see you...Texas is just empty plains and sky tonight—have you ever been very hungry? Emptiness is excruciatingly painful," March 11¹⁶⁷

Wrote fondly about one of her female students, March 11:

Nietzsche would say everyone I know in Canyon is sick—Or I think he would—except one girl—She twisted and turned her still life study into a blue soda water glass with green straws in it—and fixed up a bottle—labeled poison—yellow on red—And had the queerest looking animal—sort of a spider only it had a grinning face—climbing up the glass—I just wanted to yell—She had a wonderful time doing it—The class was somewhat horrified that I had such a good time out of it—She's strong as an ox—would knock anybody down for half a cent if they didn't please her—just to get them out of the way so she could go on—Then again—she has the sweetest little feminine smile—She came since Christmas—just came to me this quarter—a little head—little eyes—but such snap - *GOK to AS*.¹⁶⁸

Joined Randall County District Clerk Thomas V. Reeves and his wife Luella on a trip to PDC, March 11; the visit included wading in an icy stream, letting her "hair down" with Luella, and making numerous small drawings:

I've had a wonderful day—Last night I didn't tell you about my invitation to go to the Canyon because I wasn't sure...I go for the mail every morning—and frequently a big man—is going that way too at the same time—I knew who he was but had never met him—A nice young fellow—I knew he watched me—but I never looked at him—why should I care if he looked at me—and why look at him—he didn't interest me—His wife phoned me and asked me to go—and the first thing she said after she introduced me when I went out to get in the car was—"He said he wanted to take you to the Canyon because he likes the way you walk down the street with your hands in your pockets and he thinks he likes you...The day couldn't have been finer—and they are great folks—she is very pretty and blond. I walked and climbed—and climbed and walked till I feel all shaky in the knees and limp all over—They took another girl too—a great friend of Mrs. Reeves. We waded in the stream—icy cold—about ten feet across—lay in the sand a long time—Really big cedar trees—I took a long walk by myself—following cow trails through the cedars along the stream—We all took our hair down...it was great—just to feel free in the big outdoors—And the awful places we climbed—really—life wasn't worth living to me a few times—I was so scared—It's all so tremendous—and we came home riding into the sunset—Too wonderful to be true—I made a lot of drawings—just little ones...So glad he liked my hands in my pockets—he's a nice man—I like him
- *GOK to AS*.¹⁶⁹

Recounted her experience climbing in PDC, March 11-12:

You know—I'm just living—I just sort of plunge from one thing into another—so often—so very much afraid—And you feel like something that protects me—something I want to be very close to—like I had to shrink back—so many times today—against the wall of rock going straight up beside me—and in front—Gosh—a misstep and I'd roll down forever—and the dirt and rocks crumbled and rolled down and there was nothing to hold to—I dare not hold to anything—and I couldn't stand still by the wall of rock—or I'd never make get to the top—I must keep moving—and I guess—being afraid made it all the finer—It was that way many times—and another awful place was a bare ridge—that went down seemingly forever on both sides and we must climb up it—as it slanted up and run along the top when it was on the level—There is something so merciless about the canyon—so tremendous—I love it. The big cedar trees were very nice too—the grass is very short and brown—no underbrush—

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such clean ground under the trees—clean ground and rocks and trees and a very clean stream—And we could see for miles and miles and miles—and nobody—When we came out—way off on the edge of the earth against the sunset were a lot of cattle in a string—We could see daylight under them—Like a dark embroidery edge—very fine—on the edge of the earth. Goodnight...I thought a lot about you down there today. It was so quiet and warm—Just a little girl tonight—so tired—I wish you were somewhere around—When I wonder how I ever got out of that place I want to be close to you—I seem to hate to stop writing—My hands are filthy—scratched and dirty—my face burns and my lips burn more—chapped. The air is very dry. That letter I sent this morning was in my pocket and my pen leaked on it—much ink and cedar gum on my hands too—Oh I've had a great day - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁰

Organized early morning walks with her students, such as on March 12:¹⁷¹

I remember how darn hot it was walking to the post office, which was on the square, on the west side of the square. We'd take time about going, and we'd meet up with Miss O'Keeffe because she liked to walk too and then she would talk to us as we walked along about everything...She was interested in everything that we were; then she would talk about art, and seeing everything, something in everything you look at... a rock or stick, or a cactus growing, a bare grass, she'd stop and point it out and we'd listen, well now we learned from her... she was a very pleasant person - *Lula Byrd McCabe*.¹⁷²

Frustrated with her lack of sleep and her inability to work, March 14:

Tried to sleep again after dinner but couldn't—Couldn't get up and work either—it's like there is a high fence between me and work and I can't get over it and can't kick it down—Several ideas but I can't see them clearly—I can only see them in parts - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷³

Wrote of loafing and talking with people in Canyon, March 14 and 15:

This afternoon I started to the lumber yard to get some stuff to paint on—I've grown to be such a loafer that it took me nearly two hours and a half to go the eight or ten blocks and get what I wanted...There seemed to be so many folks to talk to and I just couldn't get away—I was in a good humor—enjoyed talking and Paul Bell finally nailed me to a telephone pole and I guess I'd be there yet if I hadn't just brought him along home with me. He was a carpenter—came here to work on the school when they were building it—and when it was finished decided he would quit carpentering and go to school—Queer sort of fellow. Anyway he carried my stuff home when we did get away from the telephone pole and I carried his books—He is stupid but he likes to talk to me so I talk to him—Warm sunshine—great for loafing—I came home and worked awhile till supper—and after that walked into the sunset till it was gone—about three miles I guess—then back in the dark—with a queer tall girl that I like - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁴

I've been wasting lots of time on folks—and it's hard to quit—even when you are ready—They come along and jolly you with your last piece of foolishness—and before you know it you are off again—and a whole evening is gone or a whole afternoon - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁵

Described how Lester was consuming her thoughts; rode in a car with him and wrote about their romantic drive, March 14-15:

The trouble really is Lester, I guess—and it's so absurd—he whirled around my fool head all afternoon—Now I've seen him again I have to laugh...You would die laughing if you could see him—I hate him almost—Only he is so darned healthy to look at—still it's well-fed health—

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not the kind you get from vigorous exercise—and in a way he is amusing because you have to work so hard to get anything out of that expressionless face—It's immovable—so making it move is great sport...Lester has taken more time and thought than he is worth—simply because I'm almost an empty space—An empty space will fill up with something. I'm getting mixed up - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁶

We passed Lester—the lawyer—and in a little while he came along in the car—and asked us if we didn't want to ride—we rode—into the sunset—a long time—then back—left her [a female companion who taught History at WTSN] at her house—then he and I rode into the sunset again till it was all gone—moonlight back—He said his mother and father were away—didn't I want to go to his house—nobody there—comfortable—no fire in the sitting-room here—It would be trouble to come here—no trouble there—I said—let's get someone else to go too—He laughed and asked if I were afraid—I said—no—I wasn't—so we went—I don't know—I had a good time—There was a victrola—we played a little—and we talked—and we talked some more—and we kept still awhile—Finally we got off on that lavender night—and we talked some more—and somehow he made me contrary—and in the car on the way home I got more contrary—The hands so persistently on the wheel I wanted—and when I unexpectedly felt it round mine—I didn't want it—and when it was on the wheel I wanted it—I told him—and he laughed - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁷

Attended a WTSN dance as a chaperone accompanied by Austin; enjoyed dancing along with students, March 15:

I didn't tell you about the dance—you asked me so I must have forgotten—The yellow chariot [Austin's car] came down from Amarillo and took me and the other chaperone. He didn't dance—but I did after I had watched a little while to see who could dance—It was very funny. I had a great time—such ridiculous kids—Yes—I guess I dance rather well—can't help it, you know—it isn't my fault. It seems so queer that everyone can't - *GOK to AS*.¹⁷⁸

Described her afternoon, including reading *Faust* by a little stream, the sounds she heard, such as the “noisy whirl of a windmill out in the blackness,” and how she wished to send AS “the space” of the Texas plains, March 15:¹⁷⁹

Then I lay down again and went to dreaming again—The sun was warm in the little hollows where the wind didn't strike. You would have liked it—I wondered what you would say and feel out here where there is nothing but ground and sky. It must be that you would like it...while I was lost—a queer little whirr—made me look up—a great flock of birds going over quickly—and I looked and listened—it was so still - *GOK to AS*.¹⁸⁰

I like you very much tonight. And tonight I'm only a little girl. More I want to say—but—what—I guess that space is between what they call heaven and earth—out there in what they call the night—is as much it as anything. So I send you the space that is watching the starlight and the empty quiet plains - *GOK to AS*.¹⁸¹

Described a painting that might correspond to her *Evening Star* series, March 15:

[I have been] painting in my spare time—it's big and it looks like Hell let loose with a fried egg in the middle of it—and I'm crazy about it anyway—I believe it pays not to work for a long time—I feel as though I've burst and done something I hadn't done before. The sister is liking it very much too—Oh it's great to feel full of work again—It's terribly red—and such fun—And I walked into the sunset again till it was dark with the tall dark girl—she is just human. Then back in the starlight - *GOK to AS*.¹⁸²

[1917]

Wrote of her uninhibited sexuality and her growing attraction for AS, as well as her affection for 291, March 15:

When I finished your letter this morning—I banged it down on my desk in the office—I had been sitting there between the windows—my tilty business-looking chair tilted back against the radiator—my feet propped up much too high for a nice lady but discretely behind the desk—so as not to shock any chance visitors—and what I said to myself—was—“GOSH BUT I LIKE HIM – *GOK to AS*.¹⁸³

It seemed I would just have to go to N.Y. if you were going to close [291]—I'd have to be there again...Knowing that 291 is—is one of the things that makes life worth living. That was true before you knew that I existed – *GOK to AS*.¹⁸⁴

Described Ted Reid's attractiveness, March 18 (she was 29, Reid was 21); she had apparently met him when the two were working on stage sets for a theater production at WTSN; according to one of her students, “[Reid] was the big man on campus then:”¹⁸⁵

Ted was raised on a ranch 30 miles from a railroad—but he is tall and lean and good-looking and can think up the most ridiculous things of anyone I know here—anyway he is president of one of the boys' literary societies—and some of the girls were entertaining them this afternoon and he insisted that I go with him to the party—I said I couldn't because I had a hole in my heel but he got a needle and thread—green—it's St. Patrick's day—and sewed up my heel—so I went with him to the party – *GOK to AS*.¹⁸⁶

Responded to the static electricity in the dry climate of West Texas, March 18:

Why, I've actually been so full of electricity that my hair stands up straight—about three inches—when I comb it and my skirt—cracks when I walk and the white skirt and black skirt stick together as though they belonged together and sometimes both stick to me till it's ridiculous—I haven't worked since Wednesday—Thursday there was a tearing sand-storm...I walked a little after supper—but I felt like a kite—the strings attached to the back of my head and shoulders—and all pulling—and the rest of me felt like air—like flying. Too tired to stay on the earth – *GOK to AS*.¹⁸⁷

Mentioned how she had placed her “red picture up on the table” in her rented room at the Shirley house, and how her sister Claudia said, “it does something to the room,” March 18¹⁸⁸

Traveled with the Reeves to Amarillo to hear a speaker on Tolstoy; let her hair blow in the wind on the drive back to Canyon, March 25:

We had a great time last night going to Amarillo—The wind went down—the sunset was very yellow—like gold—only—warmer...green fields—that fresh spring green—dark soil showing through—long blue shadows from very little bumps on the plains made it all look so clean—as though it had been rained on—instead of smothered with dust—And—I was in great good humor—simply couldn't help it when the world looked so good...the car open—no top even...The ride home was great—the thin moon went down—very red—The sky—Oh—it was great—I let my hair fly in the wind till Mr. Reeves objected—tied his handkerchief corners in knots and made me a cap – *GOK to AS*.¹⁸⁹

[1917]

Allowed a male student to feel the inside of her skirt pockets because he had never seen pockets before, March 26¹⁹⁰

Mentioned another "great starlight night," March 26, an observation that could relate to her painting *Starlight Night*:

Sunday night—a great starlight night—the world seems soft around the edges—cold wind that it seems ought to be warm—but is raw—Windy and sunny all day. I've worked—and such a funny thing I've made—a blue and green reaction from the red, I guess—Not so bad but very tame beside the red one. Very very tame...I'd like to walk to you tonight—I want to go to but instead—it is just a starlight night—and Texas—It was windy when I came in but it is all very quiet now. Goodnight - *GOK to AS*.¹⁹¹

Described a set of line drawings she completed of the PDC, March 26: "I just noticed that all the drawings I made last Sunday—no—I should say most of them—have the same line arrangement"¹⁹²

Attended a party with WTSN freshman; had "more fun than anyone else," March 26¹⁹³

AS described to her the hanging of her solo show at 291 and the "religious feeling pervading the rooms," April 2¹⁹⁴

Her first solo show opened at 291, April 3; the show included several works completed in Canyon; sold her first piece, a charcoal of an early morning Canyon train¹⁹⁵

Described the Panhandle dust, April 4:

The worst dust storm we have had this year has been blowing today—and is blowing yet—it usually stops at night—The wind still blows—not so much dust—The moonlight is clear—the wind cold—All day it has been terrible—so bad that I had to laugh—greyish yellow—warm looking dust—sky dusty—no I don't think of it as dust—it's sand—very substantial chewing—Everyone is just rearing and stewing. I've liked it—was in high good humor—would have liked anything...It's so dry you don't feel dirty like you would most any other place—Maybe the reason I'm so tired tonight is because I've felt like a whirlwind all day...a large windy whirlwind. Still—very trifling too—and I hate myself when I feel so trifling - *GOK to AS*.¹⁹⁶

America declared war on Germany, April 6

AS photographed Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, mid April¹⁹⁷

Described the light, storms, and people in the Panhandle, including her friend Leah Harris, April 13:

I waked before daylight—watched the world turn from white moonlight to warmth then daylight—Cattle in the pens over by the track waked me I guess—I was glad because I like to hear them—and I like to see daylight come. I wish you could hear them in the early morning. It's great. Then it rained for a couple of days...The lightening was marvelous—The man from Amarillo that I don't like was down that afternoon—we rode till the sky was too angry-looking—the lightening too wild—another new car—a beauty—I think they must all be going crazy. Lots of work to do—and I've been painting again too—No one thing is right—but the series of seven—all stabs at the same thing—tell it I guess—They are different—seem different to me anyway—they are like my hands have been today—Queer hands—I've looked down to see often if there is something in them—They have been full all day—of what?—touching yet untouchable. The plains are wonderful—so much greener—

