

Back on Weyeth's
letter for letter
date to their
letter

Meeting or Potter seeing
Monday Weyeth

Dear Stu,

November or December? 1963

I think that there must be some supernatural being whose sole dedication is ruining me. The New Jersey Bus service that takes me into Philadelphia and back, went on strike last night and now I'm as stranded as if I was in the Arctic circle. Just at a time when I needed every minute of my time. I'm mad as hell. Sketchings - the total work of this weekend are sitting on my desk - waiting for acid. It's a gloomy day to boot and just sitting around here by myself drives me nuts. I'm so used to working that not to work is almost unbearable. And the insidious thing about this strike is that it could go on for weeks and since I need to work it probably will. God Damn it.

These God Damned Yankees strike if the sun spots aren't right. They're spoiled shits.

So I sit and wait and grow madder by the hour and I look out the window and see all the cars passing going into Philadelphia and I know that there ain't one of them would go out of their way to help anyone and I just as well off if I were on the planet Mars.

I honestly believe it's fate and I truly know there ain't a thing I can do about it. So I write you a letter hoping, just hoping, you understand that you just might write and let me know if you are coming or not. There are some plans to be made; they cannot be made until you notify me, you know. If you do write me I just might send you what ~~you~~ could be the best sketching I ever did. Certainly it is among the best 3 that I've ever done.

Thursday

Well today was a wondrous magical day. First of all it being Thursday the water color class met and at Lenni and as it was raining or rather snowing we repaired to John McCoy's studio where I received some of the best criticisms

die we received and we had a long discussions on techniques and "tricks" Ronald told me later that it was quite a compliment to me that McCoy discussed some of the things he did because they were quite advanced.

But that's not all. John was going through some papers and he showed us a ledger of blank pages all bound in a book about 4 or 5" thick. The paper was some of the finest rag paper die ever seen.

He told me that book was made in the 14th century! The pages were in beautiful creamy excellent condition. The book was priceless. But to top that He showed me some elegant 15th century paper and asked me if it would be good for etchings I swooned an affirmative and he gave me about 30 sheets ^{16x22"} and said if it works all give you some more. Stuart you wouldn't believe the generosity and goodness of that man. Before the year ~~was~~ ^{is} out I'll have a fine painting from me.

Mean while outside the snow became very heavy soft and moody, covering everything making Chadds Ford unbelievably beautiful. All during the day something in me, a premonition was building. Something was going to happen Wonderful. We were all starving and so piled in the cars and headed for a shabby hot Dog diner in Chadds Ford to get something to eat. The weather was like that painting of Wyeths with the open barn door with the snow piling in. Ronald and I were the first there and I got out of the car and ran into the diner. The first person I saw was Andrew Wyeth and I just about dropped my rocks. The place was crowded with people (it was small) and he had just finished his meal had paid and was leaving. John McCoy followed me in the door and

He exchanged greetings with McCay but mostly was talking rather excitedly about something (I can't remember what) with some of the local farmers. When I came in I apparently had some sort of expression on my face for he gave me a slight swift glance as he was putting on his gloves.

He didn't look frail at all like I expected but was extremely healthy looking — his face was tanned and leathery with heavy crows feet and sun wrinkles all over — his hair greying. And even as he stood there he seemed to have a great deal of life in him and he seemed big but it probably was the low ceiling in the place. Of all the men I've met he's the only one I ever saw who exuded an air of greatness, call it hero worship. It is. But it will wear off.

I've always wondered what Andrew Wyeth sounded like. I was surprised because it's almost opposite of what I expected. He talks in a high almost raspy voice — very much the tone of Dr. Durham's — very much indeed any way before I knew it he left the building — stood outside for a minute in the snow and finished his conversation with the two farmers walked over climbed in his Lincoln and sped off, back to his studio. I found out later that when he's painting in his studio (which is about a mile or so from his mill house) he always eats at that diner and that is a kind of meeting house place for them.

McCay had taken us there just to get a glimpse of him and I never knew it. It had all happened so fast that I forgot almost everything in the next few minutes except that he was dressed in that tan parka you see in photos of him. He just seemed awful big, awful great and awful far away even though I was about five feet from him. I was impressed and

knowing my imagination I will probably make him
a lot bigger before we meet again.

So I asked John the best way to ask him
for a criticism and he said just to write him, and
so when I got home I did so and now I just
pray that it will be possible.

So whether you're up here or not I'm going
to meet him, but if you are the chances are good
that you can too! I'm going to have to meet him on
his terms so I won't be able to notify you of anything
because he might never even contact me.

Well you can see I had a wonderful day
I learned a lot of painting, saw Andy, and
~~have~~ obtained some rare priceless 17th Century paper
and it's late. So write damn it and tell
me if you plan to come etc. Till then.

Scott