

19. S. Connecticut Ave
Atlantic City, NJ
May 13th, 1963

Hello Mister Scott-

This is my last night at Rome - Tomorrow I move down to AC - but now I'm still in Moorestown with the soft smells of young grass and the whisper of night rain.

Today I found some of your prints and a letter in this dress that is called packing. It's true what your brother said - immediately after you left I missed you terribly - thought of you all the time and odd phrases of yours that came were still a reality, not just memory. But in everything in which I've participated or observed - the facts of an experience fade - leaving only the essence. I change color slowly. You stopped being a consideration to share - an eye, a voice, some anger, some contentment and became a kind of benevolent mystic that takes habitation somewhere inside. We laugh together and you hurt when I scratch a record (only rarely nowadays, for that time when I wreaked havoc still terrifies me) when I play my Mass in C (as now Banna Banna) and meet a Gentling drawing on one jacket. Your voice has stopped visiting me as much now and by the time the fall comes and the summer has been endured it will be hard to convince me that Scott Gentling is or ever was alive somewhere. I'll insist he lived in my head since childhood when I invented him in my fashion from a book or movie.

Even now when some brief quick thought of you flashes in and out like the joy in telling you that I am acquiring the East Quartets (Vols 131 + 132) separately, stereo RCA Quilliard String Quartet, as soon as the impulse fades - it's killed by the reality that you're not here - haven't been and won't be for long time.

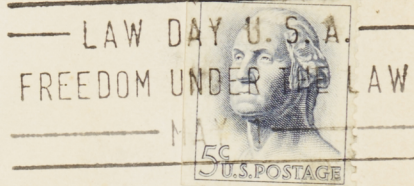
I've felt guilty for a while for I planned to write you immediately when I read of the Creason Recipients. I intended to snip the article out and mail it off to you, but something more urgent cut in, and that was the end of that impulse. I'm sure you've heard already from Conn, who won a watercolor prize, but I not here's what I remember. Will Brown won three prizes (shocked him and everybody else) the Print Club Graphics,

(over)

on the little Eakins-like head of his father.
The Shoupsan summer scholarship got a lovely,
truly lovely, lovely small watercolor, and of course
the perspective prize. I've told Kim he can show
his gratitude for my sweater next year by
coaching me in perspective. Paul Kane won
the other group prize and some female who
does weak lithographs at Penn. Tom Towner
(this hurts me) Peggy Goodall and Joe Barbelli
won Schiedts. They're all fakes. Harvard won
one. Roger Cough didn't. Jim Steple Hancy
painted (she's a disgusting painter - nothing but
pigment - no content) Lucine Tucker won one
(Franklin Shores?) who also won the Eakins
figure prize for a standing male painting
that would make Eakins puke. I can't seem
to remember any more names, but there was lots
more mediocre work that won Cremons.
Of all the sculptors up, and there are seven
only Steve Henkle, the technician in the grand
old style, won one. Admittedly, perhaps all
of our sculpture department is weak, but
there were others up (Dianne Festip, Cynthia Cuyler,
even Mark Oman) who at least show some
limited creativity. The selections of those awarded
largely strengthen my opinion of the Academy
I realize that. I truly faced what I know
about the Academy's philosophies and potentials,
its hypocritical to continue there as a student.
But - excuse time - I need my petty hypocrisies
and I still need an art school and the Academy
is the only one of those available which I
can respect ENOUGH to work in. A friend once
advised me not to suffer is over the thing that
I disliked or hurt me, but to end them by simply
becoming indifferent. It was and is a good idea
but I don't know.

Enough wordage to which there is no answer.
How are things with you down there? Have you
started studying with your friend who flounders
play the ~~flounder~~? I don't think of you when I think
of Harpichord soda and for that reason ask
avoiding the piano department at John W.'s
I will probably not ask there one last time
tomorrow to say goodbye to Section 10, the that
was my friend of beautiful bronze head talking
about suffering and loving, long before the man
himself was. What kind of a person are you down
there? I must end here. I'll write you again when
I'm installed in A. C. smile - a hand shake - A.

Winston
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Oh send you some
pictures of the sea

Boat Louise at the Cresson
opening show. She looked
so lovely. I didn't like her
so much it would scare
me