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unbelievable—pale soft greens—lavenders and blues—pink over northeast toward the canyon—Leah and I walked toward the sunset tonight till houses were all gone—then lay down on the ground—little short grass—hardly any at all - *GOK to AS*.¹⁹⁸

Received with excitement the catalogue and installation images of her show at 291; responded to her critics calling her a “Futurist;” lost interest in dating Austin, April 13-14:¹⁹⁹

I saw the American Art News calls me a “Futurist”. More crazy folks in the world than you and me. I want to pick holes in everything folks call Art—I’m not trying to do art—I’m digging stars - *GOK to AS*.²⁰⁰

Took car ride with Kindred Marion Watkins around Canyon and up to Amarillo along with Harris; returned to Canyon by train, April 19:²⁰¹

I don’t know exactly what happened yesterday that I didn’t get any farther—Except that Watson [Watkins] was down again in the afternoon—we rode a long time—it was great—such wonderful long strips of color in the plains—spring color—from a higher part in the road out east the town is just a little streak in the long ribbon lines—horizon way above the town—it makes paint seem impossible—wonderful light greens and blues and greys and lavenders—When we went back to town [Leah] decided after much comment that it would be fun to go to Amarillo with him and come back on the train—It was a great ride up—a little rain—much sun—tremendous clouds. I wouldn’t have missed the sky for a whole lot—but could very well have gotten along without the rest of it. Several times today I wished you were around somewhere—No—I wanted to go to 291 and just sit there in front of you - *GOK to AS*.²⁰²

Began tending a garden at WTSN, April 19-21; worked there several hours a day, and described her flowers in poetic language²⁰³

So I went out and gardened—Did I tell you before that I have a garden—it’s in the school garden—too far from the road for anyone to get you in a car and too far from other things for folks—to walk to you unless they have to go to the garden—It’s a good place to go to—I like to get very tired like hoeing and planting and watering and scratching around ought to make you—but I’m even getting used to that—almost four hours of it today and not a sign of being tired—The wind blew very hard—Sky and plains all round except to the Southwest—big clouds today—great shadows on the plains - *GOK to AS*.²⁰⁴

Complained about the young men going off to war, which she compared to “sending the cattle to market,” a practice supported by older men who stayed home “with cars and their despicable selves,” April 19²⁰⁵

Described her relationship with young male students at WTSN, April 21:

Young men can’t understand—they make me laugh—I wonder why they ever try—very young ones like me—little boys—the students here—16 to 24—they do not try to touch me—they leave me alone—I don’t know—I feel like one of them—they talk—maybe it’s because they like to talk about themselves and I like to listen—It interests me—Then too I’m “different” to them—they think I’m queer—I don’t know why—They expect nothing—neither do I—That I think and talk and act differently from what they have known before does not scare them—doesn’t insult them - *GOK to AS*.²⁰⁶

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Described spending time with Amarillo physician Dr. Robert Lee McMean (“Dr. Mac”) and his wife, April 24; Dr. Mac was Leah Harris’s brother in law:

If you knew Dr. Mac and Mrs. Billie Mac—I’ve never told you about them in spite of the fact that it’s their house I usually go to in Amarillo—Guess I never told you because it’s such a queer mix-up of women and men—a tangle—and I like to go there and at the same time I hate it—They came through—a car full and we went down to their ranch—twenty miles below here—that was in the afternoon...I went back to Amarillo with them—It was a great day—a great ride...This morning I got up with a headache as usual—just daylight—and left—nobody up—The sky blazing—I walked to the station. Spring—early green and I knew all the cross-cuts and cracks in the walk almost – *GOK to AS*.²⁰⁷

Wrote to AS about working on her art, April 24:

I’ve painted all day—as if my life depended on it—It’s clearer color—the color pleases me but the shapes are hopeless—The color surprised me when I got ready to wash my brushes and compared it with other things—even my red one – *GOK to AS*.²⁰⁸

Mentioned Reid, with whom she socialized at another dance, April 24; also danced with Lester²⁰⁹

Claudia began taking classes at WTSN that prepared women to serve the war effort, April 24²¹⁰

Spent time with Watkins, whom she found frank, funny, and honest, April 25²¹¹

Wondered how she could support the war effort, saying she couldn’t simply “clap and wave a flag,” and wondered “what’s the use in Art—if there is war,” April 25-27²¹²

Walked with Claudia three miles north of Canyon to the beginning basin of the PDC, presumably the area of the Palo Duro Club; described a train moving across the plains, words that could correspond to her train watercolors, April 29:

The sister and I walked—north of town—about three miles—out of the basin where the Canyon begins—You go up a fairly steep—white hill—and at the top of it is the levelness—We just started before dark—just when the moon began to make our shadows paled on the white road. We lay down up there on the edge of the levelness—talked—great sky—I almost went to sleep—Coming home—I was afraid—didn’t say so—but I was—I can’t get over being afraid—there is nothing to be afraid of either—even in the moonlight you can see for miles—We saw the train coming way off—waiting for it at the crossing—a long freight train—coming out of the night—I was terribly afraid—but it was worth it...soft white smoke strung out—roared and crawled and creaked up on us—out there where there was just nothing around—I can’t help being afraid of it—It isn’t a train to me—it’s an awful live thing—I like the rattle of it as it goes bumping on its way – *GOK to AS*.²¹³

Described how she felt like a “misfit” and “like chewing nails” from frustration, April 30:

I’ve just been wondering the past few days why I—and the sister were put in the world—I feel like such a misfit—She doesn’t know it yet but she will in time be as much a misfit as I am and I’m sorry for her—I never ought to talk to folks about anything but the weather. I always horrify them—And it always surprises me when I find how differently I think about things—I talked at dinner today...without intending to—Open mouths and queer looking

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eyes waked me up...I don't know how I grew queer—how it happens that I'm almost always alone—And I don't care if I am alone. I'd rather be alone than with them - *GOK to AS*.²¹⁴

Laid out under the stars on campus with Reid, May 1:

Ted and I lay out there on the big flat cement piece on the side of the steps—looking up at the sky for a long time—Talking—Ted is a nice boy—No that's not the way to say it—I like him says it better—He is one kind of cowboy—Thinks he can't go to war right now because he has a lot of cattle down on the ranch that they have to keep through the summer... Tall and thin—muscles like iron—He asked me something—I don't know what—Then rose right up—and asked why I always smile such a funny smile—and then changed the conversation so quickly when he tried to find out if there was a particular man—I had just started to try to tell him...He is good-natured—funny kid—has such funny kinks in his brain—I like him - *GOK to AS*.²¹⁵

Took long car ride with Watkins and Harris; kissed Watkins, May 3:

He's the most natural sort of a human I ever saw—Of course I wanted to kiss him—couldn't help wanting to...he's married—gives me the feeling that he is feeling through all space—all the world to satisfy a fine kind of hunger... I never felt the fence so completely down between myself and another.... Yes—I'm apt to be talked about—he's apt to be caught - *GOK to AS*.²¹⁶

Had heated exchange with Watkins, May 6: "In the course of the afternoon I remarked that I ought to be shot—he reached over toward the pocket of the car where I know he keeps a long slim black pistol—and I quickly told him—not today—thank you"²¹⁷

Wrote that she wanted to go to his ranch with Reid, who "always lived in boots," May 9²¹⁸

Ted thinks maybe he will go down on the Rio Grande to be a River Guard—would rather do that than be just a straight run along soldier—Has a ranch and cattle down there—I want to go alone—I want to get right out and go somewhere now—I was laughing at the way he walks today and he said—Why that's because I've always lived in boots—Queer the way I like him. What in the world is the matter with me these days anyway. I feel full of wheels and empty spots—Out of kindness to the rest of the folks I ought to leave everyone alone—I feel like a curse to everyone I talk to—I ought not to even let Ted look at me—It's something tingling to my very fingertips that I feel almost burns folks...Your little girl—a piece of fast-burning wood—Hot moving—easily put out - *GOK to AS*.²¹⁹

Semester ended at WTSN, May 14; described feeling very sick and seeing Dr. Mac in Amarillo, May 17²²⁰

Made a sudden trip to NYC after reading of AS's intention to close 291; left Canyon on May 20; arrived at 291 in NYC May 24, unannounced, only days after AS had taken down her exhibition; AS rehung the show for her and they visited Long Island and Coney Island with friends, May 30²²¹

Met PS in NYC in May; began correspondence with him and developed romantic feelings for him²²²

AS took his first photographs of her in front of her works, late May²²³

Left NYC for Canyon, June 1; Macmahon walked her to the train, where she confided

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her feelings for him; she and AS wrote each other letters en route, both saddened by their goodbye²²⁴

Visited her brother Alexis at officer training camp at Fort Sheridan, IL en route to Canyon; found his willingness to go to war “appalling”²²⁵

Arrived in Canyon, June 4; began teaching summer courses at WTSN and its training school²²⁶

Wrote to AS about the Panhandle wind and about riding in a car with a male colleague, June 8:

I stood there—looking at the emptiness—listening to the dry rattle of a lot of rye—planted on the part of the campus to get the soil in shape...I wished the wind were a someone that loved me—that it were all around me—and would blow me away. Blow me away to nothing—anywhere—nothing—Then a man came along in a car—rode—talk—he lives across the street—took me back after dinner—He is funny—teaches Biology - *GOK to AS*.²²⁷

AP took over her summer teaching position at UVA

Sold a drawing to a NY patron (a friend of AS) for \$50; described her continued affection for Reid and mentioned breaking off the relationship with Watkins at the very moment she was finishing his portrait, June 8:

Ted at a distance—Today right at me: “I was terribly afraid you wouldn’t come back”—He looks different—Had spent several nights—awake all night—There is something great about him—really fine—We talked a long time and have a lot more to talk - *GOK to AS*.²²⁸

More people—the folks in the house here—I had to talk to—Then just a little time to paint before dark—Just as I turned out the light—I was sitting by the window—up drove Watkins—I got out on the roof and talked awhile—He wanted me to get Claudie and ride—not me though—enough. I decided it was a good time to tell him that I must stop—he mustn’t come around anymore and mustn’t phone—so went down and told him—Nice sort of chap—he understood—Not safe for either of us—he knew it all the time—Isn’t it queer—the way he likes me—yet would make trouble for me if I’d let him—Queer way of liking a person—Isn’t it—He would just walk on anything to get what he wants. I both hate him and like him for it. The amusing thing is—I was painting on him when he drove up. He gave me such definite creepy crawls—I had to make it and now I’m just torturing myself by leaving it on the wall...I can hardly stand that thing in the room—The look on his face yesterday. Oh I’d like to see you tonight - *GOK to AS*.²²⁹

Mentioned her abstract portraits of PS and Watkins; explained why she had not done a similar portrait of Reid, June 12, 22 and 28:²³⁰

No—I’ve never made Ted—I wonder why—Some folks make me see shapes that I have to make—other folks don’t—I was trying to tell myself why—It seems with him—there is something so fine—so beautiful—just a very slender streak of it—sometimes wider sometimes very thin—almost to breaking—so delicate. And it terrifies me when I feel that I may unwittingly break it—I don’t know any lines fine enough to make it - *GOK to AS*.²³¹

Learned that she was “the most talked of woman on the faculty” at WTSN, June 11:

I hear that I am the most talked of woman on the faculty—I don’t know why—It makes me

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want to put a few things in Anita's little bag and leave—quietly—on the night train—I believe I'm considered 'queer'—'different'...My clothes—my shoes—my hair—my face—my talk in classes—the things I say—I don't like it - *GOK to AS*.²³²

Wrote to PS that she loved him and wanted to “touch” him, June 12²³³

Described teaching in a crowded classroom with 68 students and thinking she might have to teach from the hallway, June 12; by June 15, the number of students had reached near 80 and there was “no more room even for chairs and desks, let alone people, so I had to divide it up—My little folks are such fun”²³⁴

Thought about quitting at WTSN but still had an enjoyment of the “fight” to stay; wrote that she had lost her will to live after feeling very sick, June 12:

Saturday night...last night I was ready to quit—let someone with less sky-flying notions than mine try it awhile—but there is the sister—so I can't—Anyway there is so much Irish in me that I guess I rather enjoy the fight—enjoy getting what I want in my own way in spite of anybody though my first impulse is to just sink things in the ocean—out of sight and hearing rather than even argue about them—Think and do my own way and give the other fellow the same privilege—only I want him to leave me alone...The wind is blowing just a little—it comes in like breaths—only cool—on my face and neck and arms and I like the sound of it.... Sunday night...I ought not to tell you that I feel sick all inside and outside—and hurt all over besides—but I'm selfish—I wish I could be close to you and cry. Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow—You know I don't want to live anymore—I don't know why—but I don't...Gosh—my head—I wish I could go into the mountains' night with you—cool dark green—I seem to want the nearness of bushes and trees....Monday morning—Feeling better...I'll take better care of myself in the future - *GOK to AS*.²³⁵

Described a “most terrific sandstorm” that hit Canyon as she slept; wrote fondly of talking with RBC, June 14:

Had a long talk with Mr. Cousins this afternoon—Tomorrow in faculty meeting they will probably throw brick-bats at me—I like him immensely—but he is a long way from me—Minds working altogether differently. I think I see his—I like what I see. However—it doesn't fit me at all—He doesn't get my point—I've never forced it on him. It feels as if something is beginning. I felt great after I had talked to him. I said most everything I wanted to - *GOK to AS*.²³⁶

Wrote about how her “classes were great” and how she had never liked her work more; but “it's the things I hear said—the things I see done outside that rub me the wrong way;” she continued: “I can hardly stand anymore and I don't want to live,” June 14²³⁷

Proudly showed her students at WTSN and Reid the photographs AS took of her in NYC in front of her work, June 16 and 19:²³⁸

I showed my face and hands to Ted this afternoon—It was after supper. He like me sober best at first—Then held the smiling one beside it a long time—He liked the smiling one because he likes me to laugh—likes me to have a good time, as he puts it—Finally like the smile best—I almost gave it to him...I'm not sure of what I mean to him—he isn't either—Showing them to him was lots of fun—Queer the way I want so much to mean something worthwhile to him...He is all right—and I am all right—but the rest of the world is in the way between us. What do you supposed I was born for—I just seem to hurt all the people I like and all the people who like me - *GOK to AS*.²³⁹

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A few weeks after I returned to Texas, photographs of me came—two portraits of my face against one of my large watercolors and three photographs of hands. In my excitement at such pictures of myself I took them to school and held them up for my class to see. They were surprised and astonished too. Nothing like that had come into our world before – GOK, in 1978 *Met Museum Catalogue*.²⁴⁰

