

Wednesday Night
Nov 1963

Dear Stu,

Well I imagine that it is Saturday while you're reading this and in my last letter I said I'd ^{printed} have something for you. When I saw the last one, I wanted to write you and tell you it flopped and surprise you when I came down but I couldn't wait and besides I thought that the least I could do is give you something after all the work you did for me. So here you are. The landscape was done directly on the plate with out the aid of any preliminary drawing. Virtuosity Blackburn loves it and he gave me a serious criticism of the plate. I've done some more work on it but very little since I printed the one you have. The same on the old woman. The likeness is bad but still effective considering I did it without the aid of a preliminary drawing (i.e. a pencil drawing on the plate).

Little
Porch
Landscape

Big
One

All this week I've been printing these and today I finished. - 25 prints of each. Altogether now I have over a hundred prints, a lot of sweat.

Right now I'm working on my opus magnum - one of the old hunch back. I've worked on it since last Saturday, giving it my absolute all. It's going to be a great one with real thought, feeling and what's more, work put into it. I still want to do some that I can surprise you with and I just may. I have many ideas crying out to be put down on copper. Right now I see no end to it and in a way it's bad because my painting and drawing may be suffering from neglect.

Tomorrow the water color class under John McCay will be meeting for the first time. We're going down to the waterfront to paint and if I am going to learn anything in water color it will be under him. It's a

water colourist and a great teacher, and I'm itching to get to work.

This evening as I stepped out of the Bellgravia Hotel (the Académie's annex where the print rooms are) all these drums were pounding and hundreds of police were passing on motorcycles. I wondered what all the excitement was about and then John F Kennedy passed right in front of me sitting in a convertible. I wasn't 30 feet away and there was no crowd where I was to obstruct the view. It's strange but I acted and still am acting like it was an every day occurrence. I was unimpressed and so were the other fellow artists with me. Everyone of us had that "So what" look on our faces. We then went to get some dinner and that was that. So that's the news I have to tell you.

Regarding ~~my~~^{your} last letter let me answer some things that I forgot in my last.

As regarding your money situation, I shall send you 15 dollars, maybe more next week for sure. I have to untangle my finances first as my records have suffered abandonment ^{to} a particularly dusty part of my brain. I have written records and all I need to do is organize them.

I'm going to come down on the 24th or 25th if I can. I'm going to get my ticket next week. I don't wait to get away from this place for a little while. I'm not depressed or anything I'm just homesick a little and very anxious to discuss my works with you.

Bill Gordon's sudden burst of emotion doesn't surprise me. I always knew he was sensitive and that to him a display of sentiment seemed a blight on his masculinity. He's all dammed up inside and he has to let go every once and awhile. Bucky's letter was very enjoyable. Send me more if there good and send me his address. Today I bought an old, lousy etching ~~card~~ printed on a large piece of old weathered paper. I'm going to print copies of my best prints on it. It's what the masters did. Well I hope you enjoy these prints. Remember these are, like the others, poor examples as you will soon see. Write soon and send all comments.
Sue