

Dear Scott,
No long letter, this. No letter at all--our mutual friend has no doubt by now regaled you with the details of my sordid soul and "malignant mind"--but that I must tell you how wild I am over your etchings. And thank you very very much and assure you that they will be long cherished and admired. I would like to beg for more, but--um, uh, ahem... Jesus, isn't it rotten that my friendship with you must be dependent upon my relationship with Jim? But things are like that and things are hell.

Scott, I am so happy about your orchestra group. I can't think of anything more wonderful--I long for music and I play with you vicariously. Did I tell you about my piano class? The biggest fiasco, the biggest humiliation in the history of my career (which is not yet a year old, but it sounds good). It turned out to be oriented towards music education majors, and I am sure elementary music ed. I can hardly remember how I got through that one day before I dropped it--we played, in unison, Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, I Am a Little Teapot, and The Donkey and The Cuckoo. But that was just boring; the worst was having to "sight-sing". I should have walked out when the instructor asked me to transpose an exercise from five sharps to three flats and then sight-sing it. When I finally decided what note to start on, I began an octave too high (my range is unbelievably limited) and my voice, which is ghastly enough in low registers, went all to pieces and sort of disappeared and I felt like going right with it. I stayed long enough to ask the instructor if the entire term would be transposing and sight-singing and he said yes so I am fighting it out alone

again.

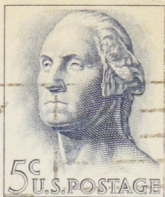
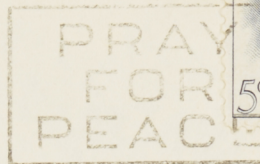
This is longer than I meant for it to be. I feel so unholy, so low and unworthy of even speaking to people when Jim loses a tirade against me. No explanations, no defenses this time. I'm beginning to believe it all myself.

Sincere best wishes, etc.

Sally

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