Described an encounter with Reid in which he asked if she still liked him; she responded, “Yes, Ted, I think you are great;” she continued: “Funny—it tickles me in such a peculiar way—and it feels so right—We are both so funny,” June 17²⁴¹

Wrote to AS about her painting methods and about sleeping nude, June 22:

I guess that third series is just me—shapes I had in my mind from things that were happening—and just felt—It seems that I was just playing with color that I felt—I can’t tell it any other way—I had Strand all painted in N.Y. but didn’t have any paint—or time....I wrote Strand a queer letter again—Doing things like that makes me want to kick the foundation out from under the house. Still I have to do them. After dinner—I was tired—didn’t want to sleep—but you know I’m such a good for nothing human that I have to waste a lot of time taking care of myself whether I want to or not—so after dinner—much against my wishes—I stripped—and slept or dozed all afternoon—When it was almost six I decided I could get up—I rolled over and stretched—and while I stretched just happened to look down my own length—The long dark skinned body—smooth looking—and I almost laughed aloud at myself for having been stretched there—a whole afternoon—just sleeping—nothing on – GOK to AS.²⁴²

Described drawing and painting “girls” at the WTSN swimming pool, June 22 and 30²⁴³

Remarked to PS that she couldn’t believe “so many people had kissed [her] in such a short time—and I had liked them all and let them all—had wanted them to,” June 23²⁴⁴

Wrote about watching Reid help her tie a package and laughing when he said, “That’s the way you have to tie up a calf,” June 25²⁴⁵

Described trying in vain to paint a Panhandle sunset, June 26: “And I painted. The sunset I saw last night—Anything to get the feeling of the sky-line—No, I didn’t get it”²⁴⁶

AS asked her if she would want to have his child; she replied with a frank affirmative, but clarified that there were “many things in the way,” June 28; she later admitted she was “not sure that I’d like any man I ever saw well enough to live with him—Cook and wash and scrub”²⁴⁷

291 closed its doors, June 30; AS inscribed for GOK a copy of the last issue of *Camera Work* published at 291 with the words “Georgia O’Keeffe’s spirit—and—the spirit of ‘291’ are identical. To the Little Girl of the Texas Plains—A greeting from the Old Man of ‘291’—June 26—1917”²⁴⁸

In response to being told she didn’t “belong” in Canyon because there was “nothing” there, she said, “that was why I liked it,” June 29²⁴⁹

Wrote about how the High Plains were an escape for her and how AS and 291 had given her faith in herself as an artist, June 30:

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I just came in from the night—very little breeze—moonlight on the bigness—Last night I wanted to write—Claudie and I lay out on the plains watching the sunset go—the stars come—I was very much aggravated with some folks and things—I had to get out where the world was big and empty...291—you—believing in me—that making me believe in myself—has made it possible to be myself. And feeling that you believe—The other folks don't matter. I don't care the snap of my finger for any of them. So again tonight—I don't know if it's woman or little girl—I am mostly both—I want to put my arms around you—kiss you—let you kiss me...it's great to trust anyone enough to let them kiss you—Tomorrow is the last day of the little gallery...Tonight you seem to be something very wonderful to me—it's peace—warmth—life - *GOK to AS*.²⁵⁰

Described her room at the Shirley home in Canyon: "You would laugh at my room—perfectly bare—floor and all—Nothing on the dressing table but a plain white cloth," July 1²⁵¹

Painted herself in the nude, July 2 and 13:

I've been painting myself—no clothes—It was lots of fun—Stupid of me never to have thought of it before—I had thought of it but never enough to want to before. Today I wanted to paint nakedness. It makes me laugh—I had a good time, headache and all...I don't know though that they feel any more like nakedness than a landscape I've been working on does. I think I made the eighth and ninth editions of that today too - *GOK to AS*.²⁵²

I undressed—painted again on myself—I guess that excited me...I get so excited painting—One is on the wall—watercolor—I painted them all red—It has a curiously funny quality—A feeling of bigness like the red landscape—still the body has an almost affected twist—I just caught myself in that position by accident—it's funny - *GOK to AS*.²⁵³

Doubted she could "keep on teaching [at WTSN] for long" because she was "restless," had "nobody to talk to," and could not find time to work on her art, July 9²⁵⁴

Talked about the future of her relationship with Reid, early August:

And Ted took me way out into [the wonderful moonlight]—We watched the moon come up out of the plains—and stayed till it was high in the sky—He is so funny...you know it seems living with him would be lots of fun—it seems as though he is the only person I ever knew who would take me to the tail end of the earth where folks wouldn't bother me and then let me do as I please—And he said—if we can't make it work we will quit—You know in the spring I wanted to go with him more than I wanted anything—Just put my hand in his and walk out into space—While I was in New York I almost forgot—And now—little by little I've grown to like him again...like two children playing—He had me all curled up in a little knot last night—"Why it would be so easy to just pick you up and carry you to town—you are so little"—And I was so comfortable I wanted to go to sleep that way—I seem to like him like I like myself—And when I look around here—at what I am doing and things as they are—I wonder why I don't marry him today...I would like to be out in the night with him tonight - *GOK to AS*.²⁵⁵

It's funny the way I like him—and the way he likes me. I've said I wouldn't marry him—again and again...[hated] the idea of being tied to anyone...Right now I've made up my mind that I will—in a year—if we don't change our minds—and I know we will change them—or I'll change mine - *GOK to PS*.²⁵⁶

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Published a drawing in *Vanity Fair*²⁵⁷

Summer session ended at WTSN, August 11; GOK left on vacation with Claudia to CO; visited the former mining town of Ward, then Loveland, Estes Park, and Boulder; produced 14 works inspired by the CO landscape; traveled through NM twice on the trip; stayed in a hotel downtown Santa Fe²⁵⁸

[New Mexico is] great—Not like anything I ever saw before—I want to stop everywhere—The Indians and their black hair and very bright colors—dark skins and eyes—the square little adobe houses are great—I'm crazy to live in one—It has rained lots this afternoon—still gives the feeling of a land of sunshine....There is so much more space between the ground and the sky out here it is tremendous—I want to stay—I've wanted to stop most every station—The first glimpse of the Rockies—Gosh—there must have been a time out here when they were made - *GOK to AS*.²⁵⁹

Resumed teaching again at WTSN, September 11²⁶⁰

Wrote that she was not working on her art: "No painting. Doubt if I'll ever paint anymore. Seems that way now," September 18²⁶¹

Mentions Lester and a "new English professor" as "the chief things looming up on the landscape" for her, September 18²⁶²

Organized an outing for faculty members of WTSN in PDC, late September:

The country is really wonderful—and all so flat and empty—a yellow look—quite brilliant over it all—I just want it all I like it so much. Another day I went to the Canyon—supper on the edge of the plains—the long drop right off the edge—the tremendous stretch between us and the other side...wonderful colors—all colors—the shadows forming...so far away that the color went in with the sky almost...had supper on the edge—between the sunset and the moonrise—Three of the faculty and Claudie and myself—It was the most wonderful view I have seen of it—I engineered the party—went through POSTED land—off the road right into space...They were afraid—I wasn't—I knew the man wouldn't arrest a bunch of old maid school teachers—Saw hundreds of cattle coming up the paths—smooth paths in the bottom—You can't see them till they are almost under you because you can't see the real bottom of it all—The long line of them wound up crooked paths—the other side of a little gulch and finally came out—looking like narrow black lace on the edge of the plains against the sunset—hot glowing sunset—It was great—I had wandered from the others—found the cattle alone—watching them—alone - *GOK to AS*.²⁶³

Rode in a car with Reeves when his wife was out of town, and then with a student discharged from the navy; was also visited by Watkins from Amarillo, who looked "as if he might bite" when she declined his invitation to ride; said she was having "a great time" with these men, and was still "thinking about Ted—He is like fire. I don't know," September 27²⁶⁴

Regarding her job, she wrote: "I don't seem to have any desire to leave it all—the next place would be just as bad," September 27²⁶⁵

Asked by RBC to speak at WTSN Chapel to 500 faculty and students, October 1:

What am I going to talk about—I never talked to so many folks—about five hundred I think—We are short about a hundred—war and bad crops—However—that doesn't matter—What I say can't be any more stupid than what some other folks have said—The thing—is—When you get a whack at them—what is worthwhile—It seems that so many things said to them are not worthwhile—And how do I know what is worthwhile—It's

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funny—I don't want to waste my chance—Still I'm not sure that I know how not to—It scares me and it makes me laugh - *GOK to AS*.²⁶⁶

Described Panhandle weather and Canyon houses, October 1:

In the wind my black close hat brim is like a flickering shadow between me and the gold of the plains that stretches seemingly to never and the gray blue of the sunny windy fall sky...[the] glaring white house ends or fronts—against the sky or plains...ugly slopes at the top—ugly windows—Most of the houses here are ugly—the ugly windows make dark holes in the white fronts...The sun relentless in its whiteness—The wind is careless—uncertain—I like the wind—it seems more like me than anything else—I like the way it blows things around roughly—even meanly—then the next minute seems to love everything - *GOK to AS*.²⁶⁷

Described her love of adobe houses, October 5:

The fourth and fifth grades are going to make a Mexican—or Indian town of adobe houses—and I said I'd help—I must be crazy. But those Mexican and Indian villages in Mexico are great—The adobe is the only house I have seen that seems to fit this landscape out here—It seems to belong—All the other houses seem out of place - *GOK to AS*.²⁶⁸

AS wrote that she was “fortunate” to be “deep in work—in Texas, far, far away,”
October 10²⁶⁹

Liked riding in cars more than trains: “The trains are so dirty that I hate to ride in them—and it is always so much more fun riding right out in the night in the air,” October 14²⁷⁰

Attended a dance where Reid brought his hometown girlfriend Ruby Fowler,
October 18:

Ted was up Saturday night—A dance—he came in late with an older brother & a girl he always trotted around here from habit I think—She was from near his home—a really nice—lovable sort of girl—but as he put it—“There is something in you that she hasn't got—she just hasn't *got* it—nobody else has.” He brought the brother over—and we danced and talked cattle—he dances just like Ted only not so much of that damnable self-assurance...I liked him—The dance was lots of fun...It was great to see Ted—his face very red...Faces turn a wonderful color from sun and wind here—His eyes so shining—not exactly happy—war—everything a turmoil—grabbed my hand right tight—dancing...I believe he is trying to like Ruby because he can't see me within reach....I want to get right up and go with him—if he would only come and ask me again—It doesn't seem that it would even be necessary to get my hat—I'm ready right now...Why couldn't I have been ready when he asked me so many times so earnestly...way last spring when it was cold he sat here on the porch with me in the moonlight—after dancing and a long walk—and I told him he ought to plan to marry Ruby or leave her alone—he would make her like him too much and maybe hurt her—If he would marry her—it would be alright—knowing he was forgetting—It's feeling that he wants and I want—and the damnable little things that keep us apart—I know it would be foolish—no not foolish—against what everyone would expect is more to the point—and how I would make out living his way isn't at all certain—it's all so uncertain—He said—Well—we can quit if we can't make it work...it all makes me want to get up and go to him and tell him I'm ready - *GOK to AS*.²⁷¹

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Described how she hated the Panhandle and its way of life, October 18 and 29:

I hate it here—It's a lifeless bloodless sort of life to live—No one I can think of here seems to have anything but white blood—no red at all - *GOK to AS*.²⁷²

I feel as if I can't stand it here much longer—I don't know where I will go or what I'd do—but—it feels like it's coming—just that I can't stand it to look at these folks and hear them talk and see how they are thinking...I feel alone as though I were the only person in Texas tonight—The only person up here on the plains country anyway - *GOK to AS*.²⁷³

Described the fierce Panhandle wind, October 29:

It's a cold weird moonlight night—a tearing north wind—sand blowing and dried little green locust leaves on the almost bare trees seem to string out in the wind—I never saw such a night—whistling and rumbling wind...I could hardly walk against it—It's terrible—and yet I like it - *GOK to AS*.²⁷⁴

Prepared herself to leave the Panhandle, October 29: "I seem bent on trying to get things in order—as though I'm getting ready to leave—Isn't that queer....There isn't much sense in it because every other place is just as bad as this I guess—I don't see any place to go"²⁷⁵

Wrote to PS that she still loved him like the day she first saw his work, October 30²⁷⁶
Insisted that she had "forgotten" Reid and felt odd that his fiancée Fowler was one of her students, October 31²⁷⁷

Wrote about how much she loved the High Plains, November 12:

The outdoors comes nearer bringing me to life—making me feel something...It seems the first life I've felt in ages...The plains are wonderful—mellow looking—dry grass—the quiet and the bigness of it—anything that makes you feel quiet and bigness like that is marvelous—wouldn't it be great in a person—why can't I make it into shapes—I wish I could want to try - *GOK to PS*.²⁷⁸

Reid greeted her at the train station, telling her he had enlisted in the Air Service Signal Corps, November 15²⁷⁹

Described another entertaining WTSN Faculty Meeting, November 15:

I've talked in Faculty Meeting—a rearing snorting time—it was amazing to me—I just knocked everybody's head against the wall and made hash—and told them what I thought of school teachers and their darned courses of study and raised a time generally—It was an event—Rather surprising too—to have the whole bunch each old chap and each old girl—most of them anyway—come up and squeeze my hand or my arm and pat my back—when I had half way expected they might not speak to me after the things I said—I half way expected to be run out of the room—I talked for conservation of thought—in the child and student—education for the livingness of life rather than to get a certificate—That teachers are not living—They are primarily teachers—War is killing the individual in it unless he has learned livingness—if he had it he wouldn't be a good soldier—Art never seemed so worth while to me before—I have a million things to do—Must paint too—Must write too—I'm on the War path at such mad speed—against their hate and narrowness—it makes me laugh. And they seem to be with me—it's funny. Haven't time to write more but I certainly gave the old boys and girls a good jolt—They laughed and they clapped and they looked at one

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another in amazed wonder—It was great to just knock things right and left and not give a DAMN – *GOK to PS*.²⁸⁰

Witnessed a fight between Shirley and his wife and gave her opinion on marriage, November 20:

A bit uncomfortable because I've been hearing the rumblings of a family row below me all the while—He seems to be at the end of his rope tonight...I have a feeling that she needs a good laying out—The humdrum of housekeeping—care of her two children—she doesn't like—And she has a terrible fear of having another—It makes her cross—His good humor has been a marvel to me for a long time...I don't know what the row is about tonight but I hope she gets what's coming to her...It's all just her attitude toward life—it seems so stupid to me. Gosh! I'm glad I'm not married...I would like it or else I'd quit—that's all there would be to it – *GOK to AS*.²⁸¹

