

A home run

Thursday 10,

1963?

Fall 4

Sept 1963

Dear Scott,

Thanks for your letter. I wish you could write to me more often, say at least twice a week or so. My correspondence- at least my response has been even better than in the past. I get my letters to you faster than Dixie Gunworks. I get my letters to you as soon as I get yours. If you want me too, I will send you stamps to save you walks to the post office, just please send me a line or two a little more often. I tell you this, Scott. I am lazy, but for every letter that you will send me, I will send you one back and most of the time, with pictures in it, which brings me to another point. I am taking pictures mainly for you, though I have some of my failures pinned up on the wall. Scott, since all of my pictures come out it costs me \$4.38 for every batch which is finally going to break me. What I am hinting at - is that in order to keep the pictures coming, a slight contribution would be greatly appreciated. I will keep sending the pictures to you even if you don't or can't reimburse me for some of them, but a little money would help to relieve the financial burden a little.

Well, Gundry and I went over to the levee the other day to get some pictures, none of which I am very satisfied with (though I think they serve their purpose as physiognomy studies). One of the compositions is good (I think). It is the one with the three boys in it. Look at all the triangles in the picture. I must admit that such a composition was purely unintentional. Some of these pictures might make good drawings, some of them won't. I save my comment from them and let you make up your mind (you do anyway). I'll make this comment though. Jim and I risked our neck to take these pictures. We got set upon by dogs and the dogs went after me instead of Jim. They didn't bite me but one dog nipped at my leg but didn't bite. I was thoroughly disgusted that day for one reason I used up all of my pictures when we came to possibly the best subject that I have ever had the chance to photograph. There is an old white woman that lives over with those negroes. She is evidently very poor and the negroes call her a ~~witch~~ witch. She was in complete rags, was barefooted, was with a cane. Oh, Scott what a shot and me without any film. She lives over there but I'm scared to fight those dogs again. Jim won't go over there with me, so I will try to get Dave Obrian to go.

In regard to your request for more pictures of the grave yard in sun light I will answer by saying that I am going downtown today to get some shots for you. Scott, there just hasn't been much sun until this week. I didn't have any sun when we went up river road until we had gotten up above where that old house with the garconieres was photographed.

That House is called the Trudeau house. Please send me an etching of it as soon as you get one. I would like to give one of them To Dave Obrian, who would give his ass for one of your works, so sign it when you send it and save another one for me, please. And, ass hole, don't throw away the plates. That's like taking pictures and then throwing away the negatives. I want to have one excellent complete set of all you etching from now on. It will be for both of us, for us to enjoy in the future.

Scott, I am send you another picture of Trudeau house, one that I thought you might not really want, but everybody here loves the shot and maybe you will too. Scott, if you would do me this little favor and send back those pictures that you do not want to use i would love to put them up on my bulletin board. Of course if just having the picutares makes you feel like you have escaped Philadelphia for a little while, then keep them with my blessings. You will be getting many more in the future. Gundry and Billy Moffet and I may go up to Washington La. this weekend to nose out some good pictures. (I think my last batch suffered a severe decline and I am very unhappy about them.) I will not take as many pictures of negros for the sake of negros any more. I will look more for the situation than just an interesting face, though I will look for them too. Write me and tell me which you would rather have - more people or more still lifes of interesting walls etc or just the usual lot of both. Don't forget to tell me this, you seldom answer my questions or acknowledge my comments when you write to me. I want some answers, man.

As far as those sneaky blue devils are concerned, just meet them head on with confidence. Every artist has them, and in a way it is good that he has them. A man who can not criticize himself is like a nation which can not criticize itself - the person simply ceases to grow. The death which comes with an artist's over-selfconfidence is the death of his art. This discontent is the suffering which is the artist's lot. It is also, the seed behind his best work, his best attempts to penetrate his subject. And even then you won't be happy with you best work, at least not after you have done it. It remains for clown like me to say that it is good, you will seldom be able to. This is you seeing eye in La. . . . " Good day "

Paul Harvey Gentling