

Wednesday

Oct or Nov
1963

Dear Scottie,

Well, not much news. I just picked up your letter and was amazed to see how long it took to get down here. I think it came by Pony express. I just got through taking a Psychology test that was a bastard! Charlie Sullivan and I studied our butts off and now we are just praying. I think I did pretty well on it.

I have my art history class next period and god is it dull. I get so tired listening to that old bitch Mrs Capers and her pedantic stooges and all of their pedantic bullshit! None of them have a brain in their heads and all they do is parrot what they have heard. God, Scott, those bastards are a pain in the ass. Art to them is something to which the senses must respond rather than also a product of the senses. Shit, I'm not saying it right. I'll tell you this much. I feel like taking your etchings over there to that pit and say "Here, look at some real art, something sincere." Besides New York's newest dictate - pop art - the Newcomb artsits are painting television screens. That's exactly what it is. Those "creations" lack completely any content. I swear to god, I could find more meaning in a brick wall than in some of that bullshit. I want to go over there and yell at the top of my voice "I wouldn't wipe my butt (no, I think I would use the word ass) wipe my ass with this shit" !!!

Guess what, Rocky Keyes was down here to visit his girl over the Homecoming weekend. We doubled dated down to the French quarter and I had a miserable time and spent all of my money for the weekend. I almost starved to death because no one had any money to loan me. Rocky is a nice kid but he is dumb as hell and just about as dull. You should have seen his date. Since I have begun dating over there at Newcomb I have been learning first hand what snobby bitches they got over there. But just when I am about to condemn them all, a girl pops up that is half way decent. I have been dating Herma Sue and others and have had some good times, but few compared to the effort and the money. Last week I doubled with Jimmy Stewart down to the Gumbo Shop and that was a good date. Atmosphere you know.

Enclosed a ~~picture~~ picture of Opelouses in the early morning when a fog was there. Look just above the radio tower in the background and you will see the sun. It was a bluebird day but the swamp vapors had engulfed the town.

(On back)

Good
Pony
Express
Searched
I Hope
and
she
from
Atkinson
Headline
Street
History
Really
Shit!

The buildings that you see are nigger dwellings. One of them is a pool hall and Scott, If I had a camera that could take pictures at night I could have gotten some of the best pictures that you would have ever seen, of the sweet niggers crowded around the pool table, the low light, the smoke filled room. God I wish I had had the right camera. I am studying the photographs of Cartier-Bresson. I know he poses some of them. I am sure. He also takes millions of pictures then chooses the best ones. He says that an amateur photographer should study style, but that he should not let style dictate the photograph. Just be at the right spot at the right time.

Dear Scott, If you have ten dollars that I could borrow please send it. My finances are shitty. I am almost broke and though my ~~xxxxx~~ money ought to be coming in anyday, I can't count on that. You see, I have spent almost thirty dollars (actually more) on just photography alone, not to mention Mother's roses. I am not telling you this because I wasn't you to pay me back. That is not my intention. I would have taken those pictures even if you didn't want them. Besides for the purpose that those photos were intended for you, I also took them for my own enjoyments - but Scott, it looks like I might have taken too many for my monthly budget. Please send a little cash, or if you can't afford that, if you have fairly good print of the Trudeau house that you could relinquish I could sell it for ten dollars. I swear I will send the money back to you as soon as Dad sends me a check. I have already written him. So please dear, kind, and generous brother save me from the jaws of starvation.

Jim

Mailin
50th
Birthday