Visited Waco, TX on Thanksgiving weekend along with WTSN faculty members to speak at the Texas State Teachers' Association Meeting; saw her brother Alexis at Camp MacArthur, where he was stationed for military training, felt inspired by the soldiers and their commitment²⁸²

Returned to Canyon re-energized, inspired, and committed to her art, December 2 and 7:

It seems as though I never feel more on my own two good feet than I ever have in my life before—I hope they don't dampen me completely the minute I get off the train in Canyon...I didn't want to come home—but I feel as though I have lots to do—*lots*—and one thing to paint—It's the flag as I see it floating – *GOK to AS*.²⁸³

I've been like a young tornado—tornadoes don't have time for anything – *GOK to AS*.²⁸⁴

Developed a severe cold that affected her chest and voice, with a serious cough, late November or early December²⁸⁵

Her sister Claudia began student teaching in Spur, TX, which she described as “the sticks”²⁸⁶

Gave explosive report to the WTSN faculty on the Waco teachers' conference, December 7:

It was an event in the history of that faculty I guess—judging from what I've heard since—It seems that it was an explosion I've been growing to all my life...I took each boy in turn—Fatty Stafford—Latin—first and knocked him down and jumped on him with both feet—then took all the rest in turn—I told them their course of study was a failure and that many times they didn't know what they were talking about—That they were *teachers* not human beings and trying to cultivate another crop of the same thing...it is because they have tried to fill up curriculums with “SOLID” work that is not vital—Their educational system is not built on the development of natural human needs—desires—emotions—Too many students are just working for certificates—diplomas—degrees and the like instead of learning to live—Too many folks working for money instead of working because the thing means something to them—I had a great time—and almost every old boy and every old girl on the faculty came and talked to me about it afterward—The women tremendously tickled because no one had ever dared stand up to and tell those particular men that they didn't know what they were talking about and that what they were teaching wasn't of any use to the people they were teaching it to—And I was afraid four of the men were going to hug me—It was

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great—but the excitement almost killed me and I can hardly speak aloud for more than five minutes at a time my throat and chest hurt so. I stayed home today—thought maybe a day's rest by myself—no one to talk too—would help me...I have made up my mind I'm going to stay here—The rest of my life it seems now—unless they fire me—They may—I'm going to talk some more as soon as I get voice enough. I'm on the warpath - *GOK to AS*.²⁸⁷

Was criticized for openly objecting to anti-German Christmas cards sold in Canyon, December 14:

Last week I got talked about for objecting to cards in the drugstore—Christmas cards—Statue of Liberty—and a verse that ended with "Wipe Germany off the map!" ...They couldn't understand how or why anyone would object for any but pro-German reasons—even faculty folks got after me about it and when I explained they look at me sort of cross-eyed and said they hadn't thought about it that way - *GOK to AS*.²⁸⁸

You will laugh if I tell you what the last piece of excitement is over—it seems to be growing as the days go by—and it's really so funny—Some Xmas cards at the Drug Store that I asked the man not to sell—It's so funny—I have to laugh every time I think of it but it seems this whole town is talking about me—Not patriotic. One had a statue of liberty on it and a verse that ended with something to the effect that we wanted to wipe Germany off the map...The others—some statue of liberty—and a verse with something about hating the Kaiser—Both entirely against what they all profess to believe as the principles of Christianity—and certainly not in keeping with any kind of Xmas spirit I ever heard of—The good Christians are up in arms—It happened three weeks ago and the gossip is beginning to have a great flavor...It was just that I didn't want the students to buy cards like that—I never dreamed of folks talking—I don't care what they say about me—but it's amazing to see what is in their heads—that's what riles me so - *GOK to Elizabeth Stieglitz*.²⁸⁹

Regarding her feelings for AS, she wrote: "I wonder what you are to me—it's like father, mother, brother, sister, best man and woman friend, all mixed up in one—I love you greatly," December 14²⁹⁰

Wrote fondly of her landlord Mrs. Shirley, whom she described as "great in a way" and "waking up;" described her room at the Shirley residence, December 17²⁹¹

Bright sunshine coming in my windows—some greenness shining in it. My room is warm—it's a nice place. Last night was cold, still starlight. I saw the sun rise out of the enormous stretch of blue haze of plains and hot sky - *GOK to AS*.²⁹²

Commented on the beauty of the early mornings in the Panhandle, December 19 or 29:

This morning I got up just as daylight was coming—It was great—The first thing I thought was—GOSH—didn't God have his nerve with him when he painted those swipes across the sky—I envied him—the size of it—and the daring—The early mornings are tremendous - *GOK to AS*.²⁹³

Asked to speak in WTSN chapel, and even with the weak voice she had from illness, she was received by an enthusiastic audience, mid December:

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I'm still talking in chapel and it's about to wear me out but I'm having a great time—Yesterday the faculty liked it—they all talked to me about it—most of them—I should say—and I heard that a lot of them talked about it in class—Today the students got terribly excited and the faculty didn't say a word—it's great—I don't know what will happen tomorrow—and I care less—I feel like slinging brick bats and I have the chance to—so I'm slinging—I'm telling them a few things they don't like to hear and it's giving me a good time—One of the students said—It feels as though you are just up there talking to us—it doesn't seem like a speech the way it does when the others speak—and you don't look mad about it—you laugh sometimes—And a lot of them told me they could hardly get to work afterward—they were so excited they felt as though they had to get up and do something—Still the faculty didn't say a word—It's amusing—Wouldn't it be a joke if they fired me—I'd laugh – *GOK to AS*.²⁹⁴

Doubted she could last an entire semester at WTSN; described frustrations regarding local attitudes toward the war, December 28:

The way people are living nowadays isn't living—It hardly seems existing—shutting their minds and eyes...They all think they are nice good religious folks too—and I think them the most damnable heathens—I want to run away from them—out into the nothingness—and cry....The way they all run brainless and heartless in a mob...How long will it last...It's the older folks I cannot stand—The talk of men past thirty—The—women—Girls and boys and the ones who must fight are different – *GOK to AS*.²⁹⁵

Regretted that Reid was “not himself any more” and believed that he had become engaged to Fowler only at her suggestion, December 28²⁹⁶

Wrote about rediscovering her desire to make art, December 29:

Tonight the idea of paint—drawing—came to me—almost as a brand new idea—it seemed a surprise to think of it again—and so queer to think that I had ever done anything like that—I looked around the room and laughed—don't even seem to regret not wanting to work. Late spring when I didn't want to work it alarmed me—nothing seems to alarm me now. If the house were to catch fire now I doubt if it would excite me – *GOK to AS*.²⁹⁷

1918 Her speeches received general support from the faculty but strong resistance from Canyon citizens, early January; talked with RBC about this public reception, January 2 and 3:

My chapel talk and some other things have taken fire—and a good blaze is going—I've been so riled...Everyone I've said anything to about it—has been rather surprised at my point of view—They always see it—but the amusing thing about it is they always say “Yes—I see what you are driving at—you're right—I hadn't thought it that way—but Miss O'Keeffe to save your life—you can't drive that into the ordinary man's head—I don't care how hard you try.” Well—to make a long story short the “ordinary man and woman” of our honorable village have stuck several things together...and they are just pawing the air...I'm trying to calm down enough to talk to Mr. Cousins about it—but I'm having a hard time to do it...I'm mad enough to kill—Shirley...has helped me a lot—but it's really a snorting time we are all having—The faculty are beginning to line up with me I think—Thanks to Shirley I guess—I don't know—The town however is wagging its poor tongue off—Isn't it disgusting to get in a mess like that – *GOK to AS*.²⁹⁸

Had a long talk with Mr. Cousins—Nice—He remarked—You think differently from other

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folks—You may be right—I'd not have you a bit different—but it's going to be mighty hard for you to get along with folks—The ordinary run of men are just ordinary men and women and they don't think like you do and they are very apt to misunderstand you...They don't think—and they don't want to think—We had a great talk. He thinks I'm queer—but he thinks too "You may be right"—it's funny. I like him, you know - *GOK to AS*.²⁹⁹

Wrote with continued affection about the young children she taught at WTSN training school, January 3:

My children were wonderful today—My first, second and third grades—I am getting my children to paint even if I'm not painting—really wonderful—I wish you could see them. I have two Chinese lilies again—in a blue bowl—pure—white—clean—They and the children seem the only rest from the madness in the air - *GOK to AS*.³⁰⁰

Attended a faculty meeting at WTSN, January 5:

Faculty meeting this afternoon—I've never seen or heard anything funnier—faculty meetings are the most entertaining things that happen here...I am rather uncertain my mind here—I may not last through till May—I'm going to try to last till after summer school—Claudie will be back for summer school to finish her work—But it wouldn't surprise me if I just packed up and left most any day...The old brothers felt as though—well—I just surprised them a bit lately—They either had to abandon their professed religion or side with me and it didn't exactly go with their unthinking crazy way of haranguing (I don't know how to spell that word) about the war—and naturally—they didn't enjoy being jerked up...it's mighty ticklish ground to be walking on.—If I didn't like it here so much I wouldn't even bother to jolt them—but I like it—and—I wonder why I like it—Isn't it queer that I like it here—like it so much—It isn't any particular person—except my children—The folks are really unimaginably stupid—hopelessly ordinary - *GOK to AS*.³⁰¹

Went to see Dr. Mac with Harris in Amarillo for her sore throat, January 8:

[Leah] made Dr. Mac get after my throat—He said after poking me around some that he didn't know enough about it and took me to another man—As a result my arm is swelling up where he stuck it—He said—Rest—I explained that I couldn't—then he said—Don't say a word you don't have to—Don't do a thing you don't have to—That makes me laugh. But my throat is really very sore—Don't worry though—I'll be all right...I'm to go up again next weekend. No more car-riding—He didn't want me to come home in a car this afternoon but I came anyway—Mouth and nose both to be covered when I'm out in the cold air...It's funny—But I'm mighty tired—in fact I hurt all over—glad to be in bed...Dr. Mac is nice - *GOK to AS*.³⁰²

AS commented on what Canyon offered her, January 12: "Of course you like Canyon...Canyon has given you a chance to really live—rather to express yourself—It is material & background—you create with it—& you develop yourself through your own creation;" she wrote later with similar observations:³⁰³

The truth is I've been very lucky. Stieglitz was the most interesting center of energy in the art world just when I was trying to find my way. To have him get interested in me was a very good thing. My going to Texas was lucky, and of course, my finding this place [in NM]. And then, somehow, what I painted happened to fit into the emotional life of my time - *GOK, in a 1974 interview*.³⁰⁴

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Described her continued illness and another visit to the doctor, January 14³⁰⁵

I coughed all night—My chest hurt so I didn't dare go to school—My voice is in such a bad fix too—I knew I couldn't talk more than a few minutes without stopping completely...My chest hurts so bad I could cry. I ought not to tell you because it will bother you...291 seems so far away—you—so far away—Claudie so far away—everybody so far away—Strand—I don't remember but I don't believe I've written him since Xmas day—miles and years—All so empty. A grey day—wind enough to be doleful—plains nondescript. It's sickening. Is there such a thing as mental nausea - *GOK to AS*.³⁰⁶

I've been to Amarillo—went on train and Leah brought me back in a closed car—Dr. Mac is sick—gone to hospital...The other doctor read me another lecture—Scolded me for going out...Told me doctoring wouldn't do me any good—no use to give me medicine—still he gave me some—he is a funny old boy—said he would like to pick me up and put me down in a place where it was warm and sunny—and leave me alone—with only one prescription—Rest and don't talk...Since I've been sick and haven't gone to meals I haven't been able to eat much—and I began to wonder about coffee—a change from about six cups a day to practically none...I've just about made up my mind to quit for the spring quarter—It begins in five weeks after this—*GOK to AS*.³⁰⁷

Wrote to AS that she had received two letters from PS, and felt that PS had “taught [her] things” but that they were “cut out of altogether different kinds of stuff,” January 15³⁰⁸

AS worried about not hearing from her as regularly and about the medical care she received in TX, he wired RBC at WTSN to inquire about her, January 17: “It's ghastly to be sick & have stupid people around one”³⁰⁹

Decided to take a month sick leave from WTSN, January 20-21:

I'm going to ask for a month or six weeks off today if I can get up there to do it—Maybe I'll write or phone if I can't go up. It is hard to phone—It is hard to ask for time off because there is no one to do my work...Leah was down yesterday and wanted me to go home with her—I couldn't go then—things I had to do...I've just written to Mr. Cousins—I couldn't phone—I told him I couldn't go to work for two or three weeks anyway and asked for a month off—I'll get my coal boy to take it to him when he comes tonight. Mr. Cousins phoned me about your message—told me to call up the telegraph office and get it read to me and answer it...Propped up on two pillows I feel like a very amusing failure...Please don't bother about me—telegraphing and things like that—I'll be all right...It all made me decide though—that I'd stop work for a month—However—I think it would be a physical impossibility for me to do anything else. I guess I just didn't have energy enough to have the initiative to do it till I had to—To get up and say you are going to quit when there isn't anyone anywhere around to do your work isn't as easy as it seems...So much for my job - *GOK to AS*.³¹⁰

Considered several options, including relocating to San Antonio with Harris or to a healthcare facility in Amarillo; was visited by RBC, January 20:

Leah is going to San Antonio for February—and wants me to go with her—I don't seem to care—Maybe I'll stay here—The lady who stewes over me most—almost made me promise to go to Amarillo tomorrow if I feel able—to the sanitarium if I don't want to go to anyone's house—I've just about made up my mind to face the music and go—I've never been in a hospital—it scares me and I know they will come and haul me out....Mr. Cousins came—Wants me to rest a week and see if I can't go back to school for at least part-time...I just didn't much care one way or the other so agreed to do as he chooses. The excitement—or

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something—made my head ache—I got in bed right after he left and slept—like you sleep with a headache—all afternoon—Folks came when it was dark—Brought supper—I couldn't eat a bite—Feel as though I never want to eat again...Measles and all the pestersome diseases are flourishing and they don't want the children to get them downstairs
– *GOK to AS*.³¹¹

Visited by Harris who planned to take her to Amarillo, January 23; described Harris in loving terms:

Leah came in about two...I told them downstairs that she was the only person I wanted to see so they let her up—Leah is just like me only a little different—She can come down to see about some of Dr. Mac's taxes at the court house here—He has a ranch twenty miles south—Anyway she said—"George—I just had to see you—I thought I'd go crazy if I didn't—ever since you didn't come up Saturday." And she sat on the table and kicked her heels and told me what she had been doing—falling from one scrape into another. And she said—"I'm coming back tomorrow with woolen stockings and robes and the car all shut in tight and you're going back with me and anyone that says you're not I'll just tell them to go to Hell—I'm engineering this"...You would laugh at her—She is so funny—tall—slim—and such eyes—and the keenest tongue I ever saw???—She feels and thinks and does things—and goes like the wind—and then began tearing around through the things on my table for something to read—I gave her Schopenhauer—I wish you could see her—she is wonderful. She wears a man's coat and hat and then the most wonderful pair of women's feet kick out from under the skirts—long—slim—unusually good-looking feminine feet. And the eyes up top. People always think we are sisters—here and in Amarillo too—it's so funny—She is a food demonstrator for three counties here and burns up so much good gasoline tearing over them. Dr. Mac furnishes the car—the counties the gasoline. Don't exactly know why I'm writing so much about her today. Except that the first time we met—nothing had to be explained—it was as though we had always known all about one another – *GOK to AS*.³¹²

Began to feel better—"Don't worry—I'm quite Irish—and quite tough"—and hoped to finish work for the winter quarter at WTSN, and then take three months off for spring quarter; spoke to RBC about this plan, January 23 and 31.³¹³

I was just sick and I don't seem to be able to get over it...I want to go to school and I just don't see how I can. I feel like Nothing—Nowhere—Never—Do you know what that feels like? – *GOK to AS*.³¹⁴

My throat bothered me—I'd like to be buried way out on the plains somewhere till I feel better...A talk with Mr. Cousins—not much encouragement about that Spring Quarter off—He thinks I'll be all right by then—it's three weeks off—He is a nice little man—And you know I just couldn't tell him that what I want even more than a beautifully working throat is to feel free for just a little while – *GOK to AS*.³¹⁵

Continued to try to work, attending half days at WTSN, January 25-31

I feel on the edge of something—as though something must happen. This morning while at school I went in to tell Mr. Cousins that I want the spring quarter off...I feel I might just as well tell him I am not coming back anymore—It feels that way. Isn't it funny—and I haven't an idea of what I am going to do—where to go or anything...Isn't this war-time an absurd time for a person to just sit down and say they are going to quit work...I would like to go East—but it's too expensive to just please myself that way...Probably more than half the trouble with me is lack of real human folks—I hate to go out and see the faces—mostly masks—and I feel what's behind the masks and it has grown to be almost unbearable...If I go

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anywhere—I ought to go wherever it's warm...The good brethren and sisters would be horrified if they knew me like you do—I can't be human here. I can't even wear the kind of clothes I want to. Why I feel as though I can't even think what I want to – *GOK to AS*.³¹⁶

AS wrote that he wanted to rush down and drag her back for “a little real care” and wrote that he “*must know*” about her diagnosis and treatment, February 1³¹⁷
Took a “hypodermic of some sort of serum” prescribed by her doctor, February 4

He says the serum will make me sick but to take it anyway—dangerous not to...Surely have been laid out—the darned stuff gives me an awful headache and makes me deathly sick at my stomach—and the worst of it is that as soon as I feel pretty well again I have to have another dose – *GOK to AS*.³¹⁸

Read Van Gogh's letters, which AS sent her while she was trying to recuperate,
February 7³¹⁹

Decided that she could not work at WTSN any more due to her health, February 4:

Yesterday I went to school—and I've come to the conclusion that I just simply can't go anymore—no two ways about it...It doesn't worry me (I know that's a bad word) like it would most anyone else—I don't much care—only wonder what I'll do...I know by the way I feel that it is pretty apt to take at least two or three months to make me human again—I've tried to think I was mistaken but I'm not I guess—Needles in my throat you know—it's way down—you can't see it—and the rest of me just no good—Today it even hurts to whisper – *GOK to AS*.³²⁰

Felt “so very sick;” Dr. Mac insisted that she “go South—lower altitude—and warm —He says San Antonio so I go;” began to pack and warned AS not to be surprised if she didn't write for a time, February 11³²¹

Described spending time with a “big colored man” named Will at Dr. Mac's,
February 12:

Will—a big colored man—came in—poked the fire—said I'd freeze to death if he didn't come and fix me up—and now he is playing the victrola out in the sitting-room—and I can't read—Billie and Dr. Mac have gone to church—Will entertained me most of yesterday afternoon—I on the couch in the sitting-room—under a livid red quilt—a big open fire...half asleep except for Will—his teeth the whitest thing in the room—his face and head the blackest—it was funny—really great—he wants me to stay here—he likes me around, he says—so ridiculous—I like the black folks—it seems like home – *GOK to AS*.³²²

Described the wind on one of her last days in the Panhandle, February 12:

The day out is a yellow Hell of tearing biting cold wind—fairly blinding with dust—why it's mad—It's wonderful too—I like it—I'm glad it is that way—it's tremendous—still it is laughable—It's like some crazy folks I've seen—I lived near an asylum once...I'm just as afraid to go out into this weather as I used to be crazy folks – *GOK to AS*.³²³

South Texas

Left Canyon for San Antonio, TX by train, February 14; sent with her “own hypos” (injections) that Dr. Mac had shown her how to administer on herself³²⁴

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Arrived in Fort Worth, TX for an overnight stop after missing her connection, February 15; met a former WTSN student stationed for military boot camp there; commented on the “blue haze” that was different from Canyon, where there “we hardly ever have anything but yellow dust haze”³²⁵
AS panicked when he didn’t hear from her, February 16; AS wired Canyon and found a doctor’s directory from Amarillo to search for a “Dr. Mac;” sent her a telegram saying “coming to New York might be advisable” and that “funds [were] ready to be telegraphed”³²⁶
Felt “so glad” to be in San Antonio, February 18; ran into the Amarillo man Austin and others from her past; stayed with Sibyl Browne, a friend from SC she had met at CTC; hoped to “go East” if she didn’t feel better soon but Dr. Mac had advised her not to because of the cold³²⁷

Things up there at Canyon had just about driven me crazy I guess...up there at Canyon it was so hard not to go to work and—I don’t know—the whole thing almost ran me crazy...There isn’t much the matter with me except what I told you before—See Dr. Mac said my throat might turn into TB if I wasn’t careful—said it had fine chances to...but I really feel so much better and I’ve only been here three days—He said TB or pneumonia—and he rubbed it in so hard—that’s why I came down here as he said – *GOK to AS*.³²⁸

Continued to take her “hypo...(it’s what Dr. Mac calls—mixed injection—and that doesn’t mean anything to me—) made me feel rotten yesterday;” spent time with Harris daily, especially in Waring, TX, 50 miles NW of San Antonio, February 23 ³²⁹

PS visited her in South Texas in May, having been sent by AS to convince her to return to NYC³³⁰

New York

Relocated to NYC, accompanied by PS, arriving on or around June 10; moved into a studio apartment vacated by AS’s niece; began a new focus on her painting, left teaching permanently, and shifted mainly to larger oil paintings on canvas

AS moved into the studio apartment with her, mid July (he was 54; she was 30), having separated from his first wife, Emmeline Obermeyer Stieglitz³³¹

Spent time with AS at his family home in Lake George, NY beginning in August³³²

Later described how she had destroyed works she had completed in TX:

When I knew I was going to stay in NY, I sent for things I had left in Texas. They came in a barrel and among them were all my old drawings and paintings. I put them in with the wastepaper trash to throw away that that night when Stieglitz and I came home after dark the paintings and drawings were blowing all over the street. We left them there and went in. But I remember a large watercolor of many hollyhocks sticking out of a big wastecan – *GOK in her 1976 autobiography*.³³³

AS began his photographic portraits of her, including nudes, semi-nudes, and images of her hands; offered to support her while she focused on painting for

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a year: "I enjoyed my work teaching, but I would rather just try to paint for a year"³³⁴

Her father dies, November 11

1919 Shifted her subjects to scenes of Lake George, a principal focus of her work until 1929, when she first spent extended time in NM

Completed her series *From the Plains*, abstractions of TX landscapes painted from memory:³³⁵

From the Plains I and Orange and Red Streak were painted in New York months after I left that wide world. And years after, I painted it twice again. The cattle in the pens lowing for their calves day and night was a sound that has always haunted me. It had a regular rhythmic beat like the old Penitente songs, repeating the same rhythms over and over all through the day and night. It was loud and raw under the stars in that wide empty country – *GOK in her 1976 autobiography*.³³⁶

1921 AS exhibited 145 of his photographic works at Anderson Galleries in NYC, including 45 portraits of her, some nude

1923 Had a solo show of her work at Anderson Galleries, NYC, in January; began the trend of yearly exhibitions of her work organized by AS that continued until his death in 1946

1924 Married AS on December 11, after he had divorced his first wife

1925 Moved with AS into the new Shelton Hotel on Lexington Ave. in NYC, November
Began her series of 30 abstractions of skyscrapers and scenes of NYC (1925-29)
Began painting large-scale depictions of flowers

1929 Visited Taos, NM for an extensive stay of four months from April to early fall; Mabel Dodge Luhan hosted her and found her a studio
Her work appeared in the exhibition *Paintings by 19 Living Americans* at MoMA in NYC in December

1933 Hospitalized for psychoneurosis in February

1935 Visited Canyon, TX and PDC during an automobile trip from Santa Fe, NM to NYC; left Santa Fe on November 5; wrote to AS on a postcard purchased at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum (on WTSN campus) postmarked November 6, which read "Spent morning here. Everything Fine. Wednesday"³³⁷

1940 Purchased house in Ghost Ranch, NM

1945 Purchased house in Abiquiu, NM

- 1946 Death of AS, July 13; organized her retrospective at MoMA, making the first such exhibition of a woman artist at the museum, May; the opening was attended by Reid, whom she confronted about his having “dropped [her] like a hot cake” in Canyon; Reid evidently explained that he had been warned not to socialize with her if he wanted to graduate³³⁸

Reid made the following statement about her to Pollitzer at the opening:

Did you ever see the rain with Georgia? Did you ever see her watch a great storm? I knew and loved that country well and here for the first time was someone who felt the same way about it. There was never anyone in the world like her in her appreciation of such things. She always wanted the best and there wasn't any camouflage in her – *Ted Reid*.³³⁹

- 1949 Relocated permanently to NM
- 1954 Completed *From the Plains II* based on her memories of the High Plains in TX³⁴⁰
- 1966 Attended opening of her TX retrospective at the Amon Carter Museum
- 1976 Completed her autobiography with Viking Press
- 1986 Died in NM, March 6, at age 98
- 1988 Terry Reid Caballero, granddaughter of Ted Reid, announced that she had found in a garage in Amarillo 28 original O'Keeffe watercolors completed in Canyon between 1916 and 1918; Reid Caballero sold the works (the series came to be called *Canyon Suite*) to Gerald Peters of the Peters Gallery for \$1 million³⁴¹
- 1993 The Peters Gallery sold 24 watercolors from *Canyon Suite* to R. Crosby Kemper Jr. of Kansas City
- 1994 Kemper gifted 24 *Canyon Suite* paintings to the newly opened Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art in Kansas City; Peters donated the remaining 4 works in the series to the Kemper Museum
- 1997 The Georgia O'Keeffe Museum opened in Santa Fe, NM, founded by the TX couple John and Anne Marion
- 1998 Publication of the O'Keeffe catalogue raisonné by Barbara Buhler Lynes, which did not include the 28 *Canyon Suite* watercolors based on evidence that the paper did not match the papers used by the artist in 1916-18 and likely was not obtainable in the U.S. until after 1930

2000 Peters agreed to refund \$5 million to Kemper, January 21

2006 Her correspondence with AS was unsealed at the Beinecke Library at Yale University

– Amy Von Lintel, Canyon, TX, October 2014

I would like to thank my student Traci Winter and my colleague Carolyn Ottoson, Librarian of Government Documents at the Cornette Library, for their invaluable assistance and careful research toward this project. I also thank the staff at Cornette Library and the Research Center at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum—including Amy Pajewsky, Linda Chenoweth, Mildred Vanover, and Warren Stricker—for their continuous help and support. Finally, I owe a great debt of gratitude to both Sharyn R. Udall and Carolyn Kastner for lending their expertise on O'Keeffe to my project and for carefully reading drafts of my work.

¹ On GOK's early biography, see especially WP, DP, RR, LL, AWOP, and CB, 1-30.

² On her time at CEI and her meeting of Peretta, see RR, 41-6 and DP, 32-8. The possibility for GOK to find a career as an art educator was likely encouraged by Willis, who has been identified as Elizabeth May and Elizabeth Mae variously. Peretta has also been identified as Beretta by scholars: see LL, 25 and 45; Calvin Tomkins, "The Rose in the Eye Looked Pretty Fine," *The New Yorker*, Mar. 4, 1974, 42; JM, 112; Jeffrey Hogrefe, *O'Keeffe: The Life of an American Legend* (New York: Bantam, 1992), 53; CBPPHR, 18; CB, 7; and AWOP, 102.

³ ASL was then the most advanced art school in America. See especially WP, 38-9 and 44-52.

⁴ Apparently GOK was not impressed by AS's manner in this first encounter. See LG, xx.

⁵ On this prize, see MFO, 20; AS to GOK, Sept. 27, 1916, MFO, 36; GOK1976; and DP, 51. GOK resided just across the lake from the Stieglitz family home. AS was also a juror for the artist colony that included GOK in 1908 and, remarkably, awarded a prize to a fellow student for his portrait of GOK's striking features.

⁶ DP, 71 and RR, 74-5.

⁷ Her commercial designs included drawing lace and embroidery designs for newspaper ads. See LL, 44; WP, 41; and DP, 72.

⁸ DP, 73. Other biographers claim that she moved to Charlottesville earlier instead of remaining in Williamsburg with her father. See RR, 76,

⁹ DP, 75 and RR, 75-6. GOK's mother illegally kept her tuberculosis secret from boarders.

¹⁰ UVA began admitting women students that same year, but only in the summers. See WP, 39 and DP, 76. On Dow's influence on GOK, see WP, 82-100; DP, 76-79; RR, 81-4; CB, 49-51; Sharyn R. Udall, *O'Keeffe and Texas* (New York: Abrams, 1998), 18-21; Judith Zilcher, "Light Coming on the Plains: Georgia O'Keeffe's Sunrise Series," *Artibus et Historiae* 20, no. 40 (1999): 194-6; Lisa Mintz Messinger, *Georgia O'Keeffe* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2001), 18-21; and H. Daniel Peck, "The House Across the Street: Georgia O'Keeffe's *Roof with Snow*," *American Art* 21, no. 3 (2007): 98-109. On Bement's influence on GOK and on how "he gave [her] a new point of view," see GOK to AS, Apr. 21, 1917, AGA. The letters in AGA are dated according to their postmark, while Greenough dates them according to their time of composition.

¹¹ JM, 115n33.

¹² LL, 45; RR, 86; and DP, 80.

¹³ "General Information About Our Schools," *Amarillo Daily News*, 15 Aug. 1912, 6.

¹⁴ There is little archival evidence for what O'Keeffe experienced at the Magnolia; for the secondary accounts of her Amarillo residence at this hotel, see Pollitzer, "That's Georgia," *Saturday Review*, 4 Nov. 1950, 41-3; AWOP, 103; JM, 115; LL, 46 and 51-52; Hogrefe, 54-55; RR, 88-9; DP, 80; CBPPHR, 19; CB, 9-10; and Paul H. Carlson, *Amarillo: The Story of A Western Town* (Lubbock: Texas Tech University Press, 2006), 75.

¹⁵ Cornelia Wolflin Patton, oral interview, Mar. 24, 1986, conducted by Al Kochka, Director of the Amarillo Art Center [now the Amarillo Museum of Art], Cs 1987 73/1, RCPPHM. Patton was a student of O'Keeffe in Amarillo at age 12.

¹⁶ Only one source records GOK's later statements about this textbook incident. She is quoted saying that the book was "utterly useless" and that the children were too poor to afford the book. She also described how she and the superintendent "wound up in horrible fights over it" in which she stood her ground and she independently went to all the area schools convincing them not to buy the book. See Ralph Looney, *O'Keeffe and Me: A Treasured Friendship* (Niwot: University Press of Colorado, 1995), 25. John Matthews shows that despite this disagreement with the superintendent and school board, GOK remained on good terms with them. See JM, 116.

¹⁷ Patton interview, 1986. This is one of the very few recorded witnesses of GOK's time in Amarillo between 1912 and 1914. No letters by her from these years have apparently been preserved.

¹⁸ Pollitzer, "That's Georgia," 42.

¹⁹ Tomkins, 42.

²⁰ GOK1976, text adjacent to plates 2 and 3.

²¹ JM, 116.

²² Ibid. The location of this art convention is not known.

²³ The co-ed WTSN was established in 1910 as a teacher's college to train instructors for the public schools of TX. At the time, it was one of few institutions of higher education for hundreds of miles, and one of only seven state-supported teacher's colleges in TX. The first 4-year degrees were awarded in 1919. See Joseph Abner Hill, *More than Bricks and Mortar: West Texas State College, 1909-1959* (Amarillo: n.p., 1959) and Marty Kuhlman, *Always WT: West Texas A&M University Centennial History* (Stillwater, OK: New Forums Press, 2010).

²⁴ On Macmahon, who was three years younger than GOK, see WOP, 17-41; WP, 34; LG, xvii; DP, 96-97; and RR, 113-187.

²⁵ JM, 116-17.

²⁶ The two women crossed paths in classes at the ASL in 1912, but they became friends in the fall of 1914 at CTC, when AP was 20 and GOK was 27. AP was from a wealthy Jewish family. The two women were an unlikely pair, but remained close while GOK lived in West Texas. On AP, see especially AWOP and LG.

²⁷ GOK to AP, Sept. 1915, LG, 32. CC was a small, two-year Methodist school for women with a reputation for training music teachers; economic downturn had affected enrollment that year, and the student population had dropped to 150. The town was still underdeveloped and the college was not fully accredited. See AWOP, 17-41 and 120-31; WP, 30; LG, xv-xvi; RR, 117-30; and DP, 98.

²⁸ See AWOP and LG.

²⁹ LG, xviii and AWOP, 17-41. She writes fondly of Macmahon later as well, saying that he "seems to be part of everything" she knows in VA and NY. GOK to AS, June 22, 1916, MFO, 9.

³⁰ AWOP, 43-49; WP, 31-32; Lynes, 45-56.

³¹ MFO, 3.

³² AWOP, 47-8; LG, xxii; and MFO, 1. On AS's growing fondness for these works, see AS to GOK, Jan. 20, July 10, and July 16, 1916, in MFO, 3-4, 13 and 15.

³³ DP, 108 and RR, 134.

³⁴ GOK to AP, Jan. 14, 1916, AWOP, 126.

³⁵ JM, 119.

³⁶ GOK to AP, Feb. 25, 1916, AL, 153.

³⁷ Duncan and Lafferty were also emerging artists at the time. For GOK's works in this show, see Lynes, 45-50, 52, and 54-56. Remembering her show later, GOK described how she had protested their public display but gave in to AS's desire to hang them at 291. GOK1976, text adjacent to Plate 10. Even though she was not present for this show, AS assured her that the works caused "a stir" in NYC. See AS to GOK, July 31, 1916, MFO, 17.

³⁸ See especially WP, 37-38.

³⁹ MFO, 9n12 and DP, 113.

⁴⁰ GOK to AS, May 3, 1916, MFO, 5. According to Benita Eisler, "The circumstances of Ida O'Keeffe's final agony were pure Dostoyevsky. Staggering from bed to the front door, where the landlady stood demanding months of overdue rent, she suffered a fatal hemorrhage. Despite two able-bodied daughters at home, there was apparently no food in the house at the time of her death." LG, xxiv. See also LL, 67; RR, 153; and DP, 113-14.

⁴¹ GOK to AS, May 8, 1916, MFO, 6.

⁴² GOK to AS, May 28, 1916, MFO, 7.

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- ⁴³ GOK to AS, June 22, 1916, MFO, 8-9.
- ⁴⁴ Lynes, 81-89, 91-94, 96 and 104-14.
- ⁴⁵ GOK to AS, June 22 and July 3, 1916, MFO, 9 and 11.
- ⁴⁶ DP, 117 and MFO, 20.
- ⁴⁷ MFO, 24-5; GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 180; and GOK to AS, Sept. 3, 1916, MFO, 26. Canyon in 1916 had a population of 1,500. The city was founded in 1889 as the seat of Randall County and the center of a ranching and farming community. It is 18 miles south of Amarillo and 12 miles west of PDC. The Santa Fe Railroad running between Lubbock and Amarillo had a depot stop in Canyon. See CB, 31-44.
- ⁴⁸ She nicknamed Stafford "Fatty Latin" and often derided him as "fat and bald" or as "a 'nut.'" See GOK to AS, Nov. 4, 1916, MFO, 58, and GOK to AS, Feb. 28, June 26, Oct. 5, and Dec. 17, 1917, AGA.
- ⁴⁹ GOK to AS, Sept. 3, 1916, MFO, 26-7 and AL, 155-6.
- ⁵⁰ See GOK to AS, Sept. 20, 1916 and Jan. 2, 1917, MFO, 31 and 99, and GOK to AP, Oct. 1916, LG, 207.
- ⁵¹ GOK to AP, Sept. 5, 1916, AWOP, 149.
- ⁵² GOK to AS, Sept. 3, 1916, MFO, 26-7 and AL, 155-6.
- ⁵³ GOK to AS, Sept. 8, 1916, MFO, 28.
- ⁵⁴ Lynes 122-23. She also mentions the sound of windmills in her letters to AS on June 25, June 26, and July 2, 1917, AGA.
- ⁵⁵ GOK to AP, Sept. 11, 1916, AGA; AWOP, 146; AL, 156-7; and RR, 161.
- ⁵⁶ Tomkins, 42.
- ⁵⁷ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 181.
- ⁵⁸ GOK to AS, Sept. 8, 1916, MFO, 28.
- ⁵⁹ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 182.
- ⁶⁰ Mary Elizabeth Hudspeth was assistant professor of mathematics at WTSN from 1910 to 1916, then of languages from 1916 to 1943, and was named the first Dean of Women at the college in 1918. See MFO, 27n57; DP, 121; and Kuhlman, 38. Today this house is the Hudspeth House Bed and Breakfast: www.hudspethinn.com.
- ⁶¹ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 188. On her room number in Old Main, see *Bulletin of the West Texas State Normal College: Summer Session of the College and Summer Normal for Teachers*, 14 (Feb. 1, 1917): 37.
- ⁶² Ruby Cole Archer, oral interview, Apr. 14, 1986, conducted by Al Kochka, Director of the Amarillo Art Center [now the Amarillo Museum of Art], Cs 1987 73/1, RCPPHM. Archer was a student of GOK at WTSN in her costume design class.
- ⁶³ Maddy Kirk Duncan interview, Mar. 27, 1986, conducted by Al Kochka, Cs 1987 73/1, RCPPHM. Duncan was a student of GOK at WTSN.
- ⁶⁴ Archer interview, 1986. This is the only mention I have found of GOK collecting bones and appreciating the aesthetics of animal bones during her time in the Panhandle. It is possible Archer is misremembering the artist's fascination with bones knowing she made bone paintings later in NM; but the witness Archer gave in this interview was specific enough to record here. RR takes Archer at her word here and sees the bones as a metaphor for GOK's approach to abstract design. RR, 160.
- ⁶⁵ Tomkins, 48.
- ⁶⁶ GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 58.
- ⁶⁷ GOK to AS, Sept. 8, 1916, MFO, 28-9.
- ⁶⁸ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 187 and AL, 158.
- ⁶⁹ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 187; GOK to AP, Sept. [11], 1916, AGA; and AL, 158.
- ⁷⁰ AS to GOK, Sept. 20, 1916, MFO, 29. He calls them beautiful, wonderful, immense, gripping, "as fine in its way as anything" he knows, and says they have "tremendous power."
- ⁷¹ GOK to AS, Sept. 20, 1916, MFO, 32.
- ⁷² GOK to AS, Sept. 20, 1916, MFO, 32. A year later, she similarly described the horses and cattle, "even finer than last year—only beef cattle you know." See GOK to AS, Oct. 14, 1917, AGA.
- ⁷³ GOK to AS, Sept. 20, 1916, MFO, 30.
- ⁷⁴ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 186; AWOP, 146-7; and AL, 157.
- ⁷⁵ GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 5. WTSN sat on 40 acres of flat, bare land when GOK worked there. About 1000 trees had been planted on the property in 1912 and 1913, but they still would have been young and thin when she was in Canyon. Kuhlman, 3-6 and 26-28. Sharyn Udall discusses how GOK saw the land in terms of

an ocean, and connects this relationship to the long geological history of the region, which was once a prehistoric inland sea bed. See Udall, 16.

⁷⁶ GOK to AS, Sept. 20, 1916, MFO, 32-3.

⁷⁷ GOK to AS, Sept. 24, 1916, MFO, 33.

⁷⁸ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 200 and RR, 165.

⁷⁹ AS to GOK, Sept. 27, 1916, MFO, 36-7. He writes: "We are free at present in our relationship....There is nothing that I need hide—nothing that I fear might be misunderstood—there is no consciousness of anything but a common understanding no matter how much we differ...you know I *expect* nothing—but that freedom....The potentiality of a whole world exists in such a relationship between two beings." Emphasis in original.

⁸⁰ GOK to AP, Sept. 1916, LG, 199.

⁸¹ GOK to AP, Oct. 1916, LG, 207 and AWOP, 147.

⁸² GOK to AS, Oct. 9, 1916, MFO, 41.

⁸³ GOK to AS, Oct. 9, 1916, MFO, 42.

⁸⁴ GOK to AP, Oct. 1916, LG, 208.

⁸⁵ GOK to AP, Oct. 1916, LG, 207-8 and DP, 97.

⁸⁶ GOK to AS, Oct. 11, 1916, MFO, 42-3.

⁸⁷ GOK to AS, Oct. 16, 1916, AGA.

⁸⁸ GOK to AS, Oct. 22, 1916, MFO, 45-6. The town of Canyon had six Protestant churches when GOK lived there. See CB, 16.

⁸⁹ GOK to AS, Oct. 22, 1916, MFO, 46.

⁹⁰ GOK to AS, Oct. 26, 1916, MFO, 49. On the mandatory chapel hour for both students at faculty at WTSN, see Kuhlman, 53. Chapel involved religious themes as well as cultural lessons, including musical performances and lectures on art. On her avoidance and dislike of chapel at WTSN, see also GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.

⁹¹ GOK to AP, Oct. 30, 1916, LG, 209-10.

⁹² GOK to AS, Oct. 31, 1916, MFO, 57.

⁹³ GOK to AS, Oct. 31, 1916, MFO, 56-7. For her other descriptions of the "starlight," see letters written to AS on Dec 12 and 19, 1916; Feb. 28, Mar. 15, Mar. 17, Mar. 26, June 30, and Dec. 17, 1917.

⁹⁴ GOK to AS, Nov. 4, 1916, MFO, 58.

⁹⁵ GOK to AS, Nov. 5, 1916, MFO, 58n130.

⁹⁶ GOK to AS, Nov. 4, 1916, MFO, 59.

⁹⁷ The illustration appeared in *Vanity Fair* 7, no. 3 (Nov. 1916): 41. The caption reads: "After the ball is over, the New York debutante retires to her maidenly couch." The image can be accessed online at: <http://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/000493903>. See also Lynes, 134A.

⁹⁸ GOK to AP, Nov. 1916, LG, 216 and AWOP, 150. For her other descriptions of cattle, see GOK to AS, Nov. 30, 1916, MFO, 84. On the closeness of the stockyards to the WTSN campus, and on students being able to hear the cattle even during lectures, see Kuhlman, 30.

⁹⁹ LG, 217 and GOK to AS, Nov. 12, 1916, MFO, 66.

¹⁰⁰ GOK to AS, Nov. 13, 1916, MFO, 70: "I'm glad too that I'm not in New York—I don't want to be there—There is more out here."

¹⁰¹ GOK to AS, Nov. 13, 1916, MFO, 72. AS responds that he too hates "isms," but will send her books to help her. AS to GOK, Nov. 18, 1916, MFO, 78.

¹⁰² GOK to AS, Nov. 22, 1916, MFO, 80.

¹⁰³ There is very little documentation on this fall show. See Lynes, Appendix III, 1109.

¹⁰⁴ GOK to AS, Nov. 22, 1916, MFO, 80. See also GOK to AS, July 3, 1916, MFO, 12 and GOK to AS, Mar 14, 1917, AGA. In her Mar. 14 letter, she described how much she enjoyed talking with Claudia, a closeness that only developed between the sisters in Canyon.

¹⁰⁵ GOK to AS, Nov. 22, 1916, MFO, 79.

¹⁰⁶ GOK to AS, Dec. 24, 1916, AGA.

¹⁰⁷ GOK to AS, Nov. 30, 1916, MFO, 84; Lynes, 128-30. AS responds with enthusiasm, reminding her of his own rail yard photographs. See AS to GOK, Dec. 4, 1916, MFO, 87.

¹⁰⁸ GOK to AS, Dec. 10, 1916, MFO, 87.

¹⁰⁹ GOK to AS, Dec. 12, 1916, AGA. For other mentions of her "red" paintings, see letters to AS on Dec. 12, 1916; Mar. 17, 18, and 26; Apr. 24; June 19 and 22; July 13; and Oct. 5, 1917.

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- ¹¹⁰ For these watercolors, see Lynes, 207; 129-30; and 209-11.
- ¹¹¹ GOK to AS, Dec. 12, 1916, AGA.
- ¹¹² GOK to AS, Dec. 12, 1916, AGA.
- ¹¹³ GOK to AS, Dec. 19, 1916, AGA. Underscore in original.
- ¹¹⁴ Tomkins, 42.
- ¹¹⁵ GOK to AS, Dec. 12, 1916, AGA.
- ¹¹⁶ GOK to AS, Dec. 12, 1916, AGA.
- ¹¹⁷ Duncan interview, 1986.
- ¹¹⁸ Archer interview, 1986.
- ¹¹⁹ Lula Byrd McCabe, oral interview, Apr. 12, 1990, Cs 1991 10/1, RCPPHM. McCabe was a student of GOK at WTSN in 1917. Italics added by author to show her spoken emphasis during the interview.
- ¹²⁰ Ted Reid, oral interview, Apr. 26, 1978, conducted by A. Kirk Knott, CS 1970-19/10a, RCPPHM.
- ¹²¹ GOK to AS, Dec. 21, 1916, MFO, 92; GOK to AS, Dec. 24, 1916 and Feb. 4 and Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.
- ¹²² GOK to AS, Dec. 24, 1916, AGA.
- ¹²³ GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 6 and Lynes, 199-206.
- ¹²⁴ She writes: “And I scolded royally tonight for the first time because she never picks things up—niggers don’t grow on bushes here—and I can’t stand things out of place and I’ve been picking up for two ever since she has been here.” GOK to AS, Dec. 26, 1916, AGA.
- ¹²⁵ GOK to AS, Dec. 30, 1916, and Jan. 2, 1917, MFO, 97-8, and GOK to AP, Jan. [16] 1917, LG, 238-9. Lester was a Yale-educated Randall County, TX prosecuting attorney. GOK writes that he looked “about two miles an hour” compared to her “sixty miles an hour.” He was the son of Lewis T. Lester, a prominent Hale County rancher, who was, according to GOK, “one of the biggest ranchmen around,” a founder of Stockman’s National Bank (later First National Bank of Canyon), and a major supporter of WTSN. Lester’s brother, Commodore Dunlap Lester, was president of the bank in Canyon when GOK lived there. GOK wrote that she kept her money in Lester’s family’s bank at the time.
- ¹²⁶ GOK to AP, Jan. 17, 1917, AL, 159.
- ¹²⁷ GOK to AS, Dec. 26, 1916, AGA and RR, 167.
- ¹²⁸ GOK to AS, Dec. 26, 1916, AGA.
- ¹²⁹ GOK to AS, Dec. 26, 1916, AGA.
- ¹³⁰ She wrote to AP on Jan. 17 that she had “rooms engaged for over a month in a house that’s being built.” The Shirley house was completed in Feb. 1917. See AL, 160. Shirley was also WTSN registrar and football coach. Shirley lived with his wife, Willena, and their children Lewis and Louise. The home was newly built and though the Shirley’s were reluctant to take tenants, they allowed GOK and her sister to rent the top floor room, which overlooked the prairie east toward the canyon. Carlson and Becker spell Willena as “Willina,” see CBPPHR, 22
- ¹³¹ GOK to AS, Jan. 2, 1917, MFO, 98.
- ¹³² GOK to AP, Jan. [16] 1917, LG, 238-9 and AL, 160.
- ¹³³ See GOK to AP, Jan. 1917, AGA. The Palo Duro Club was founded around 1905 when local residents, including Charles Wolflin and Tom Currie, purchased the land in shares from the Santa Fe Railroad Company, which sold the land when it could not be used for railroad real estate. The new shareholders built residential cabins and a structure to cover the natural spring, making the “club” a resort getaway for area residents. The club land is still held in common by shareholders today, including descendants of the founding families. When O’Keeffe visited the club in 1916-17, she would have found several quaint wooden cabins nestled among trees within the craggy northern edge of Palo Duro Canyon. On the club’s history, I have drawn from Patton, oral interview, 1886 and an in-person interview I conducted with Pattilou Dawkins on Apr. 9, 2014. Dawkins is the grandniece of club founder Charles Wolflin and the niece of Cornelia Wolflin Patton. Patton described the club at length during her 1986 interview, but she never claims to have seen GOK there; in fact, she plainly states that she never saw GOK again after she studied with the artist in Amarillo in 1912.
- ¹³⁴ GOK to AS, Jan. 10?, 1917, 99-100.
- ¹³⁵ GOK to AP, Jan. [16], 1917, LG, 238.
- ¹³⁶ GOK to AP, Jan. [16], 1917, LG, 241; AL, 161; GOK to AS, July 1, 1917, MFO, 170; GOK to AS, June 25, July 2, Oct. 5, and Dec. 29, 1917, AGA. On July 2, she described to AS some of the children’s drawings.
- ¹³⁷ GOK to AS, Oct. 5, 1917, AGA.
- ¹³⁸ AS to GOK, Jan. 16, 1917, 102.

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- ¹³⁹ GOK to AS, Feb. 4, 1917, MFO, 103; DP, 121; and CB, 16.
- ¹⁴⁰ GOK to AS, Feb. 4, 1917, MFO, 104n222.
- ¹⁴¹ AS to GOK, Feb. 11, 1917, MFO, 110.
- ¹⁴² GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 112. She complained of a headache, sore throat, and shortness of breath.
- ¹⁴³ GOK to AS, Feb. 13, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁴⁴ GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 112.
- ¹⁴⁵ GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 112.
- ¹⁴⁶ GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 112-13.
- ¹⁴⁷ GOK to AP, Feb. 19, 1917, LG, 249 and AWOP, 151.
- ¹⁴⁸ GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 113.
- ¹⁴⁹ GOK to AS, Feb. 16, 1917, MFO, 113. She thought people in Canyon were being nice to her since it was hard to get faculty to monitor these dances. Chaperones were required for any extra-curricular activities for WTSN students, including dances or trips to PDC. See Kuhlman, 48 and 55.
- ¹⁵⁰ GOK to AP, Feb. 19, 1917, LG, 249 and AWOP, 151.
- ¹⁵¹ GOK to AP, Feb. 19, 1917, LG, 249.
- ¹⁵² GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁵³ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁵⁴ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁵⁵ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁵⁶ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA. GOK made her own clothes and was a skilled seamstress, and was especially proud of her clothes with pockets. See also GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA and DP, 74.
- ¹⁵⁷ Patton interview, 1986.
- ¹⁵⁸ Archer interview, 1986.
- ¹⁵⁹ McCabe interview, 1990.
- ¹⁶⁰ Reid interview, 1978.
- ¹⁶¹ GOK to AS, Feb. 4 and Feb. 10, 1917, MFO, 104-5 and 109. She called Austin “a comfortable sort of man” and referred to him as “the blond man” and “blondy.” He drove a yellow car. The two saw the silent film *King Lear*, which was released by Vitagraph in 1909. GOK wrote that she hated picture shows and only went about three times a year.
- ¹⁶² GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁶³ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁶⁴ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA. In another letter from Feb. 13, she also mentioned that her room at the Shirley’s would be white. These letters go against what several biographers have claimed regarding GOK’s request of her landlords to paint her room black. See GOK to AS, Feb. 13, 1917, AGA compared to LL, 72; RR, 158-9; and Fred Stoker, *O’Keeffe in Canyon* (Canyon: Fred Stoker, 1990), 10.
- ¹⁶⁵ GOK to AS, Feb. 28, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁶⁶ GOK to AS, Mar. 11, 1917, AGA. For other accounts of her playing with children in Canyon, see GOK to AS, Mar. 26, June 25, July 2, Oct. 5, and Dec. 29, 1917; and Jan. 1, 1918, AGA
- ¹⁶⁷ GOK to AS, Mar. 11, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁶⁸ GOK to AS, Mar. 11, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁶⁹ GOK to AS, Mar. 12, 1917, AGA, and GOK to AS, Mar. 11, 1917, MFO, 119-20.
- ¹⁷⁰ GOK to AS, Mar. 12, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷¹ GOK to AS, Mar. 12, 1917, AGA. She writes: “Well—I must go to bed...and I am to be ready to out on a tramp at five o’clock in the morning with some girls and boys—breakfast out somewhere.”
- ¹⁷² McCabe interview, 1990.
- ¹⁷³ GOK to AS, Mar. 14, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷⁴ GOK to AS, Mar. 14, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷⁵ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷⁶ GOK to AS, Mar. 14, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷⁷ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁷⁸ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917 and in MFO, 123:
- ¹⁷⁹ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁸⁰ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, MFO 122.
- ¹⁸¹ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, MFO, 124 and AGA.

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- ¹⁸² GOK to AS, Mar. 17, 1917, AGA and Lynes, 200-206.
- ¹⁸³ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, MFO, 122.
- ¹⁸⁴ GOK to AS, Mar. 15, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁸⁵ The student was Lula Byrd McCabe. Reid was a student at WTSN studying theater; his family owned a cattle ranch in Tulia, TX. He was never a student of GOK—Carlson and Becker mistakenly call him “one of her older students”—but the two worked in proximity to each other and GOK likely met him for the first time during preparation for theater productions, in which she painted sets. See MFO, 148-9; McCabe interview, 1990; Reid interview, 1978; CBPPHR, 25; and CB, 23. When asked about the relationship between Reid and GOK, McCabe replied, “No, we didn’t know a thing about that; I didn’t know she had any boyfriends...when I knew her, she did not have... [any] interest that way at all.”
- ¹⁸⁶ GOK to AS, Mar. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁸⁷ GOK to AS, Mar. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁸⁸ GOK to AS, Mar. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁸⁹ GOK to AS, Mar. 26, 1917, MFO, 126.
- ¹⁹⁰ GOK to AS, Mar. 26, 1917, MFO, 128.
- ¹⁹¹ GOK to AS, Mar. 26, 1917, AGA and Lynes, 207.
- ¹⁹² GOK to AS, Mar. 26, 1917, AGA and Lynes, 135-53 and 161.
- ¹⁹³ GOK to AS, Mar. 26, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁹⁴ AS to GOK, Apr. 2, 1917, MFO, 132.
- ¹⁹⁵ Lynes, 128, 129, 154-56; 160; 166. Some of these appeared in photographs taken by AS in front of her works. On her first sale, see GOK1976, text adjacent to Plate 10.
- ¹⁹⁶ GOK to AS, Apr. 4, 1917, AGA. She also described herself as a “mad whirlwind” on Dec. 29, 1917, AGA.
- ¹⁹⁷ AS described the episode in his letter from Apr. 19, 1917, MFO, 135.
- ¹⁹⁸ GOK to AS, Apr. 13, 1917, AGA. Leah Harris was a county nutritionist working for the Texas Agricultural Extension department in Amarillo; her family owned a ranch near San Antonio. It was this ranch and the connection to Harris that brought GOK to the San Antonio area in Feb. 1918.
- ¹⁹⁹ GOK to AS, Apr. 14, 1917, MFO, 134.
- ²⁰⁰ GOK to AS, Apr. 13, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰¹ GOK to AS, Apr. 19, 1917, MFO, 136 and 136n294. Watkins was a 40-year-old married man from Amarillo, who worked at the Connell Motor Company in Amarillo and became enamored with O’Keeffe despite his marriage and his two children. GOK wrote of him as both “Watson” and “Watkins” in her letters.
- ²⁰² GOK to AS, Apr. 21, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰³ GOK to AS, Apr. 19, 1917, MFO, 137 and GOK to AS, Feb. 28, Mar. 28, and Apr. 21, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰⁴ GOK to AS, Apr. 21, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰⁵ GOK to AS, Apr. 21, 1917, MFO, 137.
- ²⁰⁶ GOK to AS, Apr. 21, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰⁷ GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, AGA. On Dr. McMean, see CB, 61-2 and MFO 145n310.
- ²⁰⁸ GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁰⁹ GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, MFO, 139.
- ²¹⁰ GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, MFO, 139, and GOK to AS, Apr. 27, 1917, AGA.
- ²¹¹ GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, MFO, 139.
- ²¹² GOK to AS, Apr. 24, 1917, MFO, 140, and GOK to AS, Apr. 27, 1917, AGA.
- ²¹³ GOK to AS, Apr. 29, 1917, MFO, 140; GOK to AS, Apr. 27, 1917, AGA; and Lynes, 129-30.
- ²¹⁴ GOK to AS, Apr. 30, 1917, AGA.
- ²¹⁵ GOK to AS, May 1, 1917, MFO, 143-44 and GOK to AS, May 3, 1917, AGA.
- ²¹⁶ GOK to AS, May 3, 1917, MFO, 145-6.
- ²¹⁷ GOK to AS, May 6, 1917, MFO, 147.
- ²¹⁸ GOK to AS, May 9, 1917, MFO, 148.
- ²¹⁹ GOK to AS, May 9, 1917, AGA.
- ²²⁰ GOK to AS, May 17, 1917, AGA.
- ²²¹ MFO, 149-50; GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 11; and WP, 184. She first mentioned having to go to NYC if AS closed 291 in a letter from Mar. 15, 1917.
- ²²² PS’s first letter arrived in Canyon on June 12, 1917. GOK to PS, June 20, 1917, PSA, as in WP, 185. She wrote to AS that she “was afraid to stay alone in a room with Strand” because she was “afraid of herself” and

what she would do, and wrote to AP that she “fell for him.” GOK to AS, June 1, 1917, MFO, 153. On her complex relationship with PS, see WP, 185-93.

²²³ Lynes 119 and GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 11, and Sarah Greenhough, *Alfred Stieglitz, The Key Set: The Alfred Stieglitz Collection of Photographs*, vol. 1, 1886-1922 (Washington, D.C: The National Gallery of Art, 2002), 280-81, catalogue numbers 457-60. The photographs were likely taken by Stieglitz on June 1, and printed on June 4.

²²⁴ GOK wrote that she had “frozen toward [Macmahon]” but had longed to kiss AS goodbye; she also wrote that it was good she didn’t stay in NY because she knew “something would happen.” It is unclear whether she meant “something” with PS or AS or both. AS wrote to GOK that he was in tears over the loss of 291; he compared her to his daughter but longed to photograph her body; and he felt that she had brought the plains to him. See GOK to AS, June 1, 1917, MFO, 152, and AS to GOK, June 1, 1917, MFO 150-51. On June 20, she wrote to AP about how she feels as though she had “gone on past” Macmahon. GOK to AP, June 20, 1917, LG, 255.

²²⁵ MFO, 153.

²²⁶ MFO, 153.

²²⁷ GOK to AS, June 8, 1917, AGA.

²²⁸ GOK to AS, June 8, 1917, AGA.

²²⁹ GOK to AS, June 8, 1917, AGA. The portrait of Watkins that she described likely coincides with Lynes 192-194.

²³⁰ Lynes, 189-91; GOK to PS, June 12, 1917, PSA, as in WP, 186; and GOK to AS, June 28, 1917, MFO, 165.

²³¹ GOK to AS, June 22, 1917, AGA.

²³² GOK to AS, June 11, 1917, MFO, 160.

²³³ GOK to PS, June 12, 1917, PSA, as in WP, 185.

²³⁴ GOK to AS, June 12 and June 15, 1917, AGA.

²³⁵ GOK to AS, June 12, 1917, AGA. Underscores are triple in original. GOK began to write such potentially suicidal phrases more often: see GOK to AS, May 9, 1917, where she says “I wouldn’t mind dying when I feel like this,” or GOK to AS, Jan. 3, 1918, where she writes: “I wish someone would shoot me—I don’t know—I don’t want to live anymore. That is a stupid thing to say.” For both letters, see AGA.

²³⁶ GOK to AS, June 14, 1917, AGA.

²³⁷ GOK to AS, June 14, 1917, AGA.

²³⁸ GOK to AS, June 16, 1917, MFO, 161. She described how she loved herself as he had portrayed her, and liked her hands better than her face. See also WP, 225 and 125; GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 11; and Greenhough, *Alfred Stieglitz*, 280-81.

²³⁹ GOK to AS, June 19, 1917, AGA.

²⁴⁰ Georgia O’Keeffe, “Introduction,” in *Georgia O’Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz* (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1978), n.p.

²⁴¹ GOK to AS, June 17, 1917, AGA.

²⁴² GOK to AS, June 22, 1917, AGA.

²⁴³ GOK to AS, June 22 and 30, 1917, AGA.

²⁴⁴ GOK to PS, June 23, 1917, PSA, as in MFO, 149.

²⁴⁵ GOK to AS, June 25, 1917, AGA.

²⁴⁶ GOK to AS, June 26, 1917, AGA.

²⁴⁷ AS to GOK, June 28, 1917, MFO, 164; GOK to AS, July 2 and Aug. 2, 1917, MFO, 171-2 and 180n380. In an earlier letter, he wrote that he “wondered what kind of child you’d bear the world some day!...within that Womb of Yours.” See AS to GOK, June 23, 1917, MFO, 162.

²⁴⁸ See MFO, 167n357. The gallery closed largely because of wartime alcohol rations that had cut into the income of the family business of AS’s wife, and thus severely limited his ability to fund 291. See also Lisle, 79; MFO, xi; and GOK to AS, June 29, 1917, MFO, 167.

²⁴⁹ GOK to AS, June 29, 1917, MFO, 166.

²⁵⁰ GOK to AS, June 30, 1917, AGA.

²⁵¹ GOK to AS, July 1, 1917, MFO, 169.

²⁵² GOK to AS, July 2, 1917, AGA and Lynes, 176-94.

²⁵³ GOK to AS, July 13, 1917, MFO, 176.

²⁵⁴ GOK to AS, July 9, 1917, AGA.

- ²⁵⁵ GOK to AS, Aug. 6, 1917, MFO, 180. In a later letter, she described how Reid wanted to kiss her, and how she wanted to be kissed, and how his kiss was like “turning your face to the wind.” See GOK to AS, Aug. 12, 1917, MFO, 180n379.
- ²⁵⁶ GOK to PS, Aug. 15, 1917, PSA, as in MFO, 180n380. See also GOK to PS, Aug. 16, 1917, PSA, as in WP, 188. Reid has been much more reserved in his recorded statements regarding O’Keeffe. In an interview conducted in 1978, he stated only that he had gotten “quite well acquainted with Georgia.” But the fact that he referred to her—a former faculty member at the institution where he was an undergraduate student—by her first name speaks volumes for their familiarity. See Reid interview, 1978.
- ²⁵⁷ The illustration appeared in *Vanity Fair* 8, no. 6 (Aug. 1917): 25. The caption reads: “The Frightened Horses and the Inquisitive Fish. Suggestion—by Georgia O’Keeffe—for a stained glass window for the swimming pool in a Rocky Mountain Country Club.” This image can be accessed online at <http://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/000493903>. See also Lynes, 172A.
- ²⁵⁸ GOK to AS, Aug. 15, 1917, MFO, 181; GOK to PS, Aug. 15, 1917, MFO, 181n382; and Lynes 212-27. Several biographers have noted that the route through NM was a detour caused by flooded train bridges. See RR, 189; LL, 81; DP, 140; AWOP, 158; Katherine Hoffman, *An Enduring Spirit: The Art of Georgia O’Keeffe* (Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1984), 7; and Maria Constantino, *Georgia O’Keeffe* (New York: Smithmark, 1994), 23.
- ²⁵⁹ GOK to AS, Aug. 15, 1917, MFO, 181-2.
- ²⁶⁰ MFO, 189.
- ²⁶¹ GOK to AS, Sept. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶² GOK to AS, Sept. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶³ GOK to AS, Oct. 1, 1917, MFO, 194-5. In an earlier letter, she also described the cattle in the canyon “like a dark embroidery edge—very fine—on the edge of the earth.” See GOK to AS, Mar. 12, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶⁴ GOK to AS, Sept. 27, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶⁵ GOK to AS, Sept. 27, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶⁶ GOK to AS, Oct. 1, 1917, MFO, 194.
- ²⁶⁷ GOK to AS, Oct. 1, 1917, MFO, 195.
- ²⁶⁸ GOK to AS, Oct. 5, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁶⁹ AS to GOK, Oct. 10, 1917, MFO, 197.
- ²⁷⁰ GOK to AS, Oct. 14, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁷¹ GOK to AS, Oct. 18, 1917, MFO, 199-200 and AGA.
- ²⁷² GOK to AS, Oct. 18, 1917, MFO, 200.
- ²⁷³ GOK to AS, Oct. 29, 1917, MFO, 203.
- ²⁷⁴ GOK to AS, Oct. 29, 1917, MFO, 203. See also GOK to AS, Feb. 8, 1918, MFO, 251. On other sandstorms she witnessed in the Panhandle, see GOK to AS, Mar. 18, 1917, AGA.
- ²⁷⁵ GOK to AS, Oct. 29, 1917, MFO, 204.
- ²⁷⁶ GOK to AP, Oct. 30, 1917, PSA and as in MFO 203n420.
- ²⁷⁷ GOK to AS, Oct. 31, 1917, MFO, 200n416.
- ²⁷⁸ GOK to PS, Nov. 12, 1917, PSA, as in WP, 188.
- ²⁷⁹ GOK to PS, Nov. 15, 1917, AL, 165 and GOK to AS, Dec. 7, 1917, MFO, 217.
- ²⁸⁰ GOK to PS, Nov. 15, 1917, AL, 166.
- ²⁸¹ GOK to AS, Nov. 20, 1917, MFO, 211.
- ²⁸² GOK to AS, Nov. 29, 1917, MFO, 216. Carlson and Becker claim that GOK was a “pacifist who opposed America’s entry into World War I and who did not support the war effort after the United States became involved.” As her letter shows, she was at least questioning in her response to the war and was enthusiastic about the military after her trip to Waco when she saw her enlisted brother. At times, she spoke out against the war, but focused her criticisms mainly on how the older generation of Panhandle residents was blindly pushing its young men into harm’s way. Ted Reid described how she advised him against quitting school early to begin his military service, but how she never took a wholly pacifist or negative view on the war or his military service. See Reid interview, 1978; CBPPHR, 24; and CB, 21.
- ²⁸³ GOK to AS, Dec. 2, 1917, MFO, 217.
- ²⁸⁴ GOK to AS, Dec. 7, 1917, MFO, 217.
- ²⁸⁵ See especially GOK to AS, Dec. 19?, 1917, MFO, 224.
- ²⁸⁶ MFO, 200n417; GOK to AS, Dec. 7, 1917 and Jan. 14, 1918, MFO, 218 and 236. On how Claudia liked her job and her location, see GOK to AS, Jan. 31, 1918, AGA.

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- 287 GOK to AS, Dec. 7, 1917, MFO, 217-18.
- 288 GOK to AS, Dec. 14, 1917, MFO, 223. See also GOK to Elizabeth Stieglitz, Jan. 1918, AL, 166-67.
- 289 GOK to Elizabeth Stieglitz, Jan. 1918, AL, 166-67.
- 290 GOK to AS, Dec. 14, 1917, MFO, 223.
- 291 GOK to AS, Dec. 17, 1917, AGA.
- 292 GOK to AS, Dec. 17, 1917, AGA.
- 293 GOK to AS, Dec. 19?, 1917, MFO, 224 and GOK to AS, Dec. 29, 1917, AGA.
- 294 GOK to AS, Dec. 19?, 1917, MFO, 224-5.
- 295 GOK To AS, Dec. 28, 1917, MFO, 227-8.
- 296 GOK to AS, Dec. 28, 1917, MFO, 228.
- 297 GOK to AS, Dec. 29, 1917, AGA.
- 298 GOK to AS, Jan. 2, 1918, MFO, 229-30.
- 299 GOK to AS, Jan. 2, 1918, MFO, 230-31 and GOK to AS, Jan. 3, 1917, AGA.
- 300 GOK to AS, Jan. 3, 1918, AGA.
- 301 GOK to AS, Jan. 5, 1918, MFO, 232.
- 302 GOK to AS, Jan. 8, 1918, AGA.
- 303 AS to GOK, Jan. 12, 1918, MFO, 234.
- 304 Tomkins, 66.
- 305 GOK to AS, Jan. 14, 1918, MFO, 236.
- 306 GOK to AS, Jan. 14, 1918, AGA.
- 307 GOK to AS, Jan. 15, 1918, AGA.
- 308 GOK to AS, Jan. 15, 1918, AGA.
- 309 AS to GOK, Jan. 17, 1918, MFO, 239.
- 310 GOK to AS, Jan. 20, 1918, MFO, 241 and GOK to AS, Jan 20 and 21, 1918, AGA.
- 311 GOK to AS, Jan. 20, 1918, MFO, 241-2.
- 312 GOK to AS, Jan 23, 1918, MFO, 245 and GOK to AS, Jan 25, 1918, AGA.
- 313 GOK to AS, Jan 23, 1918, MFO, 245-6.
- 314 GOK to AS, Jan. 31, 1918, AGA.
- 315 GOK to AS, Jan. 31, 1918, MFO, 246.
- 316 GOK to AS, Jan. 31, 1918, AGA.
- 317 AS to GOK, Feb. 1, 1918, MFO, 246. Italics in the original.
- 318 GOK to AS, Feb. 4, 1918, MFO, 249.
- 319 GOK to AS, Feb. 7, 1918, AGA.
- 320 GOK to AS, Feb. 4, 1918, MFO, 249.
- 321 GOK to AS, Feb. 11, 1918, MFO, 253.
- 322 GOK to AS, Feb. 12, 1918, AGA.
- 323 GOK to AS, Feb. 12, 1918, AGA.
- 324 GOK to AS, Feb. 14, 1918, MFO, 254.
- 325 GOK to AS, Feb. 14, 1918, MFO, 255.
- 326 AS to GOK, Feb. 16, 1918, MFO, 255-57.
- 327 GOK to AS, Feb. 18, 1918, MFO, 258-9. On her time in South Texas, see AWOP, 159-61; LL, 110-14; RR, 194-200; Eldredge, *Georgia O'Keeffe*, 22; DP, 145-7; and CB, 22-4 and 61-8.
- 328 GOK to AS, Feb. 18, 1918, MFO, 259.
- 329 GOK to AS, Feb. 23, 1918, MFO, 262.
- 330 WP, 190. On why AS never left the East Coast and never came to TX or NM to visit her, GOK states, "He was such a worrying person—he had the sort of mind that wouldn't have let me drive five miles to market without worrying." See Tomkins, 60.
- 331 On the arranged and loveless marriage between AS and his first wife, see MFO, viii and DP, 57-59.
- 332 On the Stieglitz family's estate at Lake George, see MFO, 19-20 and Erin Coe, Gwedolyn Owens, and Bruce Robertson, *Modern Nature: Georgia O'Keeffe and Lake George* (New York: Thames & Hudson, 2013).
- 333 GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 16. See also Looney, 29.
- 334 O'Keeffe, *A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz*, n.p. See also AWOP, 163 and WP, 148-69.
- 335 Lynes, 287-8.
- 336 GOK1976, text adjacent to plate 3.

³³⁷ See telegram from GOK to AS sent from Santa Fe, Nov. 4, 1935 and postcard from GOK to AS, with postmark from Canyon dated Nov. 6, 1935, AGA.

³³⁸ AWOP, 153.

³³⁹ AWOP, 154.

³⁴⁰ Lynes, 1262.

³⁴¹ On the *Canyon Suite* watercolors, see especially Dana Self, *Intimate Landscapes: The Canyon Suite of Georgia O'Keeffe* (New York: Universe, 1997); Eldredge, *Canyon Suite*; Barbara Bloemink, *Georgia O'Keeffe: Canyon Suite* (New York: George Braziller, 1995); CB, 69-71; Annabelle Massey Helber, "Faked Out: Art Maven Gerald Peters Tries to Get to the Bottom of the "Canyon Suite," *Dallas Observer*, Feb. 17, 2000; and Gretchen Reynolds, "If It's Not an O'Keeffe, Exactly What's Is It?" Arts in America Section, *New York Times*, Mar. 7, 2000; CB, 69-71; and Von Lintel, "The Little Girl of the Texas Plains."